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January, 1920, through June, 1920

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOLUME LXXXIX—JANUARY, 1920, THROUGH JUNE, 1920

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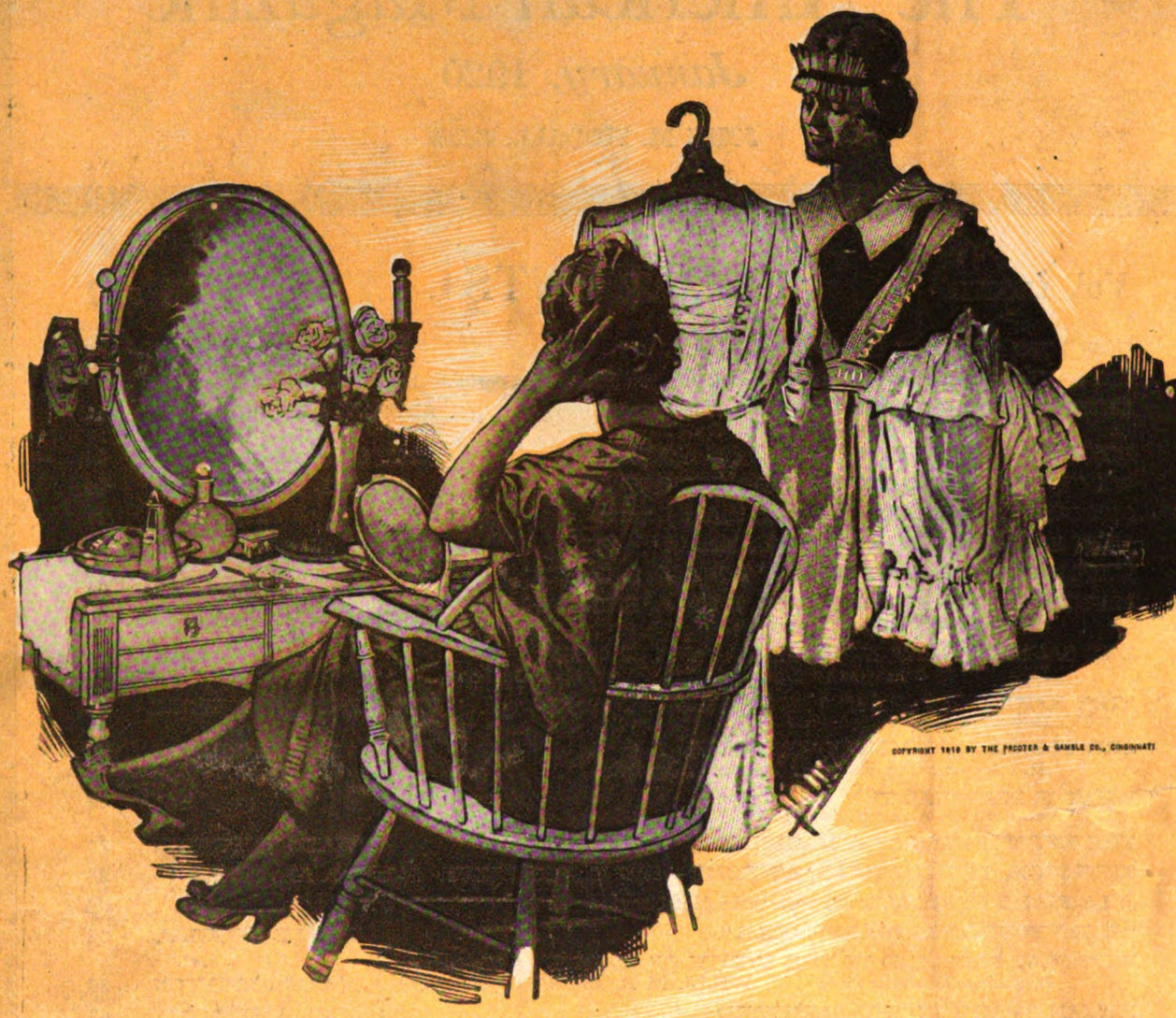

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How Much Do You Know?

Sixteen sets of questions to test your ignorance and knowledge

By Dr. Frank Crane

Answers to the questions in this article are published at the end of the article.

IF YOU are an American you ought to Know Everything; of course, not all of everything, but something of everything.

Americans are supposed to be well informed. Every one of them is running the United States, and to do that well a man has to keep posted.

You know your own business, of course. If you are a housekeeper or a schoolteacher, a doctor or a lawyer, a preacher, a mechanic, a business man, you understand the language of your own particular calling and are familiar with many facts connected with it.

But how much do you know outside your special line of work? Most of us study only what we like. We grow one-sided.

But if you lay claim to all-around intelligence you should be reasonably at home in questions of art, of history, of literature, and of geography, as well as in those matters that pertain to your particular occupation.

Herewith, therefore, is a list of questions by which you can test mental preparedness. They are not very hard. They may seem absurdly easy. But don't be too sure.

Go over them. Somewhere in the list you will probably break down. That place will indicate to you where you are weak. It will show you what side of your intellectual equipment is defective.

Mark! The purpose of these tests is not to trap you. They are not catch questions. Their object is to indicate to you that part of your *general* education that is weak.

Still you can get some fun out of them, as well as profit. Having found your own weakness, you can find your neighbors'. Try them on the village oracle.

The following subjects are covered: The Bible, History, Places, Books, Characters in Fiction, Art, Music, the War, Politics, Science, Business, the Theatre, People, Words, Pronunciation, and Miscellany.

The Bible

NO MATTER what your religion, or whether you have no religion at all, you ought to be familiar with the Bible, if for no other reason than that it is the most widely read book in the world, and that no person can claim to be intelligent, in a broad sense, to whom it is unknown. Can you answer at least fifteen of these questions? If not it indicates a defect.

1. Who was Cain?
2. Who built the Ark?
3. Under what circumstances did the Handwriting on the Wall appear?
4. Who was cast into the lion's den?
5. Who was called the Psalmist?
6. Give six of the ten commandments.
7. Who was Ruth? Esther? Jezebel?
8. Who was John the Baptist?
9. What was the Passover?
10. Who built the Temple and wrote the Proverbs?
11. Who was Jesus's mother?
12. Who was Pilate? Elijah? Abraham?
13. What was the story of the Prodigal Son? The Good Samaritan?
14. Who was Gabriel? Apollyon? Samuel?
15. In what country were the Israelites in bondage?
16. What is meant by Joseph's Coat?
17. Who was reputed the strongest man?
18. What witch did King Saul consult?
19. What is the Apocalypse?
20. Name the Four Gospels.

History

HOW are you in history? Even if you have never read much history you ought to be informed upon its great events and persons. Can you answer these questions?

1. What was the object of the Crusades?
2. Where did the Massacre of St. Bartholomew take place?
3. In what country were the Wars of the Roses?
4. To what war did the surrender at Yorktown put an end?
5. What did Queen Isabella have to do with America?
6. How did America get its name?
7. Who was Nero? Rameses? John Cabot?
8. What historic event took place at Sedan?
9. Of what country was Alexander the Great?
10. Ivan the Terrible?
11. Richard the Lion-hearted?
12. Constantine?
13. Judas Maccabeus?
14. What country did Cortez conquer? Pizarro?
15. What was Hannibal's country?
16. What books did these men write: Plutarch? Gibbon? Guizot?
17. Who were the Goths and Vandals, and what did they destroy?
18. What land was subdued by William the Conqueror?
19. Who was Charlemagne?
20. What was the country of Gustavus Adolphus?

Places

NOW see if you can locate each of these places. Tell what part of the world each is in. Answer quickly. If one can count ten slowly before you think of the right reply, you shall have a bad mark. If possible, add some remark that will show you know something more about the place than merely where it is. For instance: "Archangel, one of the most northerly cities of Russia."

1. Archangel	11. Delhi
2. Verdun	12. Honolulu
3. Granada	13. The Yukon District
4. Warsaw	14. Shanghai
5. Los Angeles	15. Athens
6. Melbourne	16. Edinburgh
7. Stockholm	17. Waterloo
8. Tokio	18. Straights of Magellan
9. Cape Town	19. The Baltic
10. Cape Horn	20. The Volga

Books

WHO wrote these books? How many of them have you read? Are there any holes in your armor here?

1. Treasure Island
2. The Count of Monte Cristo
3. Les Miserables
4. Faust
5. The Tale of Two Cities
6. Pendennis
7. The Scarlet Letter
8. The Inferno
9. The Greatest Thing in the World
10. The Vicar of Wakefield
11. The Waverly Novels
12. Don Juan
13. Don Quixote

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ON BY LEJAREN A HILLER

ARE YOU IN THIS GROUP?

This is a photograph of "Just Folks." Reading from left to right the seven types of American men in the group are: a doctor, a college student, a lawyer, a farmer, a mechanic, a preacher, and a business man. The other sex is represented by a business woman and by the daughter and the wife in the average American household. Doctor Crane says that most of us know our own line of work, but that we should know a good many other things, too. He has given here several lists of questions which the average American ought to be able to answer. They are not trick questions, nor are they intended for professors or persons of extraordinary mental ability. According to Doctor Crane's idea, "just folks," like those in the picture above, should know the answers without having to look them up in the back of this magazine—where, however, you will find them, anyway

14. Evangeline
15. Uncle Tom's Cabin
16. In Memoriam
17. The Iliad
18. The Æneid
19. Ghosts
20. Pilgrim's Progress

Fiction

THE people of fiction live as surely as those of history. You ought to be acquainted with the fictitious personages listed below. State the name of the author who created these characters:

1. Hamlet
2. Jean Valjean
3. Becky Sharp
4. Micawber
5. Romola
6. The Ancient Mariner
7. Robinson Crusoe
8. The Three Musketeers
9. Ben Hur
10. Tam o' Shanter
11. Ivanhoe
12. Sherlock Holmes
13. Penrod
14. Rip Van Winkle
15. The Wandering Jew
16. Tom Sawyer
17. Consuelo
18. Lady Teazle
19. Tartarin of Tarascon
20. Leather Stocking

Art

AND what do you know about Art? Not about its details and intricacies, but about those more salient matters upon which you ought to be informed?

1. What is the most famous statue of Venus in the world?
2. In what sculpture are serpents represented?
3. Who painted the Sistine Madonna?
4. Who painted the picture on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel?
5. Who painted the Angelus?
6. What kind of pictures (i. e., landscape, portrait, children, etc.) did Corot make?
7. Sir Joshua Reynolds?
8. Greuze?
9. Turner?
10. For what kind of art work was Benvenuto Cellini famous?
11. What is genre painting?
12. What famous painting was made by Leonardo da Vinci?
13. What does the Renaissance mean?
14. Who was Giotto?
15. Who was Israels?
16. Name three Gothic cathedrals?
17. Who made the Statue of Liberty Enlightening the World?
18. Name a Flemish artist.
19. Who was Velasquez?
20. Name a celebrated American painter who made a portrait of George Washington.

Music

YOU may not have "an ear for music," but you ought to be able to converse intelligently upon the subject. What do you know about music and musicians? Let us see:

1. For what instrument did Chopin compose?
2. What is a famous work of Handel?
3. Of Haydn?
4. Of Wagner?
5. Of Verdi?
6. Of Rossini?
7. Of Sullivan?
8. Of De Bussy?
9. Who was Mendelssohn?
10. What did Tschaikowsky compose?
11. For what is Paderewski distinguished?
12. Paganini?
13. Jenny Lind?
14. Caruso?
15. Farrar?
16. What is the difference between an Opera and an Oratorio?
17. What is waltz time?
18. What does Coloratura mean?
19. Name two stringed instruments, two brass, two woodwind, one that is struck, one that is picked, and one that has a keyboard.
20. What great musician was deaf?

The War

WE RECENTLY passed through the greatest war in history. Everybody was talking about it, reading about it. It brought into use many new words. You have seen and heard them used often. Did you take them for granted, or did you find out what they mean? People often make ludicrous or embarrassing mistakes by employing a word whose meaning they do not exactly know, by guessing at meanings. Do you? You can test yourself by seeing whether or not you can

define these words and use them properly.

1. A blimp
2. To volplane
3. An ace
4. A sub
5. A destroyer
6. A doughboy
7. A poilu
8. A Hun
9. A Boche
10. A gob
11. A slacker
12. A barrage
13. Camouflage
14. Shell shock
15. A cootie
16. A tank
17. D. S. O.
18. The iron cross
19. A seventy-five
20. The zero hour

Politics

"LET others concern themselves about the government of the world and its kings," wrote a Spanish poet, "but as for me, give me good bread and butter." But the American does not join in this sentiment. He is a born politician. What do you know of the politics of the world, past and present? Every one of the following persons has a conspicuous place in political affairs. Can you tell in what country each lived, or with what cause or movement he was identified?

1. Solon
2. Karl Marx
3. Henry George
4. Justinian
5. William Pitt
6. Thomas Jefferson
7. William J. Bryan
8. Jefferson Davis
9. Ebert
10. Clemenceau
11. Mazzini
12. Gompers
13. Grey
14. Grotius
15. Richelieu
16. Bismarck
17. Li Hung Chang
18. Parnell
19. Debs
20. Lenine

Science

THIS is the age of science and invention. Are the following names familiar to you? Can you place these persons, and tell what each invented or for what each is distinguished?

1. Pasteur
2. Davy
3. Edison
4. Burbank
5. Koch
6. Kepler
7. Watt
8. Eli Whitney
9. Howe
10. Morse
11. Newton
12. Copernicus
13. Gutenberg and Faust
14. Galileo
15. Fabre
16. Bell
17. Marconi
18. The Wright brothers
19. Lister
20. La Place

And what do these scientific terms, in common use, mean?

1. A volt
2. Insulation
3. What is the iris?
4. A non-conductor
5. Horse-power
6. A reciprocating engine
7. To inoculate
8. A saturated solution
9. An astringent
10. Inverse ratio
11. Eccentric
12. An atom
13. A sextant
14. A carburetor
15. A troglodyte
16. A cam
17. Square root
18. Latitude and longitude
19. A hypotenuse
20. A lathe

Business

WHAT do you know about the great business men of the world? They have figured conspicuously in the interests of mankind. Can you tell who these men are, or in what business they were engaged?

1. Morgan
2. Rothschild
3. Rhodes
4. Carnegie
5. Rockefeller
6. Schwab
7. Marshall Field
8. Wanamaker
9. Ford
10. Patterson
11. Lipton
12. Hill
13. Krupp
14. Harriman
15. Woolworth
16. Du Pont
17. Flagler
18. Huntington
19. A. T. Stewart
20. Armour

The Theatre

HOW about the stage? Whatever you may think of it, everybody talks of it. Are you posted? Can you tell at once who these persons are, and what they did to make themselves famous? State their place in, or their connection with, the theatre. (*Continued on page 105*)

Sid Says:

If you expect any miracles in 1920— you have got to perform them

THE New Year is at hand. But January 1st and the days to follow will be no different from December 31st and the days behind, unless *you* make them different.

One of the silliest of human delusions is the idea that time will bring everything out all right. Haven't you heard people get that off—and then proceed to do nothing whatever with time? The most pitiable business failure I know of was due to a self-deluded individual in the concern who did nothing but counsel the great things that time was going to do for the business. "Just wait," was his advice. "What we need is time. Leave it to time." So they did. And in time the business decayed.

Foolish people leave all sorts of things to time. Some leave the question of ill health to time. Others leave the question of thrift to time. Only to-day I heard of a twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year man, right here in New York, who at fifty is spending every nickel he makes—saving nothing. I suppose he thinks that God cares for the ravens, and that God will take care of him. God *will* no doubt care for him—just as He cares for the ravens. But ravens don't live until they lose their jobs because of old age. Neither do they require steam-heated apartments, underclothes, and hair mattresses to sleep on.

Another most interesting case of leaving a thing to time has just come to my attention. A certain man in these United States, who thinks he is going to be nominated for the Presidency next June, regards himself as a "man of destiny." To his intimates he thus refers to himself. But he is doing nothing to *prove* himself a man of destiny. His friends are getting nervous. They think that he ought to get up and start something. They are beginning to fear that he is destined to remain permanently seated in a rocking chair.

Left to itself, time is nothing but a grand little passer. Look how it passes in the desert and in the Arctic Circle. Plenty of time—but no potatoes.

Don't leave anything to Father Time. He won't do anything for you. He can't. All he does is to provide you room in which to perform. If you sit in the corner and wait for him to do your job, you'll be disappointed.

Father Time is only a sort of janitor in the employ of the Almighty. He sees the tenants come and go. But he has nothing to do with any of them, cares nothing about them. When you enter the arena he may bow and say, "Good morning." When you check out seventy or eighty years later he may say, "Good night." That, however, will be the extent of his interest in you, or knowledge of you. He sees billions pass in and out the gate—dunces, mediocres and bright boys like Cæsar and Willie Shakespeare. But they all look alike to him.

"Hal—Hal dear, do you think they would understand—would you understand, if we went together and told them I was just—a gray sheep?"

Don't Be Too Sure—Mr. Hurd!

There are some gray sheep mixed in with the black and the white ones

A love story

By Anna Blake Mezquida

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN PRICE

IN HIS private office at the Belding Iron Works of San Francisco, John Hurd, the young general manager, sat making vicious potmarks on his desk blotter. In his heart he liked the irresponsible McGarvey and it had not been easy to discharge the fellow. But his act was amply justified, and, being justified, Hurd was angry because the other men refused to look at it his way. He stabbed at the bell that summoned his stenographer.

Miss Winthrop entered, looking flushed and uncomfortable.

"Take this letter," he growled, at variance with his usual kindly courtesy.

But as she sat with pencil poised, waiting, his glance met hers.

"I suppose they're talking out in the office?"

There was no mistaking his meaning. Halcyon Winthrop's dark blue eyes, so dark that in moments of excitement they appeared black, were full of trouble.

"Yes, they're talking. Peter McGarvey was a favorite," she brought out with an effort. "And he needs the job."

"Good lord, so do other men! He botched that drawing four times and the pattern maker was raising the dickens. The whole shop was at a standstill. I gave McGarvey every chance, but for the last month he has been no use as a draftsman. I had to let him go."

Something, his wistfulness perhaps, made the girl suddenly daring.

"The trouble is, Mr. Hurd, you regard all men as black sheep or white sheep—with you there are no gray ones."

A hint of mirth lighted the general manager's strong, lean face. He could see that she was a little frightened, now; but he liked her better for having spoken. He liked women to have opinions and express them, although few of the feminine sex would have surmised it. For the first time he saw his stenographer as an individual. Hitherto she had been merely a highly useful cog in the well-greased wheels of the Belding Iron Works. No previous conversation with her had ever strayed into these personal channels.

"Well," he countered, smiling, "*are* there any gray sheep? A thing is either right or wrong, isn't it? Good or bad?"

"Things are sometimes mediocre or indifferent."

"Not in business—not in my scheme of business."

"That's because you don't take the human equation into consideration."

Hurd stared. The girl had a mind! But she did not give him time to reply.

"It's no wonder that Peter McGarvey made mistakes," she rushed on. "For the last month he has been half out of his head with worry—his wife sick, nip and tuck whether she'd pull through, and the baby being kept alive by force. It's their first baby, too, such a darling baby, but so frail and white!"

Hurd frowned. "Didn't know it was that bad. Sorry! I'll make up a purse for McGarvey and have our cook take round some custards to his wife. But I can't allow a man's private affairs to play havoc with his work. The business would go to pot. It's results we must look to. Results!" And with that he snapped the conversation short.

THINKING it over afterward he realized with a sort of fierce pride that Miss Winthrop was right—in his philosophy of life there were no gray sheep. He spoke in superlatives and felt in them. If he believed in a certain cause he believed in it heart and soul and pocketbook—which is more than can be said of some men. And if he was against a thing he consigned it to the nethermost depths.

His mother and sister, those nearest him, who had probed the tender heart beneath his shell and witnessed the kindly deeds he was prone to scatter unticketed, adored him, as did children and animals; his business associates admired his dynamic force; but in the shop, where only his uncompromising rule was felt, antagonism was setting steadily against him. Actually Hurd left the running of the shop to the head foreman and those in charge of foundry and pattern shop; but such was the man's power that no one questioned who was boss, and any order that the men didn't like was usually laid at the general manager's door. When he plowed through dirt and grease to see how some particular job was progressing there was no cordiality in the men's response. Yet it was Hurd who had inaugurated their fifteen-minute rest periods, who had fathered the company lunch counter and built the comfortable hall adjoining the Works which the men used for social gatherings. It was part of his efficiency program—the way he obtained "results."

Considering that he did get results, Hurd could afford to ignore the men's attitude toward himself. Besides, he had Belding with him.

John Hurd's faculty of always knowing where he was going, what he was going to do and how he intended doing it, had advanced him at the age of twenty-nine from mechanical engineer to his present position; and now, after three years, he was more than general manager—he was the Belding Iron Works. Old Man Belding, with immense relief to himself, had become merely figurehead and pursestrings. He got into the habit of saying, when any problem was put to him, "Ask Hurd; he knows!" It was a fine trait in business, but John's mother said jokingly that it was occasionally an uncomfortable trait to have around the house.

"I sometimes wonder if I have been the right mother for John," she questioned once. "He's so set. And yet I don't know that another woman could have done better."

John's sister, who idolized him, sighed and answered, "Heaven help him in the selection of a wife! If she's too bossy there'll be ructions. And if she's too meek he'll walk all over her."

JOHN, however, characteristically made his choice without hesitancy. He had not asked her yet, but everybody knew that he was going to ask Old Man Belding's daughter. It was what Belding wanted, and the thing for which Elsie herself had maneuvered ever since her return from Vassar. She was a pretty girl in a blond, Dresden-china way, gifted and ambitious. She was capable of mounting the ladder rung by rung with Hurd, and even of giving him a boost were such an inconceivable thing necessary. But beneath her softness and charm lay a hard streak—possibly because she had been spoiled from babyhood into thinking that whatever she craved she was to have, though so far there had been no occasion for any meanness to crop out.

It was after their talk about McGarvey's dismissal that Hurd began to look on his stenographer with new eyes.

He could see how she was loved in the office—"Hal" they called her endearingly, "Hal Winthrop." Even in the shop, where she sometimes went on his errands, she was a favorite. He discovered it one day when he followed close on her heels with a change of orders. As she picked her way among castings and steel cables to where the foreman stood she greeted the men with a nod and a smile that brought to every grimy face a warm answering grin. Hurd felt the thermometer drop at his own entrance.

Without realizing that his stenographer was the cause, his attitude toward Elsie Belding underwent a change. It was not that he ceased to love Elsie. He merely awoke to the fact that he never had loved her. And, not loving her, he could not ask her to be his wife. He was too essentially honest, too high-minded, for a marriage of convenience; but his misfortune lay in being also too straightforward and blunt to drop her tactfully. He simply quit. He still visited the Beldings

As Halcyon stepped out on the floor, Starr's arm about her slim waist, Hurd got to his feet. "Let's

because of his business associations with the old man, but with Elsie he was suddenly as distant and unattainable as the North Star.

"Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." But Elsie had the humiliation of being scorned before she was even asked. It cut deep into her self-love and pride. She could not believe it at first. Finally, when she had to believe, she jumped at the cause, for her visits to her father's office had not been fruitless of observation.

"Is Miss Winthrop a good secretary?" she asked one evening with studied carelessness. "Can you rely on her, I mean?"

"Well, rather!" Hurd answered promptly, and went on to explain with unnecessary enthusiasm just how valuable to the Belding business Halcyon Winthrop was. Then, struck by a pertinent silence on his companion's part, he blurted, "Why?"

"Oh . . . because . . ."

"What makes you take that tone? What are you driving at?" he questioned.

Elsie tilted her chin a trifle sharply. "I should think that a girl who frequents cafés until one o'clock in the morning would be scarcely fit for work the next day."

HURD gave a snort of disbelief. "Cafés until one! Where did you ever get such a crazy notion?"

"I've *seen* her twice—last evening at the beach—Cousin Jim took a party of us out—and the night before down-town. Both times she was dancing with a man, the same one, I think."

"She'd hardly dance with a woman." It was a foolish, futile attempt to cover his shock and unaccountable pain, for whatever Elsie's faults she was not given to prevarication.

"No . . . hardly!" There was an edge to Elsie's laugh more damning than words.

Hurd was instantly furious—with Halcyon, with Elsie, with the whole world, but his voice was smooth ice.

"Miss Winthrop has a right to her evenings. It's not my affair as long as she does her work."

"Certainly not . . . if she *can* work." It was a clever thrust at the weak spot in Hurd's armor.

The matter ended there as far as Elsie was concerned. In fact, Elsie herself soon drifted out of Hurd's life to enter that of another man. This is not a story of the eternal triangle. But the seed dropped from her hardness and jealousy fell on fertile ground. The effect on Hurd was immediate and satisfying. And she had insidiously planted in her father's mind a bitter resentment against Halcyon Winthrop that was to bear fruit later. Old Man Belding had wanted Hurd for a son-in-law.

The morning after this fatal conversation Hurd noticed that Miss Winthrop was droopy and pale, and twice he caught

go!" he said abruptly, not in the least realizing his rudeness

her gaping. It bothered him more than he would admit, and when she blundered in an important letter he took her to task in a way that sent a flush to the roots of her hair. Really, he cared little about her trivial mistake—although the girl could not know that; he was worrying—and, manlike, showed it by irritability—because he could not bear to think of Halcyon Winthrop as a frequenter of cafés. With Elsie it was different. It was part of her social life. But a working-girl! For all his liberality Hurd held certain old-fashioned ideas, and the dividing line between what was proper and what was not was very marked.

THAT very night, at Techau's, where Hurd and his sister were entertaining a few friends at supper after an evening at the theatre, Fate played her trump card against Halcyon Winthrop. The girl was facing Hurd at a corner table with a man, but at first he did not know her in her shimmering blue creation, accustomed as he was to her strictly tailored business attire. Recognition came with a shock that caused his sister to follow his glance uneasily. He had never seen Miss Winthrop so lovely, he acknowledged with a trace of bitterness, his gaze shifting to bore into the dapper shoulders of her companion. Who was the fellow? he puzzled. And just then the man turned and bowed.

It was Hubert Starr, representative of a local house that dealt in farm implements and machinery, a fellow whose reputation as a salesman was far better than his reputation as an individual. Hurd knew him well. He had seen him that very morning, for Starr was a frequent visitor at the Belding Iron Works during his semi-annual business trip to the city, often taking odds and ends off the Belding people's hands to sell to his country customers. His territory included the Coast states and Nevada, a vast stretch that took him many months to cover.

Between times he lived in some small town in southern California, but he made up for lack of excitement at home when he reached the city.

It was a common saying in the office, usually with a significant lift of eyebrow, that Starr certainly knew how "to go the gait." Personally the man was an anomaly—a quiet, pleasant sort in business, a hard worker, and conscientious to the point of fussiness; in his play-hours, boisterous, gay, and reckless of what men thought. Hurd had a definite impression that the man was married, although, as he told himself with smothered fury, Starr's kind were not given to mentioning wives. But, married or single, that Halcyon Winthrop should be seen in a café at midnight with such a man filled Hurd with helpless rage. "I wonder if he calls her 'Hal'?" he tortured himself.

IT WAS fortunate for Hurd that his guests were having too good a time with each other to be observant, and that his sister had tact, for his conversation became strikingly monosyllabic. They had finished eating and were watching the dancers. As Halcyon stepped out on the floor, Starr's arm about her slim waist, Hurd got to his feet.

"Let's go!" he said abruptly, not in the least realizing his rudeness.

The following morning Halcyon was late to work. Hurd, who was always there with the first of the shop hands, watched the clock nervously. Promptness with him was a religion, the hub of his whole system of efficiency. He exacted it of himself and demanded it of others.

He said nothing when she hurried in, a little frightened and self-conscious, although his expression spoke volumes. But when she mixed two important contracts, the thing which had been seething within him broke bounds.

"Do you spend many evenings at cafés, Miss Winthrop?"

Her face flamed scarlet, the color as quickly draining away.

"I've been several times lately."

"Like it?"

He knew he had no right to quiz her, but the words were out. And in his own misery he failed to realize the insult and challenge.

"Any girl who works all day enjoys a little recreation in the evening." It was fire meet fire. Then her voice faltered: "I'm sorry I was late, Mr. Hurd. It won't happen again."

"Miss Winthrop," he said bluntly, "it's none of my concern what you do outside as long as it doesn't interfere with your work. But it is interfering."

That was the general manager speaking. Now the man spoke:

"Known Starr long?"

"He comes from my home town."

The confession struck Hurd disagreeably.

"Then you ought to know him well enough to stop going with him," he blazed.

Her eyes had grown large-pupiled, dark: "I think I should be judge of that."

He faced her across his desk, his knuckles showing white where his hands gripped. It was the hurt (*Continued on page 133*)

Here is excitement for you! And some fun! A daredevil boy of 19 gets a sedate man of 49 into an aëroplane and puts him through his paces. The ground (when he reached it) looked awfully good to Ray Baker—THE EDITOR

My Wild Ride with Youth in an Aëroplane

The thrilling adventure of a middle-aged man

By Ray Stannard Baker

IN BEGINNING this narrative of my innocent adventures as an aviator, I am going to put the moral of the tale first, and have it over with. And this is it: Before you fly make sure that you have a good, comfortable, steady old driver. Don't be ashamed of the kind tabby old ladies like. Above everything avoid Youth with a glint in his eye, or a little smile lurking at the corner of his mouth—I've tried both kinds, and feel that I can speak from experience.

I had the comfortable, steady old fellow in my flight upward from Paris to Brussels. It was my first experience in an aëroplane, and except for the thrill I had when we started—at one moment I was afraid of leaving the solid ground, and at the next I was afraid we wouldn't leave it—it was one of those amazing experiences which fail to surprise us as much as we anticipated, because our imagination has had so much material to work on beforehand. We went up a long smooth slope from the flying field at Paris to a height of a quarter of a mile above the earth, set a beeline to the northward, and except for two little detours around gray thunder showers which we could see drifting across the green fields of France, we arrived without incident at the field in Brussels. We made the journey, which would have taken a tedious day by railroad train, in an hour and forty minutes. Exactly three hours from the time I left my office in the capital of France I was at my place of destination in the capital of Belgium. It had been a fine new experience and I felt myself already quite an aviator.

"This is really the only way to travel," I said. "Why go trundling along at forty or sixty miles an hour in a train, or an automobile, when you can fly at a hundred or a hundred and fifty?"

I almost made up my mind that I would travel in future exclusively by aëroplane!

I was charmed with the appearance of the young Frenchman who came that Monday morning in May to take me back to Paris. He was a small, close-knit, graceful boy, very natty in his clean blue uniform with his little aviator's cap cocked jauntily on one side of his crisp yellow head. He took me in all at one glance. He had gray eyes, the steady kind of gray eyes—but you wanted to look at them quickly a second time to see whether or not he was laughing. He was nineteen years old, and because his father and brothers were all aviators he had been flying since he was a boy of twelve.

I was indiscreet enough, at the very beginning, to say to him that in coming up we had flown so high that I had not been able to see as much of the devastated regions of northern France as I had hoped.

"I will show zem to you," responded the young rascal; and then asked slyly: "Did ze pilot stunt wiz you?"

"No," I said, quite guilelessly, "he was as steady a driver as ever a man rode behind."

I never made a more unfortunate remark. I thought at the time, though he made no reply, that there was a glint in his eye.

Well, when we arrived at the flying field the machine stood ready in front of the shed. It was a 300-horse-power Breguet biplane of the same model as that in which I had come up; but even to my inexperienced eye it had a very different appearance. It had evidently seen much hard usage. The propeller blades were worn at the tips, it was rusty around the gills—an aëroplane breathes like a fish—and the precious wind deflector for the passenger's seat was broken off—and, though I did not know it at the time, the gasolene tank was leaking. The young scalawag said cheerfully that it was not his machine, but he seemed quite prepared to drive anything that had wings. From my experience with him afterward, and from what I heard about his reputation in the air, I am convinced he could have flown a "flivver" or a top buggy if once he had set out to do it.

WHEN I came up from Paris I was the only passenger, and considered that I quite filled the passenger's narrow seat; but it appeared that my young pilot was a companionable sort and had brought along a friend of his—a young French boy aviator—with red hair and an irrepressible smile. He was an observer; and was going back with us.

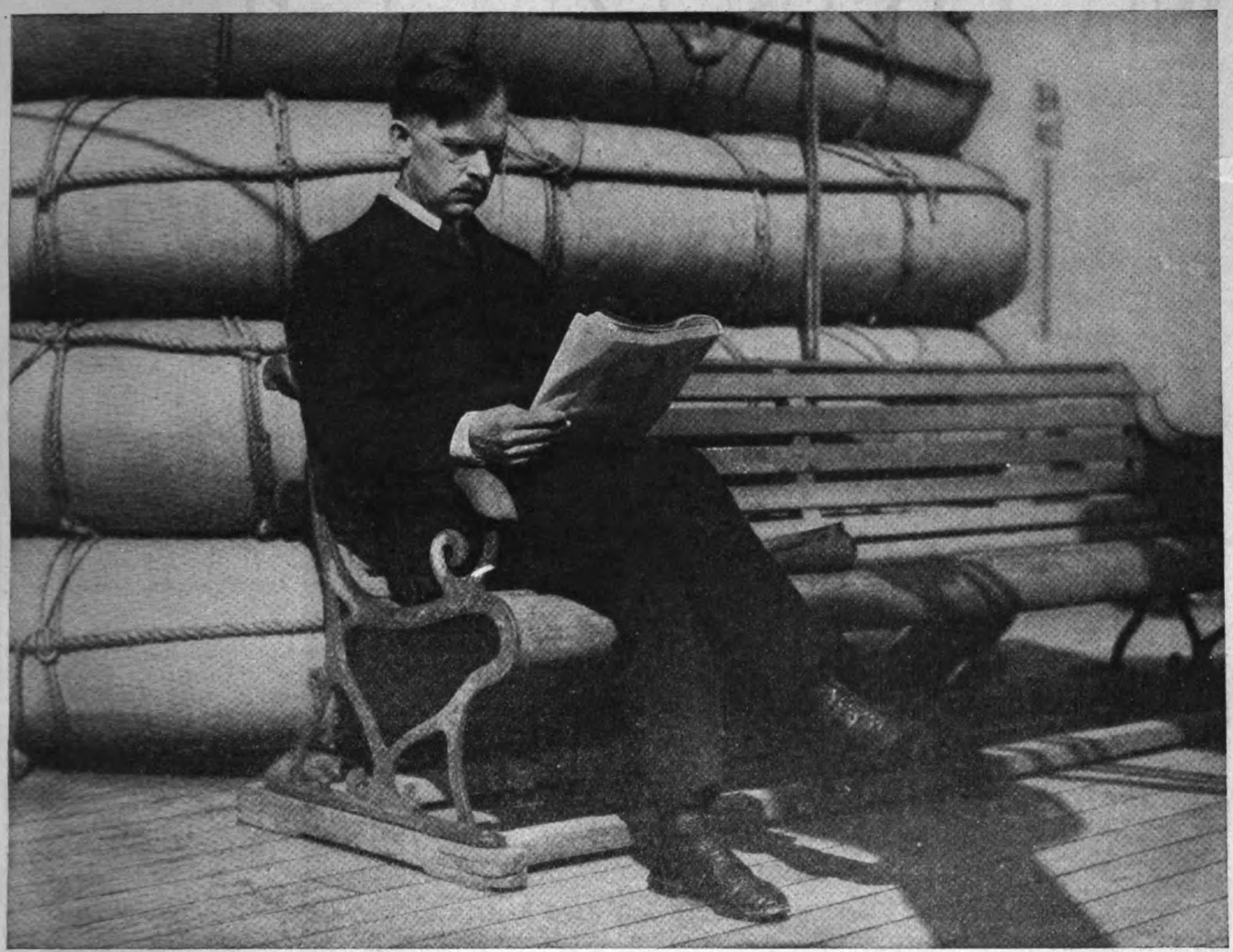
My pilot looked over the machine with a quick glance, got into the suit of blue workmen's jumpers quite nonchalantly, while his friend and I were bundling up in overcoats, thick caps, and goggles to keep out the wind and the cold.

I took the passenger's seat and strapped myself down, and the young observer wedged himself just in front of and below me, between my legs, so that the top of his head was close under my chin. I began already to have forebodings!

The jaunty young pilot gave me one amused glance as he got into his high seat in front of us. There was an offhand charm about him that made you like him—at the same time that you were rather suspicious of him. Two stout mechanicians started the propeller, while two others held back hard upon the wing ends. It takes some time to "crank" an aëroplane. The mechanicians pull around the huge blades, the aviator shouts the signal and they let go; and this again and again. Suddenly and with a terrifying roar, the propeller starts, filling our faces with dust and gasolene smoke and our nostrils with the smell of hot oil. The two men at the wing ends now hold back firmly to prevent the plane from starting until the engine is really warmed up to its work. The noise is deafening, and already the wind from the propeller, though we have not moved, is cuttingly sharp. Without a wind shield I soon saw that I should be unable to bear the brunt of it. Indeed, I had found when I came up that I could scarcely hold my arm stiff when I thrust it outside of the wind shield with the ship moving at one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour.

WE WERE off at last, skimming over the green turf of the aviation field, at first heavily on our wheels, then lightly and more lightly, so that I never quite knew when we had really begun to fly. That first lift sets one's blood to coursing! Down go the green earth—and the roads—and the houses; one has a sense of lightness and swiftness impossible to describe.

But my sudden exhilaration, for I was prepared now to enjoy myself, was short-lived. I was soon to know that I had Youth for a pilot—Youth, full of modesty, silence, suppressed amusement on the earth, but wild to show its prowess in



RAY STANNARD BAKER

Who relates (beginning on opposite page) one of the most amusing and extraordinary adventures a man could have. Mr. Baker is a famous journalist and story writer. He began as a reporter on a Chicago newspaper in the early nineties. Since then he has produced numberless articles and stories for magazines, books of travel and popular science, and successful fiction of rare quality. He is the author of the David Grayson books. When the Peace Conference began President Wilson appointed Mr. Baker Director of Publicity at Paris. He served during the entire conference, and came home with the President in July. He also made the trip over and back with Mr. Wilson in March. This photograph was made on shipboard during the March trip with the President. Mr. Baker will be 50 years old in March. His home is in Amherst, Massachusetts

its own rarer element, the air. It must keep up to its reputation for dare-deviltry —for mastery! Any audience would do, even the little group of mechanicians, Belgian and French, that we had left, gaping upward at us, in front of the sheds.

We climbed at a stiff angle, more, it seemed to me like a rocket than a flying-machine—no smooth slope upward such as the steady pilot of my northward voyage had treated me to!—and then of a sudden the machine tipped sickeningly in a wide circle to one side. As I looked out, the earth, instead of being below me where it belonged, appeared a perpendicular wall on my left, all divided into little patchwork farms and gardens, and I saw a group of women, like toys in a road, one with a colored parasol. On the other side, as I looked, the sky was also a perpendicular wall. This impression lasted only a moment; then, with a swoop that made me gasp, we fell—yes, fell—shot down faster than falling, as it seemed to me.

The worst of such an experience to an amateur is that he has absolutely no background for judgment as to what is happening. He does not know what the signs of real danger are. One is high up—one feels himself falling. All former experience goes for nothing. There is no precedent—nothing except a profound human distrust in mechanism which everyone has, bulwarked by a thousand memories of aëroplane accidents heard about and read about. To me the whole thing was absolutely unexpected.

I LOOKED out. Just below us, an inconceivable distance, was a huge Zeppelin shed which the Germans had left when they evacuated Brussels. This shed was flying upward toward us with the speed of an express train. I drew down close in my seat, grasped hard on the struts of the framework at my side; clasped the young French observer in front of me hard with my knees—and did not breathe! I tried not to look out at the reeling earth —and waited for the crash.

A moment we were almost on top of the Zeppelin shed—I could see with senses made impossibly acute by the strain, a curious long crack or scar in the roof—and then with a glide and a lift that forced me downward in my seat we were rising again. When I looked out the earth had a curious dizzying slant, with trees and houses rushing past as though driven by a hurricane—and I was desperately sick—as one is sick at sea—

It came over me suddenly that I was not after all going to be killed as I expected and—I am reporting just what I felt—I was angry. I looked up at the young pilot's back.

"The F-O-O-L," I said, "the unmitigated F-O-O-L."

But my voice was lost in the roar of the wind and I didn't dare let go the struts even to poke him!

He now decided evidently to show off the paces of the bird we rode and his own skill and daring as a pilot. He was going to give me a complete demonstration. I was a perfectly good and innocent middle-aged American to experiment upon. He swooped, he zoomed, he roller-coastered, he turned so far over on one side that I was glad of the strap that held me in, and then turned as far over—possibly entirely over (I am not sure of quite all that happened)—on the other side. Then he went down head first and caught himself just in time—all for my edification and delight! I reached the point where I thought I could not longer bear the dizzying sickness of it—

Suddenly he shot (*Continued on page 110*)

Why I Did Not Go into Business for Myself

By Samuel M. Vauclain

President of the Baldwin Locomotive Works

WHY did I not go into business for myself? Why did I choose always to work for a corporation rather than for myself?

My answer is: "I have never worked for anyone but myself."

A man is working just as much for himself when he is with a large corporation as when he has his own name over the door and is called the proprietor of the establishment. There is only one way to work—you cannot work *for* anyone and you cannot work for money, that is, if you want to have any fun or get anywhere. You must work for the work.

Let me explain: When I say that I have worked for myself and that everyone with a vision always works for himself, I mean that it is the work which must control. If your whole thought is to do in the best possible way the work that you start out to do, and you find it interesting, then every other question will solve itself—including that of the money return. Events rather than intentions will do the career molding.

The money return always takes care of itself and is the least important side to be considered. I have never bothered about it. I happen to know my own salary right now because the Board of Directors of the company fixed it the other day in meeting. But until that meeting I had never quite known my annual income for perhaps twenty years past. That sounds "unbusinesslike." Is it? Why should one bother counting money if there are more interesting things at hand to do? My salary was bound to be large enough for all proper purposes, because I was doing my work as best I knew how, and that is the world voucher for a salary. The details could be handled by a trust company, for they have men more interested and more skilled in handling money than I am.

Some of my friends say that I would be wealthier to-day did I give more attention to personal finance. But I doubt it. I do not know what I am worth, but I am quite sure that I have been paid enough, and that it would have been stealing from my life to give thought to money, in which I was not interested, when that same thought might have been given to mechanics, in which I was interested. Then I should have suffered a loss which no amount of money could compensate.

The really hard job in this world is not to make money—that is the easiest thing in the world, that is, money enough to support one comfortably. The really hard job is to discover that which you like to do. If you find it with a corporation then that is your job; if you cannot find it with a corporation, or if you happen to hit upon something interesting which you can do wholly for yourself, then you should go into business for yourself.

There is no rule; it is a matter of cases. And, when you get down to the individual case, the choice is not very difficult, providing always that you like to work and want to work. I have noticed that the young men who go from one place to another and seem never to be able to stay anywhere are usually those who are hunting for a "snap" or who imagine that they ought to be advanced before they have taken the trouble to know all about what they are doing. A boy or man who has a real desire to work can have no trouble at all in finding a job and, if he keeps that desire to work and keeps both his head and his hands going, he will always find the exact job which suits him.

I do think, however, that the large corporation, with its modern methods and air of doing big things, is the best possible preparatory course for business, and that a few years should be spent with one before any kind of a decision is made.

I speak of making a decision, and yet I have made only one myself, because I have had only two jobs in my life. In a way, I have never made a change, but rather just came into the new job more or less as a matter of course. As a boy of sixteen we were living in Altoona, Pennsylvania. The big thing in Altoona is the shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad; everything else is more or less built around them.

Apprenticeships were largely sought after in those days, for an apprentice who had learned the machinist's trade in the railway shops was certain to turn out as a good machinist. I was promised an indenture when I became seventeen; but when I was a little over sixteen I found that I could get into the shop as a helper, and therefore I quit school and took the job at fifty cents a day. I did not have to take this job. My parents did not need the money. But it seemed to me that, if I were going to be apprenticed in the following year, it might be well to be on hand early so that if there were any difficulty about an indenture, I would at least be in the shop and perhaps have an advantage. It is better to be on the inside looking out than on the outside looking in.

I had no particularly definite ideas as to the future, except that, first of all, I wanted to be a good machinist. The indenture came in due course, and until I was twenty-one I worked as hard as I knew how, because there were so many things to find out about in that place, and so many interesting operations to learn, that it took every moment of every day just to try to catch up with the things that I wanted to do. During the last year or so of my indenture, although still an apprentice and drawing an apprentice's pay, I was appointed a kind of under foreman.

When I got my papers and was a full-fledged workman, they made me a foreman, which rather interfered with my plans. I had thought of working for several years in order to get enough money together to take an engineering course somewhere. I thought that by working summers and at odd times I could get myself through. But being made a foreman made (*Continued on page 119*)

Don't Work for a Poor Boss—But Be Sure You Know a Poor One When You See Him

MR. VAUCLAIN says: "In deciding whether it is better to be out entirely for yourself, or with a corporation, not a little of the decision will depend upon whom you are working for. If you find that you are under a poor boss you ought to get out as soon as you can, for half a dozen years of work under an inferior or incompetent boss will so change a young man's outlook that, more than likely, he will be worth very little thereafter. I do not mean by this that it is well for a youngster to be choosy and particular about whom he works for at the first, and to decide right offhand that if the boss doesn't do things after his manner he is a poor boss. The incompetent boy or man never has a good boss—that is, he never thinks he has. An incompetent, lazy individual could never like a first-rate boss."

PHOTO BY PHILLIPS STUDIO, PHILADELPHIA

Samuel M. Vauclain

WHO says in his article on the opposite page that the average age of the executives of his company (the Baldwin Locomotive Works) is 34 years. But he adds: "Having older executives about is mighty necessary. A young man, associating only with young men, may get an 'ism' or two that he will think is new. But if he is in daily contact with older men he will discover that they, too, have had their 'isms,' just as they had the measles and the chicken-pox and that what he thinks is new is really something very old. And so the office becomes the place where the younger men can get their best advice. It is good for them, and it is good for the business."

John E. Wilkie

AS CHIEF of the United States Secret Service for sixteen years, Mr. Wilkie directed the government work of suppressing counterfeiting. He also put into effect the present duties of the Secret Service to guard the President. Previous to his connection with the Division, he had been a Chicago newspaper man, and later had been interested in banking and the steamship business in London. He was born in Elgin, Illinois, in 1860, and now lives in Chicago, where he is vice president of the street railway surface lines. In the article beginning on the opposite page Mr. Wilkie tells some extraordinary things about counterfeiting, especially as it concerns the general public.

Watch Out For Counterfeit Bills and Coins!

And remember that it is a crime to try to pass them to others if you get "stuck" with them

Together with some of my personal experiences running down crooks

By John E. Wilkie

Former Chief of the United States Secret Service

WHAT would you do if you found that you had a counterfeit bill in your possession? Suppose you had accepted it from somebody else, believing it to be genuine. Perhaps you cannot remember who gave it to you, or, even though you do feel certain where you got it, you know you cannot prove this and therefore compel the person to take it back again.

There it is, on your hands; a five, or ten, or twenty dollar note that isn't worth two cents. Frankly, isn't there a great temptation to try to pass it on to somebody else and save yourself the loss? You would be indignant if anybody called you a criminal; yet if you yield to this temptation you will commit a crime against the law and be liable to prosecution.

In fact, since 1882, it has been a criminal offense merely to have counterfeit money in one's possession. Before that time, a man could have a wagonload of it without being liable to prosecution, so long as he did not attempt to pass it into circulation. But in 1882 it became a criminal offense either to have it or to pass it.

"But," you will say, "suppose I do this without *knowing* that a bill is counterfeit. What would happen to me in such a case?"

In that case, you can probably prove your innocence, and the only penalty you will suffer will be the loss of the amount represented by the bill or the coin. In fact, the real burden of proof will be on the authorities, who must be convinced that you are guilty before they will punish you. But this is easier than you may imagine.

Suppose a man accepts a spurious note, believing it to be genuine. Quite innocently, he offers it to somebody else, more observant or more expert than he is, and it is refused. He is tempted, as perhaps you would be, to reason that he accepted it in good faith and that it isn't up to him to suffer the loss.

He thinks he will pass it on to somebody else, who will pass it still further. The ultimate loser will be some vague, shadowy person to whom he feels no obligation.

But very soon that bill appears at a bank, is at once recognized as a counterfeit, and an investigation is started. The bill is traced to this man, and the discovery is almost certainly made that at least one, and perhaps more, of his attempts to pass it failed. He therefore *knew* it to be counterfeit when he finally got rid of it, and he is liable to prosecution.

The only honest course, and the only safe one, when you find that you have a counterfeit bill or coin, is to turn it in at the bank, as such, and stand the loss.

As perhaps you know from sad experience, if there happens to be a counterfeit in the money you deposit at a bank, the teller throws it out and, after examination, without returning it to you, probably cuts it in two with his shears. In any case, he stamps it counterfeit. This is an unpleasant shock to you, but it is a necessary proceeding.

It is a bank official's duty to prevent that note from returning to circulation. And to protect himself he must *in your presence* render it incapable of being circulated. If he merely put it aside and told you it was not genuine, you could claim that *he* was dishonest; that your note was all right, and that he substituted a bad one for it. That is why he is so careful to have you witness its mutilation and stamping as a counterfeit.

It took considerable persuasion to induce all banks to follow this practice. Many of them objected that it would irritate their customers; that a man would be angry at so drastic a proceeding, and would go to another bank. A very good reply to this was the reminder that if a man resented the loss of a counterfeit he was not the type of customer a bank wanted, anyway. After considerable education, practically all banks realized the wisdom and mutual benefit of the immediate branding of counterfeit money as such, and the practice is now almost universal.

The detection of counterfeit *money* is up to the public—chiefly to bank tellers and other handlers of money in large quantities. But the detection and arrest of the men who make and deliberately pass such money is the duty of the Secret Service Division of our Government.

Because, for sixteen years, I was chief of that division, I have often been asked these three questions: Does it pay to be a crook? Are many people crooks at heart? Does a man, whose business it is to deal with crooks, lose faith in human nature?

To each of those questions my answer is an emphatic negative. If any class of criminals could "make it pay," counterfeiters should be able to do it. But they fail! It is they themselves that do the paying; they and hundreds of innocent persons.

In recent years, (*Continued on page 100*)

An Exciting Story of Counterfeiters Coming

IN THIS article Mr. Wilkie tells a number of wonderful occurrences. In an early number he will relate the story of the most remarkable counterfeiting case in the history of this country. It was a gigantic conspiracy to put out millions of dollars' worth of bills, so perfect as almost to defy detection. The brains, time, labor, and influence of a dozen men were used to make it succeed. But it failed! And the conspirators were every one brought to justice.

The story is a thrilling one. But it is more than that. Better than a hundred sermons it preaches the truth that crime does not even *pay;* that even a "Napoleon of crime," as Mr. Wilkie calls the man who engineered this conspiracy, meets his Waterloo; and it is one of disgrace as well as defeat. THE EDITOR.

Marcia Lets Her Conscience Take a Brief Vacation

While it is off duty she has an extraordinary adventure

By Christine Whiting Parmenter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

THOSE who have no faith in fairy tales, or who believe that good cannot come of falsehood, may pass this by, for it was a fairy tale to little Marcia Adams, and she has never had reason to regret the falsehood, though hitherto she had led a strictly truthful existence, and (by order of her grandmother) had joined the church on her fourteenth birthday.

When Marcia was twelve years old she lost her shiftless, easy-going father, and went to live with Grandma Adams. Then for eight years her life was as drab as the painted walls with which she was surrounded. They lived in four rooms of the big Adams homestead, the rest of the house being closed to save coal in winter and cleaning in summer.

It had been a fine house in its day, one of those pillared Colonial mansions found in many old New England towns. It should, of course, have been overrun with youth, and laughter, and music; instead of which one felt a sudden chill on entering its wide doorway to find closed rooms on either hand.

For it was at the back of the house that Grandma Adams chose to live. There was a room, opening on a neglected garden, which had been Grandpa Adams's law office fifty-odd years before. Now it was converted into a sitting-room because its wide windows opened toward the south, and no room could be really ugly furnished in the old mahogany which had belonged to the Adams family for generations.

They ate in the kitchen "to save steps," as Grandma Adams said. It seemed to Marcia that they were always trying to "save" something. For the same reason, they slept in two small bedrooms in the ell. They had been servants' quarters years ago, but were easily accessible to the back stairs, which saved sweeping the front ones more than once a month, since it was only on rare occasions that the front door was opened.

Marcia's duties consisted of a never-ending round of cooking, dish-washing, sweeping, and reading to her grandmother. She had just one recreation. Her father had once accepted an old typewriter on a bill, and to the lonely girl it held a sort of fascination. Because Grandma Adams did not like its noise, she would steal down-stairs after the old lady was in bed and write on it. Sometimes she wrote long letters to imaginary people: the mother whom she could not remember; a brother whom she had never had; and, as the years advanced, she constructed a lover, a wonderful lover with dark blue eyes shaded by black lashes, a Grecian nose, and firm, tragic lips which smiled only for her. To him she poured out all the secrets of her girlish heart.

Strange to say, she called this imaginary lover by the plain name of "John." Had anyone asked her why, she would have answered that it made him seem more "real." She wrote, also, "John's" replies: ardent epistles, which she burned carefully in the kitchen range before retiring.

BUT she wrote other things which she did not burn: verses and stories, which she hid under the flannel nightgowns in her bureau drawer and read over and over by candle light after Grandma Adams was sound asleep. Perhaps she would still be writing things and hiding them away had it not been for a providential cold, and an unexpected call from Judge Allen.

It was a Sunday morning, and Grandma Adams had gone to church. Because of the cold, Marcia had stayed at home and, once Grandma Adams was out of sight, had guiltily uncovered the typewriter and set to work. Grandma would have been horrified at the use of such a thing on Sunday; but Marcia smothered her conscience because a bit of verse was singing in her head, inspired by the first crocus in the neglected garden, and she wanted to write it down.

To be sure, a pencil would have seemed less wicked, but Marcia's poems always looked more real to her in typewriting. She could imagine that she had cut them from some magazine. So she sat there in the shabby old kitchen and wrote her poem to the first crocus. Then she remembered some verses she had jotted down one night in pencil and which she had no chance to copy, and, leaving the new poem in the typewriter, she went up-stairs to get them from their hiding place.

At this point Judge Allen comes into the tale. He entered via the back door with a head of lettuce from his greenhouse, a neighborly offering for Grandma Adams's dinner. Walking in without knocking, he discovered Marcia's uncovered typewriter and her poem to "The First Crocus." He might not have noticed the poem had he not been surprised to see a typewriter in Grandma Adams's kitchen; and with unpardonable curiosity he looked down on the printed sheet and deliberately read it. When Marcia returned she was surprised to find the judge standing by the window with her poem in his hand.

"Hello, Marcia!" he said genially; "I didn't know you ran a typewriter. This is a mighty pretty little poem. Where'd you copy it from?"

"I—I wrote it," replied Marcia, surprised into the confession.

"You don't mean you made it up yourself?"

Marcia nodded. She was too embarrassed to speak, for the judge was staring at her very hard.

"Well," he exclaimed at last, "who would have guessed it! A poetess in our midst! Have you read it to your grandma?"

"Oh, no!" cried Marcia, aghast. "Don't you tell her, Judge Allen. She'd think I was wasting time. She'd make me put away the typewriter, and it's all the fun I have."

Marcia was nervously twisting the penciled verses into a ball, while the judge regarded her shrewdly from beneath his heavy brows.

"How old are you, Marcia?" he asked at last.

"Twenty-one."

"It's most ten years, isn't it, since you came to live with Grandma Adams?"

"Eight years and five months, Judge Allen."

"You don't get out much, do you?"

"I don't get out at all. Grandma doesn't approve of gadding. But I have the typewriter. I use it after Grandma goes to bed."

"To write poetry?"

"Sometimes—and letters."

"Oh! You correspond with people?"

"Not really; but I pretend to. It makes things seem more cheerful. I've got quite well acquainted with my mother. I write to her, and then I answer for her. She's lovely. And I've made up a brother, Richard; and there's John—"

SUDDENLY Marcia stopped and blushed. She had meant her confidence as a defense of the typewriter, but she was suddenly appalled at her revelations.

"Who's John?" queried the judge abruptly.

"Just—a friend."

Marcia's blush deepened. She was terribly afraid the judge would laugh, but instead he came nearer and patted her shoulder sympathetically.

"You poor little girl! Why, I wouldn't tell Grandma Adams for a thousand dollars! Do you write stories, Marcia?"

"Sometimes. I hide 'em under the nighties in my drawer."

The judge laughed. "Run up and get 'em, child. I want to look."

"But—but suppose Grandma came home?"

"She can't—for another hour. I'll cover the typewriter, and then you read me a story. There's nothing quite so sweet as stolen fruit."

SO IT happened that while Judge Allen's wife and Grandma Adams profited by divine worship, the judge sat on the old haircloth-covered sofa in the Adams kitchen and listened to an author's reading from a manuscript. It was a love story, of course, with (had the judge but known it) "John" for a hero, though in the story he bore the name of Roger Alandale. When Marcia finished reading, she looked up timidly to find her audience wiping his eyes.

"You've made me cry," he said, "and it takes something to make an old sinner like me break down. That's good stuff, Marcia Adams. Why don't you send it to some magazine?"

"Would they print it?" gasped Marcia innocently.

"Maybe. It would do no harm to try."

"But" (Marcia's face clouded) "it would take postage, and I haven't any money."

"I'll supply the postage," said the judge generously; "or—look here, Marcia, you can earn it! You do neat typing and I need someone a couple of hours each day. I'd be *glad* to pay you more than you'll want for postage. I'll ask your grandmother myself. I'll make a favor of it, so she can't refuse."

Thus it came about that from two to four each day Marcia went to Judge Allen's office. She wrote letters, copied legal papers which she didn't understand, and sometimes she witnessed wills, and felt a delicious thrill as her pen touched the paper. It seemed such an important thing to do!

Life was a changed thing to Marcia; and it was changed to Judge Allen, too. He began to take an interest in the magazines, which caused his wife to smile indulgently and wonder what strange freak Henry was up to now. The judge, in truth, was hunting the most likely market for Marcia's story, and when he'd decided they sent it gayly on its way, and waited the result with bated breath.

And just here the fairy tale begins. Of course in real life the story would have returned, accompanied by a printed slip which would have sent a cold chill to Marcia's heart. But it didn't return. Not two weeks after it started out, Marcia, stopping at the post office on her way to the judge's office, was handed a square white envelope with the name and address of a magazine engraved upon the flap.

Marcia stopped under the big elm outside the post office and tore it open. Had there been any sort of seat at hand she would have taken it, for her knees felt strangely weak. They felt weaker still as she read the letter. She thought at first there was some mistake; but after she had perused the words a dozen times she realized that her story was accepted and that "a check for fifty dollars would reach her within the week."

Fifty dollars! To Marcia, who had never possessed fifty cents until she began typing for Judge Allen, it seemed a fortune. She flew, rather than walked, up the dusty stairs to the judge's office. Fortunately he was alone, for at that moment Marcia needed a safety valve. She found it. Could the people of the district have beheld their dignified legal light doing a sort of cake walk around his office, they would have thought he had suddenly gone mad. Perhaps he had!

She hastened across the square to the judge's office. Once seated on the broad window ledge, she opened the letter and read its contents

But he didn't stay mad—in that sense of the word, though he was mad enough at the editors as the months passed. For no more checks came Marcia's way, in spite of the postage that went onto the long envelopes. With discouraging regularity those envelopes returned like homing pigeons. So the judge railed at the editors, thereby relieving Marcia's feelings as well as his own.

At last, a long, long time after Marcia had sold her story, she had the joy of seeing it in print; and although the illustrator hadn't given Roger Alandale the "firm, tragic lips" of "John," he was every inch a hero, and John the original began to take on a less tragic visage in Marcia's dreams.

For she still wrote to "John," and "Richard," and her mother. They knew all about the story, the check, and the illustrations. It was three weeks after the story appeared, however, that Marcia picked up the threads of her fairy tale again.

The door opened to admit a perfect stranger. That is, he seemed look familiar. It flashed through Marcia's brain that he was a

JUDGE ALLEN had gone on his vacation, the first in years, and a long one. He had, however, ordered Marcia to appear as usual at the office: to explain his absence to impatient clients, and, above all, to keep the long envelopes in circulation.

"For," he remarked shrewdly, "though you may not get anywhere if you send 'em out, you *can't* get anywhere unless you do!"

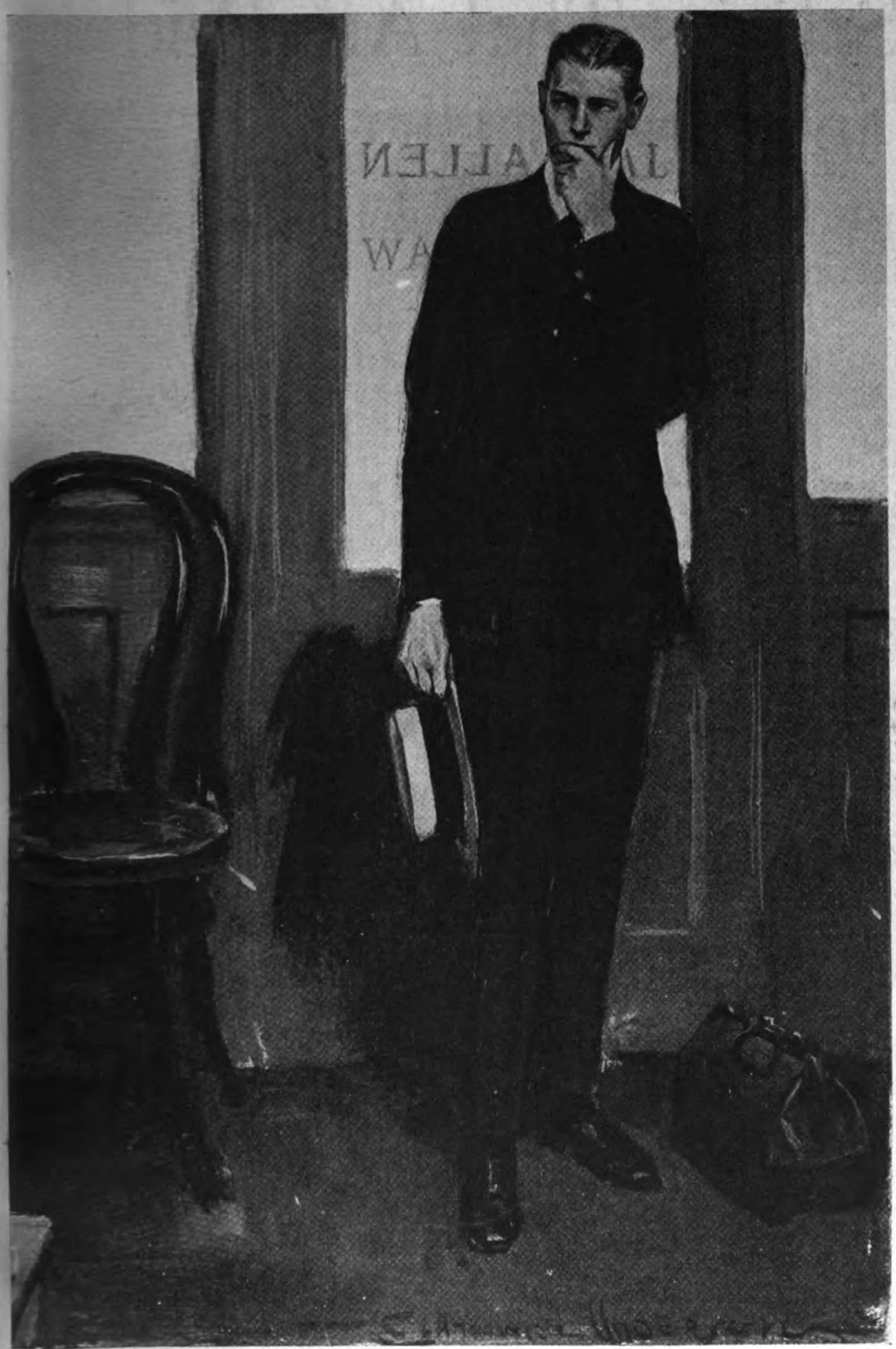
So Marcia kept them moving, and was rewarded by an occasional friendly letter from an editor, which made her feel that perhaps they were human beings after all.

Then one day Ed Stringer, the postmaster, handed her a gray envelope that stopped her breath until she saw that it wasn't from a magazine. It bore in the upper left-hand corner the words: "John C. Alandale, Attorney at Law," and the name of a good-sized town in Indiana.

Marcia tore it open with almost as much excitement as she had felt on opening the one about her story, now nearly a year ago. It began: "Marcia Adams, Dear Madam," and went on to say that the writer had been attracted to her story because of the name of her hero, Roger Alandale. He thought the scene of the story was in New England, but had never heard of any Alandales from that region. Would she be so kind as to tell him if she knew anyone of that name, as he would like to locate any branches of his family which might be unknown to him. Thanking her in advance he was, very truly hers, "John C. Alandale." Below was scrawled a hasty postscript: "The story was bully!"

That postscript gave Marcia a sudden thrill. It reminded her of the letters she concocted from "John" and "Richard." Grandma Adams would have been shocked at the "bully," but to Marcia it savored of youth. Of course Mr. Alandale was young, or he would not have used it. And his name was John! She regretted poignantly that she had never heard the name of Alandale till it popped into her head when writing. Now she would be obliged to tell this nice young man who liked her story that she couldn't locate his relatives, and the correspondence would cease.

By this time Marcia had reached the judge's office and had seated herself at the typewriter. She slipped a piece of paper in the machine to answer her letter, and then stopped. She need not answer it at once. Instead, she would write one of her dream letters, which couldn't go, of course, but which would be more interesting. She would write Mr. Alandale as she wished she *could* write. And she did:



a stranger at first glance; but even before he spoke he began to sort of cross between "John" and the illustrations in her story

MR. JOHN C. ALANDALE, DEAR SIR: Yours of the 16 inst. to hand. [This Marcia considered a properly businesslike beginning.] I am sorry that I cannot tell you more about your family; but on inquiry I find that the last Alandales left here nearly forty years ago, and went, I understand, to California. There remains however, the Alandale lot in the cemetery. The graves are rather neglected, but I have copied the names on the tombstones, which may shed some light on the subject.

The oldest stone marks the graves of Ebenezer Alandale and Hannah, his wife. He died in 1829, aged sixty-eight, and Hannah survived him three years. Wives 'most always do.

Their son Thomas is buried near them: "Beloved son of Ebenezer and Hannah Alandale, passed to his rest May 16, 1842." If Thomas was married, his wife is not buried with him. Perhaps he thought his brother Isaac had done enough marrying for the whole family, because Isaac seems to have had four wives: Eliza, Caroline, Hattie, and Isabel. He outlived them all, which was evidently considered quite a stunt, because under his name is engraved a sort of motto: "At Rest at Last." Those women may have led Isaac quite a life, but he lived till 1862 in spite of them—a green old age.

I don't know whether the other stones are Isaac's children or grandchildren. There is a "Brother John," a "Sister Mary," and "Our darling," a baby I suppose. These are all dated in 1859; and there is but one other stone which says simply: "Susan Alandale, 1855-1877."

This is all I've been able to discover, but I will look in the town records for reports of births and marriages, and if I find anything will let you know.

I am very glad you liked my story. I wish you were an editor instead of a lawyer!

Sincerely,
MARCIA ADAMS.

By the time Marcia had finished this letter that lot in the cemetery was as real to her as the big elm before the post office. She saw distinctly the ancient, moss-grown slate tombstones, and the newer shaft of white marble, sacred to the memory of "Susan Alandale." It was all so realistic that she had signed the letter and slipped it into the envelope provided by John C. Alandale, before she remembered that it was all a dream.

Of course, had Judge Allen been at home, Marcia would have read him Mr. Alandale's letter; he would have told her what to reply, and there the matter would have dropped. But this is a fairy tale. As Marcia sat staring at her latest fiction, it occurred to her to wonder what would happen should she send it. Indiana is a long way from Massachusetts. It wasn't likely that Mr. Alandale would demand that she dig up the family tombstones and send them to him. It was a pity to disappoint a man who thought her story "bully."

AFTERWARD, Marcia couldn't imagine what had happened to her New England conscience. Indeed, something stronger than that time-honored virtue seemed to compel her to seal the letter and drop it at once in the post office, where nothing short of the death sentence would have prevailed upon Ed Stringer to give it up. Ed, like most country postmasters, possessed an exaggerated sense of his duty to Uncle Sam.

Now a truthful, well-brought-up girl like Marcia ought to have suffered the pangs of the guilty during the days that followed, but for some strange reason she felt only an unusual exhilaration. When a week later Ed Stringer handed her another gray envelope from Indiana, she hastened across the square to the judge's office. Once seated on the broad window ledge she opened the letter and read its contents:

MY DEAR MISS ADAMS: It was simply great of you to take all that trouble about my defunct relatives—if they *are* relatives! There is a branch of our family in Colorado, which may be the ones you mention. Hannah and Caroline are both family names (*Continued on page 71*)

The Salaries That Are Paid in Various Lines

Interesting facts gathered from various authentic sources—including an interview on the subject with T. Coleman Du Pont

By B. C. Forbes

THE man that does work far better than ordinary soon gets a salary far better than the ordinary one," declares Coleman Du Pont. He knows a good deal about salaries, for in the first half of his life he earned big ones, and since then he has paid, and is paying, many very large ones.

Starting in a coal mine, he had earned enough by the time he was thirty-seven to enable him to retire. But he couldn't stay retired; he had too much energy, too much enthusiasm, too much ambition to lead a life of semi-leisure. Since he reëntered the business arena his achievements have included the multiplying of the capacity of the famous Du Pont powder works manyfold; the building of the $30,000,000 Equitable Building in New York; the purchase and resale, at a personal loss of $2,000,000, of the Equitable Life to its policy holders; the acquisition of control of a chain of notable hotels, including the Waldorf-Astoria, the McAlpin, the Martinique, the Claridge, Wallick's, and the Savarin Restaurant, in New York, and the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia; the launching of various important enterprises, and participation in the direction of a number of influential financial institutions. Coleman Du Pont is to-day regarded as one of the ablest, most progressive, and most successful business men in America.

His success has been won entirely by his own efforts, as his parents were not wealthy. He began at the bottom, doing the most menial jobs in a coal pit after graduating as an engineer from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Few business leaders have picked more high-salaried executives than Mr. Du Pont has, and he attributes a large measure of his success to the ability shown by the men he chose for important positions.

"What line or lines of work offer the best opportunities for rising to large salaries?" I asked.

"The big industries," he immediately replied. "I mean such industries as oil and steel and mining and large-scale manufacturing. Many large salaries are also paid in railroading.

"Take the oil industry. There has lately been a phenomenal demand for capable, practical oil men, and to secure their services not only have huge salaries been paid but other financial inducements, in the way of stock ownership and sharing of profits, have been given.

"The late Mr. Morgan once remarked that you could launch a big ship only where there was lots of water. To get a big salary, you must get into some line where big salaries are paid. I quit the coal-mining business when I was thirty largely because I discovered that the highest salary paid in the whole coal region (in the South) was $4,000 a year. I entered the steel industry, where, I had learned through investigation, very generous rewards were paid men capable of earning them. You may recall that Mr. Schwab tells how he had a contract with Mr. Carnegie which netted him more than $1,000,000 a year before the United States Steel Corporation was formed; while not so long ago Mr. Schwab stated publicly that Eugene G. Grace, president of the Bethlehem Steel Company, earned upward of $1,000,000 in one busy year.

"Wideawake manufacturers are as anxious to get men *worth* big salaries as men are anxious to get big salaries. While I was managing the powder works at Wilmington the six men who received the highest salar-

A Typical Salary List

(Later on in this article Mr. Forbes gives the salary list of a big New York bank, and of a large industrial concern)

WHAT are the salaries paid by a typical company employing, say, 5,000 persons? Mr. Forbes put this question to Mr. C. E. Knoeppel, who has had wide experience with establishments all over the country. After studying the salary lists of many concerns he furnished, for this article, the following representative table covering the salaries commonly paid by companies having about 5,000 employees:

TITLE	FUNCTION	RANGE OF SALARY
President	Chief executive	$15,000 to $25,000
General manager	Management	10,000 to 15,000
Works manager	Operation	6,000 to 10,000
Production manager	Production	5,000 to 7,500
Treasurer	Finance and possibly legal affairs	5,000 to 15,000
Comptroller	Cost, accounting, auditing	4,000 to 6,000
Sales manager	Distribution	7,500 to 12,000
Chief engineer	Engineering as to product and plant	3,500 to 15,000
Director of development	Nature and quality of product	3,500 to 15,000
Industrial engineer	Efficiency and methods	5,000 to 10,000
Employment supervisor	Employment and welfare	2,400 to 4,000
Cost accountant	Cost and accounting	2,400 to 4,000
Receiving clerk	Receipt of materials	2,000 to 3,000
Purchasing agent	Purchasing	2,500 to 6,000
Planning supervisor	Planning and control of production	2,400 to 4,000
Traffic agent	Expediting incoming and outgoing freight	2,500 to 5,000
Stores supervisor	Storage and issuance of material	2,000 to 3,000
Credit manager	Credits and collections	2,500 to 4,000
Office manager	Control of clerical matters	3,000 to 5,000
Maintenance supervisor	Care and upkeep of plant	2,400 to 4,000

ies were the cheapest labor we had! For they earned more money for the company, above their pay, than any of the other employees. The important thing is not merely to *want* a big salary, but to learn how to *earn* the big salary.

"I have always been a great believer in paying by results. I believe in determining a man's remuneration on the basis of how much he has earned for the organization, rather than by the number of hours he puts in at his desk or at his bench. I am an advocate of piece work, both as applied to ordinary workmen and to executives. I have gone in for profit-sharing bonuses, and other methods calculated to pay rewards commensurate with results. Of course this system isn't practicable in every company, but profit-sharing is bound to become more and more the rule. Surely it is fairer to pay a man for what he does than for the length of time it takes him to do it. If a man is able to save a company $30,000 a year, I believe in saying to him, 'Here's a big part of it for you.'"

Asked which parts of the country paid the largest salaries, Mr. Du Pont replied, "The East and the far West. Salaries, generally speaking, are lower in the central part of the country and in the South. In the East the highest salaries of all are paid. This is because there is more scope there for doing big things. It is just as natural for men of unusual ability to gravitate to the leading centers as it is for big potatoes to gravitate to the top of the bushel."

WE NEXT discussed the question of age in relation to salaries.

"I wouldn't pick a man much over forty to take charge of a very important undertaking," said Mr. Du Pont. "A man at forty has the best part of his life ahead of him, whereas at fifty a man has part of the best period of his life behind him. The most productive, the most creative part of a man's life is usually between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five. If a man possesses initiative it is likely to come out before he reaches forty-five, or even before he has passed forty. A lawyer or a professor or other professional man may do his best work when he is fifty-five or sixty; but in the business or industrial field the best results are usually attained earlier. You will notice that many of the very biggest executive positions in the country are awarded to men not over forty-five. Some of the most successful bank presidents in New York are also relatively young men. Youngish men who exhibit unusual promise are the ones I prefer for really big, difficult tasks. Youth carries with it a resiliency, a courage, an optimism, a vision, and an ambition which rarely accompany old age."

To the perennial question as to whether married or single men are as a general rule worth the larger salary, Du Pont flashed back a terse, effective answer: "If I give you a job, I give it to you because you are you, not because you are married, or an Episcopalian, or a Free Mason. I believe every man should get married and when I was engaging coal miners I preferred the man who owned his own home; but when I am looking for a man for a high-salaried position, whether he is married or single doesn't weigh a single straw."

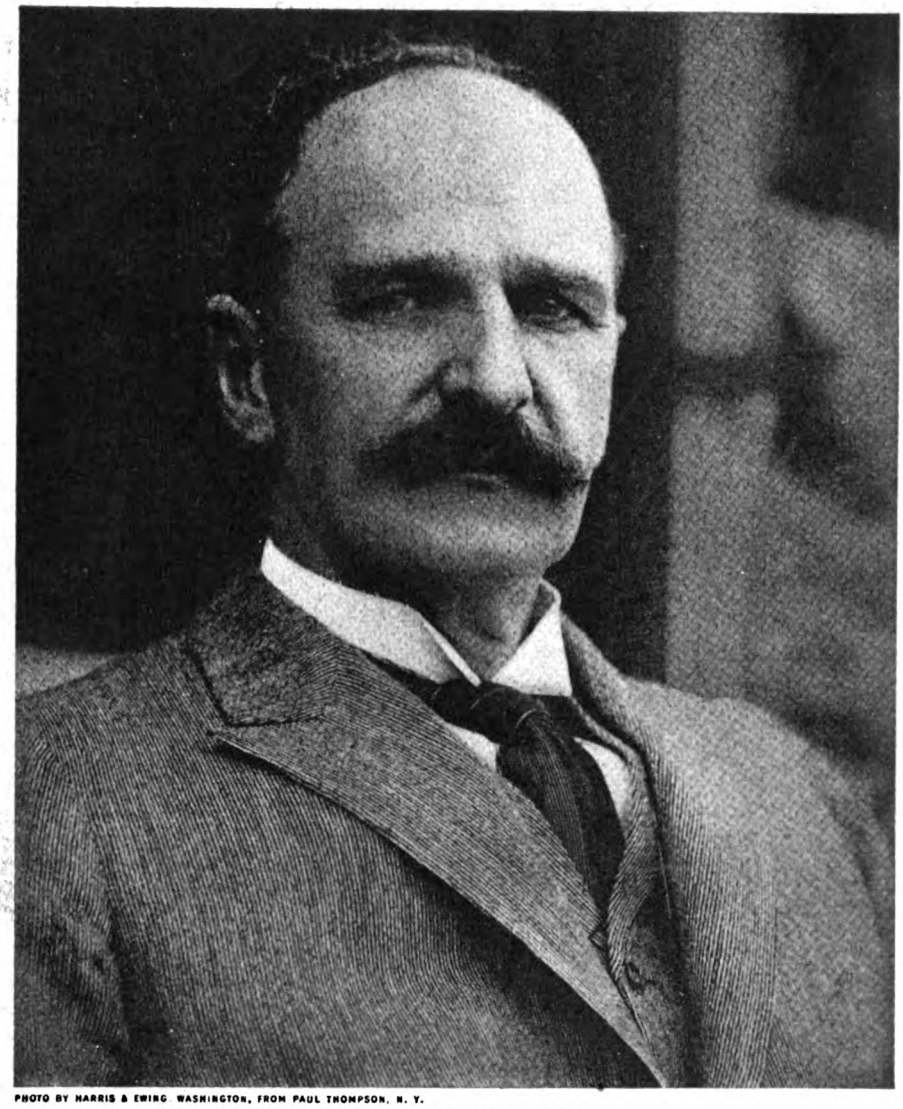


PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING WASHINGTON, FROM PAUL THOMPSON, N. Y.

T. COLEMAN DU PONT

One of the biggest business men in America. He did a tremendous job in multiplying the capacity of the Du Pont powder works. He built the $30,000,000 Equitable Building in New York. He has acquired control of a big chain of notable hotels, and he has launched various other important enterprises. He is the employer of a large number of able and highly paid executives in various lines, and is therefore especially well qualified to talk about salaries

"What quality is the hardest to obtain and therefore worth the most salary?" I asked. "Plain common sense," was the reply. "Common sense, or horse sense, means that a man has good judgment, and success in business is nothing more or less than the exercise of superior judgment. Sound judgment, in turn, is usually the fruit of persistent study of one's business, from the ground up and from every angle. Any judgment based on ignorance is almost certain to be wrong. Sound judgment comes from sound knowledge. Therefore the man who possesses common sense possesses uncommon knowledge, nine times out of ten."

"IS THERE any relation between the size of a man's salary and the amount of happiness he is likely to get out of life?" I asked.

"Money never yet made a normal man happy. Of course, it is essential that a man earn enough to maintain himself and his family in rational comfort; but when you come to big salaries, the amount you get has practically nothing to do with the measure of your happiness. Happiness comes from interest in one's work, in one's fellow human beings, in one's surroundings. It is absurd to think that any man who cannot find genuine interest and happiness in his work can possibly get it from his pay envelope. Unless you derive satisfaction and joy in earning your pay, the kind of pleasure you get from spending it won't be the real thing. The happiness that's most worth while comes from creating, constructing, producing something; and that something can just as easily be a ton of coal or a piece of machinery or a well-typed letter, as a gigantic new enterprise or a skyscraper or a new railroad.

"Have I known cases where too much salary spoils a man? I should say I have! Many men are spoiled by receiving salaries which go to their head rather than to their bank account. One of the worst things that can happen to a man is to receive more pay than he is really earning. It gives him a false sense of his own worth to the world. Most men can bear up against adversity, but not so many can stand bumper success. I haven't the slightest doubt that (*Continued on page 124*)

"I want her!" she cried, "I've always wanted her. I'm going to keep her"

"The Hand That Jerks the Strings"

Did it belong to Destiny, to Providence, or to Barbara Addington Wells?

By Viola Brothers Shore

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. CLYDE SQUIRES

I DO not know what made me go and sit beside him that day on the Boardwalk at Atlantic City, unless it was that I am, by instinct, a busybody, and that there was something challenging about the droop of his head as he sat there watching the endless human kaleidoscope.

There was about him something more poignant than the mere listless air of the recovering invalid I might otherwise have thought him. For it was just at the end of the black-fever epidemic, that mysterious plague which had crept into the country from Asia, by way of California, and had swept in a devastating tide clear across to the Atlantic.

The strange disease had finally, by scientific resourcefulness, been blotted out. But first it had filled the hospitals, the sanatoriums, and, alas! the cemeteries, and had left in its bitter wake a whole continent littered with human débris—neurotics, semi-invalids, neurasthenic and melancholy wrecks.

HE MIGHT have been one of those bits of jetsam flung there by that inexorable tide. But I had seen him at the hotel the day before, and had caught a look in his eye—a tragic, hopeless, utterly unanalyzable look that spoke of more than physical ailment.

I went and sat beside him. Five-and-sixty has its compensating prerogatives. At that age, a woman may, without any apologetic self-consciousness, choose a seat beside an interesting-looking man. She may even open a conversation.

"Isn't that a beautiful woman!" I exclaimed, half to myself. "I wonder who she is."

He gave me a startled, searching look, as though I had read into his inmost mind. Instantly I knew that I had. But I did not show it in my face.

"The one in black," I added, looking up at him with my most convincing, guileless old-lady expression.

"Her name is Miss Hayden," he answered, in the gentle voice nice men always use to me.

"Oh—you know her?" I inquired, just as though it hadn't been his starting and flushing and staring that had drawn my attention to her in the first place.

"Yes," he answered. And he flushed again, slightly.

I admit that I am a meddlesome old busybody. Nothing on earth fascinates me so much as people and their stories. I love to work my way past the bolted doors of the mind and find out what folks have hidden in the vaults deep down inside them. The story that grows out of human life—simple, complex, pathetic, joyous, tragic, rarely wholly commonplace—that is the treasure for me.

But they tell me I carry the thing too far. For, after I have my story, I am not content with contemplating it. I must needs set to work to iron it smooth, to piece it out, to alter the sequence, to remodel the end.

ONE of my most successful weapons is silence, judiciously applied. He broke it finally.

"Do you believe in Fate?" he asked me suddenly.

At least I took it for granted he was asking me, although he seemed to be addressing a shop across the Boardwalk.

"Just what do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, you know! Fate, destiny, a divine providence that shapes our ends."

I thought of my six girls, and of how many times I had caught the divine providence napping on the job, and I, Barbara Addington Wells, had stepped in and shaped ends and even beginnings, myself.

"No; I do not."

He looked straight at me then, and I saw that he had fine, intelligent dark eyes, but clouded with a brooding sort of melancholy.

"I wish I didn't," he said.

"Do you?"

"I've begun to." Then for a moment a gleam cut through the melancholy softness of his expression. "It's bad for a man to go digging around among those things; bad for real work." He hesitated, then went on: "Suppose you were a man and you had spent your life trying to prolong life, to circumvent death, and you were suddenly brought face to face with the idea that it was all planned and carried out somewhere else, and that you couldn't change it, that it was all controlled up there by a Hand that jerks the strings. Why"—he straightened up excitedly—"it attacks one's very foundations! There isn't any use in anything, if it's all up to Destiny!"

"But it isn't," I cut in firmly, "it isn't. It's pretty much up to us. *We* are the hand that jerks the strings."

He looked at me almost hopefully for a second, clinging, it seemed, to the confidence in my voice. Then suddenly the stiffness went out of him and his lip curled bitterly.

"Listen to this," he said, and I waited while he seemed to sink deeper and deeper into himself and his brooding thoughtfulness. But at last he pulled himself out of it and said suddenly, turning his eyes full on me:

"You've heard of Carleton Greer?"

I had not.

"Well, there'd be no harm in my telling you this, even if you did know him. He's told it himself. Haven't you ever heard of the Greer serum?"

Of course I had. It was the Greer serum that had finally conquered the black fever. Caught it at the peak and wiped it out.

"Well, that's the fellow."

I nodded acquiescently. Yes, it came back to me. That was the name.

"I can tell you something about that serum," he went on, "but it begins away back. Do you mind?"

I did not. So he went ahead and told me:

"ABOUT seventeen years ago Ellen Hayden was a nurse at a little sanatorium in Brooklyn. She was only about twenty, hardly out of training school, but a splendid nurse and full of ability. In fact, Mrs. Pederman, the woman who ran the sanatorium, wanted to give her an interest in the place and take her in as her assistant. But Ellen hoped to enter medical college the following fall. She had been promised the position of night supervisor in a small hospital in New York, and she expected to leave Pederman's and work her way through to a degree.

"It was a hard schedule, studying by day and working by night, but Ellen was full of ambition and an indomitably hard worker. And she had more than ambition to egg her on. You see, she was sort of engaged to—this Greer. And as he was just beginning and his future was uncertain, they were planning not to get married until Ellen was through, and they could work together.

"I used to send a lot of cases up to Pederman's at that time. Mrs. Pederman was a fine woman, and besides, there was Ellen Hayden. You saw her just now. Then, with that mass of vivid red-gold hair, her eager, intensely-alive personality, her magnetism, well, Mrs. Pederman wasn't any fool when she offered her an interest.

"And how she could work! It was a small hospital and Mrs. Pederman and Ellen did most of the nursing and the

operating-room work, made up diet lists, prepared trays, and made rounds with the doctors. They never knew a whole night's sleep, or a holiday, or a real rest.

"The first vacation Ellen had was at Christmas, after she had been there a year. But the night she left, Christmas Eve, in fact, Mrs. Pederman had to send for her. Miss Reman, the other nurse, had been called away and there wasn't another to be had, because of the holidays. And Mrs. Pederman had on her hands, besides two new babies and six convalescents, a man who had suddenly developed pleurisy and a woman in the operating-room in convulsions.

"As soon as she received the message, Ellen Hayden left the Christmas Eve party she was attending and hurried out to Brooklyn, but when she got there things had already quieted down somewhat. The patients were all in bed for the night. The woman in convulsions was dead. And the baby to which she had given birth was gone too. It was Greer that told Miss Hayden about it. He was the physician. Seventeen years ago he took all kinds of cases—and was glad to get them.

"WELL, she slipped into her uniform, and on her way down stopped at the dead woman's room to take a look at the baby. I have never known anyone to whom babies mattered so much as to Ellen Hayden. There was an endless procession of them at the sanatorium—all more or less uninteresting and all more or less alike—but to Ellen Hayden each seemed a fascinating entity, altogether thrilling, and immensely worth while.

"So she stopped, in passing, to look at the poor little creature that was gone. It was lying on the bed, wrapped in a white hospital blanket. She picked it up, and with a nurse's instinct held it to her ear. It was still breathing! Startled and delighted, she hunted up Mrs. Pederman.

"'I thought you said the baby was gone!' she said.

"'Well, it *is* as good as gone.'

"'Heart's still beating!'

"'Yes—but how? Didn't you hear it?'

"Ellen nodded, and Mrs. Pederman went on, 'Heart's open, poor little thing! It hasn't a chance in the world."

"Tears came into the eyes of both. People don't think nurses cry. But they do, especially over babies.

"'What are you going to do with it?' asked Ellen.

"'What *can* we do with it?' demanded Mrs. Pederman. Then she answered herself, 'Nothing!'

"'Do you mean to say you're just going to let it—die?'

"Of course everybody heard about this later. Mrs. Pederman told all of us. 'What would you have me do?' she asked Ellen.

"'Try to save it, of course!'

"'What for?"

"'What for? Why, because it's a human life!'

"Well, Mrs. Pederman was far from heartless, but she was pretty practical.

"'Look here, Ellen!' she said, 'do be sensible. There's the mother dead and this little creature has an open heart, and it's had convulsions already. Nothing short of a miracle could keep life in it.'

"'We've performed miracles here before.'

She was no longer the sad, self-possessed
And as for him, he was radiant with an

"'But what for, Ellen, what for? It'll never amount to anything if we do! It will snuff out in a convulsion sooner or later.'

"'That's not up to us!' said Ellen Hayden. 'That's up to God!'

"Mrs. Pederman said afterward she could have shaken her. 'Ellen Hayden, you talk like a fool! We're not preachers here. We're nurses!'

"'That's just it. We're nurses—not gods.'

"WELL, they kept on arguing until—until Greer came out. He had just washed up and was going home. He was all in and not in the best of humor. So, although he was in love with Ellen, he was not inclined to be patient with her just then. He sided with Mrs. Pederman.

"'It's better off dead!' he said.

"At that Ellen let fly at him. She had a temper, too, in those days, I remember—we used to lay it to her red hair. And she spoke to him without mincing her words. He probably had never been spoken to in that way by a woman before. And young M.D.'s are rather cocky about their authority. So they actually quarreled, and he turned on his heel, went down the stairs, and out in a huff. Things were never the same between them again.

"Of course Mrs. Pederman couldn't make any impression on Ellen.

"'Then you absolutely refuse to do anything?' Ellen flung out finally.

"'Of course!'

"'You have no objection, I suppose, to my doing my duty as I see it?'

"Mrs. Pederman shrugged. 'Go as far as you like.'

"So Ellen went down and 'phoned for an incubator. But first she gave a drop of brandy to the baby. And she kept on feeding it a drop every fifteen minutes until the incubator came. That was some time Christmas morning."

"A Christmas present," I suggested.

"Some Christmas present!" said he. He took out a hammered silver cigarette case with a small monogram in the corner, and at a nod of permission from me lit himself a cigarette. "Some Christmas present!

"The first thing she had to do was to give up her vacation. A baby in an incubator needs a lot of very special attention. And Ellen Hayden was too proud to ask them to look after *her* baby. You can

woman I had encountered that morning, but shy and luminous—even girlish. inner radiance that had burned away the melancholy brooding in his eyes

understand the way they came to feel about it—as a sort of unnecessary evil in their already overburdened existence.

"For six weeks she hovered fiercely, unwaveringly, over that atom of humanity, in spite of fatigue and discouragement and the disapproving attitude of everybody—for unconsciously we all put her more or less on the defensive about the whole thing. We had a perpetual 'You see' on the tip of our tongue, waiting for something to happen.

"But nothing did. And at the end of six weeks she had a real *baby* to take out of the incubator, a nice little girl baby with perfect features and lovely little hands and feet. Only—when you picked it up and held it to your ear, you could hear its little heart pump with a pitiful, sighing sound.

"Ellen was terribly proud the day she took it out and dressed it in some things she had bought for it. There were lots of hospital garments on hand, but she did not care to accept anything from the sanatorium. And, besides, I do not think they were good enough for Ellen's baby. I met her in the hall one day, with her hat and coat on, and the baby in her arms.

"'Where are you going with it?' I asked her.

"'I'm going to give it up to its father,' she told me, full of pride, defiance and a little wistfulness.

"'What does he say?' I asked.

"She shrugged and blushed a little. 'He—he doesn't know about it! I—I didn't let him know until I was sure I could save it. I wrote him yesterday I was coming. It'll be a great surprise to him.'

"I AGREED with her that it would. A great surprise! And after she left I began to figure how I would feel, if I were a poor man and my wife were dead, and somebody came and handed me a baby that would need to be cared for every minute if it was to be kept alive even for a few years. I have never seen much of paternal emotion. I suppose it develops as the children grow up.

"But this one didn't have it, anyway. He told her up and down that he didn't thank her one bit; that he didn't think it was up to her to go against the doctor; that he himself should have been consulted; that there was nothing he could do with it except get it into some kind of an institution. He had no money to spend on special nurses and things.

"The end of it was that Ellen just took her baby and drove back to the sanatorium."

"Poor Ellen Hayden!" I murmured.

"Yes, it was a pretty tough situation she was up against. She didn't think a public institution had the facilities for taking care of the baby properly. It really needed a trained nurse in constant attendance. And of course, by that time, she was tremendously attached to it.

"She couldn't think of sending that baby to an asylum. But of course Mrs. Pederman was not keen on keeping it. It was a responsibility and an expense. If the father didn't want it, she couldn't see why she should have it. In fact, nobody wanted it. And nobody hesitated about discussing it with Ellen.

"'What are you going to name it?' I asked her one day. 'It can't go on being called "Ellen's baby" forever.'

"She put on the defiant coat of armor she always wore when the baby was being discussed, and perhaps that was what made me add maliciously, 'Why don't you call it Measles? Nobody wants it.'

(*Continued on page 78*)

Are You Making Money— or Losing It?

Some amazing stories of retail dealers who thought their businesses were profitable when they were not

An interview with Professor Melvin T. Copeland

Director of the Bureau of Business Research at
the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration

As reported by Keene Sumner

THERE are more than half a million retail stores in this country; and of course it is a fact that every human being of the hundred and ten millions of our population has some contact with these establishments.

If the stores in your community are conducted on sound and progressive methods, you profit personally in the service you receive, the goods you may buy, and the prices you must pay for them.

Many of these stores are admirably conducted, and are building up their businesses on firm foundations. On the other hand, one frequently runs across examples of practices that are not in accordance with the best methods and policies.

Last winter, when the time came to pay the Federal income tax, a certain retail grocer figured out what he thought his profits had been for the preceding year, and on that basis paid a substantial sum to the Government.

He had a good deal of trouble in determining his profits, for he had no real system of accounting. Later he submitted a report to the Bureau of Business Research at Harvard University, and it was checked up with the Harvard System of Accounts for Retail Grocers. When his statement had been put into shape, he discovered to his amazement and chagrin that instead of having made the profit on which he had paid an income tax, he actually *lost money* during that year.

In that man's experience there is a clue to a large share of the troubles of a good many retail stores. For the commonest fault among the owners of these stores is carelessness in accounting. A large number of merchants have no accounting system whatever. They do not know how much it costs them to run their business, and therefore they do not know how much they are making, or whether they are making anything at all.

The only facts which many of them possess, in regard to their financial position, are these: the amount of money in the cash drawer, their balance at the bank, the amount they owe, and the amount that is due them.

It may seem incredible, but a great many merchants never even take an inventory. This is particularly common among grocers and druggists, because they handle a large number of small articles, which make stock taking difficult.

A druggist's inventory is especially hard to take, as you will realize if you go into such a store and look around at the accumulation of hundreds of small items; powders and crystals to be weighed, pills to be counted, liquids to be measured, and so on. Yet the thing can be done. And, if it is not done, the owner can only guess at the value of his stock on hand.

But this item is only one point which his accounts ought to cover. The essential thing for him to know is how much it costs him to run his business. There is a story which I have told so many times in my talks to merchants that probably some of the readers of this interview will recognize it; but it is worth repeating.

The proprietor of a general store in a country town was asked how much it cost him to do business.

"Why," he said, "it doesn't cost me anything! I own my store, I run it all by myself, and my team of horses does the hauling and delivering. So it doesn't cost me a cent."

Didn't it? If he had not occupied the store himself, he might have rented it for so much a month. In any case, the store had cost him money which, if he had not invested it in that way, he could have put out at interest. So he must charge against his business at least the interest on that money.

If he had not worked in his own store, he could have earned money in some other way; so he must charge the business with wages, or salary, for himself. If he had not used his horses in his own business, he could have sold them or hired them out. So he must charge that expense also. And yet he thought it did not cost him a cent to do business.

Here is a similar case: A grocer told me that he was discussing business with another grocer in his town, and the latter said to him:

"Of course, it doesn't cost me as much

Have You Really Got the "Dope" on Yourself?

DON'T laugh at the retail men whose mistakes are recorded in this article. Think about them, instead. Maybe you are making a bigger mistake than any that Professor Copeland describes.

I used to know a $40-a-week assistant manager of a business who was supposed to be "doing well."

But he had one weakness—he was always neglecting his business to pick up small sums of money on side lines. He would steal a couple of hours from his job to make $5 on something else. Altogether he made $15 or $20 a week on these outside ventures. But while he was doing that he missed the bigger chance—with far bigger pay—that awaited him in his own office if he had concentrated on his work. In other words, he was really losing money when he thought he was making it. His mistake was fundamentally similar to the mistakes described in this article. Finally he lost his job and had to begin all over. Nobody was more surprised than he. He knew that he was industrious, and he thought he was making good.

Take stock of yourself. Are you really making good—or do you only think you are?

THE EDITOR.

to do business as it costs you. I own the building, so I have no rent to pay. And my son and my daughter work in the store with me, so I don't have to hire any help."

"But don't you charge yourself rent for the store?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, your boy was earning $14 a week before you took him into the store. Don't you charge yourself with his wages?"

"No, I don't pay him anything; and I have to feed him anyway."

Cases like that could be multiplied almost indefinitely. I once called on a shoe dealer in Chicago to have him fill in the question blank sent out by the Harvard Bureau of Business Research. Among other questions was this:

"Do you charge the business with a salary for yourself?"

He hesitated and then answered, "Yes, you may say I do."

"Do you rent the store, or do you own it?"

He said he owned it.

"Do you charge the business with the amount for which you could rent the store if you did not occupy it?"

He hesitated longer than before, but finally said, "Yes, you may put that down."

The next day I happened to meet him again and he said to me, "See here! I've been applying those questions to the other store I run; and I find that if I charged the business with what I *should*, I'd have to do $30,000 worth of trade there. It can't be done! So I've decided to close out that store."

If this man had understood the right way to figure costs, he would have known in advance how much business he would have to do in that store and might have saved himself both money and trouble.

HERE are two other cases which show the importance of having a good accounting system:

A certain retail grocer located his store at a point which proved an exceptionally good one. Soon after he opened it, several high-class apartment houses were built there, giving him an excellent trade. He was doing a business of $150,000 a year; whereas the average grocer does one of only about $30,000 a year.

As a representative of the Bureau of Business Research I called on this man five years ago to get information. I found that he had no accounting system and that he kept no record of stock. He did not know how much he had on hand in any line; and as his clerks were aware of this fact, there was a chance—and a temptation—for them to defraud him. If he left the store, they could make cash sales without recording them, pocket the money, and he would be poorer, but none the wiser, for he could not check up and find that the goods had been sold. His expenses he tried to watch from day to day, but with never any accurate, comprehensive record in black and white that could relieve the burden on his mind and serve as a guide in the future.

The result was that he tried to be in the store continuously, scarcely leaving it even to get his luncheon. He never took a vacation. As he kept no accounts to speak of, he was the only person who had even a meager idea of how his business affairs stood. I asked him what would happen if he should be sick, or should die. But, like many business men, that was something for which he had made no provision.

He clung to his method, or lack of method, of doing business; and the result was that last spring he was forced to close his store. He ascribed his failure to prohibition, which put an end to his trade in wines and liquors. The truth undoubtedly was that he had been headed for trouble for some time; but, because he had no exact knowledge of his costs, he had not realized it. The only factor he could put his finger on was prohibition, so he blamed that.

Another grocer, with a smaller business, in a poorer location, had a thorough accounting system in *his* store. Because of that, he knew every detail of his affairs. He compared his figures, furthermore, with the averages for other stores. If one item of expense was too high, he cut it down. He knew what percentage of sales each clerk made and could push the laggards, or get rid of them altogether if they remained inefficient. Largely because he knew what was happening in every phase of his business, he made it a paying one.

When the prohibition law was about to go into effect, he told us that he was not at all worried. He knew just what that part of his business had amounted to, and he already had his plans made to take up the loss by expanding his trade in the grocery end of it. The first man had a far better opportunity than this one had, yet he failed. Not because prohibition came in, but because sound business methods did *not* come in, so far as his store was concerned.

MELVIN T. COPELAND

Mr. Copeland is professor of Marketing and director of the Bureau of Business Research at Harvard University. He is the author of "Business Statistics," and "The Cotton Manufacturing Industry of the United States." Born at Brewer, Maine, thirty-five years ago, Mr. Copeland graduated from Bowdoin College at twenty-two, and then spent three years as a student at Harvard. During the war he was secretary of the Commercial Economy Board at Washington, and, later, secretary of the Conservation Division of the War Industries Board. His home is at Cambridge, Massachusetts

A LARGE wholesale grocery firm, doing a business of $7,000,000 a year, had been using an accounting system which was primitive and out of date. They put into effect the standard accounting system for wholesale grocers, and the head of the firm told me afterward that already it had saved them a great deal of time, trouble and money, particularly in making out their income tax returns. They now know where they stand all the time; they can compare their results more intelligently from year to year; and they are operating more economically.

There are in the United States about 200,000 retail stores for the sale of groceries alone; and there are over 100,000 more where groceries are sold in addition to other articles. This makes the grocer the most conspicuous figure in the country, from the point of view of numbers, in retail business. He is also a leader in the list of business failures.

One reason for this latter fact is that the grocery trade attracts men of small capital and of little or no experience. A man would scarcely think of going into the drug business, for example, or hardware, or jewelry, unless he knew something about it.

But he knows he can tell tea from coffee, salt from sugar, butter from cheese. The articles he will sell are familiar friends, so he inclines toward them. He has a few hundred dollars put by, he finds that it is easy to get credit from the wholesalers, so he opens his little (*Continued on page 143*)

What Is Personality?

Have you got it? And, if not, can you acquire it?

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

A LETTER which recently came to the office of the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE contained a question which thousands, probably millions, of men and women would like to have answered. The writer put it in three words:

"*What is Personality?*"

He explained that he was always reading and hearing about someone with "a wonderful personality," and he intimated that he would like to have people say that *he* had one. But, although he evidently had given some thought to the matter, he had got no further than his question, which others will echo, as to what is this quality of Personality, anyway.

As a matter of fact, the question is not a hard one to answer. It can be pretty well done in the same number of words he took to ask it. For the qualities which go to make up Personality are these three:

Interest (double-barreled).

Responsiveness.

Conviction.

If you doubt this, you can prove it in two ways: by studying someone who is said to have Personality, and by trying an experiment in your own case.

You won't have to look far to find some business acquaintances of whom people say, "Oh, Smith always makes a good impression! It's his personality." Men who are jealous of him complain that "Smith doesn't have to dig the way the rest of us do! He gets there just because of his personality."

Or perhaps you meet a woman at some party, and on the way home you remark enthusiastically to your wife that the stranger has "a charming personality." Let us hope that you are one of the lucky men who can say that about their own wives.

In any case, you will not have to search long to find these "personality subjects." Instead of vaguely envying them for possessing this alleged gift of the gods, just apply the triple test mentioned above, and see whether it does not give you the key to the mystery.

One of the most conspicuous examples of the power of personality was the late Theodore Roosevelt. Everyone that met him came under its influence. Men, women, and children felt its spell. He was never a negligible quantity. Even the people who radically differed from him felt and admitted his personal charm.

Well, then, let us apply the test to him. The first time I met Roosevelt was at the White House during his second term as President. It was a ten-minute call, in company with an elderly couple from Iowa, who were on their golden-wedding journey. In fact, they were my father and mother.

But to outsiders they were just a nice old gentleman and his wife, of no wealth, prominence, or public importance. But how did Roosevelt receive them? First, with a warm, friendly smile and a good, hearty grip of the hand. Not a perfunctory official handshake! But the kind of handclasp that seemed to say, "Hel-lo! I certainly am *glad* to see *you!*"

Then he made a point of getting the name. He did not mumble, "How do you do, Mister-r-r-r—" He got the name and got it straight. It was an unusual one, and he instantly recalled someone else he knew of the same name, and asked if the families were related.

Then he wanted to know where the callers came from. And when they had told him, he began to ask questions about the state, the town, their own home and family; concrete, definite questions which they could answer. In the ten minutes they were there he gave them a chance to tell him things they knew, and which he made them feel he wanted to know. In other words, he showed his interest in what interested them.

As for responsiveness, it was as if one fired a succession of bull's-eye shots. The bell rang every time. He never missed a point, because his attention never wandered. "Fine!" he would say. Or, "That's great!" Or, "I'm glad to hear that!" Whatever was said, you knew that he had listened, and you felt that he cared.

The fact is that he did care. In the first place, the range of things in which he himself was deeply interested was almost boundless. That was one of his tremendous assets. And the more things you are interested in, the more easily can all kinds of things and of people interest you. And—get this!—if you *show* your interest in a man or a woman, that man or woman is sure to be interested in *you*.

Even though you are not interested, if you want people to talk about your "wonderful personality" *simulate* interest! It may come hard at first; but if you follow Mr. Roosevelt's example and ask questions, do a little digging, you will almost inevitably turn up some nuggets of information that will more than repay you.

The greatest single factor in personality is this one of being interested in people. It is more powerful, of course, if it is "double-barreled"—that is, if you can interest them as well as be interested *in* them.

"I know!" you may say. "But that is just what I can't do. I don't know how to be 'interesting.' I try—and I don't succeed."

If you do not, it is probably because you are thinking about yourself all the time; wondering what impression you are making; trying to be clever, or smart, or charming. The natural ability to be these things *is* a gift of the gods. But if the fairies didn't hand it to you when you were born, you can go after it and win it, anyway.

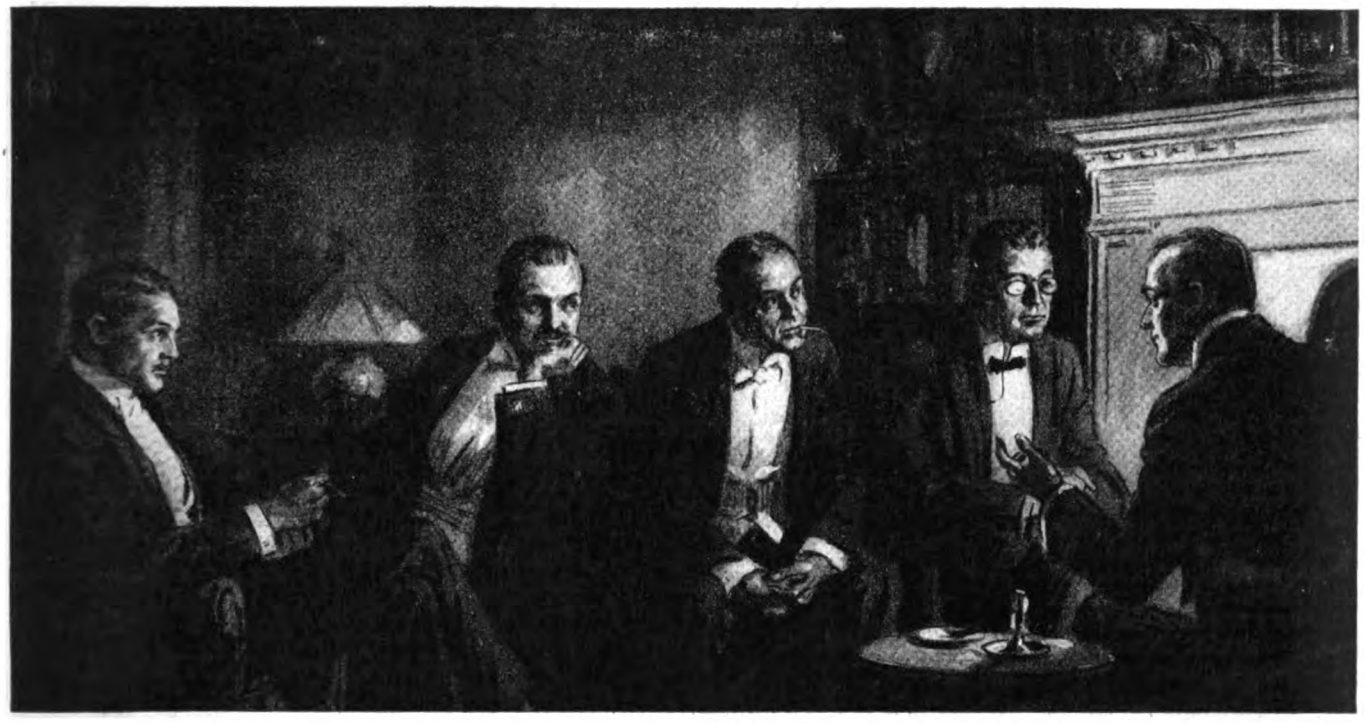
Forget yourself. Think about the person you are talking to. In fact, don't let him be the person you are talking to, but the person who is talking to *you*. Get him to tell you his experiences, his opinions, his ideas. And, while he is talking, don't be wondering whether the scheme is working and he is going to think you're fine. Keep your mind on *him*. Listen with your mind, not merely with your ears.

Don't Just Praise Smith—Study Him!

"SMITH doesn't have to dig the way the rest of us do. He gets there just because of his personality."

Don't be too sure that Smith doesn't have to dig. Maybe he has done a lot of digging to acquire what you call personality. Take a good look at him. Analyze him. Find out what he *does* that makes him a winner.

It is awfully easy to dismiss a wonderful human being with the remark, "Wonderful—yes, but wonderful because born so." But that explanation doesn't amount to anything, doesn't get you anywhere. Go to the bottom of the matter, and come back with something besides adjectives. Get the particulars! This article will help you. THE EDITOR.



Because you were willing to listen to the hatter night before last, you can interest and surprise a new set of folks to-night. First, you made the hatter like you. Then you used what you got from him to win more liking

And give him a come-back of responsiveness. Look him straight in the eye. Make him feel that your attention is absolutely concentrated on him; that you find him worth your attention. Make him feel that he is giving you something you want. The beauty of it is that you are dead certain of getting *some* interesting fact out of everybody—even if it is only the fact that a particular human being is hopelessly *un*-interesting. That, in itself, is worth your knowing. As a piece of information it may be very useful to you sometime.

BUT the man or woman who is entirely without interest practically does not exist. Every person you meet holds two possibilities for you. One of these has to do with facts—knowledge. The other has to do with experience—life.

Take the first of these possibilities, and take it in what you might consider an unpromising quarter. Your business is, say, real estate. You meet a man who sells hats; something you think you are not interested in, except when you have to buy one.

What are you going to do? Talk about the League of Nations, or more probably the building strike—because you are interested in building? Why not put your mind on what *he* is interested in?

"By the way, Mr. Burrilston," you say—having taken a hint from Roosevelt and got the name straight— "I wonder if you can't clear up a point I have been very curious about. Is it true that certain people have what is called the long type of head and others have the square or round type?"

"Oh, yes!" he agrees.

"Which type is the more common?" you ask.

Well, if he doesn't brighten up and not only show interest himself but go on and tell you a lot of things that will interest *you*, he is—but what's the use of talking about that? He will do it if you keep at him. As for you, you get a double reward. First, you have won his liking. He is certain to remember you with pleasure. But that is not all. Because you drew him out, you were not only entertained and interested yourself, but your ability to entertain and interest others is just that much greater. The man told you things you wanted to know, didn't he? All right! *You* can pass them on to others. Before long, you will find yourself keeping a whole group of men interested while *you* tell *them* that most business men have square heads, that professors have long ones, that such and such a man wears the largest hat in town, and so on. Because you were willing to listen to the hatter night before last, you can interest and surprise a new set of folks to-night. First, you made the hatter like you. Then you used what you got from him to win more liking.

It doesn't make any difference what a man does—whether he is a banker, a bookmaker, a coffee dealer, an engineer, a fireman, a policeman, a professor, a preacher—every human being knows *something* that will interest you, and that will help you to interest others. Give them a chance to tell it to you. It is dollars to doughnuts that they will say to their friends:

"Do you know Smith? I met him the other evening. Very interesting personality! An unusually intelligent man—and so likable."

THAT second factor in Personality, which was put down above as "responsiveness," might have been called "warmth." For the cold, aloof person is never responsive; not unless something happens to build a fire under his mind or heart.

A certain popular public speaker once told me that always, when he went onto the platform, he kept thinking of the audience and saying to himself, in so many words: "I like you! You are my friends! We are going to have a good time together."

He said this over and over in his mind. And he declared that it helped him to "feel them" as individuals, in whom he was interested and who wanted to be interested in him.

"You may think," he went on, "that it wouldn't make a bit of difference whether I said to myself, 'I like you! You are my friends!' or, 'I don't care a rap about you! You're only a lot of dubs anyway!' But I tell you there's something queer about it. I don't pretend to understand *how* it works—I only know that it does!"

THAT man had stumbled onto a truth which we are just beginning to learn. He had discovered that our thoughts are forces. And you can make the same discovery. If your mental attitude, when you meet a person, is cold and aloof and self-centered, you will neither get nor give the warm response which will make that person describe you as having personality.

But if you say to yourself, "I bet that chap is a fine fellow! I want to know him!" —if you say something like that, do you think for a moment that he won't sense your mental attitude? In spite of yourself, somehow your interest will show in your eyes; your smile will be expectant; your handshake will not be formal and cold, but warm and personal. You simply can't help it. Neither can he help recognizing that you are alert and friendly, and that your attention is concentrated on him. And he likes that! It makes *him* feel warm and friendly too.

The thoughts in your mind when you meet people are going to determine the first impression you make on them. There are two men who often come into my office, and who are so different that the contrast is almost amusing. Both of them are energetic and capable; but one of them I like personally, while the other—well, I don't dislike him, (*Continued on page 131*)

The Experiences of a Magician

Including many curious and interesting things that he learns about people

By Howard Thurston

I WAS only seven years old when the ambition which was to govern my whole life first came to me. I sometimes wonder whether I would have had the courage to start if I had known in advance just how long and hard the road was going to be. But at any rate, I never quit after I did start.

To thousands of other men there will come a memory of their own boyhood dreams when I say that this great ambition of mine was to become a magician! The great Herrmann himself was responsible for its beginning. When I was seven he gave two performances in Columbus, Ohio, and I—having somehow managed to attend both—fell an instant victim to the fascination of the art of magic.

When he left the theatre I trailed after him to the hotel. I hung around and dogged his footsteps every time he appeared on the street. I could neither eat nor sleep for thinking about him.

There were no books on magic in those days—except one known only to professionals—but I began to teach myself tricks and to plan for a career in the art.

My parents, however, had very different ideas about my future! They were deeply religious. So, in fact, was I myself. The result was that insensibly the plans for my career shifted from magic to the ministry, and I was sent to the Dwight L. Moody College at Northfield, Massachusetts, to prepare for it.

Even then, I am afraid, I was more promising as a magician than as a minister. I remember doing some of my tricks at a college banquet, where I got Mr. Moody himself up on a table and took a pack of cards from his ear! The proceeding would have resulted in my expulsion—cards being forbidden within the college precincts—but Mr. Moody insisted on my being pardoned.

I had my own doubts, however, as to my fitness for a clerical calling, and finally compromised by saying that I would be a medical missionary. So at nineteen I started for Philadelphia, to take the examinations for the study of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. That trip proved to be the most momentous one of my life.

At Albany I had two hours to wait between trains; and as I left the station, intending to stroll around the town, there, directly facing me, was a bill-board with a picture of Herrmann! It was almost as if someone had put out a hand and stopped me.

Finding that Herrmann was giving a performance that evening, I immediately decided to stay overnight and go to see him. I did so, and the same fascination that had possessed me as a little boy once more laid hold of me. Again I could neither eat nor sleep. The thing seemed stronger than I was.

By morning, however, I had made myself listen to what I called reason, and I went to the station with my mind again fixed on Philadelphia and the study of medicine. The first persons I saw, as I entered the waiting-room were Herrmann and his wife. They were walking up and down, the magician — he never seemed anything else, even off the stage — smoking cigarettes, his fur coat collar turned up.

I found they were waiting for a Syracuse train; and I stood there a long time, fighting all over again the struggle of my sleepless night. And again what seemed the voice of reason prevailed. Walking up to the ticket window, I laid down a twenty-dollar bill and said:

"Give me a ticket to New York."

The agent pushed the ticket and my change out, but as I picked up the latter, and counted it—for I had so little money that I was mighty careful of it—I saw that it was incorrect.

"This isn't the right change," I said. "The fare to New York is so much."

"You asked for (*Continued on page 162*)

It's Up to You

THURSTON is a great magician. Sometimes he makes as much as five thousand dollars a week. He is an American—a product of our own country. Just read the story of how he began! Look at the struggles he went through! The road was never easy. For years and years, he had to fight his way.

When I first heard this story I kept thinking—what if Thurston had been a kicker and a whiner? Where would he have got?

Right now, various groups of people are fighting to get more pay and more advantages for themselves. This is natural, and right. There have been inequalities which must be removed. But remember this, Mr. Dissatisfied Human Being:

In the end, the question of how much you get and how much you achieve will be up to you. You can't duck it—you can't dodge it. The group to which you belong may get more pay, more advantages. But your individual effort within that group will determine whether you stay with the group, sink below it, or rise far above it.

You may think the group will pull you along, anyway; just as, when several horses are hitched up together, some of them do all the pulling, while others let them.

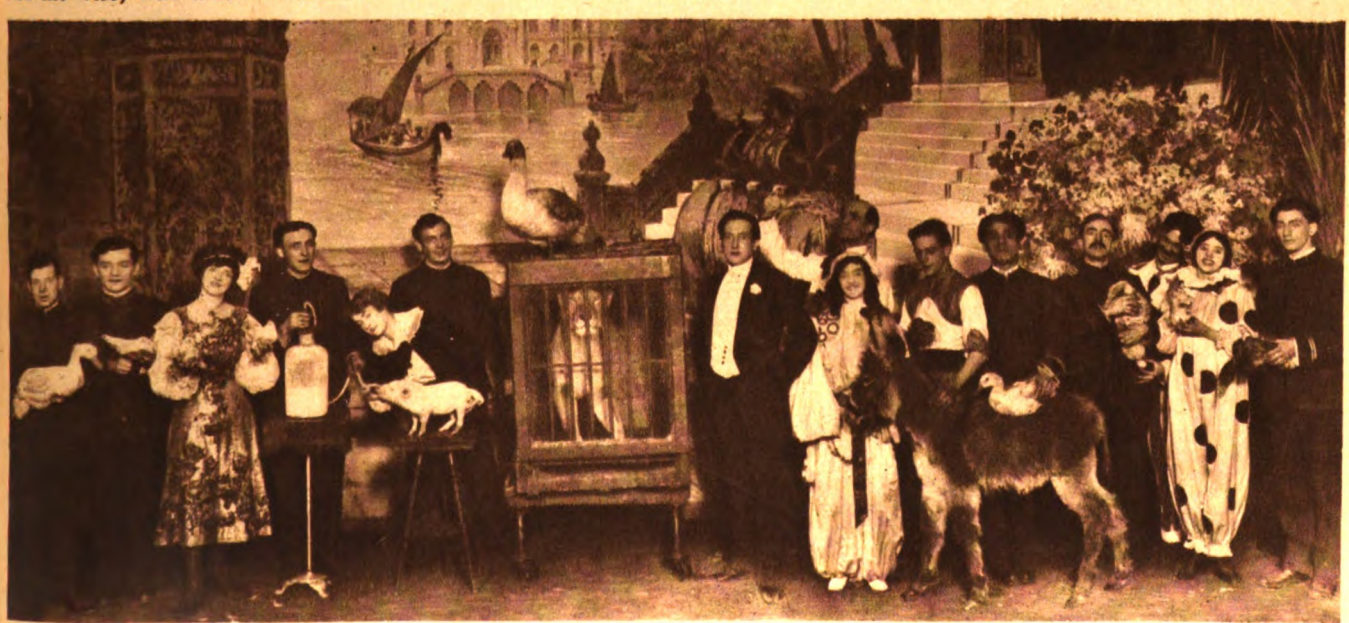
But your fellow workers are not horses. If you don't do your share, the time is coming when they will see that you *do*. And also, because it is a law of nature, if you struggle harder than your fellows, you will outstrip them—and you will deserve to.

Every now and then human beings get busy and try to wipe out that law. It's a hard law, the law that you as an individual have got to keep up the struggle if you want to achieve. But it's the law, just the same. And it will remain on the statute books a million years after you are forgotten.

So don't try to beat the game. It can't be done. Thurston might have joined with others thirty years ago in an effort to get more pay and better conditions for all the people in his profession. Fine! Good boy! But no collective movement of that kind could have moved the whole bunch to where Thurston is now. No sir! Thurston did *that* himself, with the old, old implements—industry, hard study, sustained interest in his job, and the will to achieve. THE EDITOR.

Thurston, the Magician, at Home

HOWARD N. THURSTON is the successor of Herrmann and Kellar in magic. When he was seven years old, he saw Herrmann; and from that day he dreamed of being a magician himself. His parents wanted him to be a minister, and sent him to Dwight Moody's school to prepare for it. The remarkable story of how the boy returned to his early dream, and finally realized it, is told in his article beginning on the opposite page. He was born in Columbus, Ohio, fifty years ago; is married, and has a beautiful home at Beechhurst, Long Island, near New York City. The picture above, of Mr. Thurston and his wife, was taken there.



Mr. Thurston's Company

HERE are some, not all, of the men, women, beasts, birds and fishes that take part in a Thurston program. He never worries about his own share in his tricks and illusions, but he is always on the anxious seat lest an assistant fail to do the right thing at exactly the right moment. In addition to human beings, he has to manage a regular menagerie, composed of a lioness, a donkey, geese, ducks, pigeons, rabbits, pigs and goldfish.

J. Leonard Replogle

IN 1889, when Replogle was 13 years old, the great Johnstown flood swept away his father's house. One result of the disaster was that the boy quit school and went to work. And his first job, five dollars a week as an office boy, was in the very business in which now, thirty years later, he is a dramatic figure—the steel business.

Only 43 years old, Replogle is called the best steel salesman in America. But that is not his whole story. His connection with the marvelous metal vanadium is a business romance. In fact, he seems to be a regular wizard of commerce. But the great thing about him is that he is not a *wizard*, but a *worker*. The thing he cares most about is the pleasure of playing the game, the fun of fighting for a purpose, and the satisfaction of accomplishing things.

"Keep Your Eyes on Replogle"

That was the whisper seven years ago. To-day the man is a giant in his line. Here is his personal story and some of his wisdom

By Merle Crowell

SEVEN years ago a whisper spread through the steel world of America. "Keep your eyes on Replogle," was its burden. The subject of the prophets' predictions was a smiling, blue-eyed, dynamically alert steel maker of thirty-six, who had just been made vice president and general manager of the Cambria Steel Company, which he had entered twenty-three years before as a five-dollar-a-month office boy.

Now in this instance, the thought and the wish were one. J. Leonard Replogle—known in every steel plant in the country—was probably blessed with more personal friends and "rooters" than any other one man in that industry.

Those who have "kept their eyes on Replogle" have had ample reward. His career has been the metal world's outstanding romance of the last decade. The $72,900,000 deal that won him the title of "The Wizard of Cambria Steel" was one of the most widely heralded feats of recent years. But for a fuller, a more intimate revelation of the man one must turn to two other pages.

On one we find him refusing a huge salary from the American Vanadium Company, and countering with a "sporting proposition" by which he staked his financial future on his ability to raise the sales of that company to unprecedented volume, a venture that made him a millionaire. On the other is written the story of those tense, terrific eighteen months of war activity, when he sat in Washington as Director of Steel Supply, and reigned as absolute dictator of the steel trade of the entire United States.

Through the power vested in him by the War Industries Board, Replogle directed the production, the buying, the distribution of Uncle Sam's steel supply. Forty million tons, nearly a ton for each second of the eighteen months, were apportioned at his word. With shipyards and other government operations clamoring for the metal of Mars, with our allies sending out S O S calls for every available ton, with manufacturers in semi-essential and non-essential industries pressing their claims for consideration, the steel director's dollar-a-year job was subject to almost inconceivable pressure.

During his first ninety days in Washington, Replogle left his office only three times before midnight. Sometimes he would still be at his desk at three, four, and five o'clock in the morning. Gray hairs came to his temples, and his face lost something of its surprising youth.

"'Rep' aged ten years during those eighteen months at Washington," one of his friends told me. "But," he added, "*the record he left behind him was worth it.*"

Replogle's career has had so many dramatic settings that they are likely to dazzle one's vision to the real underlying principles of his achievement. As president of the American Vanadium Company he is the guiding genius of ninety-five per cent of the world's supply of a metal the history of whose development reads like a chapter from the Arabian Nights. . . . Not long ago he gained control of mines at Wharton, New Jersey, which have turned out to hold estimated deposits of more than 100,000,000 tons of the finest iron ore in the world—*within forty-five minutes of Broadway.*

Even his start in the steel business had the drama of tragedy. He was swept into his first job by the great "Johnstown Flood," a disaster that erased a thirteen - year - old boy's dream of a college course and sent him knocking at the door of Cambria as a family bread winner.

But these are merely outward circumstances in the life of the man whom Charles M. Schwab has called "the best steel salesman in America." Back of them lie the twenty years in which he came to work every morning at seven o'clock, and never left until he had seen the night shifts started on the job. And running through them one finds the definite, determined aim toward a goal of which he never lost sight.

"One noticeable thing about 'Rep' is that disaster has never bowed his head and triumph has never turned it," an intimate friend of the steel man said to me the other day. "He still has that old boyish smile and enthusiasm, and his heart and sympathies are just as close to the men in the ranks to-day as when he used to wear overalls himself.

"His old friends, his old home, always hold first place in his heart. I shall never forget Johnstown's tribute to him last August, when he was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France, in testimony of his part in winning the war. As the French High Commissioner pinned the decoration on his coat, twenty-five thousand of his former neighbors cheered wildly. 'Rep' looked out over the crowd with (*Continued on page 148*)

Do You Enjoy Your Work As if It Were a Game?

JUST read this conversation with Mr. Replogle. If people could only look at their jobs as Replogle looked at his!

I once asked Mr. Replogle to tell me the most important single factor in his early success.

"Managing the Johnstown baseball team," he shot back, with his swift smile.

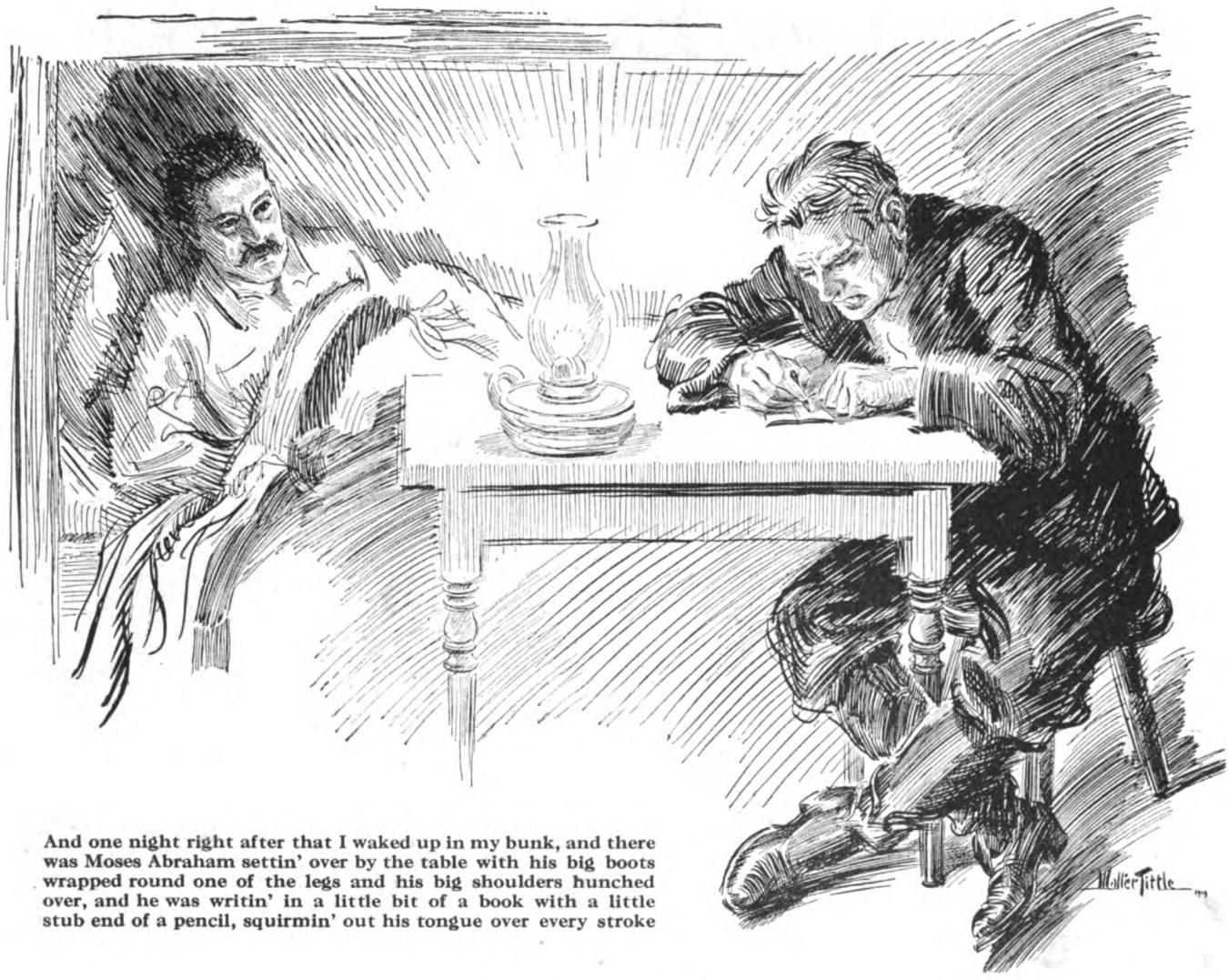
"But I mean work."

"In my work? . . . Oh, I just plugged along. . . . But I'm serious about the team. A wonderful bunch of ball players, that! It cleaned up every club in its class and even beat three National League teams. Mr. Price was a baseball enthusiast, and he told me he took a liking to me because of the way I ran that team. So I guess it must be so."

"You're fond of games?" I suggested.

"Indeed I am. And to me business is the greatest game in the world. Baseball and golf and hunting are fine for a change, but business is the one sport that keeps you on your toes every minute—that is, if you play it hard and for big stakes.

"When I used to go out on sales tours, and was jumping from one city to another, and was perhaps fortunate enough to land good-sized orders in each one, it seemed just as if I were making all that money for myself. And I couldn't possibly have enjoyed it a bit more if every cent had gone into my own pocket."



And one night right after that I waked up in my bunk, and there was Moses Abraham settin' over by the table with his big boots wrapped round one of the legs and his big shoulders hunched over, and he was writin' in a little bit of a book with a little stub end of a pencil, squirmin' out his tongue over every stroke

Why Olaf Proposed in the Month of March

The story of a contrary man

By William R. Lighton and Louis Duryea Lighton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WALTER TITTLE

CAN you explain why it is that folks are always triflin' with the serious things and bein' so plumb serious about the trifles? Don't it seem to you kind of quaint the way people work so hard figurin' out their nice little rules for livin', and then go right straight to work and live by contraries?

If you wanted a real contrary man, there was that Moses Abraham Olafson. He'll show you what I'm meanin', just as plain as anything.

I was foreman at the O-Bar-K, out by Redstone, when this Olafson person come along. It was one mornin' toward the end of the month, and I was settin' in the bunkhouse figurin' out my pay roll; and then, there he was at the door, leanin' his droopin' shoulders up against the frame and lookin' in. He didn't seem to me a bit different from the general run of men that come driftin' through the Wyoming country, one time and another, with their faded shirts showin' a couple of careless patches, and their old boot heels run over, and their old hats all sweat stained and out of shape. You can't find much to pick and choose among 'em. You'd have said this one was just exactly like the rest of 'em.

"Hello!" he says to me, kind of soft and listless. "Are you needin' a man?"

Well, I was—several of 'em; but I didn't take to him.

"Wait!" I says. "I'm busy now."

"Well, I ain't a bit busy," he says. "You go right ahead." And with that he let himself sag down on the doorstep and commenced to go through his pockets to find the makin's for a cigarette. He didn't appear to have any system about it. After he'd felt several different places he fished up his papers, and then he started another hunt for his tobacco sack, and after that he had to rummage all over himself again to find a match. That's a shiftless way.

He was the kind of man you couldn't ever love, nor ever hate, either. He had one of these mild, openwork kind of faces, with a wide, slack mouth that didn't have any special shape to it, and an aimless sort of a nose, and a couple of bleached-out eyes, and a thick mop of sunburnt yellow hair,

just about the color of cured bunch-grass in August. There wasn't a blessed thing in him that I could pick out to admire.

He didn't budge from the way he was settin' till I'd done with my cipherin' and snapped my book shut, and then he commenced right where he'd started before.

"Hello!" he says. "Are you needin' a man?"

"Mebbe," I says. "What can you do? Did you ever work with alfalfa hayin'?"

"Some."

"Well," I says, "can you handle range horses? There's some breakin' to do."

"I expect I could," he says.

"Or stringin' fence?" says I. "There's some of that."

"I guess I could," says he.

"Saints!" I says. "Ain't you makin' any claim for yourself at all?"

"No, sir," says he, "I don't know as I am—only I claim I want a job."

"If there's a livin' thing you think you could do," I says, "I could use you. You might study over it a while."

I WAS down in the hay yards for a couple of hours, lookin' after the stackin', and when I got back to the bunkhouse there he was, right in the very same place, just waitin'.

"Say," he says, "I'm wantin' a job awful bad."

"Judas Priest!" I says. "I'll tell you what I'll do with you—I'll put your name on the book, and it'll be up to you to keep it there. What's this your name is?"

"Olaf Olafson," says he.

It tickled me; it was so much like him.

"Oh!" I says. "Olaf Olafson! But that's a terrible humdrum kind of a name. There ain't a speck of variety to it at all, It's Swedish, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir," says he. "My folks, they are Swedish, and so I am Swedish, too."

"Do you reckon that might be the reason?" I says. "Well, anyway, there's no sense in keepin' your name so tedious. If it was me, I'd want to mix it up a little, and so I'm goin' to put it down 'Moses Abraham Olafson'."

"Well, all right," he says.

That's just the way he was—dull, without any bounce in his mind at all. And that's the way he went at his work too—ploddin' and patient. I've got to own up, though, that he kept foolin' me with the way he could somehow get things done. If I would send him somewhere he'd never raise any dust goin', but he'd always seem to arrive. Steady—I guess that's what you'd call him. And steadiness is all right; but it can be awful irritatin'. After I'd had time to get used to his ways, I used to fair hate to see him comin' at me with that droopin' slouch of his and his slack mouth droopin' open, and me knowin' just exactly what he was goin' to say before he said it.

"Well, I'm all through," he'd say. "What'll I be doin' now?" And when I'd told him, he'd just turn round and go slouchin' off, and do it.

And he was just like that with the boys in the bunkhouse, evenin's. Poker didn't interest him a mite; there wasn't once when he'd even look over anybody's shoulder. And it seemed as if he was a rank stranger to whisky. The first time a bottle got started round, he only shook his head and give one of his slack grins.

"I don't choose any," says he.

He didn't choose anything. He'd fetched a mouth-organ with him, and he'd set on the edge of his bunk and play tunes on it, pattin' time on the floor with his big wide foot. But that was all.

"Billy," Steve Brainard says to me once, "he's a painful kind of a man—ain't he? Say, would you like to be one of these pure-blooded men? He's a pure-blooded Swede—ain't he? And that Cholmondeley man, over on Willow, he's pure-blooded British. Don't it seem to you it sort of hinders 'em?"

"Yes, sir," I says; "I'm real glad I'm a jumble. My daddy had some Scotch in him, and my mother was part French, and they tell me the lady that wet-nursed me for a while come from Holland. It mixes a man up; but it certainly gives him a chance—don't it?"

WELL, and then, after a while, the Olga girl come to the O-Bar-K to help in the kitchen. It would have done you good to see that Olga girl. She was Swedish, too; but there can be a sight of difference between one Swede and another. Olga, she didn't resemble Moses Abraham. She was a strong-built girl; but she didn't run to the bulgin' sort of bigness; she was just round and supple and healthy, with a sort of come-and-go kind of brightness down underneath her pretty pink-and-white skin. She was real neat and willin' and friendly, and good to have round the place. I was glad she'd come. We hadn't been havin' much luck lately with the girls in the kitchen. But Olga had a nice way of goin' round her work with the corners of her pretty mouth curlin' upward, hummin' to herself. She was all right, that girl was.

The rest of the boys thought so, too. She could pretty near have had her pick out of that bunch, if she'd felt that way. But she didn't. If the men-folks made any difference to her, you couldn't tell it.

Black's Jim, he tried it one evenin', after Olga had got through in the kitchen and come outside to set down on the back steps to rest herself a little. Jim, he went and set down beside her. He ain't any amateur either. But it wasn't but just a little while till he come ramblin' on down to the bunkhouse.

"Aw!" he says. "That girl! She ain't nobody's fool. She's had a whole lot of experience with the men."

"Fiddle!" I says. "It wouldn't take such a lot of experience to make her want to put you off. You're flatterin' yourself."

"It ain't experience, anyway," says Steve Brainard. "A man, he needs experience; but it ain't that way with a woman. It comes natural to a woman."

"Aw!" says Jim. "She wouldn't let me kiss her. She wouldn't let me take hold of her hand. You needn't tell me that comes natural."

Moses Abraham, over there on his bunk with his mouth-organ, had stopped right in the middle of a tune to listen.

"Miss Olga," he says, "she won't care for any of you men."

"Oh, she won't?" says Black's Jim. "How do you know she won't?"

Moses was real calm about it. "Miss Olga," he says, "she would have to care about a man a whole lot before she could care about him at all."

It was a sort of a Swedish way of sayin' it, but a body could get at his meanin'.

"Oh, my land!" says Jim. "Listen! What kind of a man would he have to be, now? She turned me down; mebbe your kind would suit her better."

"I guess so," says Olaf.

Well, I commenced to notice 'em after that. It was rank ridiculous to me, that kind of courtin'; but there just couldn't be any mistake about it. He wasn't sayin' as much as a word to her; he wasn't doin' a thing but lookin'. It would have tickled you, seein' her goin' round the table and back and forth to the kitchen, with them meek eyes of Olaf's not missin' a motion she made. He wouldn't be lookin' at his plate at all; he'd be scramblin' his victuals into him sideways, and spillin' the most of 'em, and not knowin' what it was he got in his mouth—just lookin' and lookin'. And every little bit I'd see her takin' a long, slow, quiet look at him.

"Well, gee whiz, Billy!" I says to myself. "There's a brand-new kind of a proposition. What can you make out of that, now? That girl—is she as innocent as she acts, or is she just actin' innocent? You can search me!" says I. "Whichever it is, she's good at it." And then after supper, when the rest of 'em had gone lazyin' down to the bunkhouse, I hung behind in the kitchen a minute.

"That's a mixed bunch of men—ain't it?" I says to the girl.

She stopped beside me in the door with a load of dishes in her hands, watchin' 'em goin' dawdlin' down the path.

"Yes, sir," says she. "Olaf, I like him the best."

"Olaf!" I says. "That one! Oh, my goodness! Why?"

SHE wasn't a speck bashful about it. "He is the nicest," says she. "His face is so sweet. And I like his hair. And he is so gentle. I like him best."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" I says. "Say, Olga, you don't feel fond enough of him to marry him? You don't think he's nice enough for that?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" she says. "Olaf, he would make me a nice husband."

Well, and then the very next day I run across Olaf out on the big flat, settin' posts. He'd just got one down in the hole he'd dug and was tampin' it in, real thorough.

"You're doin' a right good job on that string, Moses Abraham," I says to him.

"Yes, sir," says he. "Miss Olga, now—I think I would like to marry her."

"For the love of country!" I says. "Who? You? Marry her? Marry Olga? What in the name of goodness do you reckon she'd do with you if she had you?"

"I don't know," says he. "I guess she would like to marry me, too."

"Oh, my sinful soul!" I says. "Whatever makes you think a thing like that? You ain't been makin' any love to her. Just gazin' at her! A man might just as well be makin' love in a deaf-and-dumb asylum with both his hands tied behind him. When a man makes love to a girl like Olga, don't you reckon she wants to have him put a little whiz into it?"

But I wasn't goin' to get him tangled up in any argument about it.

"I guess she likes me fine," says he. "I guess she would like to marry me, too."

"Well, why don't you ask her then?" I says. "Don't anything ever happen in

Black's Jim, he tried it one evenin', after Olga had got through in the kitchen and come outside to set down on the back steps to rest herself a little

Sweden when a man feels that way about a woman? Or do the Swedish people just let it ramble along?"

"I am afraid to ask her," says he. "It makes me feel all cold to think about it. I guess I will not have the courage. If she would tell me she would marry me, I would not know what to do. It is making my mouth get all dry now to think about it. I guess I will not have the courage."

COULD you beat it? But that's exactly how it racked on for a couple of months after that. And then winter come; and then Christmas. And one night right after that I waked up in my bunk, and there was Moses Abraham settin' over by the table with his big boots wrapped round one of the legs and his big shoulders hunched over, and he was writin' in a little bit of a book with a little stub-end of a pencil, squirmin' out his tongue over every stroke. I judged it must be gettin' right late, because the fire had died down in the stove and the room was plumb chilly.

"Why don't you turn in?" I says. "What's that you're doin'?"

He unwrapped his feet from round the table leg and curled 'em up the other way without lookin' up from what he was at.

"Yes, sir," he says. "I'm goin' to pretty soon. To-morrow's New Year's, and I was wantin' to get this finished first."

"Get what finished?" I says. "What's so important about it?"

"Why," says he, "I am makin' me some resolves."

"Resolves?" I says. "You mean for New Year's? Whatever for? What's the use squanderin' your time that way?"

"I always do it for New Year's," says he.

"But what for?" I says. "Haven't you got a reason?"

"Yes, sir," says he. "It is for the excitement. A man has got to have some excitement."

"It must be horrible excitin'," I says. "What's this you're resolvin', anyhow?"

"I do not know what all it will be when I get through," says he. "I have only got three of my resolves finished. The first one, it is about whisky. The first one, it says: 'Resolved, that I will not get drunk in January.'"

"Drunk!" I says. "Oh, shucks! Where's the sense to that? You ain't had a drink in six months, not since you've been here."

"No, sir," says he; "but I always do it for New Year's. I do it for the excitement."

"But what makes you fix it just for January?" I says. "That looks awful crazy to me."

"Yes, sir," he says; "I guess maybe it is. But I do not think I will want to get drunk, only in January. It would not do me any good to resolve for any more than January."

Did you ever hear the like? He was certainly one rattle-headed man.

"Well, all right!" I said. "What's the rest of it, then?"

"Why," says he, "the next one says: 'Resolved, that I will not gamble any in February.'"

"Kingdom come!" I says. "Then what's the rest of it?"

"There is only one more that I have finished," says he. "I do not think I will read you that one. And that is all I have studied out yet. I guess that is all I can think about. I guess I will go to bed now."

AND then what do you suppose? Why, the very next day, after he'd drew his pay, he started in and give himself a clean shave and put on a clean shirt and dug up a bright new red handkerchief for round his neck, and then he says to me:

"Say, I guess I want to get off now for a couple days or so, because I want to go to town and get drunk."

"What's that?" I says. "Drunk! What's ailin' you? Drunk!"

"Yes, sir," says he. "I'll be right back as soon as I get through."

"Why, listen, Moses Abraham!" I says. "Are you just foolin' with me? Why, it was only last night you was resolvin' you wouldn't get drunk this month. Are you losin' your mind—or what?"

"No, sir," says he. "It ain't goin' to take me but a little while, and then I won't get drunk any more after that. I just want a little excitement. I would not want to get drunk at all if I had not made that resolve last night. It just makes it excitin'."

I let him go, and he was back before the end of the week, all perfectly cheerful. You couldn't have seen a mark of it on him. And then he went back to his work, just the same as before, quiet and peaceful and steady, without a sign that there'd ever been a bit of devilment in his mind. But I couldn't help wonderin' about him, watchin' him goin' round.

"Billy," I says to myself, "you want to look out. Mebbe January is when that

man wakes up. He's sure got a deceivin' disposition, somehow."

And then the first of February come, and another pay-day, and a swift little game of draw in the bunkhouse that night. That was when Moses Abraham shocked me for sure. It was the very first time he'd ever so much as noticed us when we was at it; but this time he got up off his bunk and stuffed his mouth-organ down in his pocket and come over and looked on for a few rounds.

"Say," he says, all of a sudden, "I guess I can beat you folks."

"Oh, guess again!" Steve Brainard says. "You keep out of this. This ain't foolishness; this is poker."

"Yes, sir," says Moses, "but I guess I can beat you, anyway."

You don't have to believe a word of it, but that man set down to that table and took us to a cleanin'. No, it wasn't fool luck; it was poker-playin'. He held the cards, and he knew how to play 'em—and he knew what to do with his face. If that Swede didn't have a misleadin' face, then I never did see one. You'd never in this world have judged, just lookin' at them pale, meek eyes of his, that he was workin' on our faces. It was certainly happenin' though. It went on till midnight, and when we quit, Moses's stack was worth all of three hundred. It was plumb annoyin' watchin' him fingerin' over his winnin's and bunchin' 'em up and pokin' 'em away in his pocket, with that everlastin' weak slantways grin.

Black's Jim was the one that spoke first about it.

"I can see this is goin' to be a real dry month at the O-Bar-K," says he. "It's lucky February's the shortest month in the year, anyway."

"Why, Moses Abraham!" I says. "This is February, ain't it? This is the month when your resolve said you wouldn't gamble any!"

"Yes, sir," says he. "I don't aim to play none, only in February."

"Saints above!" I says. "What kind of a fool way is that? What kind of a man are you? I wish you'd tell me."

"I guess I just done it to kind of rouse me up," says he. "I guess I wouldn't have wanted to play none, exceptin' for that resolve."

WELL, he didn't get any chance to gamble any more. He had us all too broke. He didn't seem to want to, anyway. Wouldn't you have thought he'd have been right satisfied for a while, goin' round with all that money on him? He wasn't then. Something had changed him. He stuck to his work, but that was about all you could say for him. The rest of the time he was actin' melancholy as an old owl. You couldn't get a word out of him; he wasn't even takin' an interest in his mouth-organ, nor nothin' else. And it kept gettin' worse. I just couldn't make head nor tail out of it.

And then one day he come in to breakfast real late. I heard him washin' up out on the back porch first, and takin' a good long while to it; and when he got through with that he stopped a while in the kitchen, standin' and teeterin' on his feet, lookin' with his mouth open at the Olga girl goin' in and out with more coffee and meat and truck. And then all of a sudden he spoke to her.

"Miss Olga," says he, "will you marry me?"

She had both of her hands full, and she was in a hurry; but that didn't keep her from stoppin' long enough to answer him right off.

"Yes, Olaf," says she.

"Well," says he, "I am glad about it, because I like you." And with that he come on through to the dinin'-room and set down to his breakfast.

I was down in the horse lot when he come out of the house and started to saddle up.

"Sufferin' Peter!" I says to him. "If you don't just beat anything! However did you do it?"

He was grinnin' at me real wide. "I guess it was on account of my resolve," says he. "I guess I would not have enough courage if it wasn't for my resolve. It is that one I would not tell you about." And he fetched out his little book and showed it to me.

"Resolved, that I will not ask Miss Olga to marry me in March." That was what it said.

"I guess I am different from other people," says he. "I tried it with those other resolves about whisky and cards, and it worked good, and now it has worked good this time, too. I guess it takes them resolves to make me want to do a thing bad enough to do it."

Well, there! You want to be careful how you say he was nothin' but a fool. He was certainly a contrary fool—and that made him awful human. And that's the very thing I set out to tell you.

And then all of a sudden he spoke to her. "Miss Olga," says he, "will you marry me?"

Human Traits in the Barnyard

Facts and stories showing that animals interest us because they are like us

By Samuel A. Derieux

ANIMALS interest us because they are like us; and we enjoy looking at Mother Goose books, where they are dressed up, because we recognize in that horse with a beaver hat on his head, or in that rooster in a dress suit, or in that fox that looks slyly at us from underneath her sunbonnet, queer, outlandish, but close kin-folks.

Think how many of the terms we use in describing ourselves come from animals. A man has horse sense, or he's a fox, or his devotion is doglike. We say that a person is as patient as an ox, that he slinks like a cur, that he's as stubborn as a mule, or that he's an ass. A husband kicks out of the traces, or he eats out of his wife's hand, or he is henpecked. A certain type of woman is an old hen, young and silly ones are chickens. A man crows over a victory, dies in harness.

Every barnyard is a community where we see our own traits duplicated. Self-interest is here. The horse in the stall is whinnying impatiently for his food. From the pigpen come the frantic squealings and gruntings of nature's gourmands; a chicken pulls a worm out of the soft earth and runs away with it, chased by the other chickens—she wants it for herself, each of her pursuers wants it for herself.

Pride and egotism are here. Even the bell cow is proud of her bell, and that coach horse you drove this morning stepped high because he had on new and shining harness. The turkey gobbler struts across your path, bursting with pride. And, just as with us, humiliation follows close upon the heels of pride. If there's a peacock about who has had his feathers plucked, he is in hiding behind the barn, humbled and shamed.

There are strange friendships, too—between a dog and a horse, a cow and a sheep, a cat and a goat. And then there's devotion to a higher order of creation, for the dog is moving in and out amidst the continuous vaudeville of the barnyard, following at his master's heels. He alone has formed a close alliance with man, he alone has caught the ideal of service to something higher than himself.

And just as there are, in a community of human beings, many grades of intelligence, from the fool to the wise man, so there are such grades in the animal community. Let's start at the bottom, with the most stupid of our barnyard prototypes, and work our way up to the most intelligent of them, seeing how many of our traits we find, and what terms we use to indicate these traits.

The chicken comes at the bottom. Her stupidity is colossal. The chicken yard is nature's insane asylum. The very sounds that come from it in the morning and afternoon are crazy sounds, loud laughs as it were, that betray vacant minds. Strange things go on here, too. A hen sits for three weeks trying to hatch a brood

PHOTO BY COUNTRY LIFE

BULL DOG

A mighty warrior and a good pal. As you perceive, he is not a high-brow physically—nor is he mentally. In a literal sense he is a bonehead, for his jaws and teeth are better developed than his brain. He came by his name honestly, his ancestors having been trained to grip bullocks by the nose, and thus subdue them. But at heart he's friendly and peaceable

PHOTO BY COUNTRY LIFE

SETTER

A canine gentleman and scholar, who thinks things out for himself and also for his master. Notice the rounded dome which houses his brain, and the fine long nose with which he whiffs the faintest scent. Generations of his ancestors were trained to do this. The setter, the spaniel, and the collie are the most intelligent animals, next to man and the monkey

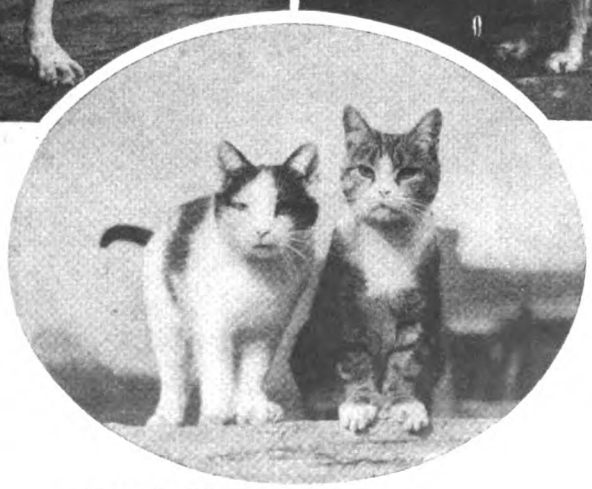


PHOTO BY BROWN BROS.

CATS

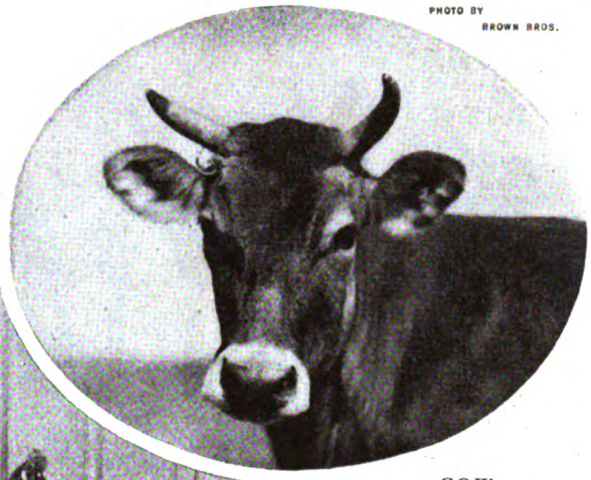
It is hard to generalize about cats; people either love them or hate them. They are the sphinxes of the domestic hearth and are interesting and unfathomable, as all sphinxes are supposed to be. A grown-up cat could give a preacher points on dignity; and, sometimes at least, it is as cruel as a Roman emperor baiting the Christian martyrs

PHOTO BY BROWN BROS.

HORSES

Two good old Dobbins, respected members of the middle classes in horse society. Yet their ancestors were mighty warriors, too. Roaring lions used to tuck their tails between their legs and hike for the back country when wild horses came rampaging around. But horses now are in the "stand and wait" class

PHOTO BY BROWN BROS.



COW

She looks brighter in this picture than she really is; for, although she has brains, she doesn't use them. The cow is a warning to gluttons; she spends so much time eating that she has none left for thinking. One stomach has put many a brain out of action. The cow has two!

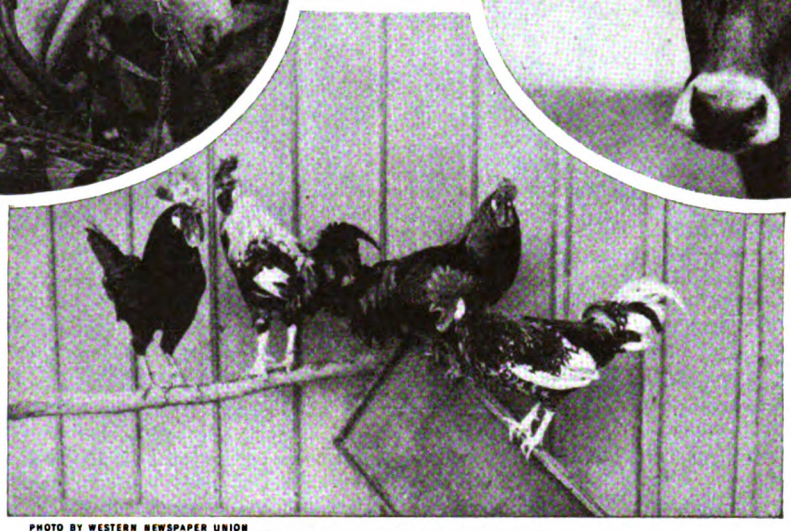


PHOTO BY WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

A CHICKEN STAG PARTY

The rooster is the original ladies' man. He prefers the society of the female sex—probably because they are the only folks around with less sense than he has. A chicken yard is nature's insane asylum, or, rather, it is an institution for imbeciles. They literally don't know enough to go in when it rains.

out of a door knob, quarreling and pecking at you when you try to put an end to such feeble-mindedness. Another hen leads her brood about, her feathers all fuzzed out with the fear that someone will come near them, but she herself steps on half her chicks, leaving a trail of dead and wounded behind. Or on rainy nights, unless you watch her, she goes to roost under a water spout, with the result that before morning all her chicks find a watery grave.

Nor is it any better with her partner. I once saw a stout middle-aged rooster almost beat out what brains he had trying to get into a coop through a hole one fourth his size—while six inches above his head was an open door through which he had just seen twenty hens enter, encouraging them as they did so with loud cackles of approval!

So all our terms derived from chickens are terms of reproach or ridicule, all but one, and that comes from the game rooster, nature's last word in a fighter. A hawk swoops down into the yard, and all other chickens run to shelter—he rushes at the hawk. A fight between him and another game rooster is no boxing match, but a duel to the death. His spurs are not clumsy, scaly weapons, but clean, sharp rapiers. He fights not with his bill, but with these rapiers, leaping over his enemy and striking downward while in mid-air.

He seldom crows; he's a quiet fellow, clean-cut, erect, and with an eye that quails before neither man nor hawk. He's a dramatic figure in the barnyard, this self-contained gambler with death. He's the bad man of the West during the forties. He wears a Prince Albert coat, but there's a forty-four stuck in his pocket.

IF ONCE in a fight he ever turns back it means that he is not pure-bred. The game is dark-colored—red, black with some blue. There's a saying among sportsmen that if he turns and runs, you may look for a white feather somewhere in his tail; and the white feather means a bar sinister in his pedigree. The game rooster's legs are clean and trim. If feathers grow on them, he is not genuine. So we say of a man who turns back in a fight that he has feathers on his legs, that he shows the white feather, that he is not game.

PHOTO BY COUNTRY LIFE

HOG

A much maligned old party. A gourmand—yes; but nobody's fool; and with a personal preference for a clean berth

But it is not all foolishness or drama in the barnyard any more than in town or community. Peace, and contentment with things as they are, dwell in the ox or cow who lies in the shade on a summer's day placidly chewing his or her cud. It's not the peace that comes from philosophy, but the peace that comes from good digestion and lack of thought. We speak of oxlike eyes and bovine patience, and know of people who have such eyes, together with such qualities—people who never think, and who for this reason give an atmosphere of repose to life. You can see them in front of small-town stores, or on the stoops of city houses. You envy them as you hurry past, just as you envy the cow lying under the shade of a tree in a green pasture on a sultry midday.

If you draw near her, she looks at you mildly, to see if she knows you, for she distinguishes vaguely between people. If you call her name, she will show signs of recognition, maybe get up, hind legs first. A horse always rises on his front feet first. If you frighten her she jogs shamblingly off, and you understand the expression "awkward as a cow," for there is no lightness or spring in her gait; her body is as heavy as her mind.

She knows and feels a thing or two; she can let down a rail fence with her horns; she is sensitive, and will not consent to be milked by just anybody; if carried away from home, she can find her way back, by devious roads, and after months have elapsed. She's a solicitous mother; she has a good heart. She does not lack brains; she just doesn't use them. She spends too much time eating, chewing and digesting food, to leave much time

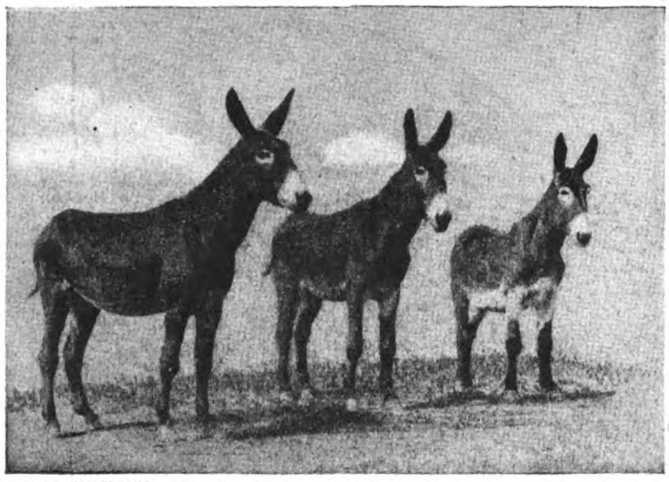


PHOTO BY COUNTRY LIFE

MULES

An independent thinker is Mr. Mule, with a great sense of dignity. He runs when he wants to run —and he stops only when he is ready to stop. He feels no awe of you. He is the barnyard cynic

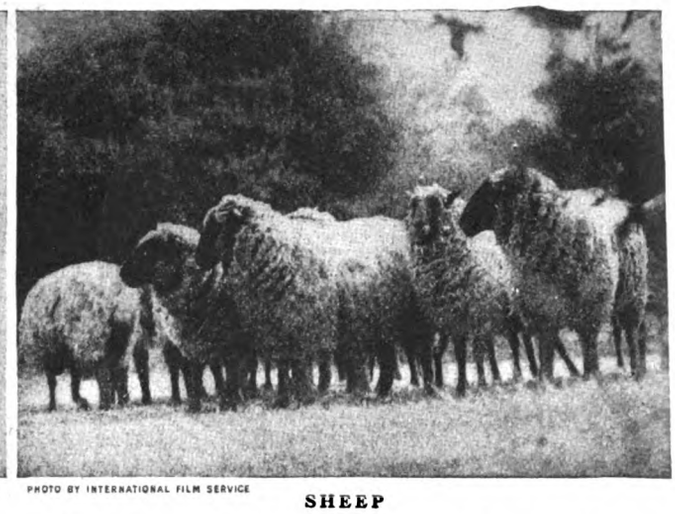


PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

SHEEP

Here is the original "Yes, yes, chorus." It was a sheep that invented the "I'm with you" slogan. If one jumps, they all jump. If one runs, they become a flock of "also rans." They carry every motion unanimously

for thought. One stomach often stupefies the brain, and she has two stomachs. Great eaters usually finish by heaviness of mind. "He who is all for eating is little for thought."

Not only are our traits as individuals duplicated, so also are our traits as a community. Most people do what others do, whether there's any reason for so doing or not. This quality is best represented in the animal world by a flock of sheep.

If a stick is held two feet off the ground in a lane down which a flock is coming, the first one when he reaches it will jump over it. Then, if the stick is taken away, every succeeding sheep when he comes to the spot will also jump. More than that—if the leader jumps into the air simply because he feels good, all the others also will jump into the air.

THIS silly following of a leader does not develop intelligence in man or sheep, and the sheep is a stupid thing. It's their harmlessness that appeals to us; they will not even fight for their lives. The Bible is full of allusions to the meekness of sheep. Christ is symbolized by a lamb. "He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter," says Isaiah, "and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth." Dramatic contrast between the inoffensiveness of sheep and the ferocity of certain other animals is got by the expression "a wolf in sheep's clothing;" and the last word in harmony and peace on the earth is expressed in the prediction of the Millennium when "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together."

The goat is the busybody, the breezy, alert fellow, interested in everything. He follows you about the lot, watching every movement you make. If you get there ahead of him, he comes running, afraid he's missed something. While the sheep, his close kinsman, is shrinking and lacking in assurance, he is aggressive, pushing, full of self-confidence.

I once watched the actions of three goats in the suburb of a city where a factory was being erected. They were on the spot every morning, long before the workmen arrived, poking their heads in doors and windows, clambering to the top of brick and lumber piles and even up on scaffolding, and looking out upon the surrounding country from these different angles. During the entire construction of the factory their interest never lagged.

From their tendency to poke their heads into everything we get our expression to "butt in" and "Buttinsky." The other expression "to be the goat" comes from the old Jewish custom whereby, at the passover, a goat was sacrificed for the sins of Israel. There is something a bit mysterious about a goat. His eye, bright, clear, liquid, looks at you quizzically, steadily, and without embarrassment. He wears a beard, too, which makes him resemble certain impish old men. In ancient times he was looked on as a repository for evil and mysterious thoughts.

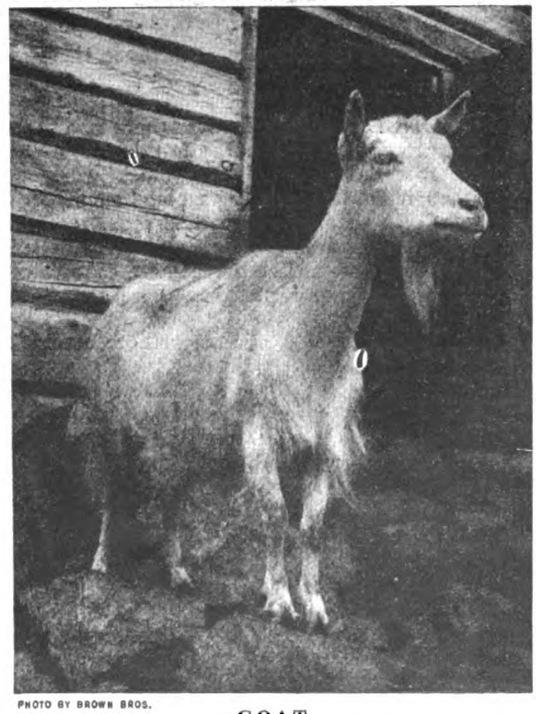


PHOTO BY BROWN BROS.

GOAT

His life is devoted to investigation and objection. To this mania for poking his nose into everything we owe the phrase of "butting in." He is the barnyard busybody

If you want a goat to go forward, catch hold of his horns and push him backward. If you want him to back, catch hold of his horns and pull him forward. There's a human trait for you.

The hog is so notoriously a gourmand that he has become for us the symbol of gross selfishness and greed, of coarse sensibilities, and of an earthy and materialistic nature. He has been libeled somewhat; for instance, he does not, as is commonly believed, prefer dirt to cleanliness. If two pens are furnished, the one clean, the other filthy, he will choose the clean. Until he grows fat, he is active and energetic; he can jump a fence almost like a dog; he will unfasten a gate, unless there's a good latch on it, and it takes a stout pasture to hold him. His senses are keen; he can hear or smell a boy or dog coming and, if he's in a corn field, where he has no business, he will run to the other end and stay quiet, watching.

HE ALWAYS sleeps with his snout protected, covering it with leaves or straw, or rooting a place in the ground for it. He's very far from a fool. His eye is small and not particularly appealing, but it is bright and shrewd. His wisdom is of the earth, earthy, but it's the wisdom that will manage to get what he wants.

Nor is the human hog a fool; his wits are keen enough when it comes to getting what he wants. Every community has its hog, hated because of his coarse sensibilities and his disregard for the rights of others. The worst thing you can say of a man is that he is a hog.

Man's noblest conquest in the animal world is the horse. Everything about him shows power, and most of the words derived from him (*Continued on page 155*)

Egan Comes Down to Earth—*A Serial Novel*—BY HOLWORTHY HALL

Egan's Bubble Bursts

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESLIE L. BENSON

In Case You Have Forgotten—Read This

BRONSON EGAN, after four years in the French and American air services, is on a homebound train when he overhears Charlie Feinberg, a jewelry salesman, mention to Martin Henderson, a Dayton manufacturer, that the "Egan Company's down an' out." Young Egan resents this reference to the manufacturing business of his father—who had died a few months before—and quarrels with Feinberg.

Arriving home at Plainfield, Bronson meets Mary Kent, to whom he was virtually engaged before the war. With Mary are her mother and a girl visitor, Martha Henderson, daughter of Martin Henderson. After promising to come to the Kent home that evening, young Egan is turning away when he is seized by a drunken man, whom he recognizes as Stanley Adams, his "adopted" uncle and boyhood idol. As he leads Adams away the Kents look on scornfully, but Martha's eyes approve.

At the office of Judge George Perkins, his father's old friend, Bronson learns that the Egan Company has been wiped out through a series of deals apparently engineered by Eddie Macklin, city counsel, and Mary Kent's father, a banker. That evening, at the Kent home, Bronson is told by Mary of her unannounced engagement to Eddie Macklin. He vows he will never give her up. Macklin appears on the scene and tries to make friends with Bronson, who rebuffs him. That evening Bronson has a heart-to-heart talk with Martha Henderson, who shows a surprising understanding of his circumstances and his feelings. The following day young Egan announces to Judge Perkins his plan for establishing an aerial interurban express. By taking visitors at the county fair for aëroplane flights he expects to raise money enough to get his new project under way. Later, at the Kent home, Mary's father tells Bronson that his air scheme is too risky; instead he offers him twenty-five dollars a week to start work in his offices. Bronson declines. Before leaving the house he has a scene with Mary Kent, who is becoming jealous of Martha Henderson.

MR. EDWARD MACKLIN was no cloying sentimentalist with cereal for brains and a smirk for every pretty passer-by; on the contrary, he was a well-poised young attorney, who in his time had been a rattling good halfback, and still looked it.

It would have been a very difficult matter for any girl of social experience to misunderstand him. Miss Millicent McCain, however, was lacking in experience. To be sure, her striking ash-blondness and her big, expressive eyes had already got her several desperate proposals from impecunious young gentlemen within the draft age; but she wasn't plastic enough to acquire maturity out of such incidents.

Naturally, then, she had misjudged Egan, and put him down as a cold-blooded aristocrat. Their first interview had excited her acutely; after that, when she perceived that he had no more interest in her than in a newel post, she was both shocked and insulted.

Macklin was good-looking, and prominent. As her mother's lawyer, he had been casually attentive to Millicent. He had almost wept when the Egan disaster ruined the McCain fortunes. He had offered her a clerkship in his office; but Mrs. McCain couldn't spare her. He had persuaded the hospital to rent them the Egan house at a low figure, and he had sent them three boarders.

And Macklin wasn't nearly so recessive, so formal, as Egan. He shook hands differently—lingering over the courtesy. He had twice patted her shoulder. How could she know that this was merely a a reaction from the aloofness of his evangelistic mother, and the touch-me-not acidity of his sister? She didn't know of his predilection for Mary Kent. Gossip rarely drifted from the upper levels of Plainfield society down to Millicent. When Egan spurned her, it was only natural that she should think even more of Macklin.

MACKLIN, striding buoyantly into the drawing-room, found it tenanted only by Millicent, who started prodigiously.

"Oh!" she said. "I—I—I didn't know you were there!"

"Well, I am," said Macklin.

She surveyed him from under her telling lashes. Macklin had a thrill, not the kind of thrill which threatens employment to the caterer and engraver; indeed, Mary Kent herself had never given him that; it was solely in recognition of the facts. She was as fascinating as a young kitten, with equal grace and superior deportment; as warmly alive, and no more dangerous!

"What's the excitement about?" asked Macklin, and because she was very near to him, and—to his way of thinking—as safe as his angular sister, and vastly more appealing, he slipped his arm around her, in strict neutrality. Instantaneously, he was aware that Millicent went stone-rigid; and, instantaneously, he was aware of his error. Before he knew what was happening, she had crumpled against him and buried her face against his coat.

Macklin was paralyzed. No one—not even Mary Kent—had ever before cried on his shoulder.

"Oh, Eddie!" she said, in a muffled, broken little voice. "Oh—Eddie!"

He continued to hold her, because he didn't know what else to do. If anyone should come in! The existing moment seemed not to exist, but to be a recollection.

She had looked up at him—leaving him a second's time in which to choose whether to humiliate himself or her—and Macklin was on the point of trying to disengage himself, when someone came in.

"I really don't see how I can let you pay your rent monthly, Mr. Adams. I—" Mrs. McCain pushed open the portières, and cried out sharply.

In the doorway, Stanley Adams was smiling like the tiger in the limerick. Mrs. McCain motioned furiously to him. "Go back!" she said. "Go *back!* Anywhere—" Very, very reluctantly, Adams went back.

Millicent, forest-wild, had fled headlong. Macklin was standing by the window, in a black and chilly mood. Mrs. McCain, aroused for once in her pale blue life, faced him. Her whole body vibrated with wrath.

"You have the gall—the unmitigated *gall,*" she said in an astonishingly low voice, "to stand there and tell me—*me*—it was just in fun! *Fun!*" She moved toward him, and Macklin backed away. "What do you *mean* by it? How can you *dare* to stand there and tell me—*me*—a thing like that! Lay your hands on my daughter, and say it's nothing! In my own house! In a public room! Do you think for one minute I'm fool enough to believe my daughter lets every Tom, Dick, and Harry that comes along make love to her in her own house? I want you to *answer* me—"

Macklin put out his hand. "Well, if you don't believe what I tell you—"

Her voice rose stridently. "Believe what you tell me, when I saw you with my own eyes? I know better!"

Macklin found himself cornered. "I've told you over and over again. I'm sorry. I'll apologize until I'm black in the face, but that won't change the facts. She took it the wrong way. So do you. There wasn't any harm in it—"

"Oh! *Wasn't* there? How do *you* know? *I'm* the one to decide that, young man. So it's just that! 'No harm in it!' You didn't mean anything at all!" Her breathing became more pronounced. "Well, just you wait while I bring Millicent down here, and let's have you tell *her* that."

"No. Don't do that." Macklin had sidled out of his corner, and arrested her just in time. "I tell you that's all there is *to* it. I tell you, it's ridiculous."

"Oh—ridiculous is it?" She shuddered, and Macklin drew back.

"Yes," he said stoutly, "ridiculous. For one thing, because it was all in fun, as I've said over and over again; and, for another—because I'm engaged."

"So you're engaged?" she asked, her voice suddenly falling. "Engaged!" Her tone was almost caressing. "Engaged to be married to—some other girl."

She was silent for a moment, her mouth working. Then she pointed to the door.

"You leave my house!" she said. "I'll tell Milly myself. You're not fit to. If you ever dare speak to her again I—I'll—Get out of here!"

Macklin went a step or two.

"What I came up for," he said coldly, "as I've told you over and over again, was to show you a way to get back the money you lost on that Egan fiasco."

Against her will, she heard. Hearing, she lost her mental balance completely. "You know my—you know my own money—my fifty thousand—every penny I had in the world—you know—" She was shaking with tragic rage. "What are you trying to do, you? *You!* Trying to buy my . . . trying to *buy* my daughter with your fifty thousand dollars?"

Privately, Macklin said to himself that she wasn't worth it. "No, Mrs. McCain. I came to do you a piece of good. I—"

"You've done enough. Will you *go*, or shall I—"

"Well—what? Call the police?"

"No," she said. "Just Milly."

Her eyes were like gimlets through his mind as he went out.

Mr. Stanley Adams, who had been smoking his pipe on the front steps, rose as Macklin slammed his way out of the house.

"Blackmail you, did she?" he inquired.

Macklin boiled over. "Is that any of *your* business? I'll teach *you*—"

Adams didn't wince. He stood up to Macklin, and he overtopped him by an inch, outweighed him by twenty pounds. And Adams had loved the Egans, father and son, for thirty years. "Because if she doesn't, I'm going to," he said.

XI

IT WAS on a baking afternoon in August, gratefully near dusk, when Martha Henderson, strolling down the shady side of Main Street, met Egan face to face.

"Why, Miss Henderson!" he said. "When did *you* get here?"

"Yesterday, for another week with Mary." She was so frankly pleased to see him again that his own pleasure was redoubled. "How's everything coming along?"

"Everything? That's too much to answer. *Most* things are fine."

"How's the express company?"

He was fully as enthusiastic as she had expected.

"Oh, it's coming along beautifully. I should think by January we ought to have enough money pledged to make a start. I'm more convinced than ever it's the right thing."

"I wonder," she said, reflectively, "if my father wouldn't be interested in a plan like that."

Egan winced. "Do you want to do me a very particular favor, Miss Henderson?"

"Of course I do."

"Then promise me that you won't ever breathe a single word of it to your father."

Her eyebrows lifted. "Why, how extraordinary!"

"No, it isn't, really. It's ever so good of you to think of it, but—"

"Certainly I won't, if you don't want me to," she said. Suddenly her eyes widened. "Oh! Mary told me once that you aren't ever so confident that my father's—well, the kind of man he really *is*. Of course, I know that he and *your* father weren't awfully good friends, but is that any reason for you to feel the same way—is it? You've never even met him, have you?"

"Oh, yes, but I—well, I just wish you wouldn't."

"Then I won't," she said, pleasantly enough. "But I'm certainly going to bring you two men together and let you find out for yourself what he's really like. . . . What are you doing now? I'm to meet Mary at the milliner's."

AT THE milliner's, Mary greeted Egan as unembarrassedly as though her demeanor hadn't been semi-arctic on each of his last four calls.

"Hello, stranger!" she said, beaming.

"Am I forgiven?" he whispered. She gave his fingers the swiftest, faintest pressure of confirmation, and Egan was thrilled. One chance in a thousand, he told himself, was enough for an Irishman.

It appeared that Mary was bent on cooling refreshments, but she declined Egan's invitation to patronize the tearoom of the Plainfield House. "We'll all go up and sit on the lawn," she declared, "and have things with ice in them. Save your pennies, Bronson!"

Egan flushed, laughing. "It's sort of convenient not to have many to save," he said. "You don't have to worry half so much." Nevertheless, he thought privately that Mary might have been a little more tactful.

On the walk to the Kents' house he found himself marveling once more at the likeness between the two girls. Mary was a living miniature of Martha. Yet, when they were together, he involuntarily made comparisons. And it disturbed him to realize that the comparisons weren't all in Mary's favor.

At the house, Mary vanished in search of a maid to brew what she called the "cooling drafts," and Egan and Martha were left in the red-bricked loggia.

"When I asked you how 'everything' is," she said, guardedly, "I meant *everything*."

Egan, mysteriously even to himself, didn't care to talk about other girls.

"Aren't you and Mary good enough friends so you know already?"

"Not quite good enough for that."

"Still, you're supposed to have intuitions—"

"Oh, yes. I have."

"Useful ones?"

"Perhaps." She looked at him steadily. "I believe that you have a good chance even yet—if you keep on fighting."

Egan sat very still.

"That's encouraging. If there is a chance," he said, "my promise holds good."

"I—don't think I know what promise that is," she hesitated.

"You can guess," he said evasively.

"No, I can't. Truly. Unless it was to wait for her—"

"That's it."

"Oh!"

"The strongest principle I ever had was not to break a promise—even to myself," said Egan. "I don't say things unless I mean them. Literally. And even if I change my— I *should* say, I'll stick to any promise I ever made."

She regarded him with profound concern. "Not even when you wish you hadn't been so quick to make it?"

"Do you think I do?"

"You've as much as said so."

"But you also know I'd keep it."

"No one could help knowing that."

"It may be that you're right," he said, "and that I *am* a little sorry—not sorry, either, exactly. Maybe I ought to say, uncertain. Because now she doesn't like to have me pay too much attention to—to you."

"To *me?*"

"Yes," said Egan. He entirely forgot that any moment Mary might emerge from the house. He forgot his hardiest resolutions regarding her. He forgot everything except this—that in place of his old attachment for Mary, in place of the emotions which for four years had endured within him by reason of sheer momentum, there had arisen now a sudden new series of desires. That momentum of desire for Mary had run its course; he still cared deeply for her, but he had grown beyond her. His impetuosity of that first evening was the final forward movement. She was a darling, but she would make a very capricious partner. "She doesn't like it at all," he said lamely.

"But, Mr. Egan,—doesn't she *know* we're only good friends?"

"I'm not sure that I do myself."

SHE was instantly on her feet. "Oh, Mr. Egan!"

Egan rose as swiftly. "I'm not being treacherous, Miss Henderson, or even unfair. I just want you to know that if I can't always do exactly as I'd like to it isn't because . . . I wouldn't if I could."

Martha's alarm had dissolved into bewilderment, and regret.

"You're making it impossible for me to stay any longer with Mary. Don't you see that? I can't come here any more, knowing what you've just said. It wouldn't be right for any of us. *Why* did you ever go and—"

"All I've said is that I wish I—"

"Don't say any more—*please!* It's bad enough now."

"Bad?"

"I mean . . . oh, I mean that I feel like a spy in Mary's house!" Her distress was genuine. "*This* isn't being friendly to her, or to each other."

"I shall keep my promise. Is there anything criminal in my . . . caring something for you, too? Is there anything wrong in wanting to see you, and talk to you?"

She shook her head. "Oh, I'm sorry I came to see Mary again. If I'd *dreamed!* . . . I'll have to go home . . . to-night."

Egan stiffened. "I can't come to see you in Dayton?"

"No."

"That wouldn't be fair, either?"

Martha's alarm had dissolved into bewilderment, and regret. "You're making it impossible for me to stay any longer with Mary. Don't you see that? I can't come here any more, knowing what you've just said. It wouldn't be right for any of us. Why did you ever go and—"

"No."

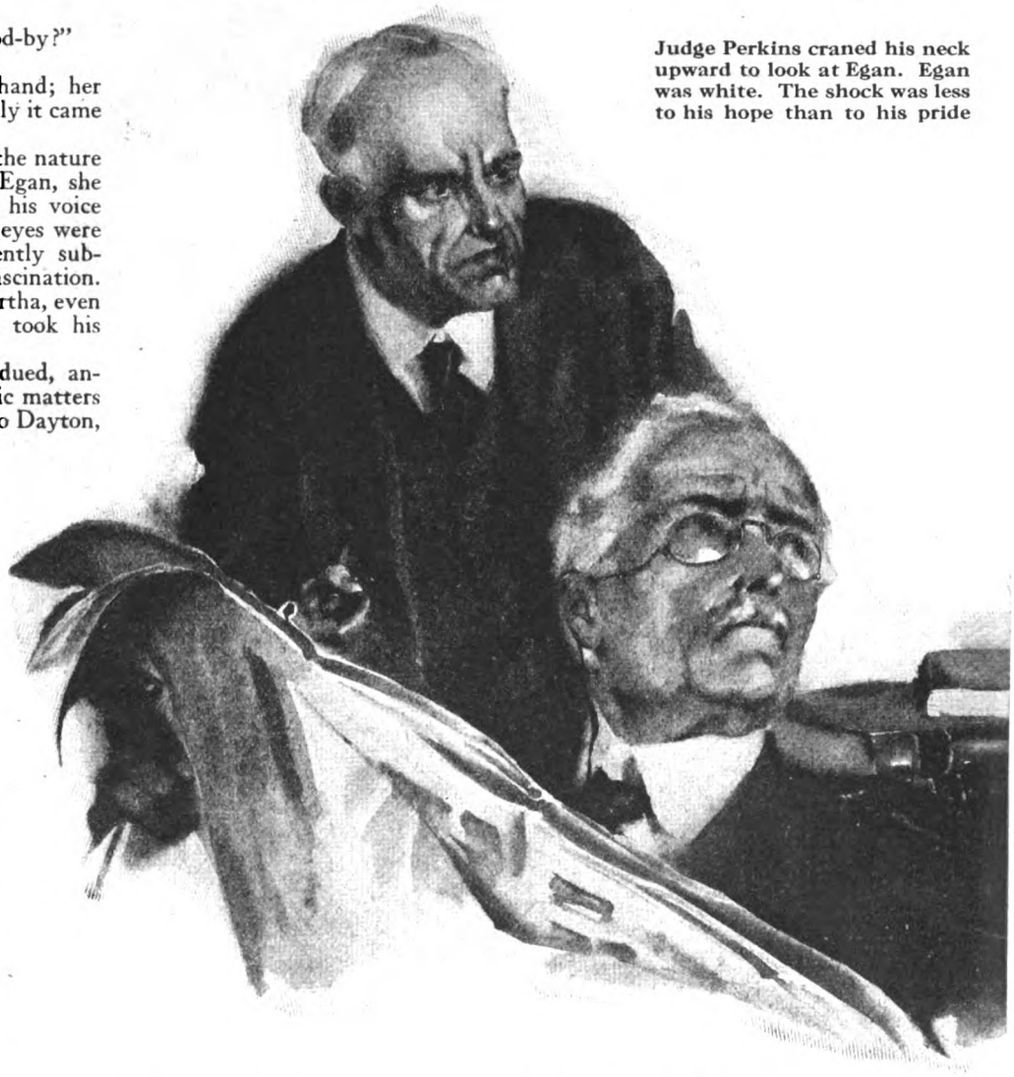
"So—maybe this is really good-by?"

"Yes."

"Well—" He held out his hand; her own was reluctant, but eventually it came out to his.

The subsequent hour was in the nature of a little triumph for Mary. Egan, she observed, could hardly control his voice when he spoke to her, and his eyes were significant. Martha was evidently subdued by her own inferiority of fascination. For Egan scarcely looked at Martha, even when, toward dinner time, he took his leave.

But when Martha, still subdued, announced at dinner that domestic matters required her immediate return to Dayton, the triumph was complete.



Judge Perkins craned his neck upward to look at Egan. Egan was white. The shock was less to his hope than to his pride

XII

BY THE first of September, it was said by those who prided themselves on being practical, that Egan was "queer." Not that his scheme for aërial transportation was so impossible in itself, but it was "queer" that a man with no more experience than Egan should attempt to float it. Even those who had known and respected his father were inclined to shake their heads and to observe that Egan was a block off the old chip. These were the same practical gentlemen who, under their glass desk pads, kept little cards reading, "It Can't Be Done —But We Did It!"

Time and time again Egan outlined for them the world's activities in air traffic. He dilated on the Paris-London line, with its famous transportation of a grand piano across the Channel; quoted the Aircraft Manufacturing Company of Great Britain, with its service, already established, between London, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, Newcastle, Wales and Ireland; the Paris-Alsace air lane, used with instant success. And he implied frankly, that what any other executive had done, *he* could do. It simply never occurred to him that he couldn't.

But when the theory was admitted, there was still the barrier of Egan's youth, and also the very condition which he was trying so hard to obviate—his lack of capital.

His pledges amounted to something over thirty thousand dollars; but every penny depended upon his raising a hundred thousand by November. He had interviewed all the best prospects—omitting always those men who had been directors of the Egan Company. These he distrusted, instinctively, just as he distrusted Henderson. But he never distrusted his own ability to organize and administer a vast concern.

Indeed, he had a very active sense of superiority toward those who refused to subscribe. His heart was prouder and higher even than before the war. Then he had been proud of what he should inherit; now, he was proud of what he should achieve. He never sensed that, instead of thinking, he was dreaming—dreaming that in some mysterious way, because his plans concerned the use of airplanes, he was absolved from all the painful training, the laborious mastery of detail, the dogged study, which in any other business he should have to undergo in order to become fit to direct men, and money.

To the transportation venture, the Honorable George was still Missourian, but conceded that Egan had a perfect right to hazard his own future on it. They went ahead, then, with the preliminaries of incorporation, with Egan, the Honorable George and Adams the directors.

"I've heard from my friend in Buffalo," said Egan, "and they'll ship me an H on ten days' notice. After Fair week I'll bet we can sell stock as fast as we can print it."

"Got your concession from the Fair yet?" inquired the Honorable George.

Egan hadn't; but he set about it forthwith. "There can't be any hitch there," he said confidently, "so I guess it's time to start up the publicity, and get my civilian license from the Joint Board in Washington."

Late one afternoon, some two weeks after Stanley Adams had started up the publicity, Egan came into the Honorable George's office, and sat down hard. His mouth was very firm and straight, and his eyes had metal in them.

"Trouble?" asked the Honorable George quickly.

"Yes," said Egan, rubbing his forehead. "Macklin again—"

"What's he done now?"

Egan swallowed. "He's running the Concessions Committee of the County Fair Society, and they've refused to give me space. That's all. They must have jumped as soon as we ran that first stuff in the 'Times.' Anyway, they've gone and made a contract with another flyer; and it's exclusive. It isn't even worth while for me to get up a counter attraction outside the Fair Grounds. There isn't another decent landing field within three quarters of a mile. It's all farms under cultivation. The infield of the race track is all there is. We're cooked."

The Honorable George endeavored to conceal his relief.

"Well, that was only a grand-stand play, anyhow, Bronson. It's too bad, if you'd set your heart on it; but let's wipe it off the slate, and begin on the main scheme."

"Well," said Egan, "how can we start the transportation company if we don't put up anything ourselves?"

"It looks to me as though you'd have to depend entirely on outside capital. I'll help you every bit I can, but somehow I *can't* let you have that money myself. You can have all I've got if it's for *you*, Bronson, but not for those cussed flying machines. I don't trust 'em."

"I know." Egan was very repressed. "But of course that may be just the thing

that'll prevent me from interesting anybody else. People naturally want to know how much we three are in for. And if none of the three *directors* is putting up any real money—"

"You could always take stock in payment for your services, but—"

"But investors won't come in on that basis. I've got to furnish *some*thing in cash, or I wouldn't be able to control my own scheme, and I'm going to start it, and I'm going to control it, no matter what happens or whether I raise another nickel. That's *settled!*"

"H'm! Well—"

"I've been thinking it over while we've been talking. If I could land something that would just pay my running expenses, and leave me time enough to talk transportation with people who have money, until somehow or other we've got enough guarantees to go ahead with—" He broke off as the door ripped open to admit Stanley Adams, prodigiously out of temper.

EGAN gestured toward the reporter. "Listen to this, Uncle Stanley. I'm telling what I'm going to do next: The Fair Committee—"

"I know all about that," said Adams.

Egan looked at him inquiringly. "Well, I'm not going to cry about it. Eddie's having *his* inning; ours'll come later. I'm just telling what I want to do. I've got a heap of interesting war stories, and I know this town fairly well—I don't see why I shouldn't act as a sort of special writer for the 'Times' to tide me over for a while, do you?"

Adams interrupted him savagely. "Seen to-day's 'Times'?"

"Why—no."

"Here's one. Last page—top of fourth column—boxed—you can't miss it."

He paced the floor while Egan unrolled the tightly creased journal, found the place, and, after a moment, walked over and silently put the sheet before the Honorable George. The Honorable George adjusted his spectacles.

Don't Let Your Chickens Fly Before They're Hatched

The "Times" announces with regret that the promised—yea, the trumpetingly heralded—exhibition flights during Fair Week will not be made by our youthful townsman, Mr. Bronson Egan. Nor does it appear, now that the truth has emerged from hiding, that Mr. Egan will have the opportunity of carrying voluntary passengers toward heaven at the rate of about two cents a foot.

The facts—the official, incontrovertible, copper-riveted facts—are that Mr. Egan, despite the communiques emanating from him during the last few days, will not fly at all during Fair Week (which, under the usual misnomer, will last a fortnight). What other essentials he neglected to provide for, we cannot say, but he certainly neglected to arrange for a concession covering the use of the race track, and his various statements to the "Times" were therefore without the slightest authority. The Fair Committee has contracted with ex-Lieutenant R. C. Sherman, who will fly daily, at 10:30 A. M. and 3 P. M., and take up passengers at a reasonable figure, all for the profit of the Fair, and not for any individual.

"What was that pipe-dream you had a while ago?" demanded Adams. "Get a job on the 'Times'—after *that?* What *I'm* worrying about is when *my* job with the transportation company starts."

"Did you quit?" asked the Honorable George.

"I didn't have time. They fired me." Adams displayed the knuckles of his right hand. "I did that on the flea that wrote that stuff. The only thing I'm sorry for is that they fired me before I could stop stuttering long enough to quit." He looked from Perkins to Egan. "I'm through, and I'm glad of it. That publicity job of yours going to open up pretty soon?"

"DON'T throw that newspaper away, Uncle George," said Egan, with an irrepressible gurgle in his throat. "The president and the treasurer of the Ohio Aërial Transport Company may have to spend the evening hunting through the want ads."

"What!" said the Honorable George, explosively. "For heaven's sake, Stanley, what's *this?*"

"What's *what?*"

"This story on the *first* page!"

"Don't know what you mean. All I looked at—"

"Come here!"

Adams and Egan stepped behind him.

AIR TRAFFIC COMPANY ORGANIZED BY LOCAL CAPITALISTS

Plainfield Keeps Up with World's Progress —and Beats Most of the World to It

Incorporation of Air Traffic Company with Capital of $500,000 Assures Plainfield Prominent Niche in History of Aviation

Announcement is made this morning of probably the most important single event in Plainfield since the first railroad line was completed. Leading citizens of Plainfield, without blare of trumpets, have for the past six weeks been perfecting arrangements for a large fleet of airplanes, each capable of carrying from 25 to 40 passengers, or from 3,500 to 6,000 pounds of freight.

With the assurance that these planes can be delivered by January 1st, the pioneers of aërial transport in this section have incorporated the Air Traffic Company, capitalized at $500,000. It is understood that all the stock has been purchased by the incorporators for cash, and that the funds are on deposit in this city. A bond issue of $500,000 is also planned, and will be underwritten by the Citizens Trust Company and sold to local investors exclusively.

The principal officers of the company are: President, Stephen W. Luke, president of the Citizens Trust Co; vice president, Edward W. Richards; Charles B. Garvick, Edwin F. Johansen, and two technical experts not yet named. The secretary will be B. C. Boyd, president of the Plainfield "Times" Company; and the treasurer, H. F. Hoyt. (*Continued on page 91*)

What My Father Did for Me

By Edgar A. Guest

THE people to whom we owe the most never remind us of our debts. They send no bills and they demand no settlement.

We receive joys beyond our present knowledge or understanding; wisdom is slipped into our mental pockets when our backs are turned; our feet are guided, and we know not how; we are shielded from harm and shame and misery; lifted over rough places and carried far on backs that may be wearier than our own; and it all is taken for granted; it all seems to be just a matter of course.

Then, some distant day when we are come to manhood and must stand alone before the world, we suddenly look back and discover how great were all those seemingly little things, and how courageous was the sacrifice which youth took unheedingly.

We are never furnished with a statement of such indebtedness. We discover it for ourselves—frequently when it is too late!

Why do I write this? Because I am thinking of one of the greatest of my own debts—the one to my father.

Lately I have been going back through the incidents of my life, trying to itemize the account. He isn't here to help me now; he kept no ledger in his dealings with me; he asked no return on his investment. I demanded much of him and he gave it all without one murmur of complaint.

Daily the debt grew, without my knowing it. In the first place, I didn't understand the kind of business my father was conducting in my behalf. Boys never do. I didn't know the extent of my drawing account with him, nor how diligently he was laboring to make my path the smooth one it has been.

I knew he was as fine a dad as any boy ever had—kind, cheerful, humorous, hard-working and patient; severe at times over my indifferent effort and boyish carelessness, but severe always with a kindly purpose, and very proud of his children whenever they did anything which seemed worthy. What I didn't know until too late was the depth of his wisdom and the magnitude of his sacrifice.

I was sixteen years of age when my father died, in the summer of 1897. My mother tells me that in his youth his hair was jet black. "The color of a raven's wing" was her poetic description of it. I can remember him only with gray hair which changed rapidly to white.

That snow-white glory fascinated me. It seemed to me to be the most beautiful hair I had ever seen on a man. He used to laugh at my adoration of it; and when, in my boyish way, I asked what made it so white he gave always the same terse answer: "It just faded."

I know now, what I never guessed back then—that white hair was the badge of my father's struggle for us all. He had suffered much; borne privations himself; stood to reverses; seen failure come, through no fault of his own; and finally, leaving the land of his birth and the friends of his lifetime, had come to the United States to start life anew, that his children should have their chance.

He died in his fifty-seventh year, respected by all who knew him, in debt to no man, and unstained by any act of shame or dishonor.

Once as a little chap I had a train of cars which I was very fond of. It was then my prize possession. A playmate who had come into the house wanted to play with it. I demurred. To me it seemed too precious to be risked in other hands. My father, who was reading in the next room, heard me refuse the boy's request for that train and track and called me to him:

"What does Bobby want?" he asked.

"To play with my train of cars," I said. "He'll break it, and I don't want him to have it."

"Get it out," said my father quietly. "Let him play with it."

I did as I was told, for he insisted always upon obedience. I remember that I thought my father unjust, and I know I did his bidding grudgingly. As I had feared, the boy broke my toy! It was a sobbing, heart-sick little fellow that my father called to him a second time.

"What are you crying about?" he asked.

"Bobby broke my train, as I knew he would if I let him have it," I said. He put down his newspaper and smiled. Then, taking me on his knee, he said very gently:

"You're not hurt at all. Bobby didn't kick you, or give you a black eye, or anything like that. Your fingers aren't cut and your legs are all right. I've looked you all over and I can't find that anything has happened that should make you cry."

Then he talked it all over with me. "Toys are made to give little boys pleasure," he said. "A toy which nobody ever uses is a wasted toy. If toys were never broken, never scratched and soiled, it would be a sign that no one had ever

One of "EDDIE" GUEST'S *Poems*

It is entitled "Hard Luck"

AIN'T no use, as I can see,
In sittin' underneath a tree
An' growlin' that your luck is bad,
An' that your life is extra sad;
Your life ain't sadder than your neighbor's.
Nor any harder are your labors;
It rains on him the same as you,
An' he has work he hates to do;
An' he gits tired an' he gits cross,
An' he has trouble with the boss;
You take his whole life through and through,
Why, he's no better off than you.

If whinin' brushed the clouds away,
I wouldn't have a word to say;
If it made good friends out o' foes,
I'd whine a bit, too, I suppose;
But when I look around an' see
A lot o' men resemblin' me,
An' see 'em sad, an' see 'em gay,
With work t' do 'most every day,
Some full o' fun, some bent with care,
Some havin' troubles hard to bear,
I reckon, as I count my woes,
They're 'bout what everybody knows.

The day I find a man who'll say
He's never known a rainy day,
Who'll raise his hat right up an' swear
In forty years he's had no care,
Has never had a single blow,
An' never known one touch o' woe,
Has never seen a loved one die,
Has never wept or heaved a sigh,
Has never had a plan go wrong,
But allus laughed his way along;
Then I'll sit down an' start to whine
That all the hard luck here is mine.

had any fun out of them. Now you had a train, and Bobby wanted to play with it. To have refused him that pleasure would have been selfish, and I don't want you to be selfish. I am sorry that Bobby broke it, but you shouldn't cry about it, for we can get more trains. It is easier to mend broken toys than it is to make an unselfish little boy out of a selfish one."

That sounded like injustice to me. I still felt that I had been wronged in some way, but later I came to learn that it was this spirit of my father's which enabled him to face any material loss without whimpering. I owe to him the knowledge that in the mere possession of things there is no great happiness, and that there is no great sorrow in the loss of them. He taught me to use freely my possessions, especially if in the use of them I could bring joy to others.

Since then I have had the average man's run of hard luck; I've seen my precious little toys go all to smash; I've been given the worst of it at times; but so long as my losses have been *material* only I have tried not to "cry" over them. My father had taught me that they were not worth it.

THE days of our comradeship began in Birmingham, England, where I was born. My memory begins in happy times before reverses brought heartache and trouble to us all.

I was my father's companion on his Sunday-morning walks. Holding his hand, I trudged gayly at his side up and down the hills of that city, learning from him then, unconsciously, much that was to serve me later on. I was too young to understand his purpose or to sense the process of his training. It is perfectly clear now—I was to see, with him, all that was good to see; and to learn, with him, all that was good to know.

A few weeks ago I received a letter from a kind old lady in Iowa. Something of mine had attracted her attention.

"You must be a very old man," she wrote. "You seem to have lived so much and to know what life is. How do you think of the things which touch us all so closely?"

I smiled as I read the letter, for I'm not so very old—unless you call thirty-eight a tremendous weight of years. I'm still a kid, fond of play whenever I can get it. I think of myself only as a boy, and I do the same old willful, boyish things without ever pausing to think that I ought not to do them. I may grow up some day, but I don't want to. The only change that has come to me in the last twenty-five years that I can see is that I now wear long trousers. Oh, yes, there is one other—Father Time has made it necessary for me to shave every day.

But I know what it was that made that dear old lady in Iowa think me very old and wise. It was the voice of my father. I was but echoing in that bit of verse some lesson that he taught me. The rhyme may have been mine, but the thought was his. It was something that he gave me out of his wisdom on one of those wonderful walks of ours.

My father was the first to show me a business office. It was the one where he had been employed for many years as an expert accountant. I remember that I was curious, as all small boys are; but he was not content merely with gratifying my curiosity. He wanted me to learn the reason for all things.

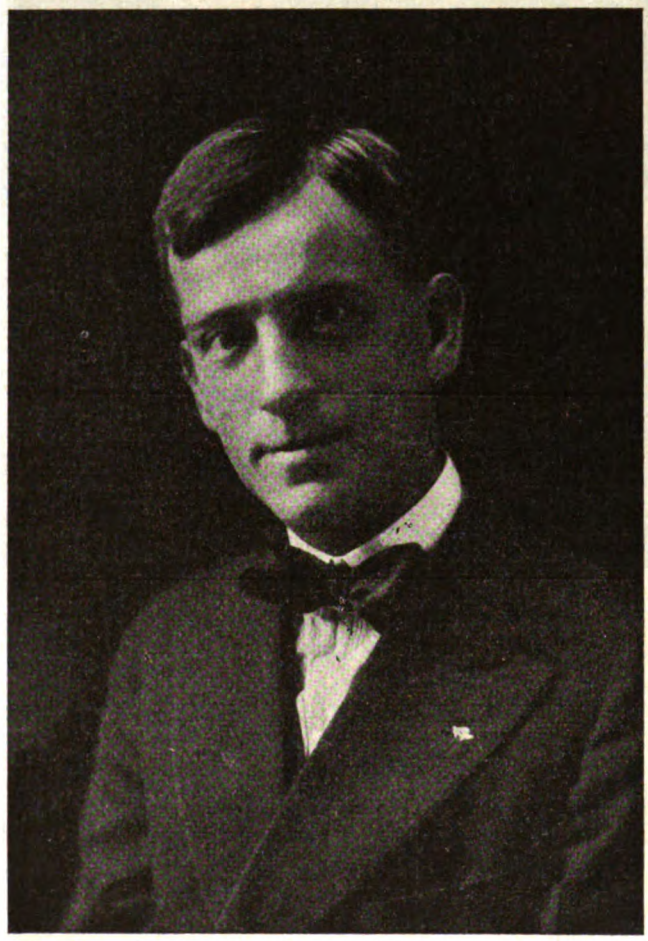
Very proudly he led me into the office of the general manager, who took me on his knee and talked very kindly to me. I recall that Father seemed pleased with the way I answered his questions.

There seems nothing extraordinary about such an event. It occurs in countless offices every day. Innumerable fathers have taken their little boys to the place of their employment, and the little boys, no doubt, have all enjoyed their experiences. But not every father thinks to make these happy little visits object lessons of real value.

On the way home he talked to me of the people we had seen.

"That was a good man you met this morning, Sonny," he said to me. "Did you like him?"

When I replied that I did, he smiled and added: "Once he was a little boy, just like you; and when he first went to work he was cheerful and willing and obedient and did his best to please others. By and by he worked his way upward, until now he is in charge of the big factory you have just seen. Because he is a good man, people like him; because he has worked hard and faithfully and made the most of his opportunities, he has succeeded. Copy from good men and you will never go wrong."



EDGAR A. GUEST

Who writes a daily poem under the general title "Just Folks." These poems are syndicated in over one hundred newspapers having a combined circulation of four million. He has been called the "successor to James Whitcomb Riley." Mr. Guest was born in England in 1881. He was brought to this country in 1891. He lives in Detroit, where he conducts a column of verse and humorous sketches in the "Detroit Free Press." His books, "A Heap o' Livin'," "Just Folks," "Over Here," and "The Path to Home," have had wide sale

THE incident impressed me as my father intended it should. During our walks together he had a way of calling my attention to men he wanted me to know, and always he talked about them. He seemed to be acting as a pair of magnifying glasses for me, enlarging the good qualities of others that I might see them clearly. I never saw a great man without my father's explaining to me why he was great, nor a bad man without being made to understand what made him bad. In that way I learned what traits to acquire and what faults to avoid. He was teaching me by example and I didn't know I was being taught.

I did not have to come to America to learn the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. My father told me that famous episode in Birmingham, England. He loved the truth! And for that reason the story appealed to him. He had no patience with a liar and he taught me always to be less afraid to tell the truth than to lie.

As I grew older my father's counsel became broader and deeper. He told me more and more about the ways of men; pointed out their finer virtues and their subtler faults; explained to me why he liked some and disliked others.

Conceit was a trait which he detested. I never heard him boast of anything he had ever done. He had one favorite story, which he told me as soon as he felt I could understand it.

"Don't ever get the notion into your head that the people you work for cannot get along without you," he said. "There was once a very bright young man who made himself valuable to his employer. He was clever, industrious and sharp, and rose quickly to a position of some importance. One day a friend unkindly suggested to this clever young man that he was not being paid in just proportion to his worth. The youth decided this was true, and asked (*Continued on page 68*)

And then the baby awoke. It blinked and looked about; it rubbed its eyes; it stared severely up at Scattergood; it opened its mouth tentatively, closed it again, and then—and then it uttered such an ear-piercing, long-drawn shriek that the old horse jumped with fright

Scattergood Administers Soothing Sirup

By Clarence Budington Kelland

Author of "Scattergood Dips in His Spoon," in the November number, and of "Scattergood Borrows a Grandmother," in the December number

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL MEYLAN

"CALC'LATE both them young folks was guilty of an error of jedgment when they up and married each other," said Will Pratt, postmaster of Coldriver, in the judicial tone which he had affected since his elevation to office.

"Mean Marthy Norton and Jed Lewis, Will? Referrin' to them especial?" Scattergood peered after the young couple who had the moment before passed his hardware store, not walking jovially in the enjoyment of each other's presence as young married folks should walk, but sullenly and in silence.

"They be the *i*-dentical ones," Jed declared. "Naggin' and querrelin' and bickerin' from sun up to milkin' time. Used to do it private-like, but it's been gittin' so lately you can't pass the house without hearin' 'em referrin' to each other mighty sharp and searchin'."

"Um. . . . Difficulty appears to be what, Will? Got any idee where lies the seat of the trouble?"

"They jest hain't habitually suited to one another," said Will. "Whatever one of 'em is fur the tother's ag'in. Looks like they go to bed spiteful and wake up acr'monious. 'Tain't like as if Jed was the breed of feller that beats his wife, or that Marthy was the kind that looks out of the corner of her eye at drummers stoppin' to the hotel."

"Jest kind of irritate one another, eh?" said Scattergood thoughtfully. "Kind of git on each other's nerves, you might say. Um. I call to mind when they was married, five year ago. 'Twan't indicated them days. Jed, he couldn't set easy if Marthy wasn't nigh, and Marthy went around a-lookin' as if she'd swallered a pin and it hurt, if Jed was more'n forty rod off. If ever two young folks was all het up over each other, Jed and Marthy was them young folks. And 'twan't but five year ago. . . ."

"End by separatin'," said the postmaster.

"There's the stage a-rattlin' in," Scattergood said suddenly. "Better git ready f'r

distributin' the mail, Will. G'-by, Will, and, Will, if 'twas me I dunno but what I'd kind of keep my mouth shet about Marthy and Jed. Outside gabblin' hain't calc'lated to help matters none. G'-by, Will."

The postmaster recognized his dismissal; he knew that the manner which had fallen upon Scattergood portended that something was on his mind and that he wanted to be alone and think, so he withdrew hastily and plodded across the dusty road to the office of which he was the executive head.

As for Scattergood, he pressed his double chin down upon his bulging chest, closed his eyes and gave himself up enthusiastically to looking like a gigantic figure of discouragement. He waggled his head dubiously.

"Wonder if it kin be laid to my door," he said to himself. "I figgered they was about made f'r each other, and I brung 'em together. Somethin's got crossways. Um.... Take them young folks separate, and you couldn't ask for nothin' better. ... Don't understand it a mite. Anyhow, things has turned out as they be, and what kin I do about it?"

HIS reinforced chair creaked under the shifting of his great weight as he bent mechanically to remove his shoes. With his toes imprisoned in leather Scattergood's brain refused to function, a characteristic which greatly chagrined his wife Mandy.

Scattergood had amassed a fortune that might be called handsome, but it had not made him effete. His income had never warranted him in purchasing a pair of socks, so now, upon the removal of his shoe-pacs, his toes were fully at liberty to squirm and wriggle in the most soul-satisfying manner. He sat thus, battling with his problem, until Pliny Pickett, driver of the stage and Scattergood's man, rattled up to the store in his dust-whitened conveyance.

"Afternoon, Scattergood," he said, in a manner which he endeavored to make as like his employer's as possible.

"Mornin', Pliny. Successful trip, Pliny? Plenty of passengers? Eh? Any news down the valley?"

"Done middlin' well. Hain't much news 'ceptin' that young Widder Conroy down to Tupper Falls died of somethin' the matter with her stummick, and folks is wonderin' what'll become of her baby."

"Baby? What kind of a baby did she calc'late to have?"

"A he one—nigh on to a year old. Neighbors is lookin' after him."

"Got relatives?"

"Not that anybody knows of."

"Um. . . . Wasn't passin' Jed Lewis's house, was you?"

"Didn't figger to."

"Wasn't passin' Jed Lewis's, was you?" Scattergood repeated insistently.

"I could."

"Um. If you was to, and if you seen Jed, what was you figgerin' on sayin' to him?"

Pliny scratched his head and pondered.

"Calc'late I'd mention the heat some, and maybe I might say suthin' about national politics."

"Wouldn't mention me, would you, Pliny? Don't figger my name might come up?"

"It might."

"If it did, what 'ud you say, eh? Hain't no reason' for mentionin' that I might want to talk to him, is there? Hain't said so, have I?"

"You hain't," said Pliny, at last enlightened as to Scattergood's desire in the matter.

"G'-by, Pliny."

"G'-by, Scattergood."

AN HOUR later Jed Lewis sauntered past the store and stopped. "Pliny Pickett says you want to see me, Scattergood?"

"Said that, did he? Told you I said I wanted to see you?"

"Wa-al, maybe not exactly. Not in so many words. But he kind of hinted around and pecked around till I figgered that was what the ol' coot was gittin' at."

"Um. Didn't tell him nothin' of the kind; but as long's you're here you might as well set. Hain't seen much of you lately. How's the havin'?"

"Too much rain. Got her cocked twice and had to spread her agin to dry."

"Hear any politics talked around, Jed?"

"Nothin' special."

Jed was brief in his answers. He seemed depressed, and conducted himself like a man who had something on his mind.

"Any fresh news from anywheres?"

"Hain't heard none."

"Hear about the Packinses down to Bailey?"

"Never heard tell of 'em." There was excellent reason for this, because no such family as the Packinses existed in Bailey or anywhere else, to Scattergood's knowledge.

"Goin' to separate," said Scattergood.

Jed looked up quickly, bit his lip, and looked down again.

"What fur?" he asked.

"Nobody kin figger out? Jest agreein' to disagree. Can't git along nohow. Always naggin' at each other and squabblin' and hectorin'. Nice young folks, too. Used to set a heap of store by one another. Can't figger how they come to disagree like they do."

"Nobody kin figger it out," said Jed with sudden vehemence. "All to once you wake up and things is that way, and you dunno how they come to be. It jest drifts along. Fust you know things has went all to smash."

"Um. You talk like you knowed somethin' about it."

"Nobody knows more," said the young man bitterly.

"Do tell," said Scattergood, with an inflection of astonishment.

"Marthy and me has about come to the partin' of our roads," said Jed. "It's come gradual, without our noticin' it, but it's here at last. Seems like we can't bear the sight of each other—when we git together. And yit—sounds mighty funny, too—I calc'late to be as fond of Marthy as ever I was. But the minute we git together we bicker and quarrel till there hain't no pleasure into life at all."

"All Marthy's fault, hain't it? Kind of a mean disposition, hain't she?"

"No sich thing, Scattergood, and you know it dum well. There didn't use to be a sweeter-dispositioned girl in the state than Marthy. Somethin's jest went wrong. The's times when I git mad and it all looks to be her fault, and then I ketch my own self startin' some hectorin' meanness. 'Tain't all her fault and 'tain't all my fault. The whole sum and substance of it is that we can't git along with each other no more."

"So you calc'late to separate?"

"Been talkin' it up some."

"Marthy willin'?"

"Hain't neither of us willin'. We fix it up and agree to try over agin, and then, fust thing we know, we're right into the middle of another squabble. I want Marthy and I guess Marthy wants me, but we want each other like we was five year back and not like we be now."

"Been married five year, hain't you?"

"Five year last April."

"Um. Wa-al, I hope nothin' comes of it, Jed. But if it has to, it will. Better live happy separate than unhappy together. . . . G'-by, Jed."

Scattergood talked the matter over with Deacon Pettybone, but got little enlightenment for his pains.

"Don't seem natteral," Scattergood said, "for young folks to git to quarrelin' and bickerin' ontil life hain't endurable no longer. 'Tain't natteral a-tall. Somethin' must be all-fired wrong somewheres."

"It's human nature to quarrel," said the deacon gloomily. "Nothin' onusual about it."

"Human nature," said Scattergood, "gits blamed for a heap of things that ought to be laid at the door of human cussedness.

"'Tain't no more natteral to bicker than 'tis to have dispepsy. Quarrelin' and hectorin' hain't nothin' but a kind of dispepsy that attacks families instid of stummicks. In both cases it means somethin' is wrong."

"Can't cure a unhappy family with a dose of calomel," said the deacon acidly.

"Hain't so sure. Bet that *i*-dentical remedy'd fix up three out of ten. But somethin' else is wrong with them young Lewises. A dose of somethin' 'ud cure 'em, if only a feller could figger out what 'twas."

"Might try soothin' sirup," said the deacon with an ironic grin. "Sounds like it ought to git results. . . . Soothin' sirup—eh? Have to tell the boys that one. Soothin' sirup. Perty good f'r an old man. Don't call to mind makin' no joke like that f'r twenty year."

"Do it often, Deacon," said Scattergood gravely. "You won't have to take so much sody followin' meals to sweeten you up. G'-by, Deacon. . . . Soothin' sirup. Um. I swanny—"

HE LOOKED across the square and saw that Pliny Pickett was delighting an audience with apochryphal reminiscences, doubtless of a gallant and spicy character. It is characteristic of Scattergood that he waited until Pliny had reached his climax, shot it off, and was doubled up with laughter at his own narration, before he lifted up his voice and summoned the stage driver.

"Hey, Pliny! Step over here a minute."

"Comin'," said Pliny with alacrity. Then in an aside to his audience: "See that. Can't let an evenin' pass without a conference with me. Sets a heap of store by my jedgment."

"Sets more store by your laigs," said Old Man Bogle; "they kin run errants, anyhow."

"Jed! Jed! Darlin'!" Martha cried, and as Scattergood passed out he saw from the corner of his eye that

Pliny hastened across the square, and in careful imitation of Scattergood said, "Evenin', Scattergood."

"Evenin' Pliny. Flow of language good as usual to-night. Didn't meet with no trouble sayin' what you had to say."

"Not a mite, Scattergood."

"Come through Bailey to-day."

"Calc'late to."

"Any news?"

"Nary."

"What's become of that What's-his-name baby you was a-tellin' about? The one that lost his ma and was bein' cared for by neighbors?"

"Nothin' hain't become of him. Calc'late he'll be took to a institution."

"Um. Likely-lookin', was he? Take note of any blemishes?"

"I hear tell by them that knows as how he was sound in wind and limb."

"Who's keep'n' him, Pliny?"

"Mis' Patterson's sort of shuffled him in with her seven. Says she don't notice no difference to speak of. Claims 'tain't possible f'r eight children to be no noisier'n what seven be."

"Um. . . . G'-by, Pliny."

It was two or three days later that Postmaster Pratt alluded again to Martha and Jed Lewis.

"They're gittin' wuss and wuss," he said with some gratification. "Last night the' was a rumpus you could 'a' heard forty mile. Ended up by him threatenin' to leave her, and by her tellin' him that if he didn't she'd lock him out of the house. Looks to me like that family fracas was about ripe to bust."

"Signs all p'int that way, Will. Too bad, hain't it? There's a reason f'r it, I calc'late. Ever look f'r the reason, Will? Ever think about it at all?"

"Hain't had no time. Post office keeps me thinkin' night and day."

"Well, *I* have. Figgered a heap."

"Any results, Scattergood."

"Some . . . *some*."

"What be they?"

Scattergood's eyes twinkled in the darkness. "I got it all figgered out," he said, "that them young folks needs a dose of soothin' sirup."

"I want to know," said the postmaster breathlessly and with bewilderment. "Soothin' sirup! I swan to man! Hain't been out in the heat, have you, Scattergood?"

Scattergood made no reply to this question. He merely waggled his head and said, "G'-by, Will. G'-by."

NEXT morning Scattergood walked past the Lewis place. He passed it three times before he made up his mind whether to go in or not, but finally he turned through the gate and walked around to the kitchen door. Inside he saw Martha redding up the kitchen, not with a morning song on her lips, but wearing a sullen expression which sat ill on her fine New England face.

"Mornin', Marthy!" he called.

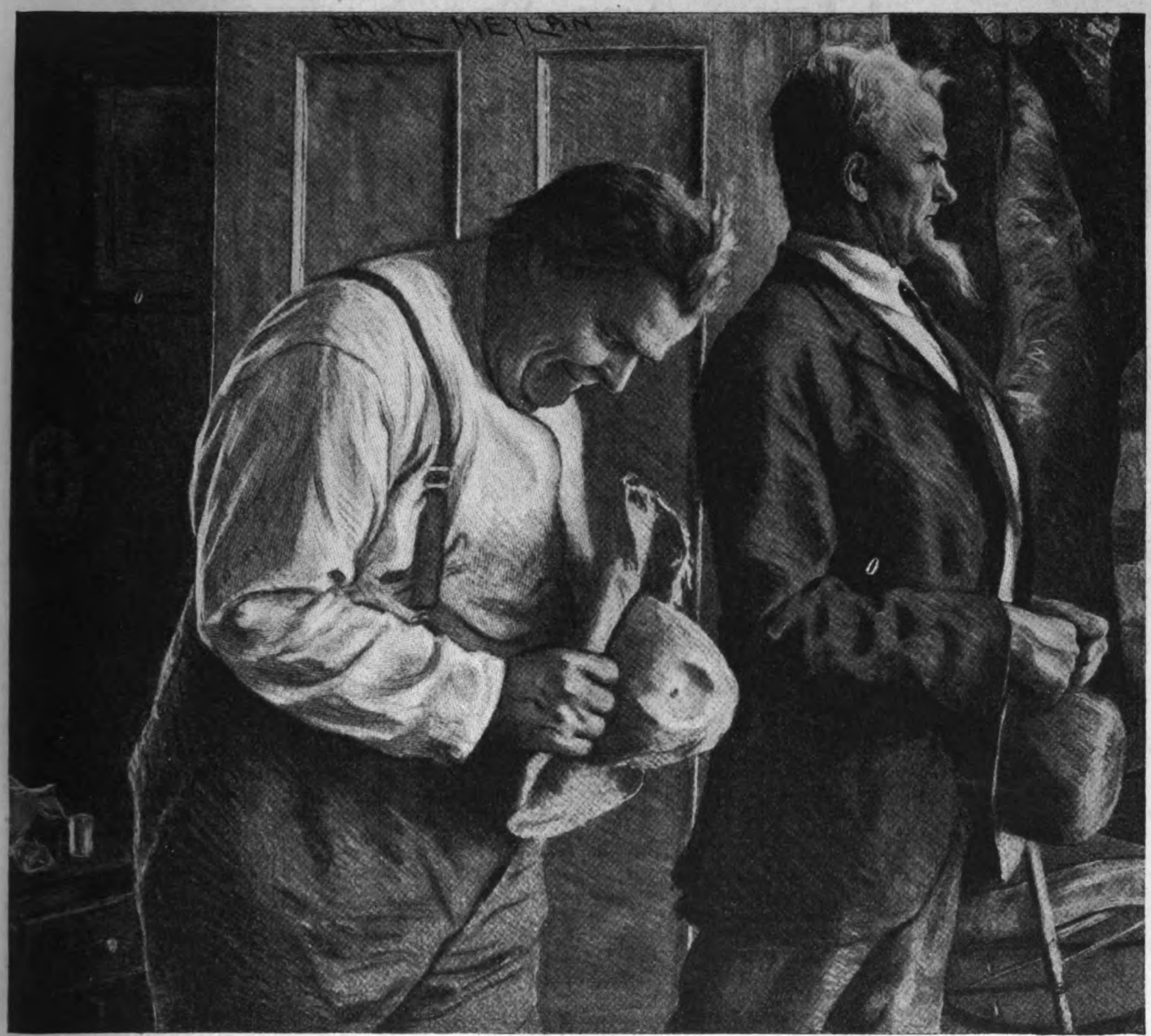
She looked up and smiled suddenly. The change in her face was astonishing.

"Mornin', Mr. Baines. Set right down on the porch. Let me fetch you a hot cup of coffee. 'Twon't take but a minute to make."

"Can't stop," said Scattergood. "I was lookin' for Jed."

"Jed's gone," she replied shortly, the sullen expression returning to her face. "He won't be back 'fore noon."

"Uh-huh. Wa-al, I calc'late I kin keep on drawin' my breath till then—if you kin. I call to mind the time when you was



she was sobbing on her husband's hickory shirt, and that he was patting her back with awkward gentleness

all-fired oneasy if Jed got away from you for six hours in a stretch."

"Them times is gone," she said shortly.

"Shucks!" said Scattergood.

"They be," said she fiercely; "hain't no use tryin' to hide it. Jed and me is about through. Nothin' but fussin' and backbitin' and maneuverin'. He don't care f'r me no more like he used to, and—"

"You don't set sich a heap of store by him," Scattergood interrupted.

Martha hesitated. "I do," she said slowly. "But I can't put up with it no more."

"Jed's fault—mostly," said Scattergood, as one speaks who utters an accepted fact.

"No more'n mine," she said with a sudden flash. "I dunno what's got into us, Mr. Baines, but we no sooner git into the same room than it commences. 'Tain't nobody's fault—it jest *is*."

"Um. Kinder like to have things the way they used to be?"

"Oh, Mr. Baines!" her eyes filled. "Them first two-three years! Jed was the best man a woman ever had."

"Hain't drinkin', is he?"

"Never touches a drop."

"Jest his nasty temper," said Scattergood casually.

"No sich thing! It's jest happened so. We can't git on, and I'm through tryin'. One of us is goin' to git out of this house. I've made up my mind." She started untying her apron. "I'm a-goin' right now. It'll be off'n my mind then, and I kin sort of git a fresh start. I'm goin' right now and pack."

"Kind of hasty, hain't you? Now, Marthy, as a special favor to me I wish you'd stay maybe two days more. I got a special reason. If you was to go this mornin' it 'ud upset my plans. After Sattidy you kin do as you like, and maybe it's best you should part. But I do wisht you could see your way to stayin' till Sattidy."

"I don't see why, Mr. Baines, but if it'll be any good to *you*, I'll do it. But not a minute after Sattidy—now mind that!"

"Much 'bleeged, Marthy. G'-by, Marthy. G'-by."

ON FRIDAY Scattergood was invisible in Coldriver village, for he had started away before dawn, driving his sway-backed horse over the mountain roads to the southward. He notified nobody of his going, unless it was Mandy, his wife, and even to her he did not make apparent his errand.

Before noon he was in Bailey and stopping before the small white house into which Mrs. Patterson managed by ingenuity to fit a husband, a mother-in-law, an aged father, seven children of her own, the Conroy orphan, and a constantly changing number of cats. Nobody could have done it but Mrs. Patterson. The house resembled one of those puzzle boxes containing a number of curiously sawn pieces of wood, which, once removed, can be returned and fitted into place again only by someone who knows the secret.

Scattergood entered the house, remained upward of an hour, and then reappeared, followed by Mrs. Patterson, seven children, an old man and an old woman—and in his arms was a baby whose lungs gave promise of a healthy manhood.

"Do this much, does he?" Scattergood asked uneasily.

"Not more'n most," said Mrs. Patterson. (*Continued on page 141*)

Here Are the Signs of Indigestion

You may have them and hardly recognize them
A perfect digestion is very rare

By Robert H. Rose, M. D.

PERHAPS I ought to say in the beginning that I am not going to talk to the chronic dyspeptic but to the ordinary man and woman, the majority of whom, at one time or another and to a greater or less extent, have suffered or are suffering from indigestion. Also, without hair-splitting distinctions I am going to use the term indigestion in the sense commonly accepted—a failure on the part of the stomach to digest the food put into it.

The symptoms are so familiarly known that I hardly need mention them; nearly everybody has had them, for a perfect digestion is almost as rare as a perfect character. Have you ever had heartburn? Do you experience after eating, even a moderate meal, an uncomfortable feeling of fullness? Does your medicine chest contain pepsin and soda-mint tablets intended for your own use? Have you ever had pain in the stomach? Are you aware of the fact, except that you read it in a book on physiology, that you have a stomach at all?

And perhaps, if you are familiar with these symptoms individually and collectively, if you are one in the audience who holds up his hand and pleads guilty, you have wondered why it is that Indigestion ever intruded himself into your life, have resented his interference with your enjoyment of food, and have looked upon him as an enemy—one who is always taking the joy out of life.

For indigestion, as everyone knows who has had it, does that. People with otherwise amiable dispositions grow crabbed, hard to live with; charitable people become cynics; optimists become pessimists. Certain great writers have given the world a forbidding philosophy because they had indigestion. Carlyle said Great Britain was inhabited by forty million people *mostly fools*, and Carlyle was a confirmed dyspeptic.

And yet, as I shall show, indigestion is not an enemy but one of the best friends you have—just as pain is, for it is pain that waves a red lantern across the track of your life to tell you there is danger just ahead. I might say that Indigestion is the guardian angel of your stomach. If you disregard him there may be serious trouble ahead; if you listen to him, and listen intelligently, he will help tell you what and how you can eat in order that you may retain a healthy body, a good disposition, and continue to enjoy the pleasures of a normal appetite throughout a long life.

But how to listen intelligently—that is the question; for Indigestion is many times not specific in his warnings; you know he is present, but you do not know why; you do not know wherein you have offended your stomach; you cannot spot the particular article of diet that is upsetting you.

And the trouble may lie not in any special thing or things you eat, may lie not in food itself at all, but in the preparation and use of that food. I am going to call attention, therefore, to a few ordinary, everyday abuses, many of which you may never have considered as abuses at all.

ONE of the chief causes of indigestion is the use of too much seasoning in food. Right here lies the reason why so many families that boast of their good cooking, that have a name in the community for preparing delicious dishes, are families of dyspeptics, and tend to make everybody who accepts their hospitality dyspeptics like themselves.

If you will think, you will probably remember such a home, where to be invited to a Sunday or Thanksgiving dinner meant joyful anticipations and painful reactions. Recall the meal you ate that day; the turkey dressing was stuffed with onions and sage which you probably tasted for hours afterward, a sure sign that they had not agreed with you. The side dishes were numerous and richly flavored, the dessert was heavy and very sweet—plum pudding, we'll say, with hard sauce, or richly spiced pumpkin pie. All the dishes were highly seasoned; therein lay the secret of the fine cooking; and therein probably lay the cause of the indigestion which followed.

Salt is the only seasoning required by the body; that it is essential to health we all know, and yet the use of salt is so abused that I do not exaggerate when I say that the average person takes daily from three to five times as much salt as he requires.

The trouble begins in the kitchen, where the salt box is too convenient to the cook's hand; it is continued in the dining-room, where the saltcellar is too convenient to the diner's hand. It is not confined to the home. Watch the average man in a restaurant or hotel.

A steak is placed before him. Now the juices of a good steak are especially rich in flavor and need no additional seasoning to make them tempting and palatable to any appetite that is not worn out. But without ever tasting the steak, the man reaches for the saltcellar and begins to sprinkle. The side dishes, the potatoes, and the bread very probably contain plenty of salt for his meal. What he puts on his steak is just that much too much.

But not only is the saltcellar convenient—so is the pepper box; and having sprinkled salt the man next sprinkles pepper. In fact, with many people this twin operation is a part of the routine, like unfolding the napkin; like a formula, before eating they say, "Pass the salt and pepper, please."

Now, pepper is not only not needed by the system, it is an irritant which inflames the stomach. We all know that, snuffed up the nose, it causes us to sneeze violently, and a sneeze is nature's attempt to get rid of an irritating substance. In other words, the nose *resents* pepper. Now, the membrane of the stomach is not nearly so sensitive to pepper as that of the nose; but just as surely the stomach resents it, certainly too much of it, only the stomach has no sneeze with which to register its protest.

Understand me—I do not say you should never put pepper on your food; pepper, by irritating the stomach, increases the flow of digestive juices, and is used—that is, cayenne or red pepper, which is less injurious than black—in some prescriptions whose purpose it is to spur up the appetite and digestion. But no reputable physician would continue such a prescription indefinitely; it is used only in emergency. Every unnatural increase in the flow of digestive juices is followed by a decrease; if you spur nature on to-day, she lags behind to-morrow; and you are spurring her to an unnatural pace when, day after day, meal after meal, you sprinkle pepper on your food.

And what I have said of pepper is true of mustard to an even greater extent. You know what happens when you put a mustard plaster on your back; well, remember that the membrane of the stomach is many times more sensitive than the skin of the back. And the same thing holds good with regard to many spices—ginger, horseradish, pungent cheeses, and the various "hot sauces."

The undue craving for hot and pungent seasoning is a sign of a worn out or vitiated appetite; and the constant and liberal use of them in turn wears out and vitiates the appetite. If you use them, do so sparingly. If you have got to the point where you crave them, where your meal tastes flat without them—then do not use them at all.

MOST people eat too much, and that in spite of the fact that this statement has been made over and over again, and in spite, also, of the high cost of living. For one thing, eating is a social function which causes people to linger at the table—which is a good thing if they will spend

a considerable part of the time talking as well as eating. For another thing, appetite is overstimulated by seasoning, as I have said, and also by arranging the dishes in climax, the least tempting ones being served first, the most tempting ones last.

In many homes every effort is made to induce people to eat as much as they can possibly hold, by leading them from good, to better, to best. People sometimes groan inwardly when the dessert is brought in. "If I had known that was coming," they say, "I might have saved room for it." But because the dessert is good, and the housewife insistent, they "make room."

Eating too much, though, is not altogether a question of eating too great an amount. We need a certain bulk of food to give the stomach something to work on. Books that claim to look into the future see the day coming when food will be packed in a capsule or tablet, and when the business man will stop dictating a moment, take his lunch in tabloid form, swallow a glass of water, then go on with his correspondence.

Such a day will never come, though; certainly not until, in the long process of evolution, our stomach shrinks to the size of our present appendix, and our digestive apparatus undergoes a radical change. Some years ago would-be food reformers succeeded in getting a condensed diet into the English army, and it was this which caused Kipling to say, "Compressed vegetables and meat biscuit may be nourishing, but what Tommy Atkins needs is bulk in his inside." And Kipling was right.

That's one reason why we need vegetables and fruits. Most vegetables and fruits contain a low amount of food value in proportion to their bulk. They give the stomach something to do without demanding of it the hard work of digesting highly concentrated food. The stomach, like the muscles, needs exercise. Also, bulky food tends to prevent constipation, and helps overcome it, where it already exists.

THE man who ate eggs for breakfast, bean soup and a ham sandwich for lunch, a steak with French fried potatoes and a pudding dessert for dinner, has eaten too much—not in bulk, perhaps, but in concentrated food, for egg and steak and beans are of this kind. It is possible that he hasn't even taken bulk enough; perhaps he hasn't even satisfied his appetite, which fact makes him feel virtuous and abstemious. He ought to have taken some bulky foods that would have satisfied his appetite, given his stomach normal work to do, and helped eliminate the waste. Such foods are most of the vegetables, especially cabbage, cauliflower, carrots, spinach, parsnips, turnips, lettuce and all greens, and practically all the fruits, the acids of which also help to overcome any tendency to constipation.

Food does three things to the body—it rebuilds waste tissue, it supplies heat and energy, and it puts on fat. There are three divisions of food: food rich in protein, which rebuilds waste tissue; foods rich in carbo-hydrates, which supply heat and energy, and also build up flesh; and fats, which do pretty much what the carbo-hydrates do, supply heat and energy.

The foods richest in protein are lean meats, the white of egg, milk, cheese, and peas and beans; the foods richest in carbo-hydrates are rice, potatoes, macaroni, white bread, and particularly sugar. The fats are butter, cream, bacon and other fats of meat, olive and other oils.

Of course I have only touched the subject; most people have been educated in food values by now. The point I want to make is this—that you may not be eating either too much food or too highly seasoned food, but you may be eating too much of one group or another. In other words, your diet may not be balanced.

The next generation will be more familiar with the balanced ration than the present one, and we know far more about it than our fathers and mothers did. Our children to-day can tell us the right proportions of protein, carbo-hydrates and fats which ought to go into our food; they learn it in school, particularly the girls. Do not laugh at them, but listen when they talk of these things—they are the words of wisdom.

If you are a (*Continued on page 64*)

How to Avoid Stomach Trouble

WE ASKED Doctor Rose to lay down a few rudimentary sailing directions for those who want to steer clear of the rocks. Here they are:

EAT regularly as far as possible; the stomach works best if habit is established.

Eat slowly, allowing even certain soft foods to melt in the mouth, particularly bread, rice, and potatoes. These are rich in starch, and starch needs to be mixed with saliva if it is to be completely digested. Do not bolt mashed potatoes; do not bolt rice or bread. If you must bolt any food, let it be meat, which is digested by the stomach juices, and does not stand in such great need of saliva as do rice, potatoes, and bread.

Do not be afraid of cold drinks and ices simply because they are cold. The digestive apparatus warms them up to the right temperature. But do not take them so rapidly that you feel chilled in the region of the stomach. Sip ice tea and water, and eat ice cream slowly.

Do not be afraid of hot drinks simply because they are hot. But remember that a craving for drinks *extraordinarily hot* is like a craving for spices and pepper—abnormal and to be controlled.

A cup or two of coffee for breakfast is enough for the day.

So is a third of a pound of meat, especially if you eat an egg or two or drink a few glasses of milk. Meat, lean meat especially, is rich in protein, which builds up the cells. So you need it. But a third of a pound is enough; you will get sufficient protein from the rest of your diet to make up any deficit.

Don't fall for the old notion that only meat is "strengthening," and that if you cut down on it, you cut down on your "strength." Meat is strengthening, but so are most other foods.

Don't get the idea, or if you have dismiss it, that candy and ice cream eaten between meals or at meals really "don't matter." They do matter; they are foods, and rich foods at that. Eat them if they do not disagree. But don't add them to an already sufficient amount of food with the notion that they are side issues. If you do, you are taking just that much too much.

Do not bring business troubles to the table; do not try to settle disputes here; do not, at the first of the month, open bills here.

The Quick Lunch Counter may be a handy place; but there is no law compelling you to eat quickly because you sit on one of the stools.

Do not go straight back to your office; walk around a bit.

Get up early enough in the morning, so that you will not have to rush through breakfast in order to reach your work in time. Go to bed early enough the night before to enable you to get up early enough the morning after.

If you are a housewife, read up on this matter of food and balanced rations. It passed the fad stage long ago. If you have a cook, do not leave the matter of selecting, preparing, and seasoning foods altogether in her hands. Your husband's success, your children's health, may depend on your interest in the matter.

Do not allow yourself to become too conscious of the food you eat; do not weigh the *pros* and *cons* of every morsel; but inform yourself about such things, act according to the information, then leave the rest to nature.

Go to a doctor if you have indigestion that recurs frequently and is persistent. But do not go to him unless you take the right state of mind along, otherwise you will be wasting your money. Do not expect him to sell you indulgences in the shape of prescriptions—prescriptions that will enable you to eat anything you want without suffering from it. There are no such prescriptions, never have been, and probably never will be.

But go to him, if you go, with your mind made up to do what he tells you, to abstain from that which he tells you to abstain from, to eat what he tells you to eat. And do not look for quick results; if your stomach has rebelled it did so probably because of constant abuse. And the fact that the abuse was committed in ignorance, and with the best intentions in the world, has no bearing whatever on the matter. Ignorance is scant excuse in man's courts; it is no excuse whatever in Nature's courts.

A Great Executive

MEN fail as executives—or fail to become executives—because they do not study their jobs. Or, as Andrew H. Green, Jr., says, they do not analyze the problems that come before them.

Mr. Green is one of Detroit's greatest employers of men. He carries the reputation of having built up the greatest organization in the city—the organization that has made the Solvay Process Works one of the largest of its kind in the world.

After he has placed a man in a job, Green watches him from a distance. In other words, when he has promoted a man, instead of staying around to see how the subordinate handles the new job, Green goes away. He may not return for a month. During that time the man is on his own feet.

If he has gone ahead, and has mastered such new work as has come before him, Green is elated. If the man has made mistakes of judgment, Green will summon him and explain what should have been done. If, however, in the conference Green is convinced that the job is too big, he makes a switch, putting the man a few notches back—although not in his old work—and then encourages him to come ahead again.

But if the man has made the mistake of not showing action of any kind—of not taking a chance on the correctness of his own judgment—Green dismisses him.

"Mistakes are human," he says, "I make them. So do my subordinates. The thing I demand is initiative. When a man hasn't that, he will never go far. If he acts, but makes mistakes in his problems, it proves that he hasn't analyzed them correctly, or enough. When confronted with a strange situation the thing to do is to sit down and figure it out."

Here is a little story showing how Green himself takes hold of a problem.

One forenoon, not long ago, one of his secretaries brought in word that a strike was impending in the plant.

"What's the matter?" asked Green.

"The men want more money—there is a Bolshevik element among them."

"But—they were given a raise not long ago. Weren't they satisfied then?"

The secretary answered that the men complained that living expenses had continued to increase.

"Where is the committee from the factory?" was Green's next question.

"Outside."

ANDREW H. GREEN, JR.

One of Detroit's biggest business men. In the article on this page Mr. Green explains, among other things, how he tests the men who work for him

"Send them in."

When they came in, the spokesman, stepping forward, told their grievances. Green listened, then asked:

"How much more money do you men want?"

"Four cents an hour!"

Green, gazing out of the window at the spouting furnaces, was silent. After a time the men filed out, shuffling back to the works to tell their fellows that "the boss had not answered."

Green sat there for an hour, now and again making a request to have various tables of living expenses brought to him. An hour later word came in that the men would accept three cents an hour.

Green did not answer.

Meanwhile, hundreds had stopped work. The strike spirit was spreading and there was danger of the entire plant being closed.

But Green, unmoved, sat figuring.

Finally he sent out word that he wanted to see the committee. The members of it came back. They were defiant—because they were putting on a front. But, without giving them a chance to talk, Green started off:

"I heard a little while ago that you men were willing to return to work at a raise of three cents an hour."

The committee members nodded their heads.

"I don't want you to do that," declared Green. "I want you to come back to work at a raise of five cents an hour. Is that satisfactory?"

The members of the committee fell over each other getting out of the office. They raced down the steps, shouting the good news as they ran. The strike was over.

Asked why he had granted a raise of five cents an hour when the men were willing to return for three, Green said:

"The men would not have been satisfied with a raise of three cents. Living expenses, since their last raise, had increased practically three and one-half cents an hour, per man. Had I given each a three-cent raise each would have still been one-half cent shy each working hour. It would not have been long before there was another strike. The next one might be serious."

Green has no use for the man who watches the clock.

"When you have a job to do, get it done," he says. He knows no regular hours himself. He is just as likely to be found at the plant at two o'clock in the morning, as to be anywhere else.

And there is no telling where you may find him at the plant, either. He may be in the boiler house talking with the engineers and stokers, or he may be inside one of the coking ovens. He knows his men—and they know him. He is democratic to the last syllable in the word. But, at the same time, there never is any question as to who is the "boss."

One afternoon one of the timekeepers, at quitting time, yelled up into one of the coke ovens:

"Come out of that, you fellows—the whistle's blowing!"

Out scrambled Green, along with a half dozen Slavs, and he grinned as he said, "Guess you can mark me up for ten hours to-day."

Green talks to them in plain, straight language—and he wants them to talk to him the same way. "When a man comes in to see me, I want him to say things so I will understand him; and when I talk I want to do it so he will understand me!" says Green. "There isn't any such thing as 'position' at the Solvay—we all have our 'jobs.' That's what they are—nothing more, nothing less. I use simple words for everything, one-syllable words, if possible. They are the words we first

learn; they are the words we remember, always.

"Business men who cannot solve their problems do not put on their thinking caps. The greatest exercise in the world for the mind is to give it an hour or two of good hard thinking every day. Apply common sense. Don't be afraid to 'think it over' before giving a decision. Analyze everything you don't understand and soon you *will* understand it."

NORMAN BEASLEY

A Preacher Who Shoots Game

OVER a shooting-box on the shores of a reedy lake in Wisconsin one fall day, flies a V-shaped wedge of wild geese, silhouetted against the pastel sky of a faint frosty dawn. Their honk-honk-honk thrills the three figures crouching in the rushes like the sound of a war cry.

"Bang-bang-bang;" three geese fall, and the flock vanish in a twinkling, leaving their comrades among the grasses in the pond below.

"Bully, Jenkins!" calls one figure in hip boots. The hunter addressed slowly stretches his cramped muscles. A brown cap pulled over the face, a brown canvas coat over the broad shoulders, a brown, lined face and steel-blue eyes appear between. Who would recognize in this rough huntsman Paul Burrill Jenkins, pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church, Milwaukee.

When he was three years old Jenkins was once asked the old question, "What will you do when you get to be a man?" The little fellow replied, without an instant's hesitation, "Preach and shoot ducks."

Of Huguenot-Puritan stock, of fighting blood is Paul B. Jenkins. A descendant of John Jenkins of Plymouth in 1635, of Ebenezer Jenkins, a captain in the Revolutionary War, and of Herman Dutilh Jenkins, a soldier of '63, a minister, an editor and a sportsman. The latter, his father, once wrote, "It was only the providence of God, not my own choice, which decided for me whether I was to enter a theological seminary or go to West Point."

Third in the line of ministers, fifth in the line of soldiers, the boy was brought up in the atmosphere of the Bible and within sound of the gun. At seven he began to fish; on his fifteenth birthday he was given his first gun, and soon after shot his first duck. As soon as he was old enough he went on hunting trips with his father. At twenty he was a good shot, at thirty an expert. Almost every year he goes to the North Woods with some of his church men or good friends for a week or two of deer hunting; he has run down wild turkey in the Ozarks, mallards in the Dakotas, prairie chickens in Illinois, and "muskies" in the Lac du Flambeau country.

His interest in guns has led him to study firearms of every type, of many countries. He has traveled far to examine rare kinds, has written them up, is the inventor of the improved lock which makes the Krag-Jenkins well-known rifle, is an associate editor of "The Outer's Book," a sport and game monthly, and has in his Milwaukee study an unusual collection of historic and valuable firearms.

In trap shooting "his rivirince," as some of his friends delight to call him, has few rivals. An amusing story came out one day, when as the guest of a certain Milwaukee gun club at a prize "shoot" he took part with the members in contesting for two cups. He so far outdistanced his competitors that both cups were his, but protesting, he suggested the four men with the highest scores shoot again for the cups. This was done, but with the same result!

Jenkins was going west on the Santa Fé one summer to a church gathering. An odd quartet had been dining together: an army colonel, a navy captain, a cattle man, the minister.

The train stopped on a sunburnt prairie. Nothing was visible except a "town" of prairie dogs; one prairie dog in particular, a big fellow, sat up straight, undaunted by the stoppage of the Limited.

"Wish I had my rifle here," the minister muttered. The cattle man looked at him, and laughed—significantly. The colonel's eye measured the distance. He smiled politely and said, "It's a good hundred yards if it's an inch, sir. It would take a mighty good shot—"

"I beg your pardon," said a soft voice at the door of the smoking-room, "I heard someone wishing for a rifle. I have one here that I'm taking to my husband at Las Vegas."

"It's up to you, Reverend," guffawed the cattle man. "I'll bet the cigars you're sorry you spoke."

There was nothing else for the minister to do. He took the gun, studied the sights a moment, stepped off the train, cuddled the stock an instant to his cheek, and before the eyes of the astonished group, shot down the prairie dog.

The cattle man extended his hand. "I beg your pardon for thinking you were bluffing, Reverend," he said, "but, you see, I never met your kind before. And you know as well as I do that they'll never believe this when I tell it at the ranch." Then he said, "Gentlemen, it's up to me. What will you have?"

"Lemonade for me," said the minister.

"The same," said the Southern colonel.

"One more," said the captain.

"See here, gentlemen," said the cattle man, as he set down his bottle, "I've seen queer things to-day. We heard the reverend wish for a gun and it come, and we seen what he done with it. But now I offer three men a drink, a Southern colonel and an army officer at that, and they take lemonade!"

"What's us kids going to do now?" a small Kansas City boy was heard to wail, when his minister was called from that city to Milwaukee, for this man had gathered a group of lads in his church basement, fitted up a shooting gallery, and organized a club whose membership depended on regular attendance at Sunday-school!

So perfect had been this association of guns and religion that one member of this club, when questioned about the son of another minister, replied, "Oh, he's a nice fellow, but I don't think his father is any kind of a minister."

"Why not?" was the astonished rejoinder.

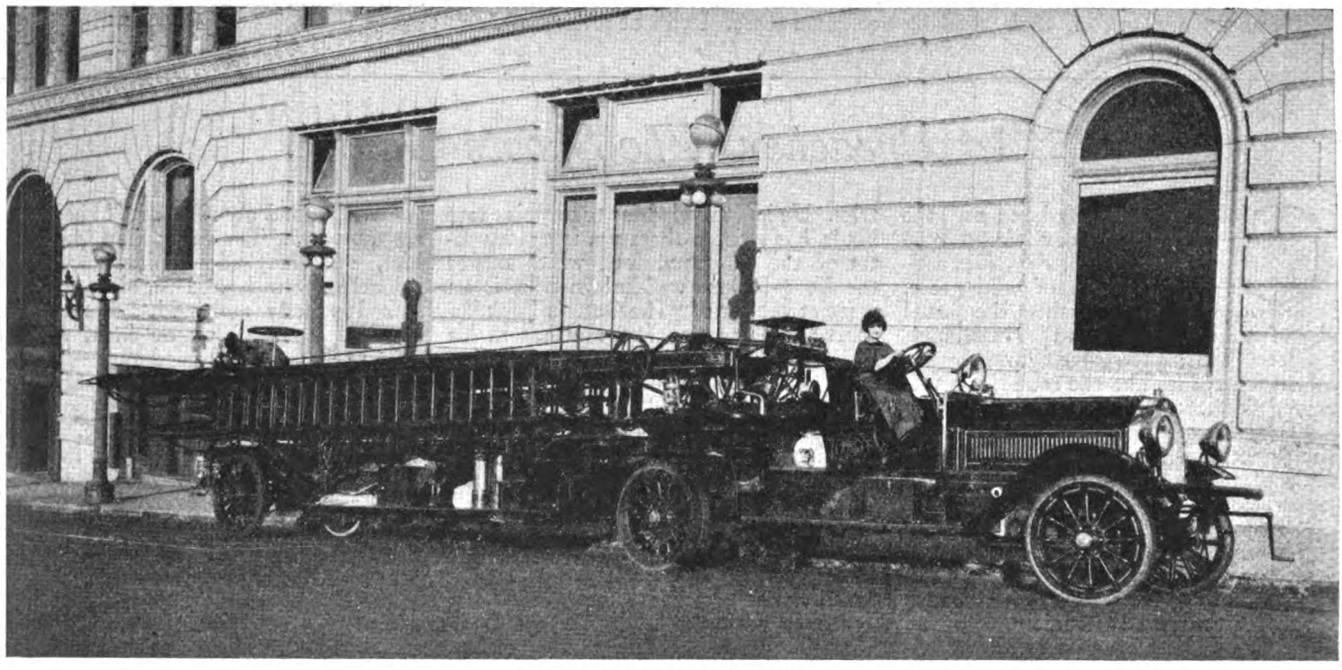
"Well, you see, I've been all over the house, and there ain't a gun on the place."

MOORE SPRINGER

PAUL B. JENKINS AND SON

Mr. Jenkins is pastor of Immanuel Presbyterian Church in Milwaukee. He is a splendid hunter and a great believer in the value of getting out of doors

A Stenographer Who Turned Into a Sales Agent



HELEN A. COURTNEY

A Seattle young lady who sells fire apparatus. In this picture she is at the driver's seat in one of the machines that she is agent for

WHEN "Old Man Opportunity" knocked upon the door of a certain Seattle young lady, he did not have to knock twice. Instead, he was admitted instantly, and now the door bears the simple legend: "Motor Fire Apparatus—Helen A. Courtney."

One might well expect a woman who entered the typically masculine field of fire apparatus salesmanship to be of the well-known mannish type. The contrary is true. Miss Courtney lost none of her femininity when she entered this branch of salesmanship and became the only fire apparatus saleslady in America, and doubtless in the world.

While her "line" weighs nearly ten thousand pounds, she herself weighs less than one hundred. She is four feet eleven and one-half inches tall, and is twenty-five years old. Her hair is blond and matched by big blue eyes. Her cheeks are pink, and at first glance she would be taken for a photoplay star or modishly dressed society girl, instead of a saleswoman who must of necessity convince cold, matter-of-fact city fathers that her fire apparatus is superior to that of her competitors'.

Previous to becoming the Northwestern representative of one of the largest fire apparatus manufacturers in America, Miss Courtney was a stenographer in their Seattle office. Later, changes took place by which the local representative resigned, leaving the position vacant. Miss Courtney was instructed to take charge of the routine office work.

Shortly thereafter it was rumored that Aberdeen, Washington, was in the market for fire apparatus. Recognizing it as Opportunity's knock, Miss Courtney wired the home office for permission to spend "just one day in Aberdeen." Permission was granted with misgivings.

She was not taken seriously by the city dads until they began hurling technical questions at her. She passed safely through the barrage, and took her first objective after a fifteen-minute discussion of motors, bearings, transmissions, brakes, governors, ignition systems and gallons per minute at designated pump pressure.

An astonished but delighted factory was advised of her success by wire, and her appointment as Northwestern representative followed as a matter of course.

It is a comparatively easy matter for a charming woman or girl to sell perfume or candy; but when it comes to selling fire apparatus at ten thousand dollars a machine, it is a cold business proposition, and appearance counts less than a thorough knowledge of the "line." To obtain the necessary knowledge, Miss Courtney took a course in automotive engineering, and it was a course that required the donning of overalls and all of the grease and dirt that goes with the taking down and assembling of motors.

As a result, in a technical discussion of motors and pumps, she can hold her own with the best of them, and throughout the Northwest she is not only known, but is taken seriously—particularly by her competitors. Nor did she stop at her own line, because she soon discovered that the people with whom she discussed fire apparatus frequently liked to discuss subjects of the day, and to that end she has found a close study of the leading periodicals invaluable. She also makes it a point to read the daily papers from the front page to the advertising section.

"While a discussion of fire apparatus is always interesting to me," she explained, "others have different ideas and prefer to discuss them at times."

To that end she drives home her point in as few words as possible, and has found that a few minutes' discussion leaves a better impression than a long-drawn-out talk on the same point.

"And I never question a competitor's apparatus," she added, "for the homely old saying that a 'knock is a boost' is true in everything. It is an admission that you fear competition, and cannot meet it on an equal basis. Rather, I grant the merits of a competitor's machine, then endeavor to prove wherein my own excels.

"I have been asked repeatedly by curious people why I do not dress mannishly. Well, why should I? I am a woman, and because I am a woman I like pretty things, and wear them. Merely because my business is usually carried on by men is not sufficient reason for trying to put aside my femininity or individuality and attempting to look and act like a man. When necessity requires that I don men's clothing for the purpose of working on a motor, I can do so and have done so. If an article has merit it can be sold regardless of who sells it or of how the seller is dressed.

I believe the fire apparatus manufactured by our company is the best, and, believing it, I can talk convincingly. I have not had so very much experience, but I have learned that the secret of salesmanship—if there is a secret—can be summed up in two words: confidence and consideration, confidence in your line and consideration and fair play for your competitors."

Miss Courtney not only knows fire apparatus from A to Z, but also knows each part of its several hundred by its first name, and could, if the need should ever arise, drive to a fire any of the motor-driven type of apparatus. "It looks big, even awkward, but it is surprisingly easy to handle," she explained.

Miss Courtney's latest success is a sixty-thousand-dollar contract awarded by the City of Seattle. Not a bad stroke of business for a young lady who has been selling fire apparatus less than two years.

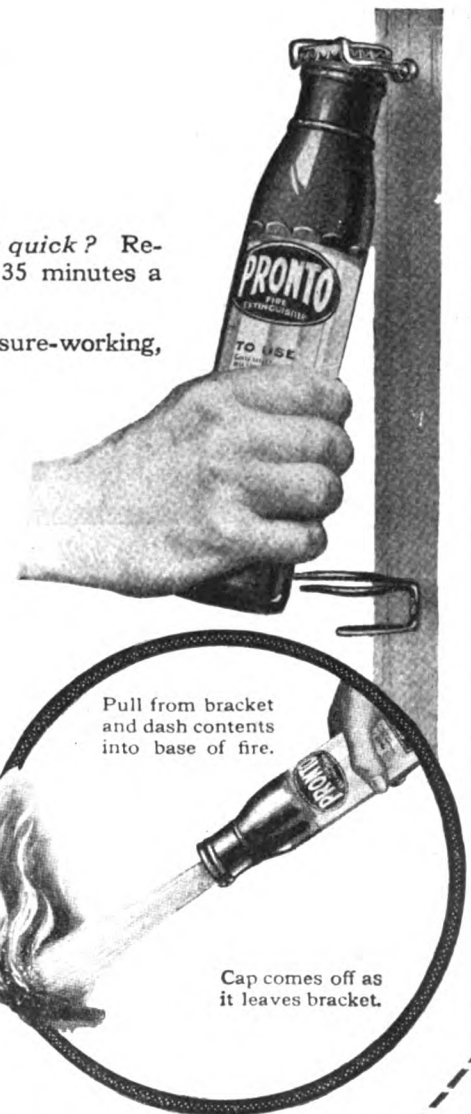
FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

GUISHER AT A REASONABLE PRICE!

Fire Protection You Can Afford!

PRONTO

STOPS FIRE QUICK



Suppose *YOUR* fire comes tonight? Are you prepared *to stop it quick?* Remember, fire *does* break out somewhere every 30 seconds—every 35 minutes a human soul is sacrificed to fire.

The only way you can be *really* prepared is to have a simple, sure-working, quick-acting extinguisher *handy* wherever fire *might* break out—TO STOP IT QUICK! Ordinarily this would be expensive. But not with PRONTO.

PRONTO is inexpensive because it is simple. Has only five parts, including the liquid. No valves, levers, pumps or other costly complications to "operate" or get out of order. Installed in a simple fool-proof bracket. When fire breaks out simply pull from bracket and dash contents into base of flames. That's all there is to it.

PRONTO Liquid is the most deadly fire extinguishing agent known to science. Twice as heavy as water and can be effectively thrown any practical distance. When it strikes fire it forms a heavy non-inflammable gas that blankets the flames and kills the fire instantly. Doesn't drench like water, but drives off oxygen and CHOKES the fire. Even gasoline, oil and electric fires can't live under PRONTO.

Yet it won't injure, stain or spot delicate fabrics, wall paper, furniture or anything else. Won't leave even a wet spot.

But the BIG thing is that PRONTO costs so little that you can afford to install it wherever fire *might* break out. You can put one in six different rooms for less cost than one ordinary extinguisher.

$1.50 Each–6 for $8.50

Put PRONTO in every room—near the fireplace, the furnace, in the garage and don't forget the automobile. If your dealer hasn't received his supply yet, mail us the attached coupon and we'll ship PRONTO to you direct, express prepaid. But don't put off. Remember a fire starts somewhere every 30 seconds.

THE ALLEN CORPORATION
C. LOUIS ALLEN, President
546 GREENWICH STREET, NEW YORK

This coupon will bring you PRONTO by return mail

The Allen Corporation
546 Greenwich St., New York

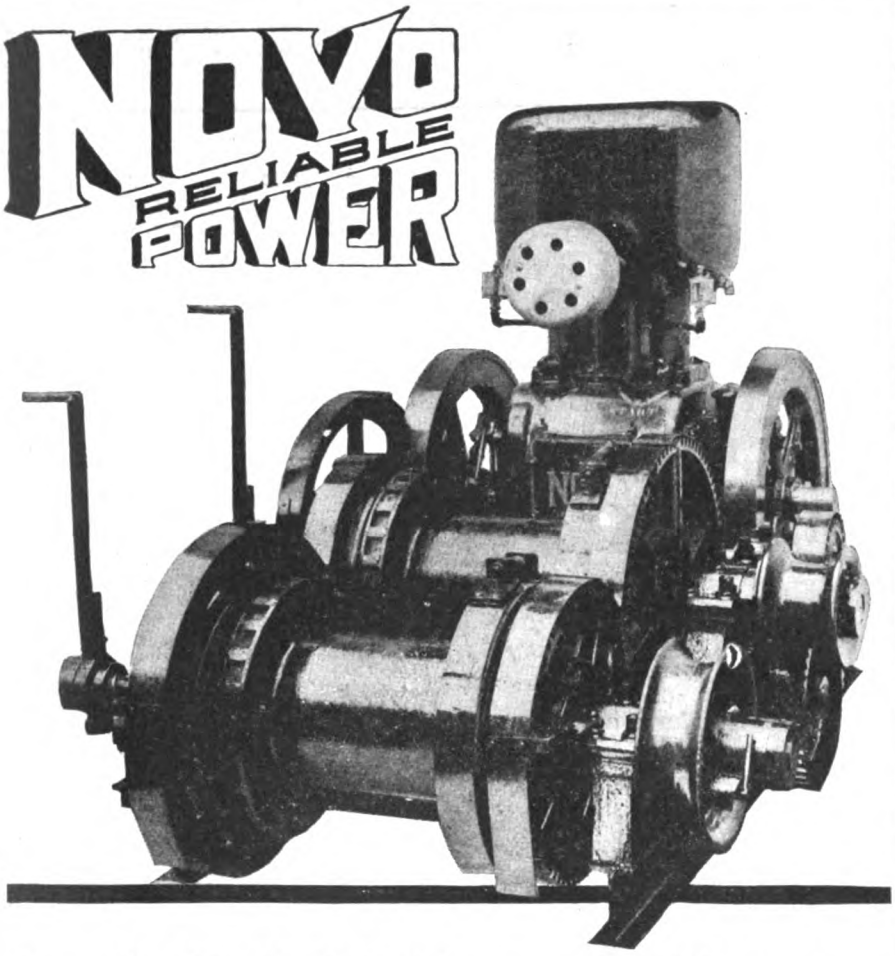
Enclosed please find _____ ($1.50 for 1; $8.50 for 6) for which kindly ship me express prepaid the number of PRONTOS covered by remittance. My favorite store is: _____

My name is _____

Address _____

ONE ORDINARY EXTINGUISHER

"Put PRONTO in Every Room"



Ready, Reliable Power for Hoisting

PLACE a Novo D H—and it's ready to run. No time lost in waiting for a boiler to be fired up, or a motor wired.

Like all other Novo Outfits, the D H Hoist is simple in construction, easy to operate. Quickly started and stopped. Every part is made in our own factory, every casting seasoned and tested—adding Durability to Reliability.

The complete line of Novo Hoists includes six types and fifty sizes, ranging from 4 to 15 H. P., and designed for various services—lifting ore, coal, and building materials, hauling scrapers, back-filling, pile driving, log loading, lumber piling.

And every Novo Hoisting Outfit carries with it the Novo Service, which plays its vitally important part in keeping Novo Power on the job, all over the world.

Novo Engines, 1½ to 15 H. P. Furnished to operate on gasoline, kerosene, distillate, natural or artificial gas. Outfits for Pumping, Hoisting, Air Compressing, Sawing. Write for full information

NOVO ENGINE CO.
Clarence E. Bement, Vice-Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

410 Porter Street, Lansing, Michigan

New York: 1617 Woolworth Building
Chicago: 800 Old Colony Building

London Concrete Machinery Co., London, Ontario—*Canadian Distributors*

Here Are the Signs of Indigestion

(*Continued from page 57*)

mother, let your daughter, just through a course in domestic science, come into the kitchen; if she wants to revolutionize the family fare, it might be a good thing to allow her to do it. She may tell you that the state of mind you are in when you eat has a good deal to do with indigestion; that you ought, if possible, to banish trouble while you are eating; that the table is no place for family rows, and that, if you must row, you should do so between meals.

These, also, are words of wisdom, for experiments in artificial feeding have shown that when a man is angry or frightened or worried or even excited, he does not digest even digestible and well-prepared foods. Don't go too far with this idea, however. Freedom from troublesome thoughts or excitement will not enable you to digest indigestible food.

And things do not stand still, not even indigestion; you will either get better or worse. The mild and infrequent symptoms may become more severe and more frequent, and turn into more serious symptoms—pain, for instance, which, as I have said, is a red lantern waved across the track of your life. Ahead may lie ulcer of the stomach; and ahead of that the fatal enemy, cancer.

I AM not an alarmist, and the stomach is tolerant; it will overlook many abuses; but constant dripping wears away a stone, and constant abuse and carelessness in this matter of eating is apt to injure even the stoutest stomach.

And, unfortunately, indigestion does not always warn you that you are eating too much. Every physician is familiar with the type of man who at middle age or below that point comes into the office for an examination—the stout, ruddy, hearty man who "never was sick a day in his life" and "who doesn't know what indigestion is," but who of late has been feeling "all down and out."

Questions sometimes reveal the fact that all his life such a man has eaten like a gourmand—steak for breakfast and a big one at that, and smothered in onions, a heavy lunch containing more meat, and an enormous dinner of rich and highly seasoned foods.

And examination of this type of man too frequently shows high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, maybe kidney trouble. Many times the man's usefulness is past, his arteries those of an old man—and a man is as old as his arteries; and the only explanation of his condition seems to be that he has been busily engaged in digging his grave with his teeth. Indigestion would have been a friend in that it would have warned him long ago.

DR. STANLEY M. RINEHART will have an article next month about the heart, "the greatest pump in the world." It is full of interesting facts and sound advice.

The illustration above shows the first Federal ever made. Sold in 1910 and delivered personally by Mr. M. L. Pulcher, President of the Federal Motor Truck Company. This truck is still in daily service after nearly ten years of continuous usage.

* * *

Today, Federals are used in every conceivable line of business in all the principal nations and countries throughout the world.

* * *

It is one of the most interesting and gratifying facts in Federal history that 62% of Federal sales have been re-sales to Federal owners so well satisfied with their first purchase that nothing but "Another Federal" will do.

* * *

Since the very inception of the Federal Motor Truck Company, there have been no radical changes in the personnel or policies of the organization.

* * *

Founded on the broad principles of building the best motor truck that engineering brains and human skill can produce, Federal has grown up with the industry in a solid, substantial way which has required no re-organization or re-financing to maintain its hold on trade or public favor.

* * *

Federal has made no false moves in offering a model or type of motor truck which did not stand the acid test of hardest usage in owners' hands. From Model "A" down to the present line, every truck has represented an increasingly successful series of mechanical and manufacturing achievements.

* * *

The Federal war record is one of which every Federal officer and employee may be justly proud. On the border and on the fighting front in Europe—under every conceivable form of use and abuse—Federal trucks typified in unfailing service the 100% loyalty and production efficiency at the factory "back home in the States."

Experience

The world knows no short-cut to great accomplishment—it comes only as the fruit of pains-taking effort—of experience.

The pilot who guides his ship safely past the dangerous shoals has sailed those waters before.

The manufacturers who build a successful motor truck have learned from cold, hard experience—have solved problem after problem—ironed out mechanical and merchandising tangles—and built better each succeeding year because they *knew* from experience.

Experience of this sort cannot be bought in any market of the world. It is priceless. It can never belong to beginners or transients—it is never known by stock schemers or the insincere.

Experience has built the Federal motor truck as it stands today—without a peer in the field of scientific endeavor—a practical, steel-hard freighter carrying its burdens faithfully and *constantly* at low cost.

The Federal more than ever is making good—even in these exacting times—because its builders have known the experience of a decade.

Federal Motor Truck Company
Detroit, Michigan

Another FEDERAL

The Federal today is the fruit of ten years' study and effort—the experience of a decade of truck manufacture.

FEDERAL

One to Five Ton Capacities

What I Think is the Matter—What I Would Do About It

FIRST PRIZE

If We Don't Produce, We'll Starve

THE TROUBLE: We are facing an enormous world loss. How great that loss is no man knows. The world is like a merchant whose books have been burnt with his warehouse, and whose factory hands have quit work for five years.

For five years, scores of millions of men have been withdrawn from useful production to assist in the work of destruction. We have not only lost a great part of the world's normal production, but we have also destroyed billions of dollars' worth of prior production, in cities and towns wrecked, coal mines flooded, oil wells fired, railways and canals ruined, ships and cargoes sent to the bottom.

It is true, Money has not been destroyed. It has been multiplied. But money is not wealth—we must understand that. Production alone is wealth. Money is only good for what it will buy; it is useless without production. All the world's money will not buy one ounce of coal more than is produced. We can pay a higher price for what there is, in our anxiety to get our share. And we can watch the dollar shrink as the cost of living rises. Your savings account, your income, your fixed salary, are worth about half what they were ten years ago. If there were *no* production, they would be worth *nothing*.

The Complication: The need for production is so great that the worker can ask almost any price for his labor. The wholesaler and the retailer can ask almost any price for their goods. The things we need are scarce—the clothing, the fuel and the food—and we must have them at any price. Even more serious than this demand for money is the restriction of production. The worker loves money; he does not love work. He reasons that as he can get more and more pay, he can afford to do less and less work. Six, or four, hours a day will suit him nicely. He is *burning the world's candle at both ends*.

The Remedy: PRODUCE! PRODUCE! Let every honest man get to work, in field and factory, mine and mill. Let the State set a limit on prices to stop unlawful profit. Let the producers (Capital and Labor both) share their just profits and concentrate on production. Let every newspaper, every preacher and statesman cry "Produce!"

ECONOMIZE! That is every man's duty now. Let every good citizen live simply and work hard. We must eat less, wear out our old clothes, burn less fuel, dispense with luxuries, until the supply exceeds the demand, and food, clothes, fuel, are plentiful and cheap. In the sweat of our brows we must eat bread till the world's loss is wiped out by honest work.

G. E. C.

LET us see what grounds we have for believing the Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world.

Well, take the matter of *long life* alone: Isn't it a conspicuous fact that it is almost impossible to "kill" a Hupmobile?

And, when you stop to think of it, isn't long life—which means, of course, long-continued, satisfactory service—a matter of prime importance?

Here, undoubtedly, you have one very good reason why our belief has now become practically a public conviction.

SECOND PRIZE

Three Things I Must Do

I AM an employee. To-day my salary is just double what it was four years ago. And am I as contented as I was on a small salary? No! The cost of everything I turn to buy eats into my pocketbook so greedily that at the end of the week I am worse off than I was four years ago on half my salary. And if any one thing causes real unrest amongst the working class, it is the inevitable struggle to make ends meet—the hand-to-mouth living from month to month, the empty pocketbook at the end of each week—and the utter hopelessness of ever getting ahead in this world's goods. The average American is ambitious to provide a good home for his family and to lay away a little nest egg for the rainy day he knows will sometime come to him. There is no surer way to a contented America than a savings account in every home. No man who is reasonably independent in this world's goods is looking for a better living condition.

But—when he sees the utter hopelessness of accomplishing this; when, no matter how he works and tries, he sees his earnings more than eaten up by the demands on his pocketbook; when he sees the poorhouse staring him in the face in his old age—right there you have the makings of discontent; and discontent is the breeding grounds of Bolshevism in America to-day.

As for the cure, I believe it rests largely with me, the average American workman.

FIRST: It is my primary duty, in these days, to work just a little harder than I have ever worked before. Prices never have and never will be reduced through the medium of law or price control. However much we may try to fool ourselves that this or that political party—be it Republican, Democrat, Socialist, Bolshevist or Red—will reduce prices, or get a corner on happiness and contentment, we must always remember that the grand old law of supply and demand has never yet taken a back seat when it comes to regulating prices. What the world needs is more production on the part of every man and woman in it. And when you and I and John Smith in unison produce just a little more than we ever have before, then the supply will meet the demand, and not till then will the cost of living be reduced.

SECOND: I owe it to myself to keep my mind open and growing. In a world where changes are coming as fast as this, the man who lets his thoughts stand still is bound to be left behind and find himself out of tune with the rest of the world. Whether we like the changes that are going on or not, the important thing is that they are going on, and it is our business to keep our minds so open that we can revise our ideas to fit new conditions.

FINALLY: I owe it to myself and the world to master my fears with my faith. The blackest hour is always the one before the dawning; we must think of the world as undergoing a new birth; and we must realize that birth, the greatest of all blessings, can never take place except to the accompaniment of pain and grief and agony and tears. A. R. P.

THIRD PRIZE

We Want Too Many Luxuries

I AM a business woman and have always drawn a fairly good salary; have within the past ten years bought and paid for a comfortable home and supported that home for two people. I have had to do some close figuring and thinking, but I have always been able to pay the bills.

The trouble with the most of us is the desire for the best and the willingness to pay for it. The majority of us are wage or salary earners—when prices are increased salaries and wages are not increased correspondingly. We have nothing on which we can increase the price to meet that of others, yet many of us are unwilling to buy anything but the best, regardless of the cost. We hear people every day, women especially, say, "Aren't prices staggering? Do you know the only suit or coat I can find that I would have will cost one hundred and twenty-five dollars! But what are you going to do—you have to have clothes?" Such a remark was recently made by a woman whose salary is a little less than the price of the garments mentioned, yet she will give for one garment more than a month's salary—even take pride in announcing it.

I know a woman who paid for a garment twice what I gave for a similar one from the same merchant, said no one would have the cheaper ones after seeing the material in them, yet I feel sure, after both of us had purchased them, no one would have noticed any appreciable difference.

Too many of us are willing to pay any price for what we want, and just so long as this continues just so long will high prices be charged. We naturally expect some increases on account of conditions generally; but salaries and wages have been increased to the extent that if we were willing to live as we did five years ago we could manage, and in the event we did prices would decrease from lack of purchasers.

As for food, it is often economical to buy the best; but we ought to know when something less expensive is just as wholesome, when to say, "That is too high, I cannot afford it."

A false pride makes many of us hesitate to say that, and makes most of us live beyond our means. We all want, and should have, if we earn it, a comfortable living, with a margin for emergencies, but these, along with luxuries, are often the "bare living" we hear about. It is useless, and socialistic, to say we ought to have what we want, and as much as others; and, if we belong to the wage and salary earning class, continually to demand increases of employers only causes an increase somewhere else that we have to pay in the long run.

It seems to me, therefore, that the solution of the problem is to look at it calmly and fairly, and decide that we have to deny ourselves some luxuries. In other words, let us live within our incomes, as we all probably get what we are really worth, and in time things will become adjusted as to supply and demand, shortage of labor, high prices, and everything that goes to make our days blue and nights black. O. L. A.

What My Father Did for Me

(*Continued from page 51*)

for an increase in salary. This was readily granted. The additional money had been given so willingly that he concluded he must be worth even more, and within a few weeks he approached his employer with another demand. This, too, was met, but the youth remained dissatisfied. The third time he filed a request for more money the firm demurred:

"I know all about your business," said the conceited youth, "and either you'll pay me what I'm really worth or I'll leave. You can't get along without me."

"Oh," replied the president of the company, "that's rather a broad statement! What should we do if you were suddenly to die?"

"Well," stammered the young man, "in that case of course you would *have* to get along."

"Then, in this case," retorted the president, "we'll just consider you as dead."

We laughed together over that conceited man's downfall. My father thought it a splendid joke, or pretended to. "It taught him a lesson he sadly needed," he added; and I realize now that the purpose of my father's frequent repetition of that story was to give me a lesson I might some day need. Later he amplified the idea by adding:

"Don't think people can't get along without you, for they can. The thing to do is so to live and act that they won't *want* to get along without you."

My father made no distinctions of dress or class between men. There were but two kinds of men in his catalogue—good and bad. If he thought them bad, he told me why, and urged me never to be like them. I remember one day we were stopped on the street by a wreck of humanity. He was dirty, drunken, ill-smelling, and repulsive to the sight.

"That," said my father, after we had passed on, "is what drink does to a man. Take a good look at him, my boy, and remember him always."

I have heard many temperance lectures since, but none so vivid or so lasting as that one.

After we came to America, where Father had elected to start life anew,

following the failure of his business venture in England, I continued to make those Sunday-morning walks with him to the place of his employment. He was bookkeeper for a lubricator factory in Detroit, Michigan.

If ever I visited the factory during the week days I was permitted to follow him about the place. I learned from him then that any man, no matter how grimy his work made him nor how soiled his clothing, was worthy and fit for me to associate with if he was honest, straightforward, and clean of speech.

Nor was my father more friendly to one man than to another. I never knew him to flatter a rich man or to scorn a poor man. Once he told me that the way to know men is to know what they are thinking; and that the way to know what men are thinking is to listen patiently to their conversation.

From my father I learned in that way that every honest man who does his work well is a good citizen. I had heard it said that clothes do not make the man; my father taught me to understand that statement. Had I been allowed to judge by appearances I should have lost many a true friend.

We were English until the month of May, 1891. Then we left England to become American. The first legal act that I performed as a man of twenty-one years was to swear allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

"The United States," he often said to me, "is the greatest country on earth. In no other country are people so happy, so prosperous, and so contented. Whatever any man may tell you in the future, be loyal to this Government. Respect its flag and honor its institutions. This is the land of opportunity. I wish I had come here sooner. But you will grow up here, and I want you to be an American citizen. Under this country's flag you can become anything you wish, if you have the strength and the ability and the will to persevere. Here you may live your life unhampered. Remember England kindly as the land of your birth, but stick to and stand by the United States, the land of your opportunity!"

Never in his six brief years of hard struggle—and he encountered the panic of 1892—or of the happiness and peace which came to him as his life was closing, did he once regret his coming here. Not once did he compare the United States unfavorably with England. To him this was the better land. Its interests were his interests, and he entered as far as he could into the support of all things which make for Americanism. From the day we joined him here, the United States was his homeland and his country, which he bade us to love and to serve.

I find that I have but barely touched the account of my indebtedness to my father. I have purposely omitted the items of common need which he furnished, always gladly, however great the personal sacrifice entailed. I have taken for granted the years of my schooling, as I have all the things which called merely for an expenditure of money.

He left us little in the way of worldly wealth; but to-day, as I run over the pages of my memory and recall the splendor of his service, I find that my debt to him is one which the best I shall ever do, or be, will but partially repay.

For the bigger and finer things of life were his bequests to me.

I owe to him the years of peace and comfort that have been mine.

I have made good friends and true, because my father taught me how lasting friendships are made.

I have found much happiness in life, because he taught me where happiness could be found.

I have traveled not far, but safely, because he taught me wisely.

I have been spared regret and shame and misery and the embarrassment of thoughtless follies by the tact and genius of his counsel; and scarcely a day goes by, even now, that I do not discover, in my heritage from him, some new vein of riches.

What I Owe My Father—*Prize Contest Announcement*

ONE cannot read the above article by "Eddie" Guest without being stirred to questioning—perhaps uneasy questioning. We are always recognizing our debt to "the mother who bore us." But, as a rule, we say little, and possibly we think little, about the part "Father" has played in our lives.

Let's sit down now and search the record. What do you owe to *your* father? Perhaps in his quiet way he gave you the standards by which you measure yourself and others. His example of honest hard work may be at the root of your own industry and integrity. His understanding and sympathy may have been a sure refuge in times of discouragement and trouble. Perhaps he was severe, even harsh; and you say you owe him little or nothing. But don't be too sure about that. Maybe the traits which make your own character strong, which are helping you most in your career, are the very ones he transmitted to you. Tell us how your father has helped you; what his example means to you; and all the ways in which his character and his companionship have fitted you to play your part in life. Give Father his innings. Tell us what he has done for you.

For the best letters of about 500 words we offer these prizes: $20, first prize; $10, second prize; $5, third prize. Competition closes January 15th. Winning letters will appear in the April number. Competitions to these contest will not be returned unless especially requested and if postage is enclosed. Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Marcia Lets Her Conscience Take a Brief Vacation

(*Continued from page 23*)

with us, and of course *all* families possess Marys and Johns. If you discover anything more in the town records I'll be very grateful, though I hate no end to put you to a lot of trouble. I've got along all right without ancestors up to now, and it won't hurt me to exist a while longer in the same condition!

Where can I find more of your stories? I've read this one three times.

With best wishes and much gratitude,

JOHN C. ALANDALE.

Marcia did not hesitate this time. She went to the typewriter, and had little trouble in producing the following missive:

DEAR MR. ALANDALE: Your answer to my letter has just come, but I have already searched the town records without success. In fact, I can't get hold of the older ones, and the only Alandale mentioned during the last thirty years is in a marriage license: a Thomas Alandale from Dakota, who married a native of our town by the name of Smith, whose family has long since moved away. I guess in the old days they weren't so fussy about reporting births as they are now.

You see I can get you no satisfactory information. If you know of any way in which I can discover anything, don't hesitate to tell me. The only place you can find any more of my stories is in the bottom drawer of my bureau! Sincerely, MARCIA ADAMS.

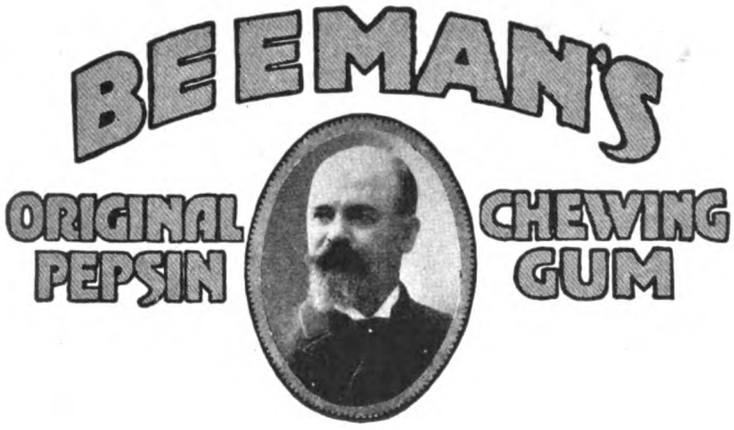
'Tis strange how quickly one becomes accustomed to a life of sin! Marcia had no twinges whatever when she dropped this letter in the mail box. She only wondered if Mr. Alandale would answer it; and he must have answered it at once, for another gray envelope arrived with all speed.

Marcia had written "John" all about Mr. Alandale; but she had not told her mother, nor her brother "Richard." She had had no chance to concoct John's reply, and was undecided whether to have him understand, or to make him furiously jealous, which would be a new and interesting situation. After reading Mr. Alandale's third note she decided on the latter course.

DEAR MISS ADAMS: You certainly deserve a medal for answering my note so promptly, and for going to all this trouble for a perfect stranger. If Indiana wasn't so far away I'd send you a bunch of violets. As it is, I'm sending some candy by parcel post; but it's not what I want to send, Marcia Adams. Perhaps you'll think I'm only paving the way for more trouble when I ask another favor, but I hope you'll understand.

I've always hated neglected graveyards, and I judge from what you write that my ancestors are lying in just such a spot. Will you hire someone to fix things neatly and send the bill to me? But if this is asking too much, *please* tell me.

If I only *were* an editor I'd show my appreciation more substantially. I'd like awfully to get hold of the contents of that bureau drawer! Eagerly awaiting your reply, I am, faithfully yours, JOHN C. ALANDALE.



"Eating" Business

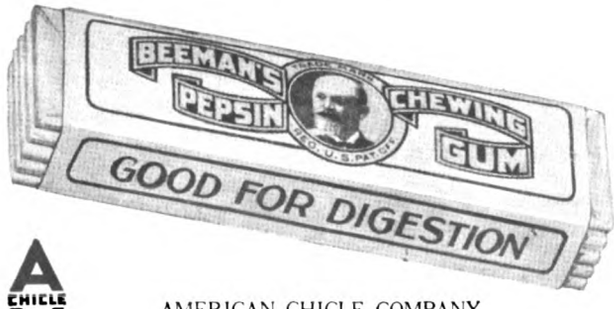
WHEN a man thinks business, eats business, and sleeps business to the exclusion of everything else, he wakes up some day to the realization of the fact that something has gone wrong.

The thing that most generally goes wrong is the digestion.

A man who eats more business than food for breakfast, luncheon and dinner neglects to give the necessary attention to the proper mastication of his food, and without proper mastication—which of itself is the first step in the digestion—the food cannot perform its real function, which is to keep the body and nervous system in good working order.

As an aid to digestion the routine use of my Original Pepsin Chewing Gum ten minutes after each meal will help the digestion of many men who eat too hurriedly at meals.

D. C. Beeman



CHICLE

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

New York Cleveland Chicago Kansas City San Francisco

Next morning, when a five-pound box of sweets arrived from Indiana, Marcia sent the following note in the first mail:

DEAR MR. ALANDALE: The box of candy arrived this morning; and I fear you are very extravagant, or else you think I have a perfect regiment of small brothers and sisters. The truth is, my one remaining relative consists of a grandmother, so I believe your candy will last the rest of my natural life. I feel as if I'd inherited a fortune, and if my employer, Judge Allen, were not on his vacation, he would join his thanks to mine, for he is as fond of sweets as I am, though I have often wished that his passion would take some form other than peppermints. I like variety, and you have supplied the variety for some time to come. A thousand thanks to you!

Seriously—you mustn't do such a thing again. Anything I have done about your ancestors has been a pleasure. I have made arrangements to have the cemetery lot cleaned up, and will let you know the result in a few days. There will be no bill, because it is up to the cemetery committee anyway. They neglected the Alandale lot because there was no one to prod them. I have done the prodding and will see that your wishes are carried out.

Sincerely yours, MARCIA ADAMS.

P. S. I would have loved the violets; but the candy is a perfect gold mine. M. A.

Next day, despite a furious epistle from "John" received the night before, Marcia wrote the following letter to Mr. Alandale; though she let nearly a week elapse before mailing it:

DEAR MR. ALANDALE: I wish you could see that lot in the cemetery! The caretaker has mowed the grass and clipped the arbor-vitæ hedge that surrounds it, and I have taken the liberty of setting out some plants. There were a lot of pansies in Grandma's garden, and I've planted them by the stone which marks the resting place of Ebenezer and Hannah. Then I planted some hyacinth bulbs in front of Isaac's four wives; but I didn't plant any for him, because I think he was sort of fickle. He certainly didn't mourn any of his wives very long, and if he hadn't died soon after Isabel did, he probably would have married again! I don't think he understood the word *constancy* at all.

I washed Susan Alandale's marble stone and planted some lilies of the valley on her grave, as I did for "Brother John" and "Sister Mary;" and I set out a dear little pink rose bush beside "Our Darling." You can't think how nice it looks.

As I said before, there isn't any bill, because the caretaker fixed things up and the flowers all came from Grandma's garden. I enjoyed doing it.

I had a letter from an editor this morning! The candy is perfectly delicious.

Sincerely yours, MARCIA ADAMS.

The next letter from Indiana came the day before Judge Allen returned, and wrought a harvest of consternation:

DEAR LITTLE MARCIA ADAMS: Your letter has left me perfectly speechless with gratitude. I can't imagine why you've taken so much trouble, and your description of that lot in the cemetery is as gay as a ballroom! Some day, when business takes me far enough east, I'm going to ask you to show it to me.

Isn't there something I can do for *you*? If you only knew how gladly I'd tackle the hardest sort of job, you'd invent some task for me.

Bully for that editor! But he must have been crazy not to enclose a check with the letter. I have read your story six times now, and I know you can write. Your imagination is very vivid.

Let me know how the stories grow, as well as the plants. Before many weeks I hope to see for myself, and get into that bureau drawer as well! Faithfully,

JOHN C. ALANDALE.

P. S. Isaac was a horrid old Mormon!

Armour's QUALITY PRODUCTS

How Armour and Company Turn Livestock Into Fresh Meat

MATURE meat animals need to be marketed immediately, else they become wasteful to the producer. For additional feed produces no additional weight, though it is absolutely necessary to maintain the animals at their prime weight.

If the farmer is forced to "board" his stock after it matures he must either get higher prices or sustain a loss.

Armour and Company and other similar concerns obviate this unnecessary waste of feed and production by offering a year-round market to producers of livestock. In this way the stockman is relieved of caring for and feeding his animals an undue length of time.

When his stock is ready, he markets it at current prices in the general stockyards of the country. An Armour buyer, in open competition, may secure this particular lot of cattle.

These cattle are then weighed and taken to the packing house, but are not killed until the morning after, as cattle must be rested before slaughtering. Once slaughtered they are put into chilled rooms with a temperature of between 34 and 40 degrees and kept there for 72 hours. Then the fresh meat is started toward its destination.

This fresh meat is sold by the Armour Branch House to retail butchers within four to eight days after slaughter.

The *speed and efficiency* with which Armour turns livestock into fresh meat has a great significance to the *consumer*. Every hour that intervenes between the time the live animal is received at the stockyards and the steak or chops are served on your table is an *expense*. Whether in the form of labor, food, manufacturing, storage or transportation costs, this expense affects the price you pay for your meat.

Armour methods require the minimum amount of time in performing this service and helps to keep the price of meat down.

But the Armour system can function smoothly and economically only as long as its organization and equipment are kept intact. To tamper with or take away any of the parts *is simply to weaken the whole system and destroy efficient operation.*

You put your active endorsement on Armour methods when you ask for Armour Oval Label Foods at your dealer's. And you thus assure yourself of highest-grade, dependable foods at reasonable prices.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

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"CLARENDON"
7 Rooms and Bath

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One recent saving "$826.50 and Weeks of Time"

One recent Bennett customer writes, "The best price here was over $2,200.00 * * * and your complete bill was $1,373.50, to say nothing of weeks and weeks of labor costs your 'Ready-Cut' saved too."

Bennett Economies for you are many—the architect's plan free of charge, waste abolished, the labor cost of cutting and fitting eliminated, no extras, quality up to highest standards, early occupancy, and so on—all together effecting a genuine saving of real proportions.

Bennett Homes Better-Built Ready-Cut

Come from the foremost lumber center for economical house building—the great Tonawandas—where the choicest lumber is available at wholesale prices; where giant modern mill equipment almost automatically manufactures it into houses of a finer grade for a fraction of former cost; and where the timber coming in and lumber going out is handled in large lots at tremendous saving.

With the Bennett plan you know the exact cost before you start to build. And, although you save hundreds of dollars, you have a most charming home, architecturally and comfortably a masterpiece. No guess work — no costly experimenting — no exasperating changes—just the home you want without paying the present high building prices.

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One glance at the Bennett Book will show you the character and beauty of Bennett Homes. Each one of the more than fifty striking designs shown in this book represents the best efforts of a board of designers. Each house has been approved for comfort, ready heating, economical plumbing and convenient house-keeping, as well as economical building and artistic finishing. The built-in conveniences mean savings not to be overlooked in furnishing your home. When you read this book you'll understand why these houses are better designed, better built, and why we can make prompt shipments by main line railroad to all parts of the country.

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Makers of BENNETT HOMES
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310 Main Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find stamps. Please send Catalog of BENNETT HOMES, Better-Built and Ready-Cut, to

Name.....
Street.....
Town..... State.....

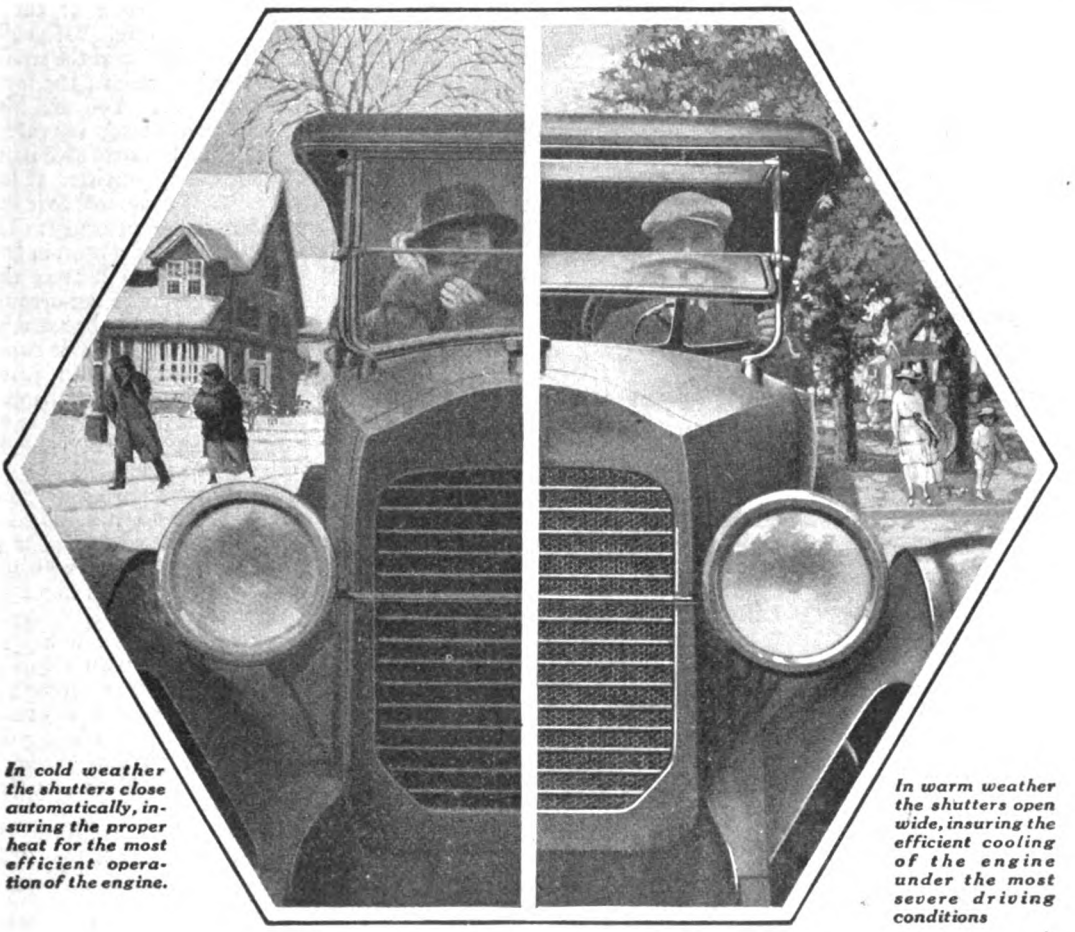
Marcia didn't write any letters to her mother, her brother, or her imaginary lover that night. Instead, she battled with her long dormant New England conscience, and cried herself to sleep. And at five in the morning she crept down into the kitchen and wrote to Mr. Alandale; and it was no dream letter this time. In self-punishment she bared her soul. She told him all about her lonely girlhood with Grandma Adams, and about the letters. She even told him about "John," which was a very hard thing to do, because in her heart of hearts she felt that she had been untrue to John since Mr. Alandale had entered the arena.

Then she confessed all about the cemetery, and how she had invented the whole story because it was so interesting to get his letters, and said there was a good deal of candy left, which she would return by parcel post next day, and if he'd let her know how much the rest was worth she would send stamps for the amount as soon as Judge Allen returned and paid her what he owed her. She wanted terribly to ask him to write just once more and say that he forgave her, but that her conscience would not allow. A New England conscience is very vigorous after a long rest. Then she signed, and sealed the letter, hid it beneath the bread board, and set to work getting Grandma Adams's breakfast.

And that day Marcia sold her second story! Yet she felt no joy, because she was so ashamed and unhappy about Mr. Alandale; and Judge Allen, who was every bit as excited as he had been before, wondered why Marcia took it so calmly, and if she wasn't well. He was almost sure she'd been crying. But Marcia, watching the mails even more eagerly than before, got no gray envelope from Indiana. Even the precious solace of her imaginary letters was denied her, because she couldn't make them seem "real" any more; and Grandma Adams gave the girl a tonic, and told her cousin Mattie Gregory that she was afraid Marcia was going into a decline, like her aunt Sarah.

Then, just two weeks and three days after Marcia made her confession to Mr. Alandale, something happened. Judge Allen was over at the courthouse and Marcia was copying briefs, or was supposed to be. In reality she was staring out of the window at the big elm before the post office. But she didn't see the elm, or Ed Stringer lounging in the doorway, or even a new automobile in front of the grocery. She was thinking that Mr. Alandale might have written just a line, and wondering if she would ever feel quite the same toward "John" again. In fact, she was so lost in misery that someone in the outside hall had to knock three times before she heard, and said "Come in."

THE door opened to admit a perfect stranger. That is, he seemed a stranger at first glance; but even before he spoke he began to look familiar. It flashed through Marcia's brain that he was a sort of cross between "John" and the illustrations in her story. He had John's blue eyes, but his chin reminded her of the illustrations. It was a very determined chin. For a moment she thought his lips were as tragic as her first edition of John; but just then he smiled, and she saw that they weren't tragic at all.



In cold weather the shutters close automatically, insuring the proper heat for the most efficient operation of the engine.

In warm weather the shutters open wide, insuring the efficient cooling of the engine under the most severe driving conditions

No Compromise between Winter and Summer Cooling

The ordinary radiator is a compromise between winter and summer driving conditions.

To cool the engine satisfactorily on the hot days of mid-summer and in warm climates, it must be of a size and capacity *far in excess* of winter requirements. Over-cooling in the winter time results—which means gasoline condensed on the cold cylinder walls, diluted lubricating oil—a balky, "spitting" engine—excessive wastes in gas and oil consumption.

Harrison Shutter Radiators, automatically controlled by the Harrison thermostat, bridge the gap between the widely variant conditions of all-year and all-climate driving—giving a radiator cooling capacity exactly proportionate to the motor's needs.

When engine temperature exceeds 180 degrees (the point of greatest combustion efficiency), the shutters are wide open—increasing cooling power to the maximum. When the temperature drops to 140 degrees, the shutters are closed completely—conserving the heat.

Quick "warming-up" — easier starting — improved carburetion and ignition — gasoline and oil economies result.

Motor cars equipped with Harrison Shutter-Controlled Radiators are making an increasingly strong appeal to the motoring public.

Because it is *not* a compromise, the Harrison Shutter Radiator makes any automobile on which it is used an all-season, any-climate car.

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HARRISON *Shutter-Controlled Hexagon* **Radiators**

IF, instead of the one engineer alone, the fireman and the conductor and the brakeman and the porter and the passengers themselves all took a hand at running the locomotive, travelling on the railroad would be uncertain and unsatisfactory. You get the best results when you have one man, or one thing, in charge. In the

HATCH
ONE-BUTTON
UNION SUIT

there is just the one master-button at the chest to do the work that a whole row used to do not so well. It saves you time in buttoning and unbuttoning and insures a smooth, even fit in place of the wrinkling and gapping you used to get the other way. It brings the Satisfaction Special of the Underwear Line into the station on time—every time.

It saves, too, all the bother that comes when there is a whole row of buttons and button holes to keep in order. And even if the one sturdily fastened button of this splendidly made garment should somehow come loose, there is an extra button hole into which an ordinary collar button can be slipped to do the work.

The Hatch One-Button Union Suit comes in superfine cotton, worsted and mercerized materials. A catalog describing the complete line will be sent free on request.

This garment is featured at the best stores everywhere, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.

Men's Garments
$2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00

Boys' Garments
$1.50, 2.00, 2.50

ONE BUTTON Hatch UNION SUIT
PATENTED JUNE 18, 1918

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO.
ALBANY, N. Y.

"Judge Allen is at the courthouse," she said politely. "If you'll wait—"

"I'll wait," said the stranger. "I have a letter to present; but my real business is with you. You *are* Marcia Adams, aren't you? Here's my card."

It was a business card that he laid down beside her typewriter. It looked natural, because of course what it said was "John C. Alandale—Attorney at Law," followed by the name of a town in Indiana.

It seemed to Marcia that she could never, *never* raise her eyes from the perusal of that card, because her heart was pounding, and she was sure her face was burning up; and then, just as she knew something had *got* to happen, Mr. Alandale said: "Won't you look up, Marcia Adams? I've traveled nine hundred miles just to see you."

So Marcia looked up, and John Alandale looked down. And Marcia felt suddenly not afraid at all, for John Alandale was saying, "What *must* you think? It's nearly three weeks since you sent that precious letter, and not one word from me! I've been away. I didn't get it till four days ago, and then I *had* to stop off at Indianapolis for this letter of introduction to Judge Allen. I wanted to telegraph you, but—I was afraid you'd think me crazy, though you might as well have thought that as to consider me such a cad as—"

"I—I *don't* consider you a cad!" gasped Marcia weakly. "It's what you must think about me that's killing me. I—"

"What I think about *you!*"

There was something in John Alandale's voice that had a very curious effect on Marcia's heart. She was perfectly sure that it stopped beating, and when he spoke again the words sounded at least a thousand miles away, yet she heard them clearly and remembered them as long as she lived.

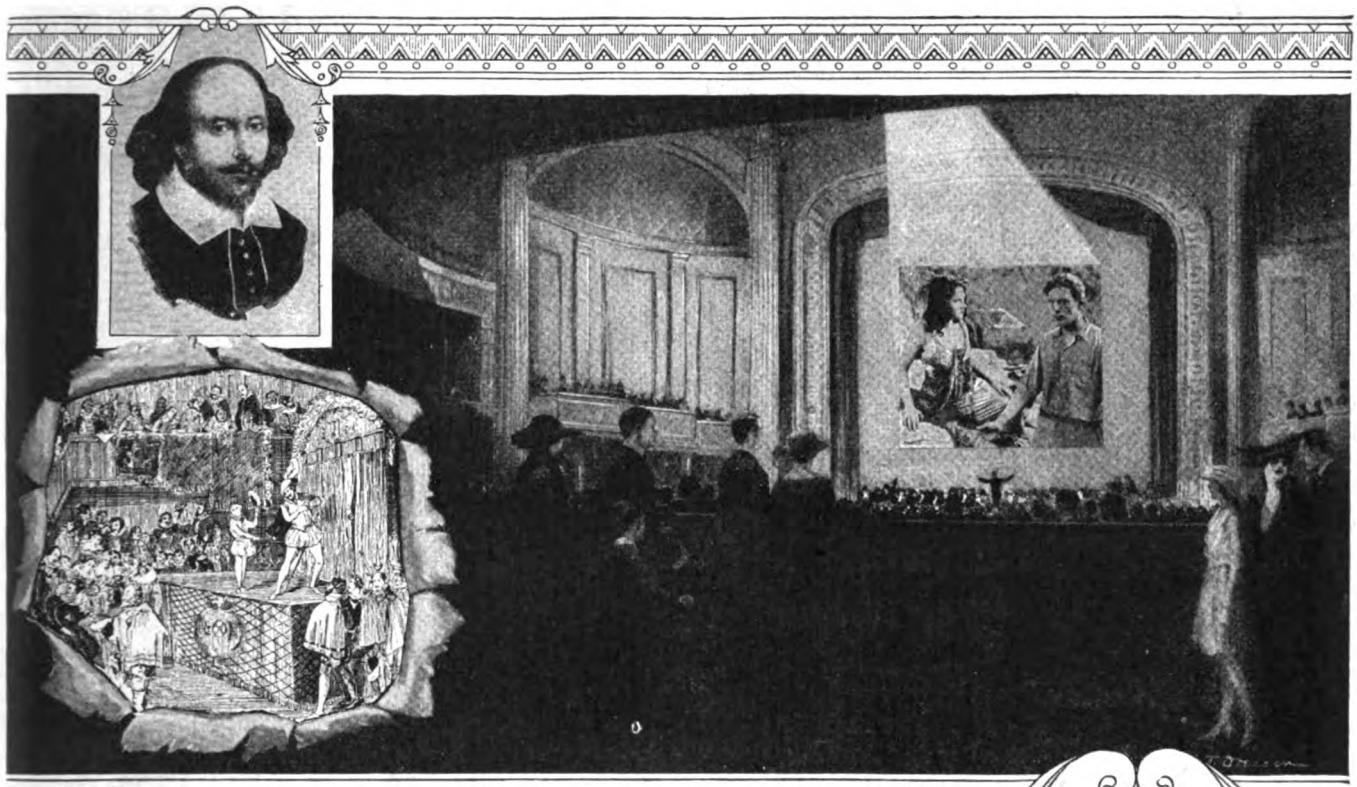
"Of course," he was saying, "it was the name Alandale that attracted me to your story; but after I read it I felt—I just *knew* I'd got to know the girl who wrote it. I was scared perfectly pink for fear you were married. Even before you answered I'd made up my mind that if you had a husband I'd poison him!

"Do you really suppose, Marcia Adams, that a chap twenty-eight years old cares a snap for a lot of dusty old relatives who died before he was born or thought of? I had to cook up some excuse to write you, and you fell in with my plans so beautifully that I kept it up. And every letter I got—well, *I* don't believe there's another like you in the world! I thought so after your very first letter; but when I read this last one I *knew* it! And what I came here to say is—that you're *my girl!* I don't expect you to believe it right away, but you can let it be sinking in, can't you? Is there a respectable hotel in this community? I'm not going back to Indiana till I take you with me."

NOW what do you suppose Marcia Adams said? She looked up at Mr. Alandale's firm chin, and I guess she thought she might as well surrender first as last. She said:

"I'm glad your name is John. It'll make you seem more *real!*"

And just as he was kissing her Judge Allen came in the door!



Times have changed since Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE thought of all the world as a stage.

Motion pictures have made that thought a fact.

When the olden plays were first put on at that queer little cockpit in London called the Globe Theatre, the audience had to *imagine* suitable settings to the action of the drama.

How the old playwrights would have been amazed and delighted by Paramount Artcraft Pictures, in which are supplied all the living realities of romance--scenery, climatic conditions, tall forests, salty oceans and the very flesh and blood of men and women!

"The play's the thing" still, but think what has happened to the motion picture theatre also, the comfort of the audience, the luxury of the presentation!

Hardly a community anywhere that lacks a theatre worthy to show Paramount Artcraft Pictures.

Hardly a community anywhere that does not know enough to demand them.

Watch the theatres' announcements and know before you pay.

Latest Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Released to January 1st

Billie Burke *in* "WANTED A HUSBAND"
Irene Castle *in* "THE INVISIBLE BOND"
Marguerite Clark *in* "A GIRL NAMED MARY"
Ethel Clayton *in* "MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production "MALE AND FEMALE"
"Everywoman" WITH ALL STAR CAST
Elsie Ferguson *in* "COUNTERFEIT"
Dorothy Gish *in* "TURNING THE TABLES"
D. W. Griffith Production "SCARLET DAYS"
Wm. S. Hart *in* "SAND"
Houdini *in* "THE GRIM GAME"
Vivian Martin *in* "HIS OFFICIAL FIANCEE"
Wallace Reid *in* "HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A."
Maurice Tourneur's Production "VICTORY"
George Loane Tucker's Production "THE MIRACLE MAN"
Robert Warwick *in* "AN ADVENTURE IN HEARTS"
Bryant Washburn *in* "IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"
"The Teeth of the Tiger" With a Star Cast
"The Miracle of Love" A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Cinema Murder" A Cosmopolitan Production

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in* "WHAT EVERYWOMAN LEARNS"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "HIS WIFE'S FRIEND"
Douglas MacLean & Doris May *in* "23½ HOURS' LEAVE"
Charles Ray *in* "CROOKED STRAIGHT"

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Paramount-Arbuckle Comedies *one every other month*
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies *two each month*
Paramount-Al St. John Comedies *one each month*
Paramount-Ernest Truex Comedies *one each month*
Paramount-De Haven Comedies *one each month*

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Paramount Magazine *issued weekly*
Paramount-Post Nature Pictures *issued every other week*
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures *one each week*
Paramount-Burlingham Adventure Pictures *every other week*
Paramount-Briggs Comedy *one each week*

Paramount Artcraft Motion Pictures

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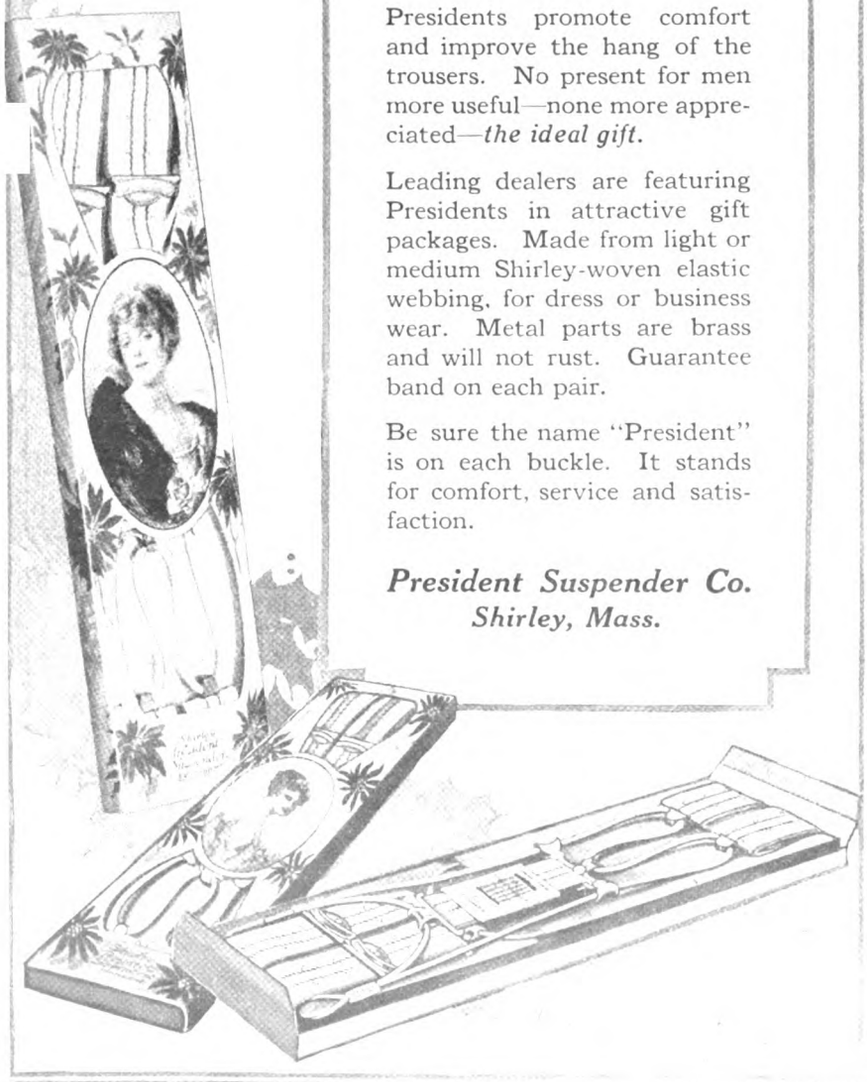
Be sure the name "President" is on each buckle. It stands for comfort, service and satisfaction.

President Suspender Co.
Shirley, Mass.



"The Hand That Jerks the Strings"

(*Continued from page 29*)

"Tears came into her eyes then. I almost think that clinched the matter in her mind. Or perhaps it didn't need any clinching. 'Poor—poor little mite!' she said. 'To be born into the world without a mother, and to have nobody want you!' Then suddenly her mouth tightened and she flung up her head in a way she had.

"'I want her!' she cried. 'I've always wanted her. I'm going to keep her. And'—I shall never forget the look in her eyes as she said it—'I'm going to call her Désirée!' And she flew past me down the stairs.

"WELL, she kept the baby. It meant giving up all thought of college. It meant settling down as assistant at the sanatorium, where she could look after it properly. The arrangement suited Mrs. Pederman perfectly. She had enough to do, even with Ellen helping her.

"Ellen did her share in the hospital and brought up the baby besides. And it was a delicate baby. It had convulsions every little while. And, faint!—why, that baby used to faint all over the house. You couldn't leave her out of your sight a minute. Until the youngster was eight years old Ellen Hayden never left the hospital for more than a few hours at a time. But after the little thing was eight, she didn't have any more convulsions, and the fainting spells were few and far between. And Ellen was able to send her to a private school."

"Good for Ellen!" I interrupted. "Did she go back to medical college then?"

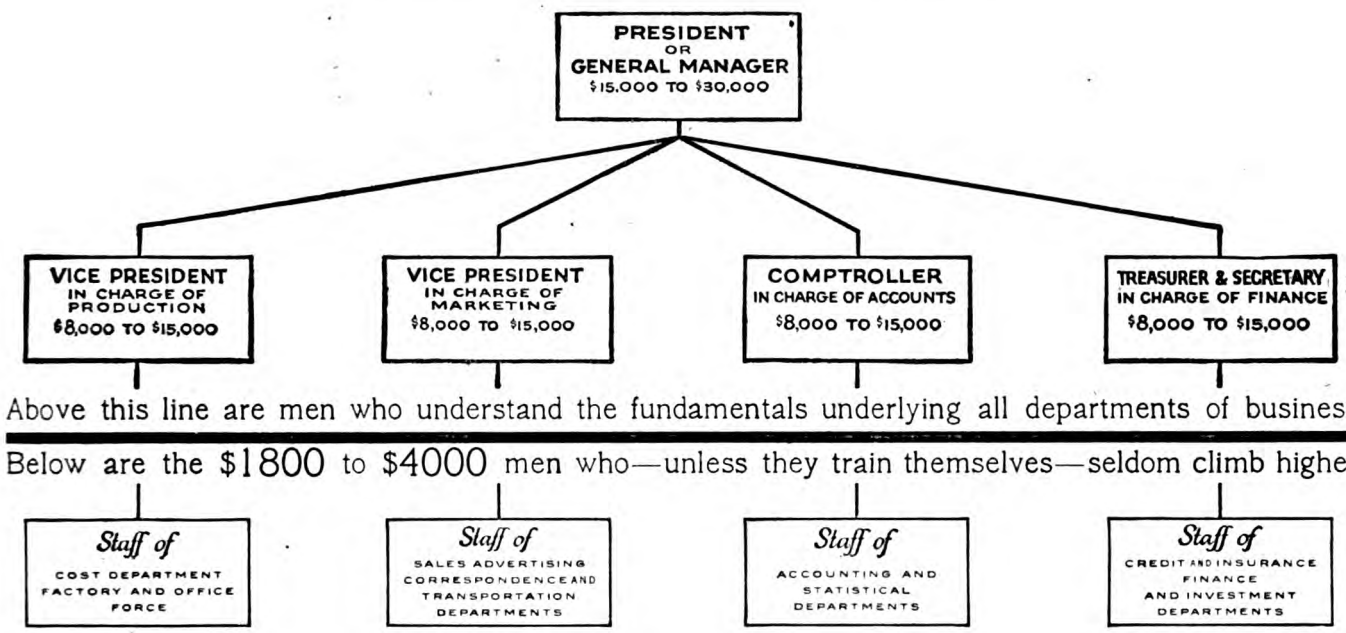
He shook his head. "No, she had lost that ambition. The sanatorium took all her energy. And, anyway, there was no real reason for it any more."

"And she didn't marry either?"

Again he shook his head. "You see, she and Greer had disagreed from the beginning about the baby. They were both young and hot-headed. And then—there was his mother, who was terribly keen about—oh! society stuff and all that sort of thing. Wanted him to marry in his own set, a girl with money and connections that could help him. Greer had his office at home then, and his mother would have kicked up quite a row about his marrying a nurse. As for his taking, also, a miserable little atom like Ellen's baby, that would have made all kinds of trouble.

"The real break between them was over their opposite stands in regard to saving the baby's life. The other things were just foolish misconceptions; but, all the same, they seemed real to Ellen, and finally she went up in the air completely, in that red-headed way of hers. One day she just turned on him and called him—oh! plenty of unpleasant things! Cruel, in the first place, and mercenary, a snob, a weakling, and, and—well, that was the end. She made it quite clear to him that she was through."

Find *your* place and salary on this chart



DISRAELI, with no fortune but his own ability and ambition, handicapped by race prejudice, rose to be Prime Minister of England—the only member of his race ever to reach that eminence.

> "*As a rule,*" *he said,* "*the most successful man in life is the man who has the most information.*"

Old as that truth is, there are thousands of men who have never applied it to their business lives.

What advancement will the next few years bring you?

They would refuse indignantly to sign a contract to work for the next ten years at the same salary they are now receiving. Yet the end of the ten year period will find most of them in the same position, or only a trifle ahead.

For there is only one power in the world that can lift a man, and that is the power of added knowledge and training.

For years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has specialized in one thing; it has only one Course; its sole purpose is to take men who know one department of business, and by adding to their equipment a knowledge of the other fundamentals shown on the chart, to fit them for higher positions.

The surest way to attract attention to yourself

THE man who is adding to his knowledge forces himself inevitably upon the attention of his superiors.

> "When I learned that some fifty of our men had decided to take up the Modern Business Course and Service," writes the President of one great corporation, "the stock of this company rose several points in my estimation."

The stock rose in his estimation, because he knew that there were fifty men in his company who were directly in line for promotion to higher places, because they were developing the capacity to do larger things.

You, too, may begin now to move forward

THE Alexander Hamilton Institute deals in results, not words. Its advertisements are written in the living experience of the 95,000 men who are subscribers to its Course. Some of these men live near you; ask them.

No matter who you are, or what your position may be, there is knowledge in the Alexander Hamilton Institute's Modern Business Course and Service that will mean added power and income to you.

Are you already the president of a corporation? More than 17,000 of the 95,000 men enrolled by the Institute are corporation presidents.

Are you a would-be executive at the other end of the ladder? Men of every rank and earning power are numbered among the Institute's subscribers. It is not today's position that is the test. The test is—are you asking yourself: "Where am I going to be ten years from now?"

It is a question, not of place, but of ambition; and the capacity to decide.

Send for "Forging Ahead in Business"

95,000 business men who are following the Course are your guarantee that this Institution is worthy of your investigation also.

To make the investigation easy, a 116-page book has been prepared called "Forging Ahead in Business." It contains valuable business information, the result of years of experience in training men. There is a copy for you without obligation. Send for your copy now.

Alexander Hamilton Institute
253 Astor Place New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business," without obligation.

Name_____

Business Address_____

_____

Business Position_____

He Is Never Well—

YET neither is he wholly sick. He is nervous and depressed, catches cold easily. Has frequent headaches, spells of indigestion, a twinge of rheumatism now and then.

"Pyorrhea," says his dentist. "He is but one of thousands of men and women who go to pieces in middle age because of this insidious disease."

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then, the gums recede and expose the unenameled tooth-base to decay. Eventually the teeth loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs that breed in little pockets about the teeth. These germs, which are carried in the blood stream to other parts of the body, are now known frequently to be the cause of rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders and other serious ills.

Don't let Pyorrhea get established in your mouth. See your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and start today to use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea, or check its progress, if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

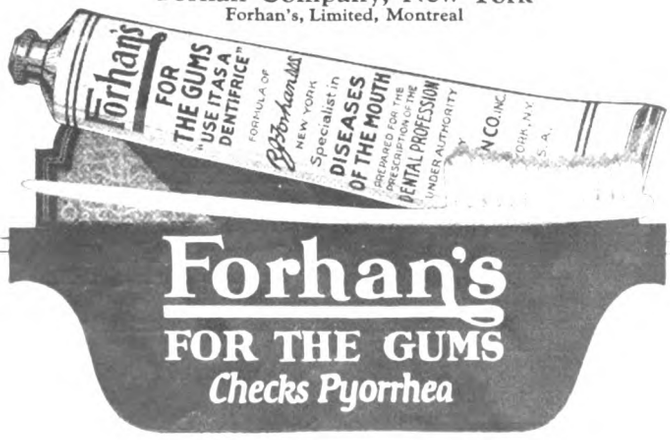
How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down.* Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in the United States and Canada.

At all druggists.

Forhan Company, New York
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

"But she never married anybody else?"

He shook his head.

"Why not?"

"I don't know," he replied. "I had a chance to start in New York as assistant to a specialist in the line I wanted to follow, and I didn't get around to Brooklyn any more. But I used to hear about her from the other men. There were a lot who liked her."

"But Doctor Greer?"

"I told you that she—turned him down." He drew out another cigarette.

"Didn't he ever see her any more?" I asked.

"See her? Why—" he hesitated, then finished abruptly, "probably not."

"Then what did *she* have to do with the serum?"

HE SMILED a little wearily. "I'll tell you. You see, when the black fever epidemic broke out, he was connected with the Farnham Institute; in fact, he was head of the research department. He had left Brooklyn when—about the time I did, and was living alone in New York. At the institute they were working on a serum for the fever, as everybody was all over the country, and Greer thought he had something good, when suddenly Doctor Jenks, the one they call Papa Jenks, went on record as opposed to the idea of treatment with serum because of the high temperature with black fever. His cry was taken up by medical journals and lay journals all over the country—you know what a czar old Papa Jenks is—and all of a sudden the Board of Directors at Farnham's began to frown on Greer's experiments, and he found himself up against a bunch of red tape. He was so sure that he had something good, however, that he took himself and his experiments over to his own office, where he also had his living apartment. He turned his examining-room into a laboratory, disconnected his telephone, gave out that he had gone away for a trip, and with only his man to clean up and help him, locked himself in and went to work.

"The epidemic was pretty bad by that time. You were afraid of your own mother. Nobody rode in the cars unless absolutely obliged to. People keeled over on your doorstep—it came that suddenly. But you know how it was.

One morning Greer's man didn't show up. No 'phone message, of course, because the incoming service had been shut off. Greer took in the rolls and milk, and then got so busy he forgot to eat. By night his head was throbbing and the back of his neck was like a live thing. He figured it was hunger, so he went to the ice box and ate what he found there. He couldn't keep it down. Alarmed, he took his temperature. Then the truth struck him! He probably had the black fever—and it scared him. Doctors look on death every day, but the only time they really see it is at the bedside of their own, or when they themselves are stricken. Greer saw it then. And it frightened him. He didn't want to die. He wanted to live. You see, he particularly wanted to live just then because of his serum.

"When he thought of the serum a great excitement took hold of him and he

forgot about being afraid. What a chance to try it out! He would give himself an injection before 'phoning for a nurse. He had heard that it was impossible to get a nurse; but as he had given up his practice in order to do special research work, he had not realized that this was almost literally true. He supposed that if *he*, Carleton Greer, should 'phone for a nurse he could have one, of course! So, first he injected the serum into his arm, and then he went to the 'phone. He did not try for a doctor. He didn't comprehend his condition. All he thought was that he didn't want any doctor fussing around, contradicting his orders. All he wanted was someone to look after him and give him another injection in twenty-four hours, if he needed it.

"He 'phoned to every big registry and hospital in New York City; but all the satisfaction he got was that they took his name and address. They would be glad to send him a nurse, they told him politely—if one came in. He began to realize then how bad things were.

HE UNDRESSED and got into bed, with the telephone on his knees, and tried some more. He began to feel so weak he could hardly speak over the 'phone. And at that, he grew panicky, in the grip of a horrible nightmare. The room started to swim before his eyes, the numbers in the 'phone directory became illegible. For a time he tried to fight it off, the thing that was beating him down. But then, after a while, it didn't matter to him any more. Nothing mattered. He was ready to give in.

"He reached over to put the telephone back on the table—then stopped without even knowing why he stopped. Something seemed to have arrested his hand. And suddenly, from somewhere in the submerged depths of his mind, there floated to the surface four numerals and zigzagged toward each other and remained together and formed a telephone number, the old, long-forgotten number of Pederman's Sanatorium.

"As if in a dream, he lifted the telephone receiver from the hook once more. . . . And the next thing he remembers was that a nurse in white came softly to the bed and leaned over him. She was very pretty, very, very young, and her eyes lighted up with satisfaction when she saw that he was conscious again. He noticed her youth and her delicacy vaguely, but his first clear thought was of the serum.

"'Fix me thirty c.c.'s of—' he began, then his eye fell on the hypodermic syringe in a glass beside his bed, and he tried feebly to reach for it.

"She stopped him with a hand on his. 'I gave you one.'

"Already he was dropping back into nothingness, when an idea fought its way through.

"'How did you know?'

"'You told me.'

"'I don't remember—'

"She looked scared then and—very, very little. 'You—you didn't seem delirious! You told me what to do, and where it was. There wasn't anybody to consult, and you were a doctor, and I supposed you knew. It was yesterday, toward evening.'

"But while she was talking he dropped

ESTABLISHED 1869
FIFTY — YEARS — OF — PROGRESS

HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP has a flavor peculiarly and distinctively its own, a flavor that gives to every food a new zest—an inviting, appetizing, delicious taste. It is made in model kitchens of spotless cleanliness, from red ripe tomatoes grown where soil and climate unite to produce the best. Heinz Ketchup is a constant proof of Heinz Quality.

HEINZ
TOMATO KETCHUP

Some of the

57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Mince Meat

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

Yes, he needs a friend, all right, poor kid—a friend who will give him a Smith Brother's Cough Drop and stop that cough. And so does every other boy or girl who is likely to experience the embarrassment of coughing while trying to recite before the whole class.

It isn't fair to permit any child to go around coughing. The best friend a coughing boy or girl can have is a Smith Brothers' Cough Drop, because, while S-B Cough Drops will not cure a cold, they will relieve the cough.

Pure. No drugs. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach.

Drop that Cough

SMITH BROTHERS *of Poughkeepsie*

FAMOUS SINCE 1847

off. After a while he came to again. He was feeling stronger.

"'How many days is it?' he asked.

"She told him, 'Two!'

"'What's my temperature?'

"She showed him the chart. When he looked at it, he knew that he had won the fight. At least, the serum had won. Two days, and the fever was broken! After a while he thought of the girl—she looked so frail and—and—so tired. He asked her if she had found anything to eat, and she nodded.

"'Where are you from?' he asked.

"'Pederman's,' she told him.

"'You've pulled me through, little girl!' he said.

"But she protested that she hadn't done it; that it had been the serum.

"'Yes,' he said, 'but if you hadn't been here to give it to me—' He shuddered, then the knowledge of his triumph gripped him. 'Think of it, girl!' he said, 'I've got a serum for the *black fever! My* serum. The *Greer* serum. Think of the lives, the thousands of lives, that will be saved because of *my serum!*'

"Then the truth came over him, burned its way into his mind. If it hadn't been for that little girl, his serum wouldn't have had a show! He smiled up at her as she hung over him. 'Thousands—perhaps, in time, millions of lives saved—and all because of you! You ought to go down in history, you know. A million lives saved by a mere slip of a girl!' He was still weak, and perhaps that made him a little foolish. At any rate, he pretended to take up the 'phone. 'Hello! Recording Angel!' he called. 'Are you listening? A million lives saved by a girl! Have you got that down? Credit side of the ledger—one million lives—account of Miss—Miss— By the way, little nurse, what *is* your name?' he asked. And she said—"

He stopped; was silent so long that I had to prompt him.

"She said,'" I suggested.

"Hayden, Désirée Hayden."

"Good God!" I said at length. "Ellen Hayden's baby!"

HE PULLED himself together and nodded slowly. "It seems they could not spare a nurse from Pederman's, when I got them on the 'phone—and Ellen had sent Désirée. The child, only seventeen, you know, was as good as a nurse—brought up that way, in a hospital." He seemed to slip away from me and lose himself in revery. "Poor little Désirée," he murmured at last, "poor, poor little girl!"

I sent him an inquiring glance.

"She's—gone," he explained in a quiet, dead sort of way. And at my startled gasp, he added, "Black fever!"

"Oh!" I was in the grip of shock and horror. "How terrible! But the serum?"

He shook his head. "She couldn't stand it. Her heart gave out. We did all we could. My God! We did all we could!"

I think there were tears in both our eyes. I know there were in mine.

"Poor little Désirée!" he murmured again; "poor, poor little girl!" He did not seem to know he was saying it; but repeated the phrase over and over as though the words had been said so often they had worn a groove in his brain.

"And poor Ellen Hayden! I don't see how you ever faced her!" I exclaimed —with a fatal slip on the pronoun, a slip to which his involuntary response came instantly.

"I didn't!" he cried with sudden passion. "I couldn't! I never can!"

With a shock he realized what we were saying, with our "you's" and "I's," and in some confusion he rose to go.

"I must be getting back," he mumbled; and lifting his hat, he turned abruptly away.

ALL that day and night I could not drive him from my mind; could not blot out the picture he made as he walked away—his springless step, the hang of his head, and the look that I knew was in his eyes. Somehow, he touched the springs of my pity even more than Ellen Hayden did with the eternal, unanswered mother call in her heart; more than Désirée, with her frail young life withered before its bloom.

That was because I am a woman, and a woman cannot bear to see a man in pain. Children forget their sufferings. And women learn to bear theirs. But in all the world there is nothing so helpless as a man in mental pain. And I yearned over Carleton Greer as though he were my own and his grief were mine to share. A hundred times I could have bitten my tongue for the slip I had made at the end —although he need not have taken for granted that I was a fool. Other people's stories one seldom tells with the passion he had put into his own recital. And, besides, the "C. G." on his cigarette case, though small, was entirely legible, and old women are not necessarily blind!

When I awoke the next morning it was with a feeling of something wrong. And then I remembered Carleton Greer. I thought how he must feel on awaking. What came into his mind first? The horror, probably, of facing Ellen Hayden. That horror! I wondered if time would ever wipe it out. Probably not, for time had never wiped away his love, the futile, hopeless love I had seen in the first glance he had sent after her.

And then, abruptly, I sat up in bed. Was it futile? Was it hopeless? I began to argue with myself. She had never married anyone else, although, he said, there had been other men who loved her. And, more than that, when his message came she had sent him Désirée. If he had meant nothing to her, would she, when his call came, knowing the desperate danger to any nurse, and especially to a girl so frail as Désirée, would she have sent him the most precious thing in her life—her baby?

Toward noon I found myself making a round of the hotels; and finally I found her and sent up my card. In a few minutes she came down, and we sat in a corner and talked. Her hair may once have been vivid red-gold, but now it was a beautiful rusty brown. And her eyes—well, they were the kind of eyes one might expect an Ellen Hayden to have—warm, sad, expressive, changeable, with sudden depths and sudden fires and sudden icy fastnesses. Saying what I had come to say was one of the hardest things I ever did. She was so utterly self-possessed. And it was so utterly none of my affair.

ESTABLISHED 1869
FIFTY — YEARS — OF — PROGRESS

Spaghetti
Ready cooked ready to serve

YOUNG housekeepers should quickly learn how good Heinz Spaghetti is. That it is a meal in itself. That Spaghetti is one of the most wholesome foods in the world.

That Heinz Spaghetti is ready cooked and ready to serve. That the taste is delicious—the result of a happy combination of the recipe of a famous Italian chef, Heinz rich tomato sauce and special cheese.

Heinz Spaghetti is an economical dish and can be served frequently because every one likes it. It is both made and cooked in the spotless Heinz Kitchens. Finally the name Heinz always means good things to eat.

Some of the
57

Vinegars
Baked Beans
Tomato Ketchup
Mince Meat

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

The simple plan that made me an important official of my company

Floyd E. Brickel tells why he was elected Treasurer and Gen'l Manager

THE directors of the Akron Morris Plan Bank, Akron, Ohio, met not long ago to elect a new secretary and treasurer.

The logical successor to the post seemed to be one of three men who had been recommended to the board of directors. Among the three, the president of the bank strongly recommended Mr. Brickel, an assistant executive in the accounting department. Mr. Brickel was elected. And due to his age and the short period of time he had served with the bank, his election was a surprise to all—that is, all except the president and Mr. Brickel himself.

"It is my opinion," says Mr. Brickel, "that the best equipment any man can have in business is a knowledge of law."

The result of careful planning

"My election," writes Mr. Brickel, "was not the result of accident or luck. When I came to this bank over a year ago I saw a splendid opportunity to succeed and I was determined to do it. I saw that the Secretary, Mr. Martin, and some of the other officials had a considerable knowledge of law and it appeared to help them immensely in their every day work. To make a long story short I enrolled in the Blackstone Institute for the Modern American Law Course and Service.

"Not long after that I learned that Mr. Martin intended to resign. Here was an opportunity to jump into an executive position and I set out after it. One day some work I was doing threw me in contact with the president of the bank. The knowledge I showed in handling several legal questions that arose surprised him. He said he thought every business man ought to understand law. A little later came the meeting of the Board of Directors, and I was made Secretary, Treasurer and General Manager of the bank.

"It is my opinion that the best equipment any man can have in any business is a knowledge of law."

There is nothing spectacular about Mr. Brickel's success. He knew that a legal training made men more efficient in business and he prepared accordingly. And when the chance came he made good. His case is but one of thousands who have bettered income and positions through the Modern American Law Course and Service.

Law—a profession of great opportunity

A knowledge of law is of immense value in every line of business. The business man who will profit by Mr. Brickel's foresightedness and initiative will find unlimited opportunities awaiting him today. The political field and the practice of law are equally attractive to the ambitious man who has not definitely decided on his future.

There was a time when learning law was tedious—and expensive. Today—through the Modern American Law Course and Service—you can learn law at home in your spare time, easily and quickly at a very low cost, just like 40,000 subscribers are now doing.

Eighty of the leading legal authorities in America have co-operated to produce the Modern American Law Course and Service, among them ex-President Taft, Chief Justice John B. Winslow of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, George E. Sutherland, former President of the American Bar Association, J. Herbert Quick of the Federal Farm Loan Bureau.

The course is endorsed and recommended by leading law and commerce schools, practicing attorneys and supreme court justices, as the foremost non-resident law course in the country.

FREE BOOK "The Law-Trained Man"

The first step Mr. Brickel took on his road to success was in asking for information about our Course. This is given completely in our 118-page book—"The Law-Trained Man." The book is full of valuable information for you, taken from the experiences of successful men. Fill out and mail the coupon below. The book is free.—Blackstone Institute, Dept. 21, 608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Send "The Law-Trained Man," 118-page book—FREE

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But I had reasoned *that if* she still cared I could get to her somehow. If she did not, I could get *away* from her somehow.

And she did care! I was sure of it from the moment I mentioned his name. It was not her face that told me. She controlled that. But her hands, clutching the arms of the chair, betrayed her.

I put it to her unemotionally, merely as to a nurse. Here was a man, broken down by recent illness, unable to regain his physical strength because of his mental condition. Until that fear was removed, that fear that she would never forgive him—

"But there is nothing to forgive!"

"So much the more pity," I told her, "since he thinks that there is."

OF COURSE I had my way with her at last. But it was not simple. She did not make it easy for me. However, when I left, she had promised to meet him in my rooms that afternoon, and to do what she could to clear the nightmares from his brain.

That was all I could reasonably expect her to do. But when has woman ever been limited to the realms of reason? When I had sent for him, and had slipped away, leaving in her hands the meeting, the explaining, the entire situation, was it reason that made my hands fumble over the closing of the door and my knees shake so that they scarcely upheld me? Or was it a wild hope that something might happen, utterly beyond the realm of reason?

"Barbara Wells," I kept saying to myself, "you'll have to quit. After all, you're sixty-five, and you've done a long day's work. Excitement isn't good for old people. And you're an old woman, Barbara Wells, you mustn't forget that!"

Oh, but I did forget, the moment I let myself in and saw their faces. An old woman! While there is life and love in the world to keep me young? Avoid excitement? I thrive on it! I felt wonderfully keyed up, stimulated, exhilarated! And they! She was no longer the sad, self-possessed woman I had encountered that morning, but shy and luminous—even girlish.

And as for him he was radiant with an inner radiance that had burned away the melancholy brooding in his eyes. I had suspected his trouble was not entirely due to worry over abstract problems of divine interference and human work.

I even twitted him about it afterward, and about fate and "the hand that jerks the strings," as he had said.

"Oh—you mustn't!" cried Ellen quickly; "there is the Hand of God in all of it!"

"I don't know," said I; "aren't you slighting *me*—just a little? If I hadn't gone and sat beside the doctor—"

"But what *made* you go and sit beside the doctor?" asked Ellen Hayden.

Blessed if I know.

H. C. WITWER will have a story next month called "The Girl at the Switchboard." And there will also be fiction by Samuel A. Derieux, Winona Godfrey, Christine Whiting Parmenter, Martha King Davis, and others.

Egan Comes Down to Earth

(*Continued from page 49*)

The directors will be the officers and, in addition, Martin Henderson of Dayton and Plainfield (chairman).

The temporary offices of the company will be on the sixth floor of the "Times" building. The local landing field will be on the old Rigby farm adjoining the Fair Grounds. Buildings will be constructed by the Plainfield Construction Corporation, which is now engaged in completing the Sanford trolley line.

Immediate freight and passenger service will be put into operation between Plainfield, Cleveland, Dayton, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, and other large commercial centers.

The remainder of the two-column article was partly technical and partly devoted to more or less grandiloquent statements by the officers of the new company.

ADAMS stepped back, and whistled lugubriously. Judge Perkins craned his neck upward to look at Egan. Egan was white.

The shock was less to his hope than to his pride. He had fancied that he knew more about aviation than anyone else in Plainfield. He had assumed that he was capable of building and directing a great organization—he didn't assume it on the basis of any profound ability; on the contrary, he thought it was too easy. It had been the sort of dream which every college senior practices in silence, or confesses toward midnight before an open fire. A golden dream of generalizations, with all the practical details left for someone else to trip over, pick up, and stagger under.

He was thoroughly beaten now, and he knew it. Beaten at every point—from start to finish. There was no possible counter-attack. He was helpless against a superior power. It wasn't simply the money barrier, it was organization. He couldn't fight the unified capitalists of Plainfield. He had been deprived of the most elemental weapon.

His thoughts, following along those mysterious lines of suggestion which no one will ever comprehend, or can ever resist, gave him a mental picture of a gigantic bubble, shimmering blue and silver in the sunlight, and then collapsing in a lightning stroke, and floating off in a burst of silver spray. The bubble picture reminded him of the first observation balloon he had ever seen shot down. That was up in the Argonne. Damned unpleasant place—Argonne. Egan had flown there in the early days, when the life of the average pilot was less than five hours in the air. It was cold. . . . And muddy. You stuck in it as though the mud were liquid glue. Once, when he was going back to rest billets, his *camion* had got itself mired. The more they tried to get out, the deeper they got in. History repeats itself. He was mired in failure.

"It's a rank shame!" said Adams, under his breath.

Egan was thinking that the chief shame about it was that his own value had apparently not justified the Luke interests

SOLUBLE (INSTANT) Barrington Hall Coffee

This is famous Baker-ized Barrington Hall in instant form. Medium size jar equal to one pound of Baker-ized Barrington Hall Coffee.

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The operations are pictured throughout the book both by artists' sketches and photographs. It is a book every housewife will be glad to have and keep. No effort or expense has been spared to make it worthy of your careful reading.

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America's Leading Washing Machine

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We have greatly increased the capacity of our factories in order to keep pace with the demand for the A-B-C Super Electric. It may be necessary for you to wait a short while for delivery, but it is worth the wait. The A-B-C is the choice of most discriminating housekeepers in the nation's largest cities, and their suburbs.

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in even considering him. He speculated vaguely as to the origin of the new company. Henderson was in it; but the officers were all associates of Kent. Kent had admitted that the idea was feasible; and Martha had enthusiastically wanted to bring it to her father's attention. Someone had anticipated and outridden him.

There was a great stillness, during which the two older men took cognizance of the facts. Except that Egan had lost an inheritance, he was now in the same category with thousands of men of the same age. He was college-trained, but not business-trained. The business of life is to make, to transport, and to sell. Egan's only employer had been the Republic, and it had taught him only how to destroy.

His misfortune wasn't in any sense his fault. It wasn't the fault of his Government. It wasn't anybody's fault.

The dry-goods clerk who got a lieutenancy Q. M. C., and worked in a domestic depot; the mechanic who got his Motor Transport chevrons at cantonment; the laboratory worker who served in Chemical Warfare; the metal-goods salesman who broadened his knowledge and earned the contumely of Congress by living as an ordnance officer in Washington; all these were better fitted to earn a living than they had been before.

Perkins had his profession, and Adams could always find another newspaper berth. But Egan, lowered at last to the commercial level to which his training fitted him, was worth only what he could get from whoever wanted to hire his inexperience.

"Thirty dollars a week looks pretty good to me right now," said Egan, irrelevantly.

"I see the Interurban Trolley is looking for outdoor men," said Adams, at length. "Chance to rise, and all that. It beats inside work for a man like you, Bronson. Good pay, too. Four a day."

Egan drew a long breath. "Do you happen to know where their employment bureau is, Uncle Stanley?"

XIII

IN THE library of the new Kent homestead, the laird of the manor and Eddie Macklin had almost worn a trail in the carpet. In the first instance, it was Macklin who had done the walking, but lately, he had sulked in a chair while Mr. Kent became peripatetic, and diffuse.

"Good lord, man!" said Kent for the dozenth time, "what were you ever thinking about? Why couldn't you keep your wits about you? As if you didn't know that a man in your position mustn't stub his toes!"

Macklin, freshly crimson at the recollection, held up his hand for mercy. "Kent, I give you my *word*—"

"Don't bother! Good lord! *I* believe you. Those things do happen. She's a child, anyway. But you know what campaign dope is, and you know what other women are. I can't answer for what Mary'll think. And you've got three people to reckon with—the two McCains and Adams." He halted, impatient. "But what gets *me*—"

"You don't need to say it all over again," said Macklin wearily.

Kent stood by the window, crumpling the curtain lace. "The one sensible thing you've done is to come and tell me, like a man. The next thing is for you to tell Mary."

"I—suppose you're right, but—"

Kent sat down. "How can we stop their mouths? Those three?"

"We can stop the McCains', possibly."

"Well, *how?*"

"I'm pretty sure she hasn't talked to anybody yet. If she had, I'd have heard of it before this—or Mary would. Those things travel. I've got her scared to death on that stock transaction; the only question is how long her scare'll last. But if I could go to Mrs. McCain, and have her assign me her stock and pay her fifty thousand dollars back for it—I took the liberty of hinting at something of that sort to her. Is it worth trying?"

"It's just barely worth it." Kent pondered. "Especially as the Egan receiver tells me the schedule looks better than it did a while ago. I might even get the money back myself, later. Would it be any stronger if you went to her as my agent, offered to buy the stock for me, and—just to show my sympathy—told her that I'd be glad to send the child to some Eastern boarding-school for a couple of years?"

"She'd fall," said Macklin confidently. "The opportunity of getting an education for the kid? They'd forget this inside of a month. But you can't reach Adams with money."

KENT began to scowl. "I can reach him with something else, though. There's one point I've been saving up for a long time. I'll guarantee we can silence *him*. The only danger is that he's said something already."

"Then I'll see Mrs. McCain to-morrow. And I'll go to Adams with you any time you say. Now, about election. If I should lose, I get the job of general counsel for Air Traffic as well as the Kent—"

"You're mistaken, Eddie. You *can't* lose. If you do, there's nothing left."

Macklin wiped his forehead. "That's a little sudden, isn't it?"

"I don't think so, particularly. The only way you can be very useful to us is as city attorney, or mayor. Of course, I'd do all I could for you, privately, but those jobs you speak of aren't for life-nets. They're for an *ex*-mayor, perhaps, but not for a beaten candidate. I'm giving you something to hush up this present mess. But if that gets out, and Henderson cuts loose at the same time—"

Macklin writhed involuntarily. "I'll do my best, Colonel."

"I know you will. Don't fail to get hold of Adams as soon as you can. We'd better go outside now; I think somebody's come to call. I heard voices, anyhow."

Neither of them was overjoyed to find that one of the voices was Bronson Egan's.

During the interval before her father and her fiancé appeared, Mary had still further threatened Egan's balance. This was because, in a very docile mood, she had brought back to him a vivid recollection of what formerly she had been to him. In this mood, she was adorable. To her strictly personal charms she had added a coat of sympathy which was becoming and seductive. She had always liked Egan, and to-night, when he

Fares, please!!

The word "fare" has slipped and skidded from its older, warmer, truer meaning.

In stage-coach days, the driver was "host" and the travelers his "fares." Now "fare" has come to mean money.

In fact, for the last 20 years it has become the car rider's equivalent for a nickel.

From a clean seat in a modern electric street car, in its warmth, speed and cleanliness, we may dream back to dustier, colder days, when stout $2.50 shoes nestled on a straw-strewn flooring. Then any ride was uncertain in time. Cars came each hour instead of every five minutes, and puffing steam dummies unerringly shot cinders between father's neck and his inflammable collar.

But this is all gone—all except the tradition that "fare" is unfair when it strays from its old crony, the five-cent piece.

There was a time when a good cigar or a railway track spike could be had two for 10 cents.

Once copper wire and beef steak cost 12 cents a pound; a dollar bought a good hat, a real shirt, a hotel room, or a day's work in track labor.

Nothing is left of all this—except the habit of thinking of "fare" as money, instead of in its old meaning—*one who is cared for by a host for pay.*

Let us remember that a penniless host must needs be a poor one.

Let us think about the relation of electric railways and ourselves as mutual—each with definite obligations.

When adjustments are made, let's make them on the basis of a reasonable return for the service rendered—the old true basis of host and fare.

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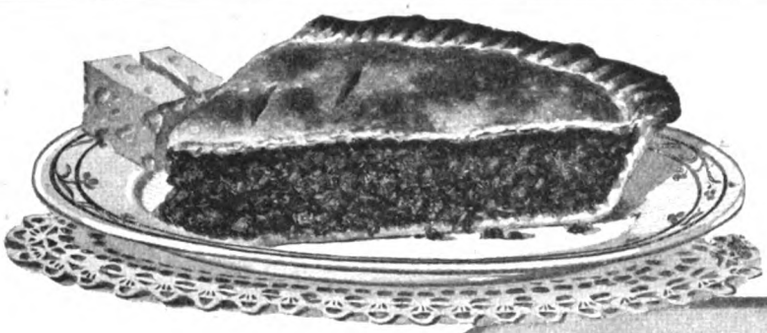

Mince Pie

"Like Mother Used to Make"

is but one of the many filling, luscious good things YOU can make—oh, so easily!—out of savory

None Such Pudding

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

TRY THESE RECIPES

None Such Pudding—(*Recipe for using left-over biscuits*) 4 or 6 biscuits; 1 cupful dark corn-sirup; ¼ cupful brown sugar; ¼ cupful butter substitute; 2 egg-yolks; 1½ cupfuls of None Such Mince Meat; 2 egg-whites.

Soak biscuits in warm water until soft and add the other ingredients in the order given. Beat egg-yolks thoroughly before adding. Mix ingredients completely, put in a well-oiled baking-dish and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Make a meringue of the egg-whites, heap it on the pudding and allow to brown in the oven.

None Such Gems—Make a pie-crust dough. Use gem pans, greasing pan as usual. Roll dough moderately thick. Line each gem pan with dough in same manner as for pie, fill with None Such Mince Meat thickened with flour. Make a covering of dough. Serve hot.

Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling—*Cookies*—1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 3 cups oatmeal, 3 cups flour, ½ cup milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda. *Filling*—None Such Mince Meat, 2 cups; 1 cup water. Boil till thick and spread between cookies.

None Such Dressing for Duck or Other Game—Make dressing in the usual way; add 1 package None Such Mince Meat, and more apples and celery to suit individual taste.

NOTE—None Such Mince Meat prepared in the same manner as for Mince Pie, should be used for all these recipes. Use according to directions on the package.

You'll find yourself trying some of the other recipes suggested on the None Such package.

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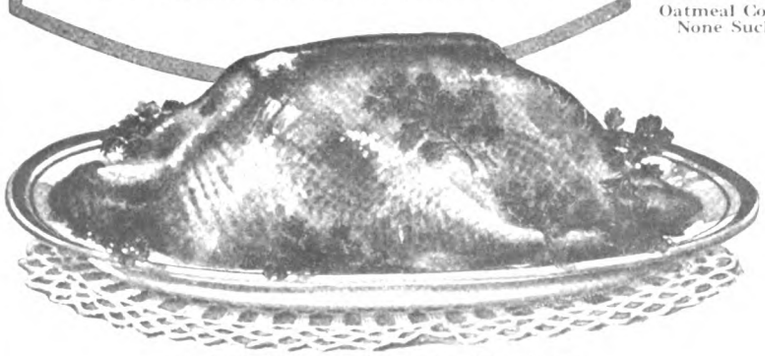
None Such Gems

Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling



None Such Dressing for Duck or Other Game

was so patently responsive, she liked him better than ever.

"That was *terribly* too bad about the Fair," she said. "I almost cried when I read it. And I *always* wanted to ride in an airplane, Bronson."

"The piece in the 'Times' was what bothered me most," he admitted.

"Well, you'd really been just a tiny bit previous, you know—"

"I'll admit that, too."

"Do you like what you're doing now, Bronson?"

"Pretty well. It's handling men, and that's always good practice. And there's going to be an enormous lot of construction work in the next ten years. I think it's good experience."

"Better than going with Father?"

"Yes, I think so."

"You don't actually do any digging yourself, I hope."

"No—just boss."

"I was sorry about the Air Traffic Company, too," she said. "But I don't suppose that could be helped, either. If Father had anything to do with it, of course you could have a splendid place there, and one that would just suit you. But he hasn't."

Egan was honestly glad to hear it. "Do you know if Martha's father started it, then?"

It was at this moment that the door of the library had opened and Kent and Macklin emerged.

"What has Martha's father started?" inquired Kent, as he shook hands.

"We were talking about Air Traffic, sir."

"OH, YES." Kent was locating a box of cigars. "Try one of these? . . . Well, I understand that Henderson is over here."

"Not—permanently?"

"So they say. If your father had lived, and I hadn't been in Washington these last two years, he couldn't have got a foothold to save his life. Neither of us could stand him for a second. Martha's a friend of Mary's, and that's all. Why, it seems that he's negotiating for some land to build a tremendous plant on, and move his business over here. I understand he's quietly bought up interests in seven or eight different small concerns to use as feeders. He's a fast worker, too, when he gets steam up."

Egan abruptly recalled the occasion of their first meeting. "I imagine he is," he said. "I remember once last fall when he jumped a milk-train from Dayton at three o'clock in the morning rather than wait—" He broke off to stare at Macklin. Kent and Mary were staring at him, too.

"It's all right," said Macklin. "Swallowed the wrong way. Ha-ha! Go on, Bronson. Sorry I interrupted."

Nevertheless, both Kent and Egan had leaping thoughts at his extraordinary reception of the simple statement, and both of them resolved to take prompt action upon the thought.

"It was nothing but an illustration," said Egan calmly.

"Go ahead with the rest of it," urged Kent.

"There isn't any more," said Egan.

"But you weren't here last fall. You were in France."

"Oh, a man told me about it on a

train," said Egan. He laughed spontaneously. "Very interesting chap. His name was Feinberg. Not that his *name* makes any particular difference—"

But it did to Macklin; and the fact that it did made an added difference to Kent.

The remainder of the evening wasn't very hilarious. As Egan rose to depart, Macklin rose with him. "I think I'd better be running along, too," he observed.

"No—stay a while," said Kent, elaborately careless. Macklin stayed.

ON A LATER evening of the same week, the two Hendersons, father and daughter, came sympathetically closer to each other than they had ever been before; and yet, specifically, they weren't on common ground at all.

For the first time in a decade, Martha had shed unexplained tears. Henderson, endeavoring to console her, found himself helpless.

"If you'd only tell me," he repeated, smoothing her hair, "maybe I could *do* something, Martie."

"*N-nothing*," she sobbed on his shoulder.

"Women in my family don't cry for nothing."

"Y-yes, they do, too."

"If it's any of that damned Kent tribe—" Mr. Henderson had noted her receipt of a letter with the Plainfield postmark.

"*Don't*—it isn't that—you mustn't *say* those things—"

His touch became as femininely gentle as he could make it. "Or if it's anything to do with that Egan boy—"

"No—not that, either—"

"Well, what the mischief *is* it then? I can't do you much good until you tell me what the matter is, can I?"

She could hardly tell him that it was the triple combination of Macklin and Mary; Mary and Egan; Egan and herself.

Mary had written her a piteous little note in which there were almost as many hints of quarrels and misunderstandings with her fiancé and her father as there were punctuation marks.

"What do you—think about Eddie Macklin?" managed Martha.

"*That* bird? He's a weak sister. Wouldn't trust him around the corner. What's *he* got to do with—"

"Oh, nothing, nothing!" said Martha, wretchedly.

It shocked her beyond expression to realize that unless her friend patched up these quarrels and misunderstandings, and married the bird that Henderson wouldn't trust around the corner, Martha herself had probably seen the last of Egan. She knew that it was wicked to hope that the quarrels would be patched up. That was what she was crying about.

(*To be continued*)

INA CLAIRE, who made her first success on the stage as an imitator, will describe next month "People Who Are Easy to Imitate." She tells also of going on the stage when she was only fourteen and of how she became a star.

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"See that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits $500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for $15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

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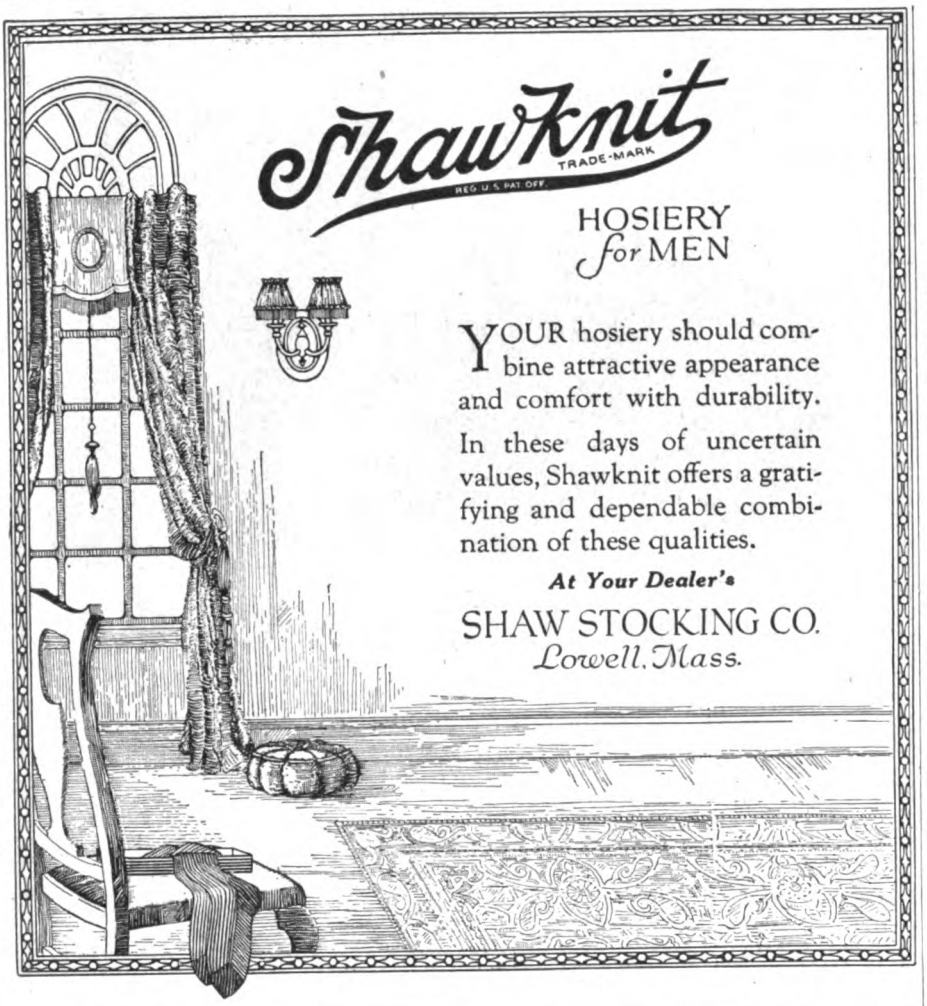

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ST NICHOLAS

The Magazine for Boys and Girls

Watch Out For Counterfeit Bills and Coins!

(*Continued from page 19*)

the public has come to think of the Secret Service chiefly in connection with guarding the President and certain official foreign visitors. But that special duty is of recent origin. It was not until 1905 that Congress formally sanctioned the use of the Secret Service for this purpose.

The work for which the division was created, and its chief function to-day, is the detection and arrest of counterfeiters. During the Civil War there were vast issues of paper money; and the result was that certain engravers of great skill yielded to the temptation of trying to reproduce some of this flood of currency.

WHEN the war ended, the amount of spurious notes in circulation was so great that it was a serious menace, and Congress appropriated several hundred thousand dollars to be used by the Secretary of the Treasury for the suppression of counterfeiting. The bureau which was organized under that act was the beginning of the present Secret Service.

Before I became chief of the Division in 1897, I had been a newspaper man; and in my younger days I had created Secret Service agents who played parts in thrilling stories—dark, mysterious creatures of protean personalities and with powers of deduction that would have made Sherlock Holmes look like a novice. As a matter of fact, disguises are unknown in the Secret Service. An agent is simply a shrewd, hard-working individual, who must have patience, resourcefulness, and enough persistence to make him keep everlastingly on the job. If you have these qualities you probably would make a good Secret Service agent.

It is a curious fact, however, that you probably *think* you would be a successful detective, anyway. There must be an almost unanimous conviction of this sort, for the desire to try "detecting" is an amazingly common one. While I was in the service we received thousands of applications from people who were willing to give their time and talents without any compensation whatever. So I know that practically all of us have this interest in ferreting out crime.

It is not confined to men either. Many women would like to be detectives, even if only amateur ones. And, of course, in certain lines of the work they are professionally employed. But there are no women in the Secret Service.

In the first place, the duties of an agent sometimes require association with gangs of criminals, a thing impossible for any decent woman. And, in the second place, the routine work is often extremely arduous and fatiguing.

For instance, there is the "stick-up" job, so called because a man is "stuck up" on it for a period which seems to him interminable. He may have to hang around a post office for days, waiting for the person he is after to claim a letter.

And there is what is called "alley work;" which means that an agent has to watch the door, sometimes the back door, of a building day after day, if necessary, waiting for his man to show up.

This quality of endless patience is essential in the Secret Service agent because of the methods by which the bureau gets its results. Generally, not a single open move is made until *the whole case is complete.*

There is no rushing. The work may go on quietly for weeks and months. In one case we spent fourteen months before the complete evidence was in our hands and the men we wanted were all within our grasp.

For the Government is not satisfied merely to arrest men who have been passing counterfeit money. That is a crime, to be sure; but the greater crime is to have *made* that money. And when men are suspected of complicity in that crime, the Government wants not only the men, but the paraphernalia with which they have worked. This serves the double purpose of furnishing evidence against them and of preventing the use of the equipment by anyone else.

The determination to have, especially, the plates used in the counterfeiting is one reason why Secret Service methods differ from ordinary police ones. A police raid may be accompanied with smashing of windows and breaking in of doors. But a counterfeiters' gang that had been working next door to you might be arrested, and their stuff all taken away without your being any the wiser.

Suppose that the agents have located the room used by a counterfeiter, or by a gang of them. And suppose they know that the man or men wanted are in that room. You may wonder why the officers do not close in on the place, break in the door, and seize the criminals.

But, if they did, it would be a simple matter for the counterfeiters to slip the plates into an acid bath, and, before the agents could get in, the evidence they want might be destroyed.

How, then, are the arrests made? Well, when the case is complete, the members of the gang identified, the place where they work located, with the assurance that the equipment is there, agents are posted to guard every means of exit from the building. When the men wanted are known to have entered the place, the signal is given. Then, when one of them comes out he is followed down the street by two agents, who quietly close in on him and "nail" him. He is taken to a prearranged place and held there. One by one, the rest of the gang are brought in. They are then taken back to the scene of their operations, questioned, and the physical evidence secured. This method does away with any danger of gun-play or violence, the equipment is intact, and—what is also important—the agents do not become conspicuous.

COUNTERFEITING possesses an element of fascination that appeals to the imagination. The possibility of gaining great wealth without work is an *ignis fatuus* which has lured many men to destruction. The files of the Secret Service are filled with the details of cleverly planned conspiracies; but the closing chapter invariably ends in a tragedy! The Government's pursuit of the criminal

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is unrelenting, and he never escapes.

I sometimes think that counterfeiting is the meanest of all crimes; because the man who deliberately puts a spurious bill into circulation does two contemptible things: In the first place, he makes some innocent party suffer loss. He may have some fool idea that it is only a fraud upon the Government. But that is not true. The Government *never loses*. It is the private individual, on whom the bill is foisted, that suffers the loss.

Besides that, the counterfeiter tempts other men to commit a crime. For when a man who is weak, or poor, finds that counterfeit money has been unloaded on him, he is tempted to see if he can't pass it on to somebody else.

Among counterfeiters themselves there is a sharp line drawn between the specialists in paper currency and those in coins. The coiner is not necessarily a man of any special mental ability. And the process of manufacture, when base metal is used, is comparatively simple. Plaster of paris, or some similar material, is used to make a cast from the genuine coin. When this cast has been baked, it forms the mold into which the base metal—usually of tin and antimony—is poured. A thin silver plating and a little work with a file complete the process.

The ease and inexpensiveness of the method are responsible for the fact that ninety per cent of the counterfeiting cases are those of coiners. You might think that when bullion silver was as cheap as it has been at times, the genuine metal would be used. And it sometimes was. We used to get perhaps half a dozen cases of this kind every year.

BUT silver cannot be successfully molded except under tremendous pressure. It must be struck; and to do this an engraved die must be used. I do not believe it possible for any engraver, no matter how skillful, to reproduce exactly a die for any of our coins. The engraver at the Philadelphia Mint, who cuts the master die for use at all the government mints, could not reproduce his own work with a graver.

In striking "all silver" counterfeits a stamping press is used, and such machinery is too expensive for the ordinary counterfeiter. The greatest safeguard, however, against the circulation of even perfect counterfeit coins is the fact that no great quantity of such currency could be marketed without attracting attention.

The counterfeiters of paper currency are the aristocrats among this class of criminals. Twenty-five years ago the making of a dangerous counterfeit note involved its reproduction by expert steel engravers. But with the perfection of the photo-mechanical process, the work of years is now compressed into weeks.

Moreover, under the old method, there was an individuality about each man's work. An expert in the division could look at a counterfeit and say with reasonable certainty that it was the work of Ballard, or of Boyd, or of Ogle, or one of the other famous counterfeiters of forty years ago. But the camera has no individuality, and this makes it difficult now to fix the origin of the work.

At one time, through a series of inquiries to thousands of banks, the amount of counterfeit money in circulation at the time was pretty accurately estimated; and it was found that, for every hundred thousand dollars in notes in circulation, there were less than three dollars of spurious bills.

An expert handler of money has almost a sixth sense which enables him, even when he is handling bills at the rate of a hundred a minute, to throw out a suspected one. He may not be able at the time to say why he does it; but almost inevitably the discarded note will prove to be a counterfeit.

When a new one appears, the fact is reported to Washington and a careful description of the note is sent out through the news agencies, so that the public may be on its guard, and cashiers and money handlers may be on the lookout.

Sometimes a single specimen of a counterfeit has been placed in circulation. These "single note issues" as they are called, are the only ones where the perpetrator escapes. The only explanation of them is that some engraver makes a reproduction of a note as a matter of curiosity, merely to see what he can do. Then, either accidentally or just to prove to himself the quality of his achievement, the bill gets into circulation.

Usually, however, when the description of a new counterfeit has been sent out, scores of similar notes are picked up within a comparatively short time. The work of "running out" a counterfeit, of tracing it to its source, covers the widest sort of range. Shipments of paper and of ink must be traced. If there are several men in a gang, the paper may be sent first to A, who holds it for a time, then ships it to B; after a while B sends it to C, who may return it to A; and so on.

But, no matter how long the hunt may last, the Secret Service *never gives up!* The officers of the division may change, agents may come and go, but the search proceeds unrelentingly until the offenders are brought to justice. There are scores of men in Federal prisons, or who have come out of those prisons with blackened reputations and wrecked lives, who could answer that first question, as to whether it pays to be a crook, with an even more emphatic negative than my own.

ONCE in a while chance plays a curious part in the detection of these crimes. A letter carrier in Chicago was making his rounds one day when a bright new silver dollar fell onto the grass beside him just as he was leaving a modest apartment house. He picked it up, but dropped it again—for it was piping hot. He waited a minute for it to cool off, then carried it away with him. As soon as he could he took it to the local Secret Service office, where he told his story.

An investigation showed that three counterfeiters had a plant on the third floor of the apartment house. Evidently the coin had dropped out of the window without their noticing its loss. They were arrested, pleaded guilty, and were sentenced. But things do not often come as easily as that.

One of the most interesting cases we had while I was in the service was that of a young New York engraver—call him "Smith." He was in business for himself and was doing fairly well. But he was engaged to be married, and perhaps for that reason the temptation to make more money—literally so in his case—was too much for him. He engraved the plates for a hundred-dollar bill and passed some of the notes at a race track near New York City.

The next day, when the book-makers took their money to the bank, the spurious bills were discovered and we were at once notified. The first thing we did was to look up the racing schedule for the country and find out where the next meet would be held. We found that there was one in Saint Louis, so we put our men on the case there. The book-makers were told to look out for the appearance of such a note and to let our agents, who were on the job, know immediately.

The fact that none of the bills had appeared, with the exception of the ones at the New York track, was pretty good evidence that it was the work of a lone hand, not of a group. For this reason, and also because the man had evidently completed his process of manufacture and was now getting rid of the stuff, it was vital that he should be taken as soon as possible.

Sure enough, one of the bills was handed in to a Saint Louis book-maker, who at once notified our agents, who took the young man off to a secluded corner and questioned him. He readily admitted having passed the bill and showed the agents a package containing nineteen more of the same kind. But he said he had found them! He gave his right name, and his correct address. In fact, he seemed perfectly frank about everything, and not at all nervous or frightened.

I WAS interested in the case and went out to Saint Louis myself to investigate it. And, by the way, my interview with him may serve as an illustration of the difference between one method of applying "the third degree" and those sometimes charged to police departments.

Before I saw Smith at all, we had thoroughly investigated his story and we were certain of his guilt. But I wanted him to acknowledge it of his own accord.

He had been in a cell for several days, and the first thing I did was to have him taken to a hotel, so that he could have a bath, a shave, and a good dinner. Then I had him brought to the office, where I was waiting. I gave him the most comfortable chair, had him light a good cigar, and then told him that I was going to talk and that I didn't want him to interrupt until I had finished.

His story had been a plausible one. He had said that when he left the train at Saint Louis, he went into the station to have his return ticket validated. That as he turned to leave the office, it was getting dusk, the lights were suddenly turned on, and as he took up his bag he saw a large envelope lying on the floor. He picked it up and found that it contained twenty one-hundred-dollar bills. He went to a newspaper office at once and inserted an advertisement, saying that a package of money had been found in the Union Station and that the owner could have it by proving his property.

Of course we investigated this statement. The advertisement had appeared, just as he said. But we found, by inquiry at the station, that the lights on that particular day had been turned on at five o'clock. And we also found that

his advertisement had been handed in and paid for at *ten minutes past four*—almost an hour before he claimed he found the money! When this discrepancy was pointed out to him, however, he wasn't at all disturbed. He merely said that he might have been mistaken about the light being just turned on; that perhaps he simply noticed them then.

When he and I sat down for our interview I said to him, in as friendly and considerate a tone as possible:

"I think I understand you, Smith. You are an *artist*. You have a great pride and satisfaction in your ability as an engraver. You like to do a beautiful piece of work, just for the pleasure of coming as near perfection as possible. Because of this artistic pride, you thought you would see how well you could reproduce the most difficult and beautiful example of the engraver's art—a government banknote. You had no criminal motive. You simply wanted to prove to yourself, as an artist, the extent of your capabilities. So you made a copy of the "Buffalo" ten-dollar note—just for your own satisfaction.

"When you had finished the plates you said to yourself, 'That looks as if it were a fine piece of work. I wonder how it would print!' And, just to see, you made a print from those plates—and it was a mighty good one. At least, it seemed so to you. But you wondered if it was really as good as you thought it was. And in order to find out, you said, 'If it will be accepted by somebody else, I shall be satisfied. That's all I want; just to know that my work is so good that it cannot be told from the original.' So you took your ten-dollar bill, offered it at a New York, New Haven & Hartford ticket window, and, sure enough, it passed."

When I said this to him, I was going on a mere hunch, or guess. One ten-dollar note, of the kind I described, had been passed at a New Haven & Hartford ticket office. Not another one of the kind had appeared. The work was identical with that of the one-hundred-dollar note. While it had not been traced to Smith, we believed he had made it. So I took a chance on saying so to him.

"When you found that your ten-dollar bill *was* as good as you had thought it," I went on, "you wondered if you could do as well with another attempt; so you made the plates for the one-hundred-dollar bill. You did not intend to be a criminal. You were an artist! It was your satisfaction in your skill which spurred you on. Then, later, came the idea of using your achievement for gain. You are engaged to be married. You wanted to give your sweetheart a home and comforts and luxuries which you could not provide with your income. That is how it all came about, isn't it?"

He looked at me, drew a long breath, and said: "Yes, you're right! That was the way it happened."

"How much of the stuff have you got?"

"Thirty thousand dollars."

"Where is it?"

"In a bag in the check-room at the station."

"Where is the check?"

"In this building."

WE WERE in the Federal Building at the time, where the post office was. When he had checked his bag, he had put the check in an envelope, addressed it to himself, under an assumed name in care of the General Delivery, and posted it. In that way, if he were arrested, nothing would be found on him except the one package of bills, and he thought he had arranged a good explanation to account for these.

He was tried and sentenced to the Atlanta prison. Not long after that, I went abroad for a time. When I came back, I found that through the efforts of his fiancée he had been pardoned. And the plea on which the pardon was obtained was that he was not a criminal in intent, but *an artist* who had been led into crime through his pride and satisfaction in his work! My "third degree," which had brought his confession, had been taken over bodily to gain his pardon. I rather think the joke that time was on me. But even in his case, with the disgrace that came to him, I know how bitterly he would agree that "it doesn't pay."

As for the question whether all men are crooks at heart, no one knows the folly of such a theory any better than the man whose duty it is to deal with criminals. I have known a few cynics who claim that all men can be "reached" in one way or another. It simply isn't true. Take the Secret Service force itself. Many attempts have been made to bribe them. They have even been "approached" to gain them as co-conspirators against the Government. But there is not a single instance of their having been false to their trust.

It is true that some men are both knaves and fools. Otherwise, the various forms of "green goods" games would not have even the small success they do win.

One of these schemes was devised to catch the postmaster who has more greed than honesty. He would receive a communication stating that the writer had obtained a supply of "goods" which he would part with at a sacrifice. If the postmaster "bit," a meeting was arranged in a city, and the postmaster would be shown a larger quantity of genuine stamps, from which he would make his selection. The stamps would then be wrapped up, in his presence, tied, and given to him. One of the gang would then go with him to the street, hail a cab, and together they would start for the station. On the way, the crook would look out of the window and exclaim.

"Gosh! There's the Chief of Police. Quick! give me that package!"

He would grab the package, throw it under the seat, and lean back excitedly. In a minute or so, he would say:

"Guess we're safe now. Gee! but that was a narrow squeak. If he had happened to see us, the thing would have been all up!"

Then he would reach under the seat, get the package, and hand it back. Of course, it was a trick cab. When the package was put under the seat, a lever was pressed which turned the compartment over; and instead of the package of good stamps the postmaster received a bundle of worthless paper.

But because one postmaster in a thousand is dishonest, you do not lose faith in the other nine hundred and ninety-nine. Because one engraver is a crook, you do not suspect them all. There are in the United States thousands of engraving establishments, each of which is completely equipped with the necessary machinery for the production of counterfeits. Let that fact sink into your mind. And then add to it this other fact: that I could count on the fingers of one hand, and have some left over, the number of legitimate photo-engravers who, in the history of the Secret Service, have employed their equipment in counterfeiting. When you realize this, it will go a long way toward sustaining your faith in human nature.

How Much Do You Know?

(*Continued from page 9*)

1. Sheridan
2. John Drew
3. Bernhardt
4. Duse
5. Ibsen
6. Belasco
7. Irving
8. Booth
9. Garrick
10. Barrett
11. Hart
12. Tree
13. Mansfield
14. Novelli
15. Siddons
16. Hopper
17. Adams
18. Barrie
19. Russell
20. Hitchcock

People

YOU can hardly make one of any company where, in the course of conversation, names of people do not come up.

Certain names ought to be known to all of us. We are likely any time to meet them in the newspaper, the magazine, in books, or when we hear an address.

You certainly don't want to be like the man who didn't know whether Botticelli was the name of a cheese or a violin. Or like Mrs. Newrich, who, when she returned from Europe, and was asked whether she had seen the Dardanelles, replied:

"No. We were so sorry. We called, but they were not in."

Read this list of names. They are selected at random from the history of the world. For what was each one famous? If you miss more than two or three—you'd better read up.

1. Cæsar
2. Grant
3. Helen
4. Confucius
5. Garibaldi
6. Peary
7. Cleopatra
8. Socrates
9. Dreyfus
10. Cavell
11. Howells
12. Schiller
13. Zenobia
14. Livingston
15. Damon and Pythias
16. Tamerlane
17. Franklin
18. Penn
19. Clay
20. Patti

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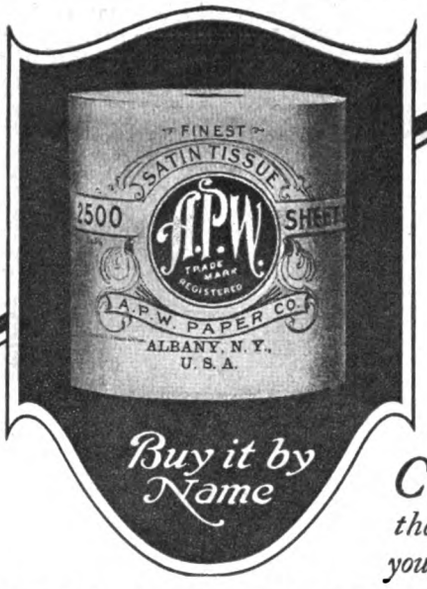

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Words

WE EASILY fall into slipshod ways in our speech, and get to using words without a clear understanding of what they mean. This often traps us into embarrassing mistakes. To test how intelligently you distinguish meanings, see if you can tell the difference between the two words in each of the following pairs. To show that you understand, compose a sentence in which you employ the word.

1. Salary—allowance
2. Pay—reward
3. Syndicate—corporation
4. Legal—equitable
5. Cynic—ascetic
6. Remorse—regret
7. Repentance—restitution
8. Vice—crime
9. Nave—knave
10. Vindicate—justify
11. Human—humane
12. Good-by—au revoir
13. Aggravate—exasperate
14. Pardon—condone
15. Socialist—anarchist
16. Slang—profanity
17. Love—like
18. Bigamy—polygamy
19. Knowledge—wisdom
20. Flatter—compliment

Pronunciation

RUMMAGING through the archives, I find in a dusty scrapbook in a neglected corner a list of words to pronounce. They, as I remember them, when upon occasion they were turned loose upon a mixed company, are bad ones; they are tricky and will bite if you don't watch out.

Look up the pronunciation in the dictionary. Then spring them upon your victim.

err	courier	ornate
era	courant	divert
ere	culture	docile
extant	dado	donative
coadjutor	dais	wont
coffee	decorous	curaçoa
caret	diapason	redowa
turbine	piquant	formidable
carbine	vendue	Italian
gladiolus	vary	double quick
turquoise	valet	drama
construe	usurp	ducat
communist	Uranus	dumbwaiter
courtier	off	dumbfound
courteous	okra	eh
courtesy	onyx	eighteen
elegiac	eyrie	bronchitis
elephantine	exquisite	leisure
empyrean	humor	vagary
errata	lyceum	amateur
excise	pare	millionaire
exhale	probity	complaisance
exhaust	squalor	viscount
exit	Philemon	vicar
mistletoe	cuneiform	desuetude
Byzantine	indissoluble	conservator

Miscellaneous

AND then, just for fun, and just to find out how well you are posted on "a little of everything," see if you can pass such an examination as this. You ought to answer correctly thirty of these fifty questions.

1. Who is Ty Cobb?
2. What does A. W. O. L. mean?
3. Who is Jack Dempsey?
4. Who is Ernest Shackelton?
5. What does Fletcherizing mean?

6. Who was Machiavelli?
7. What was the Mississippi Bubble?
8. What was the Magna Charta?
9. What is meant by Bohemian?
10. What is meant by the Land of Cockaigne?
11. What poem did Omar Khayyam write?
12. Who was Xerxes?
13. What is meant by the Immaculate Conception?
14. What is a heretic?
15. What is paresis?
16. What is meant by the terms "bull and bear?"
17. What is the difference between a vocation and an avocation?
18. What is a maelstrom?
19. What is eiderdown?
20. Name four of the elements of matter.
21. Name four kinds of cheese.
22. Name four kinds of wine.
23. What part of the beef does a porterhouse steak come from?
24. What is the salary of the President of the United States?
25. Is a kilometer longer than a mile?
26. About how many cents is a pound sterling worth? a franc?
27. To what people are these nicknames applied: Sucker. Hoosier. Wop. Chink. Greaser.
28. What part did Hoover play in the war? Whitlock? McAdoo?
29. Name the colors of the rainbow.
30. What is the longest river in the world?
31. What is the highest mountain in the world?
33. What does amphibious mean?
34. Name five of the planets.
35. What years are leap years?
36. In what country are diamonds found?
37. Where does tea come from?
38. From what country did tobacco come originally? the tomato?
39. What did Westinghouse invent?
40. Who was Buddha?
41. What was a famous saying of Patrick Henry?
42. What President used the expression, "Strenuous life"? "Innocuous desuetude"? "Let us have peace"? "With charity to all"?
43. Where is the Black Forest?
44. In what country is Golconda?
45. Who got "thirty pieces of silver," and for what?
46. Who were Abelard and Héloise?
47. What city was governed by doges?
48. What does Free Trade mean?
49. What is a fichu?
50. What is a gargoyle?

THIS writing will not be in vain if it will lure you to self-improvement. Carry a little notebook. Note every new word you hear and do not understand, and look it up in the dictionary.

Then note everything that you do not comprehend in your reading, and look the matter up in the encyclopedia.

And a third good habit is the library habit. There is doubtless a good public library in your town. Get into the way of dropping in there once or twice a week, and looking up subjects you have noted in your little book.

Answers to the Questions Above

BELOW are given some answers to these tests. Note: "some" answers; not "the" answers. For there may be other answers, in many instances, just as good. But these are given in order that the reader who has not access to a dictionary, encyclopedia or library, or the reader who does not want to bother to consult these authorities, may have his curiosity satisfied—at least in a measure. It is not intended to supply an exact or complete definition or explanation in each instance.

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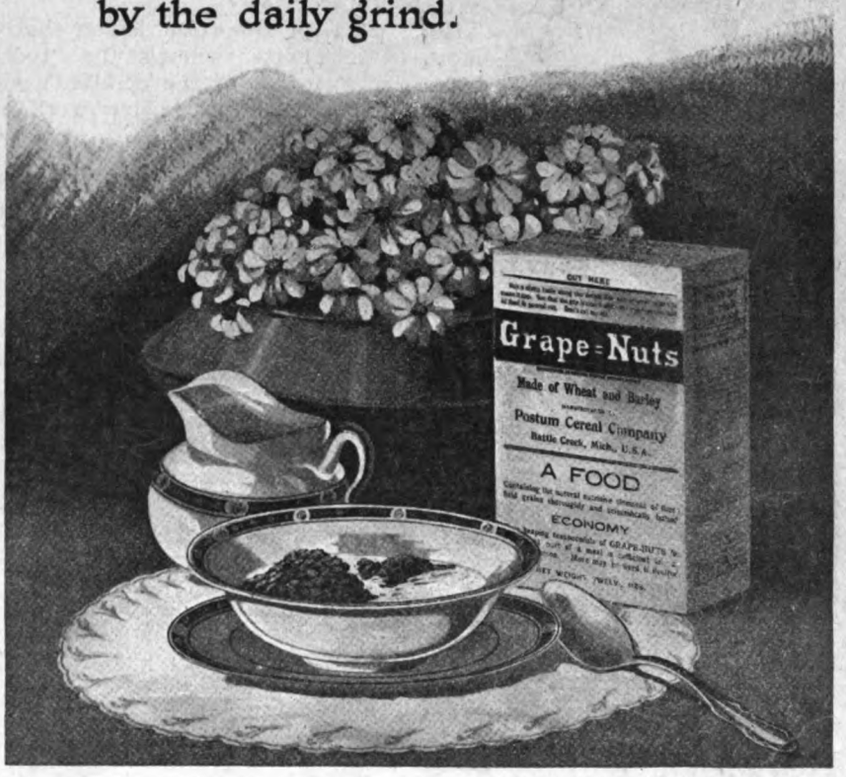

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The Bible

1, The first-born son of Adam and Eve; killed his brother. 2, Noah. 3, At Belshazzar's Feast. 4, Daniel. 5, David. 6, See Exodus, Chapter XX, verses 2 to 17. 7, Ruth was an Old Testament character; Esther was queen of the Jews; Jezebel a woman in the Old Testament noted for her pride. 8, The forerunner of Christ. 9, A Jewish feast celebrating the time when the Angel of Death smote the first-born of the Egyptians and passed over the first-born of the Jews. 10, Solomon. 11, The Virgin Mary. 12, Pilate was the Roman Governor of Judea at the time of the Crucifixion, Elijah was an Old Testament prophet, Abraham the father of the Israelites. 13, See the Book of St. Luke. 14, Gabriel is one of the angels; Apollyon, a name of the devil; Samuel, an ancient Jewish prophet. 15, Egypt. 16, A coat of many colors given him by his father. 17, Samson. 18, The Witch of Endor. 19, The last Book of the Bible. 20, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

History

1, To rescue the tomb of the Saviour from the infidel. 2, Paris. 3, England. 4, The American Revolution. 5, She financed Columbus. 6, From Amerigo Vespucci. 7, Nero was a Roman emperor noted for his cruelty; Rameses, an Egyptian ruler; John Cabot, an English explorer. 8, French surrender to the Germans. 9, Macedonia (Greece). 10, Russia. 11, England. 12, The Roman Empire. 13, Judea. 14, Cortez conquered Mexico, and Pizarro, Peru. 15, Carthage. 16, Plutarch's "Lives," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Guizot's "History of Civilization." 17, Savage tribes that destroyed Rome. 18, England. 19, A great emperor of the Middle Ages. 20, Sweden.

Places

1, A city of northern Russia. 2, France. 3, Spain. 4, Poland. 5, California. 6, Australia. 7, Sweden. 8, Japan. 9, South end of Africa. 10, South end of South American Continent. 11, India. 12, Hawaiian Islands. 13, Northern Canada. 14, China. 15, Greece. 16, Scotland. 17, Belgium. 18, South end of South America 19, North Europe. 20, Russia.

Books

1, Stevenson. 2, Dumas. 3, Hugo. 4, Goethe. 5, Dickens. 6, Thackeray. 7, Hawthorne. 8, Dante. 9, Drummond. 10, Goldsmith. 11, Scott. 12, Byron. 13, Cervantes. 14, Longfellow. 15, Stowe. 16, Tennyson. 17, Homer. 18, Virgil. 19, Ibsen. 20, Bunyan.

Fiction

1, Shakespeare. 2, Hugo. 3, Thackeray. 4, Dickens. 5, Eliot. 6, Coleridge. 7, Defoe. 8, Dumas. 9, Wallace. 10, Burns. 11, Scott. 12, Doyle. 13, Tarkington. 14, Irving. 15, Sue. 16, Mark Twain. 17, Sand. 18, Sheridan. 19, Daudet. 20, Cooper.

Art

1, Venus de Milo. 2, The Laocoön. 3, Rafael. 4, Michel Angelo. 5, Millet. 6, Landscape. 7, Portraits. 8, Children. 9, Landscape (sky). 10, Metal Work. 11, Painting of scenes of Common Life. 12, Last Supper (or Mona Lisa). 13, Revival of learning. 14, Great artist. 15, A Dutch artist. 16, Cologne, Milan, Notre Dame in Paris. 17, Bartholdi. 18, Rubens. 19, A Spanish painter. 20, Stuart.

Music

1, Piano. 2, Messiah. 3, Creation. 4, Tannhäuser, etc. 5, Trovatore, etc. 6, William Tell, etc. 7, Pinafore, etc. [illegible] Pelleas and Melisande, etc. 9, Great [illegible] poser. 10, Symphony. 11, Pianist. 1[illegible] olinist. 13, Soprano. 14, Tenor. 15, S[illegible]no (actress). 16, Opera-theatre. Orato[illegible] religious. 17,

Three-four. 18, Florid, brilliant. 19, Violin, 'cello; cornet, trumpet; flute, oboe; zither (drum); mandolin, banjo; piano (organ). 20, Beethoven.

The War

1, A rigid balloon. 2, To slide (airplane). 3, Distinguished airplane soldier. 4, Submarine. 5, Boat. 6, U. S. private soldier. 7, French soldier. 8, German. 9, German. 10, U. S. sailor. 11, Shirker of military duty. 12, Curtain of bullets. 13, Disguise. 14, Disease. 15, Body louse. 16, War machine. 17, Distinguished Service Order. 18, German war medal. 19, French gun. 20, Just before the attack.

Politics

1, Greece. 2, Germany; Socialism. 3, U. S.; Single Tax. 4, Rome; Lawgiver. 5, English Statesman. 6, U. S. Statesman. 7, U. S.; Free Silver. 8, President of Confederacy. 9, President of Germany. 10, Premier of France. 11, Italian Statesman. 12, U. S.; Labor Leader. 13, English Statesman. 14, Dutch; International Law. 15, French Statesman. 16, German Statesman. 17, Chinese Statesman. 18, Irish Statesman. 19, U. S.; Labor Leader. 20, Russian Bolshevik.

Science

1, Hydrophobia antitoxin. 2, English; Safety Lamp. 3, U. S.; Phonograph. 4, U. S.; Botanist. 5, German; Bacilli. 6, German Astronomer. 7, English; Steam. 8, Cotton gin. 9, U. S.; Sewing Machine. 10, U. S.; Telegraph. 11, English Physicist. 12, German Astronomer. 13, Germany; Printing. 14, Italy; Astronomer. 15, France; Insects. 16, U. S.; Telephone. 17, Italy; Wireless. 18, U. S.; Airplane. 19, England; Antiseptics. 20, France; Mathematics.

Scientific Terms

1, An electrical measure. 2, Protect (electrically). 3, Part of the eye. 4, Will not conduct electricity. 5, Measure of power. 6, Moving to and fro. 7, Inject into the blood. 8, Will hold no more. 9, Puckering. 10, Inverting the terms. 11, Axis not in center. 12, Smallest particle of matter. 13, An instrument, mathematical. 14, Mixes air and gas. 15, Cave man. 16, Mechanical term. 17, A number which, multiplied by itself, will exactly produce a given number; 2 is the square root of 4. 18, Latitude, distance north and south; longitude, distance east and west. 19, Long side of triangle. 20, A machine for turning.

Business

1, Financier. 2, Financier. 3, Financier. 4, Steel. 5, Oil. 6, Steel. 7, Merchant. 8, Merchant. 9, Automobiles. 10, Cash Register. 11, Tea. 12, Railways. 13, Guns. 14, Railways. 15, Chain stores. 16, Powder. 17, Railways (oil). 18, Railways. 19, Merchant. 20, Packer.

The Theatre

1, Author "She Stoops to Conquer." 2, Actor, U. S. 3, French Actress. 4, Italian Actress. 5, Norse Author. 6, U. S. Producer. 7, English Actor. 8, U. S. Actor. 9, English Actor. 10, U. S. Actor. 11, U. S. Movie Actor. 12, English Actor. 13, U. S. Actor. 14, Italian Actor. 15, English Actress. 16, U. S. Comedian. 17, U. S. Actress. 18, English Author. 19, U. S. Actor. 20, U. S. Comedian.

People

1, Roman Emperor. 2, U. S. President. 3, Of Troy (Iliad). 4, Chinese Philosopher. 5, Italian Patriot. 6, Discoverer of North Pole. 7, Egyptian Queen. 8, Greek Philosopher. 9, French Celebrated Case. 10, English Nurse executed by Germans. 11, U. S. Author. 12, German Author. 13, Queen of Palmyra. 14, Explorer. 15, Famous Friends. 16, Asiatic

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Conqueror. 17, U. S. Statesman. 18, English Colonist (U. S.). 19, U. S. Statesman. 20, Singer.

Words

Look these up in your dictionary.

Pronunciation

Look these up also in your dictionary.

Miscellaneous

1, Baseball Player. 2, Absent Without Official Leave. 3, Prize-fighter. 4, Explorer of Polar Regions. 5, Chewing thoroughly. 6, Italian Author. 7, Fake Speculation Scheme. 8, Foundation of British Liberty. 9, Unconventional Person. 10, Fabled Land of Plenty. 11, The Rubaiyat. 12, Persian Monarch. 13, Sinless Birth, of the Virgin. 14, Disbeliever in Orthodoxy. 15, Disease. 16, Stock market terms. 17, Vocation—regular occupation. Avocation—diversion. 18, A whirlpool. 19, Feathers (northern duck). 20, As iron, gold, sulphur, oxygen, hydrogen, zinc, etc. 21, As American, Cheshire, Roquefort, Camembert, etc. 22, As Champagne, Claret, Sauterne, Burgundy, etc. 23, Between sirloin and tenderloin. 24, $75,000 a year. 25, No. 26, Pound sterling, 400 to 500 (changes). Franc, 20. 27, Sucker—Illinois. Hoosier—Indiana. Wop—Italy. Chink—China. Greaser—Mexico. 28, Hoover—Food Management. Whitlock—Minister to Belgium. McAdoo—Secretary of Treasury. 29, Violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. 30, Mississippi. 32, Everest. 33, Can live in air or water. 34, As Saturn, Mars, Venus, Jupiter, Mercury, Tellus, etc. 35, Divisible by 4; the hundred years by 400. 36, Africa, etc. 37, China, etc. 38, America both. 39, Air brake. 40, Founder of religion in India. 41, "Give me liberty, or give me death." 42, "Strenuous life"—Roosevelt. "Innocuous desuetude"—Cleveland. "Let us have peace"—Grant. "With charity to all"—Lincoln. 43, Germany. 44, India. 45, Judas, for betraying Jesus. 46, Famous lovers. 47, Venice. 48, No tariffs. 49, A neckpiece. 50, An architectural ornament.

My Wild Ride with Youth in an Aëroplane

(*Continued from page 15*)

out over the city of Brussels and set a steady course southward. Then he looked around at me for the first time, evidently to see how I was enjoying it; and the young idiot had such an ingratiating smile, with so much joyous deviltry in it, that for the life of me I could not help liking him! And I managed to smile in return—it must have been a weak and sickly smile!—to prove that I was a perfectly hardened aviator and was really having the time of my life. It was the only way to get even with him!

So we passed over the city of Brussels. I caught a glimpse of the top of the Palace of Justice and the tower of the Cathedral. We shot out across the beautiful rich country to the southward—little green fields spread like an old-fashioned quilt upon the land, all criss-crossed with shining ribbons of canals, and tufted here and there with snug little towns—clusters of warm red roofs with gray crevasses for streets.

For a moment my gay young pilot seemed contented to settle down to a humdrum voyage, and I began to get my breath. I had already found it impossible to bear the full sweep of the wind without a shield and I pushed my seat back, sat myself low down behind the observer, and restrapped myself in that more sheltered position. I was not so low that I could not easily look over and watch the flying earth below me. My pilot was running much closer to the ground than the one who brought me up. I could plainly see the women working in the sunny fields; one was milking a cow some hundreds of feet below; she turned up her face whitely to watch us pass but did not stop milking. I suppose aëroplanes overhead in these dull days of peace, after four years' experience with great war planes, both friends and foes, loaded with bombs, were scarcely of enough interest even to attract her attention. We flashed over automobiles traveling swiftly in the roads—as though they were standing still. We saw canal boats, like water bugs sleeping on glistening strips of water. When one is traveling in an aëroplane everything else in the world seems stationary, silent, without motion. We sped over a forest, and when I looked down into the cool green depth of it I was reminded of the seaweeds and sea moss I once saw looking from a boat side down through the clear water of the California sea, the atmosphere all about being like some subtler ocean.

I WAS completely fascinated. All fear left me. I forgot that I was cold, or that the wind twitched fiercely at my head covering and constantly displaced my huge goggles. What a sight it was! All that lovely country of Flanders! One climbs mountains for less beauty than this! The smiling young French observer between my legs, with his thumb on his rolling map, looking over the edge of the ship occasionally, would hold up his map for me to see. This was Hal. That was Soignies. Over there was Roeulx. We were following generally a canal for many miles, then a road straight as a chalk line and almost as white, that reached to the horizon, then we seemed to cut across open country with no landmarks at all.

I think it was partly the rebound from the earlier painful experiences, and partly the thrill of flying above a world indescribably beautiful with May—but I think I never had any keener moments of enjoyment. I felt as though I had caught back the lovely earth and the full pulse of a rich existence after the challenging threat of death. Our bird of a ship seemed like some great wild water-fowl fanning "at that far height the cold, thin atmosphere." It gave me such a sensation of supreme command over time and space and the littleness of human life as I think I shall never reach again—for never again shall I make such a first flight in May over the wonderful land of Flanders. In May, and flying!

But all this could not be for long. I had Youth for a pilot. We had been going some minutes or miles—one lives an age an hour in a flying-machine—when far below us we saw a city. The observer held up his map and turning his head said a few words which the wind blew out of his mouth:

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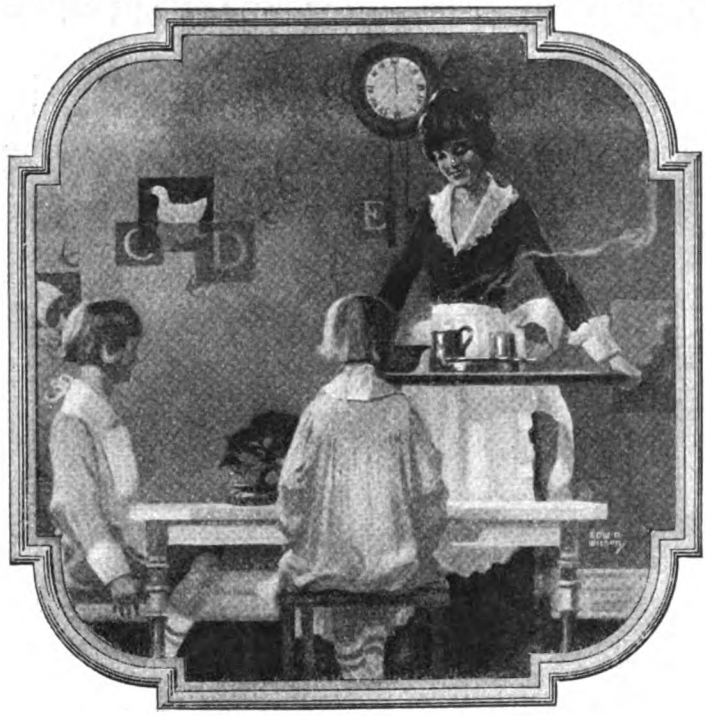

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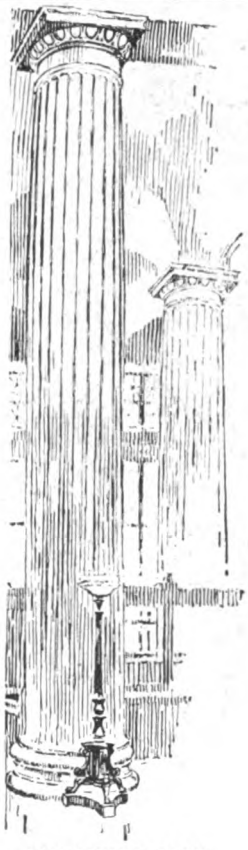

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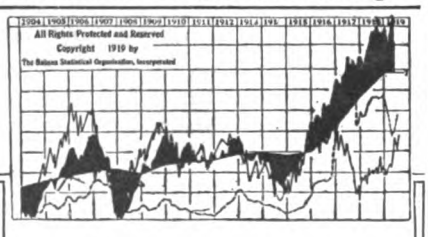

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"Mons!"

And Mons it was. As we swept over I saw painted on the roof of one of the largest buildings the name "Mons"—for when one travels above, the signboards must read upward—as a guide to wandering travelers of the sky.

Mons I shall never forget. I know just how the top of it looks. Near the southern edge of the city there is a factory with two tall chimneys, belching black smoke. As we approached them we suddenly tipped forward and began to drop. I saw the city—the roofs, the spires, the chimneys, rush up at us with dizzy speed. Here again I was a victim of my own inexperience. I could not know whether this was accident or folly. A moment later I looked straight down into the black gullets of the two chimneys, saw the smoke rolling out of them. It seemed as though we could not possibly miss them. I held on hard, closed my eyes, got a whiff of warm coal smoke and felt the machine lift under me. The pilot—when I opened my eyes—was looking around with the most ingratiating smile, to see if I had properly appreciated his skill in avoiding two chimneys so carefully aimed at.

I was no more to have any comfort, except for a precious moment here and there. Youth could not bear the monotony even of flying! He must descend twice—of course with unexpected and alarming suddenness—to within a hundred feet or so of the ground, to see about a couple of other flying machines that had stranded in the fields. He must swerve dizzily above them to get a glimpse of make or number, as a motorist will stop to look over a stranded motor in a country road, and to catch a triumphant glimpse of another pilot in trouble. When we reached the wide spaces flooded by the Germans above Maubeuge, for we had now crossed the Belgian border into France, he must drop like a diving sea-hawk straight toward the shiny water—only to catch himself apparently on the brink of doom, and by a swerve in which for a moment the plane stood sidewise to the earth and it seemed impossible to avoid going entirely over, he shot out along the flooded river between the trees, scarcely fifty feet above the water. . . .

IN THOSE crowded moments—for one thinks at high pressure—I redeveloped an entire philosophy of Faith. Our whole existence, if we do not perish at once of terror, is based upon Faith—faith in all sorts of strange mechanisms, faith in still stranger human beings. I thought widely of the human animal coursing madly through unknown space upon this fragile and high-powered flying machine called the Earth. If one stopped once to *think* he might well perish of fear. But plunging thus through starry space—well, one must trust the Pilot.

As a matter of fact—as I was told afterward upon high authority—the boyish pilot I had that day was one of the best in all France. He was *too* good.

Above Maubeuge we began to circle and rise, I could not understand what for. I had a vague memory of having heard that aviators, when in trouble, make height in order to get a better chance for a forced landing. This disturbed me a good deal, and my impression was soon

confirmed. Quite suddenly we dipped and began another dizzy descent. (If anyone asks me what I hate worst about flying, it's going down!) I thought it only another fool "stunt," but this time we came closer to the earth than ever we had been before. Roads, hedges, houses, trees rushed under us like some marvelously speeded up, highly colored moving picture upon the vast screen of the earth.

Two men in a road were gaping stupidly up at us, and then I felt a sudden hard jolt of the machine—followed by a swift series of them. We leaped a road; we ran up a long sloping fieldside, green with spring, and stopped. Blessedly stopped. We were on land, and safe! In the moment that we came to rest and the propeller ceased whirling I think I never experienced such silence. It was appalling after the roar we had been living in. I heard a lark singing somewhere above us—exquisitely—then the cockney voice of an Englishman:

"Where ye from?"

I saw then that we had landed on a British flying field.

"Got any gas?" asked our young pilot.

How blessed it was to be still! How sweet the air of the clover field. How warm after those chill heights.

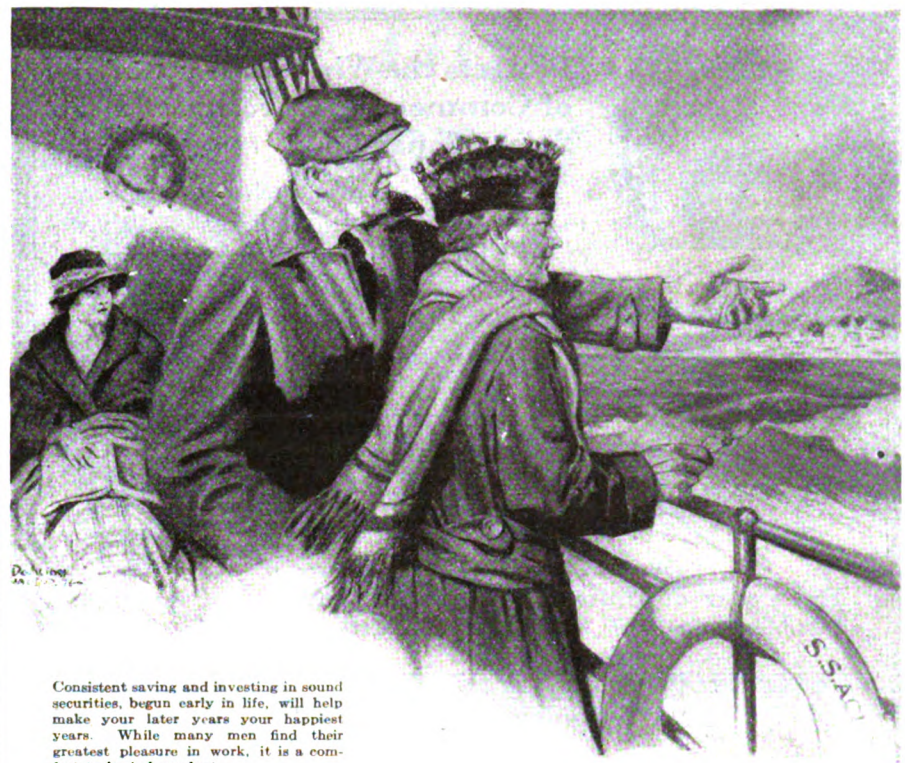
A British officer with a swagger-stick came out, looking bored; and he and our pilot went for the needed "gas." They brought it in red tins, and our man climbed up on the wings and poured it, gallon after gallon, into the gilled maw of the monster. He explained to the Englishman that "she leaked a bit" and proved it by showing a drop of gasolene coming from below. This, it appeared, was the reason we had to stop on the way. I asked a sergeant who was standing by, rather guardedly, whether this was quite safe.

"Well," said he, "it ain't exactly; but he'll get through right enough."

It was not reassuring, and when the time came I got in with reluctance, buckled the strap around me, and set my teeth.

WELL, we were off again, a long slanting swing to the north, rising and circling like a bee leaving its hive, then bearing again southward across that lovely country toward Paris. Our young pilot seemed content now for a little time to drive circumspectly—but not for long. It seems that he had picked up a French morning paper at Maubeuge; and whether he really wanted to read it or to impress us with his skill and unconcern as a driver, he now got it out and actually tried to look it over, taking one or both hands momentarily from his levers. The wind twitched and tore it, and presently he rolled it up and held the roll just outside the shield and it was an amazing proof of our terrific speed to see how the wind, though scarcely flapping the paper, wore it away in fragments not larger than my finger tips—shredding it into nothingness. The pilot looked around for our admiration.

If this had been all, I should not have minded it. But, time wearing heavily upon his hands in such a humdrum occupation, I saw him, to my utter astonishment, fumbling in his pocket for a cigarette. When he had found one he passed



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PETER HENDERSON & Co. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST. NEW YORK CITY

it back to the observer, and provided another for himself. How anyone could think of smoking in that place I could not understand. I thought also with a catch of the breath of the dripping gasolene from the leaky old machine, and had a sudden vision of ourselves going down in flames—as so often pictured. In spite of everything they managed to light their cigarettes and to get a few puffs before the wind twitched them entirely away. This they repeated again and again.

I must say for the pilot, however, that he was as good as his word in showing me the devastated regions. He more than showed me the ruins; he tried, I think to take me into the front door of the ruined cathedral at Noyon, and I have no doubt would have done so if there had been room inside to turn around! We flew low over the ruins of San Quentin and Ham and a dozen or more smaller towns, I saw the long stretches of trenches and entanglements like livid scars in the green fields, and in places the earth was pockmarked beyond belief with shell holes. Some of these holes had been filled up by German prisoners—indeed, we saw gangs of them then at work—but for the most part everything was in ruin, just as the war left it, and the shell holes, many of them full of water, seen from that height, glistened like eyes full of tears. To get a comprehensive view of the extent of the devastation there is nothing like a flying machine.

IT WAS at Noyon, or perhaps near Ribecourt, another ruined town, that I began suddenly to hear a curious banging noise from the engine ahead of me. It was as though someone were striking the hollow motor covering with a hammer. I could see now that the pilot was disturbed, for he began to adjust his levers. This continued for some minutes, and I decided that it must be the engine skipping. I tried in vain to get up a renewed interest in the wonderful country over which we were passing, but the curious intermittent cracking and knocking grew steadily worse. Presently I saw the pilot unbuckle the strap that held him in and rise up above his shield into the full blast of the wind to look at his engine. I thought, surely he would be blown off. He tried his various controls—I could see the movement of his shoulders and arms, not clearly what he was doing—but the engine kept getting worse and worse. Here again my utter ignorance of the signs of the machine made it more difficult to bear.

For some moments I had been so absorbed in what was going on in the aëroplane that I had not looked over. Now, suddenly and with a thrill, I saw that we were speeding swiftly over a very beautiful city in the valley of a river—and that away off to the east stretched a wonderful green forest. This city, which I was soon to know better, was the city of Compiègne, only forty miles from Paris, and the forest was the Forest of Compiègne. The wonder and the beauty of the river, the hills, and the wood, with the city lying in the valley, struck me first, and then, with a sudden constriction of the heart, I realized that about the worst place in the world for a flying machine to have engine trouble was over a city. Where could one land?

Suddenly, the engine stopped entirely—but not more completely than my heart. Once, long ago, in the middle of the night, on a huge ocean steamship, which for days had been moving with such majesty of power that the steady beat of the machinery had become the normal and expected, the ship's engine suddenly stopped. I shall never forget the thrill of fear the unprecedented silence gave me, lying there, in the warm darkness of my berth. When one puts his faith in mechanism it is a rude shock when that mechanism refuses to function. It was this thrill, this shock, immensely magnified, that I now experienced over the city of Compiègne.

THE pilot himself was evidently greatly worried. I had a passing instant of grim satisfaction at the thought. The propeller had not, however, stopped, and our impetus kept us going swiftly. The pilot got a new combination somehow, and suddenly the engine started with a jolt, and the propellers speeded up with a whirring roar. Immediately we began to swerve and lift. The pilot was making height again, which in itself I felt was ominous. If we had to land where were we to do it? I could see nothing but hills and city and river and forest, not a spot that seemed flat enough or big enough for a bird as huge as ours to perch.

In a minute or two the skipping began again, while we were still making upward in steep circles, dizzily. I grasped the side struts with all my strength and unconsciously tried to lift. Two or three heartbreaking stops and starts there were, and then a real stoppage, in which, after a moment, we seemed poised in the atmosphere, and though still moving at high speed, seemed by comparison to be standing quite still. I looked anxiously at the pilot. He was looking over the edge. I could see his slim-cut, competent shoulders moving as he worked his levers. A moment later we began going downward with inconceivable swiftness straight toward the clustered roofs of the city—long sliding curves, first on one wing, then the other—I could not see where or how.

There was a confused rush of houses, trees, hills under us. *Now*, I felt sure, destruction was only ten seconds off.

We seemed, for an instant, to be rushing straight into a green hill, then there was a light jar—then two or three more—and we had landed as lightly as any sparrow, in a wheat field. I got out, weak in the knees; but when that young scamp of a pilot asked me if I had felt nervous I responded—

The utter duplicity of human nature! Here was I, just escaped from what I firmly believed to be instant death, joking two raw boys to convince them that it was the most ordinary thing in the world to have an aëroplane break down under me when half a mile above a city!

Well, our young pilot climbed out on the lower wing of the machine, opened the cover of the engine, exactly as an automobile driver would do, and leaned into the cavity head first. I stood in the midst of the wheat field and looked at the incomparable spring beauty of that valley: the town below, the forest beyond. I saw a number of French boys come running toward us from the road, eager

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WM. R. MALONE, President

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People who own Rex-topped cars make no compromise with cold, winter evenings. They always ride snug and warm, no matter how inclement the weather.

They go with their cars when and where they want to go without looking at the thermometer or the weather report.

They have invested a moderate sum for motoring comfort and protection. They have cars of everyday usefulness. They are done with flapping side curtains, and cold rides and wet clothing.

Rex All-Seasons Tops are made for the improvement of new cars and old.

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There is a Rex All-Seasons Top that is specially designed and built for each of the following makes of touring cars and roadsters:

Dodge Brothers	*Buick*	*Nash*
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to see how many of us were dead.

After much tinkering, the pilot resumed his seat, and after directing the observer and me, assisted by the assembled populace, to hold back hard on the wings he began to test and speed his engine. Presently he seemed satisfied, for he climbed out and ran afoot across the fields until he was out of sight. I thought he was going for help, but he was merely looking over the ground to see whether he had room to "take off."

"All right," he shouted, "we're off!"

IF I had been a little braver they would never have got me back into that machine. I would have given all I possessed at the moment to walk into the friendly town of Compiègne and take the train to Paris. But with those young fellows looking at me and I, by my own desire, traveling by the air route, I was too much a coward not to get in again. And get in I did. . . .

By the pilot's direction, the entire bevy of French boys and two or three men were now drafted to hold back on the wing ends until we could get up the necessary speed on our propeller. This would have worked well enough, if, when the engine began really to roar, the boys at one end had not all been terrified, and with one accord ducked and run, while one stupefied man at the other end hung on with grim determination. The pilot could not make himself understood above the noise of the engine, and the result was that the machine swerved heavily and did not get up sufficient momentum for a good start. We ran bumping across the wheat field, leaped a furrow into a clover fallow, ran up a slope, lifted weakly from the earth and then settled down again.

At that instant, straight ahead of us, I saw that we were approaching the edge of a huge bluff, the river valley, with a canal far below, and confused houses, factories and railroad sidings. I took a look and a gulp. We shot straight over the edge of it into space. I suppose it is really no more dangerous to go down into space than up into space, and, indeed, it gave the pilot the take-off he needed to get up his speed—but I felt as I felt in some terrible nightmare of my youth—of running off a tremendous precipice into space.

We were now steadily making height again and crossing the southern end of the city of Compiègne; but I was so numbed with sensations that I no longer felt anything, and wanted only one thing in the world—to get both my feet down on the ground.

The engine now seemed disposed to behave itself, but it was not for long. The knocking began again, and then the skipping. . . .

Some three miles south of Compiègne we were forced to land for a third time—in a rich, level clover field. As we came to a standstill the pilot turned stiffly around in his seat and remarked:

"I sink zere is a train to Paris at tree o'clock."

Never were words sweeter in a man's ears.

We climbed out, packed our heavy clothes in our bags, walked into Compiègne and took the train to Paris—a form of locomotion which seemed delightfully safe, slow, steady—and prosy.

On our way in I talked with the pilot. He told me how he had been brought up among flying machines.

"I have a brother only eight years old who can drive a plane," said he.

"I do not," I said, "care to ride with him."

Why I Did Not Go into Business for Myself

(*Continued from page 16*)

me wonder whether or not it would be quite wise to take out three or four years wholly for study. Should I not then have to start all over again with a handicap to overcome? And, so, instead of trying for college, I took up mechanical drawing at night and, although some might think that, after a hard day's work, the night could not well be given up to study without injury to the health, I did not find it so. I have never found it so.

In fact, I have never taken a vacation. I have never needed one, and no place ever offered as many different kinds of amusement as could be found in the day's work. Although I usually reach the office about seven in the morning and leave anywhere from six to nine in the evening, and have often been in the office eighteen hours at a stretch, I do not consider that I have ever really worked. It has simply been fun, and I have always been doing the sort of thing that I best liked to do. Why call that which you like to do "work"?

I thoroughly enjoy designing a locomotive and helping to build it. In a way, I never had a better time in my life than during the war—first in getting the locomotives out to Russia and France; and then later, when we got into the war, in organizing and getting under way the rifle plant at Eddystone, which reached a capacity of six thousand rifles per day and, I am proud to say, supplied nearly two thirds of all the rifles used by the American army in combat. At the same time we built other plants which contributed some seven million shells.

But, to go back: Having decided not to go to college, and being in receipt of the not extravagant wage of eight dollars and forty cents a week, at the age of twenty-three I married. We looked at it this way: I could never earn less than eight dollars and forty cents a week and, therefore, if my wife and I learned to live on that sum, we could never thereafter have any financial difficulty. Altoona was not then an expensive town. We had no particular trouble in managing on eight dollars and forty cents, and we even put something by. So we have had no financial difficulty since. This is one of the points which it is well for a young man to bear in mind during the years when his future is in the balance. The tendency is to increase expenses with each increase in salary. It is better to learn to live on the first salary, and then no step need be taken merely to get the nearest dollar.

One of our young men came to me not

In a Junk Pile of Tires Oldham Found His FORTUNE

Earned $2,200.00 In Four Months—

So can you. Oldham was a telegraph operator at a telegraph operator's pay and 53 years old when he found his fortune in a junk pike of old worn out tires. One day he read in an advertisement similar to this, of the money making opportunities in the Automobile Tire Repair business. He answered the ad, and got Haywood's story—all the facts. He read what others had done—how hundreds of men are making upwards of $4,000 a year making old tires new, repairing punctures, blow-outs, retreading the millions and millions of automobile tires. He determined to act. He wrote me for my proposition. I sent it. Then he bought a Haywood outfit and started in business in his old home town. In 4 months he made $2,200, as much as he made in 2½ years as a telegraph operator.

HAYWOOD'S TIRE SURGERY *Gives New Life to Old Tires*

You Can Make $2,500.00 to $5,000.00 a Year

Think! You men who are seeking a permanent, big paying business of your own. The possibilities in the same field that is making OLDHAM a fortune. It is a field practically new. Uncountable millions of automobile tires are thrown in the junk pile; tires that can quickly and profitably be remade by Haywood's Tire Surgery and Haywood Equipment—tires that can be put back into service and run 4,000 to 5,000 more miles.

You can do it, equally well or possibly better—Oldham's record of money making—it's being done every day; its facts within reach of every ambitious, determined man. If you are that calibre you will sit down now and write Haywood for full particulars. When you get all the information you want, you will jump at the opportunity. You will see an opportunity bigger by far than we can hope to tell you in the limited space of this magazine.

No Experience Necessary—I'll Teach You

No previous training, no apprenticeship is required to enter this business—not even the faintest knowledge of tires. If you have a little mechanical turn of mind, you can quickly become an expert. We teach everything. YOU LEARN IN A WEEK in my Free Training School.

Tire repair jobs—make old tires new. You'll know how to repair every kind of cut, gash, bruise, that can happen to any tire. You become a Tire Surgeon, that's what you'll be, and the chance to make money is something wonderful.

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M. Haywood

M. Haywood, President
HAYWOOD TIRE & EQUIPMENT CO.
1158 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.

Earns $800 Month

This is E. T. Buchmann

He is a Tire Surgeon at Chicago. He says: "Am earning $800 per month, and confining myself solely to re-building of Tires by Haywood Method."

$6,500.00 Home Paid for

John W. Blair, Toledo, Ohio, says: "When I started three years ago, I had just $50.00 left after paying for my outfit. I now have a $6,500 home paid for, $1,000 in one bank, and deposits in several others."

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Dear Sir:—Please send me by return mail your free book on the new Haywood Tire Surgery Method and the detail of your free school for tire repairing.

Name .....

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.....

long ago to recommend a raise in his salary. I asked him how much he was getting. Then I asked him how much he was saving, and he replied:

"I cannot save anything. It is all I can do to make ends meet—and often they do not meet."

I had to tell him, and I told it to him for his own good and to make him a better man later, that I would vote against an increase in salary. I did not want to preach to him, but I had to tell him the plain facts out of my own observation and experience. I said something after this fashion:

"We have hundreds of men who do not make one third as much as you are now making, and yet they save money. You will find that every one of them has an account in the savings fund. You have no savings account and, if I should recommend that your salary be doubled, you even then would not have an account, for you would increase your expenses, and again find it impossible to make ends meet. It is all due to the fact that you have no decision in your own affairs. Whenever you decide to save ten per cent or twenty per cent of your salary, and stick to the decision, I shall be more than glad to recommend a very substantial increase, but not until then."

LET me take another personal instance: Through all the years I have always gone to work day in and day out heedless of the weather. So now, when I get up in the morning, I never bother looking to see if it is clear, or raining, or snowing; if it is hot or if it is cold. The work is ahead to be done, it must be done, so why bother about the obstacles? Why stop to think that it is too wet or snowy to make going out pleasant, or that it is too hot to work or too cold to travel? When you are interested in what you are doing and have made up your mind to do it, the weather does not count.

And again, the man who has himself in full charge will never be pressed for time. Take one of our workmen. He has been with us many years and has accumulated at least forty thousand dollars, although he holds no high position. In addition, he owns and operates a farm on the White-Horse Pike in New Jersey on which, in his spare time, he has built himself a very good home. That man works at the Eddystone plant, which is a good twenty miles from his farm. But he is at his work every day before seven in the morning and he often does not leave before nine in the evening. Yet he finds time to attend to all of these outside interests. How he does it I do not know. But the big point is that he does it; and the older I grow the more convinced I am that practically anyone can accomplish anything if only he has a mind to do it.

Having a mind in the work in hand will probably do the deciding of a career without much help from you yourself. It did for me. I almost started into business, but circumstances came along and settled the matter. It happened this way:

After I had been serving as foreman for a year or two at Altoona, a great boom came on there in the sand business. I thought I would go into that business on my own account. The prospects looked good, and time has proved that they were

good, for a great many people have done extremely well with sand in that district. But before I could quite make up my mind to quit being a machinist I got a promotion, and when I started again to think about sand I got another promotion. I have not yet had time to get around to that sand business, and so I suppose the question is still undecided. Like many momentous affairs, it got shelved.

In 1882—I was then twenty-six—we were having a number of locomotives built at Baldwin's Locomotive Works. The shop sent me down as a kind of inspector to watch the construction. It took a year to build the locomotives, and during that time I became very familiar with Baldwin's. I liked the work. New jobs were coming up all the time. The outlook seemed unlimited—the whole world needed locomotives. The outlook in the Altoona shops was not exactly limited, but I had noticed that the ordinary progression of the machinist usually took him out of the shops to become a superintendent in some far-away station, where the work developed into a routine.

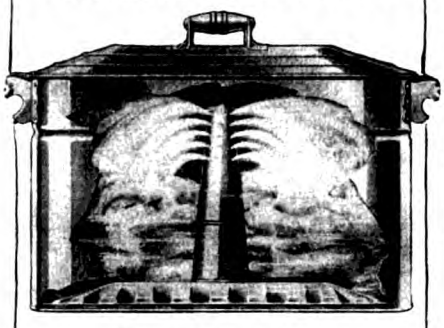
When the locomotives had been built I had become almost a part of Baldwin's; they wanted me to stay, and I stayed. That was all there was to changing jobs. First, they made me superintendent of what is known as the Seventeenth Street Shop—one of the divisions of the works. About a year later they made me superintendent of construction, and by the time I was thirty they had promoted me to the mechanical supervision of the whole establishment. Since then I have never had any definite sort of a title until lately, when I became president.

IN DECIDING whether it is better to be out entirely for yourself, or with a corporation, not a little of the decision will depend upon whom you are working for. If you find that you are under a poor boss you ought to get out as soon as you can, for half a dozen years of work under an inferior or incompetent boss will so change a young man's outlook that, more than likely, he will be worth very little thereafter. I do not mean by this that it is well for a youngster to be "choosy" and particular about whom he works for at the first, and to decide right offhand that if the boss doesn't do things after his manner he is a poor boss. The incompetent boy or man never has a good boss—that is, he never thinks he has. An incompetent, lazy individual could never like a first-rate boss.

However, it is not always the grade of the boss that counts. I was fortunate in my early days in having always superiors who helped me along; but I have noticed many really brilliant fellows who do not seem to do at all well except in certain situations. I have in mind a man in our company. He is still very young, but he had been in close association with me for ten or twelve years and I have entire confidence in him—I could give him anything to do and he would do it. Simply tell him that something is to be done, and he will do whatever seems to him best, and without asking a question.

I sent this young man to Russia and he did splendidly; then he went to China and Japan and did just as well. I brought

Wash Your Clothes without power - yet without hand labor



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PERCOLO WASHER
Steaming Water Washer

In any Wash Boiler

What washes clothes *clean?* Not twisting or pounding in water—not destructive rubbing—but steaming hot suds *that stay hot,* and pass and *pass* and PASS through your clothes, loosening—and removing—every particle of dirt.

With the Percolo, your clothes *wash themselves as they boil, without rubbing* —wash cleaner, sweeter, whiter and quicker than with any other device in the world—and with no attention other than preparing boiler, same as always, with water and soap—nothing else.

The steaming suds *continually* circulate, as through a percolator, up the funnel—out through the holes—*down through the clothes*—cleansing and *boiling* and STERILIZING the biggest wash. Cannot possibly injure any delicate fabric that endures boiling.

No intricate parts to get out of order or wear out—nothing to oil—lasts years. Nothing to think of for half an hour or so. Yet it converts your boiler into a remarkable *labor-saving* washing device.

$5.00 Rids Washday of Hard Work

Seeing is believing! Let us send the Percolo Washer prepaid to your home (anywhere in U. S. A.). Use it a month. Give it *hard use.* You will find it the most thorough, most economical washer ever—if not, send it right back, and we will refund your money cheerfully, paying charges both ways. The approval trial costs you nothing. Send for free folder—or, better still, order your Percolo TODAY on 30-day trial.

Erie Metal Products Co.
Dept. 15 Erie, Pa.

Do you want to **Sell** the Percolo—write for terms.

him home and put him in another department where he was not directly under me. He seemed to stop. He did not go back, he was very much better than the average, but he did not go forward. When the war came on I took him out of that department and put him in charge of making military supplies, and he came to himself again. It was a full-sized man's job, but he attended to its every detail and also found enough extra time to give plenty of attention to the foreign representatives, so much so that they began to prefer to talk to him rather than to me. Now he is a vice president of the company. And yet I can easily see how that young man, uncongenially placed, might have amounted to nothing.

SO MANY false ideas not only exist but are actually fostered about everything connected with work; they start with the mere getting of the job and then ramify through every phase and angle. There seems to be a notion that it is hard to get a job. Not long ago, a young man brought in a letter of introduction from one of my friends. The letter was long and the young man was nervous. Evidently, somebody had been telling him that he could not get a job for himself but needed a little pull somewhere. Possibly he had read the letter, for it besought me to try to find a place for the youth and so on, and so on. In fact I think it used the expression "to give the boy a job."

This youngster had what I call a good "mug;" he was bright and active-looking and was not very much afraid of me, although he had never worked anywhere. I sent him over to another department with a note, and at the end of an hour the head of that department called up to say that if I had a hundred more like him to send them over just as fast as I could get them there.

There is no difficulty about getting a job. You may not, and probably will not, get the one that you like best at the first trial, but you are sure to get something; and it does not require, in any place that is worth working in, a letter of introduction or a pull.

I made up my own mind very early, in fact before I began as apprentice in the Pennsylvania shops, that I was not going to be advanced by "influence." For that reason I never joined any social organization—any lodge, society, or church; I did not want to be advanced for any reasons originating outside of myself. Later, as I came into authority, I did not want to be asked to advance anybody for similar reasons.

I DO not know how or where these delusions arise. Perhaps they grow out of the belief that people generally desire to be unfair, which of course is not true. Not one man in ten thousand wants you to sell him anything at a loss to yourself, be it services or goods. It is never necessary to sell at a loss. There is always value waiting to be paid, and when I hear the contrary notion advanced I wonder whether it is not the seller's estimate of value rather than the buyer's which is askew. When I find a man who complains that his services are not properly rewarded, that he is obliged to sell for less than full value, then I expect to find that he is off on his own values, that if he gave diligent attention to delivering more for the money he would not have any cause to complain about the money.

It is quite the same way with advancement in a corporation. You will usually get full return for what you give, and you cannot expect more than that. And that full return will grow with the years. Our company is eighty-eight years old, and we have never discharged anyone because he was too old to work; yet the average age of our executives is only thirty-four. We have grown so steadily and have taken in so many young men that our average age keeps pretty constantly in the youngster class.

Having the older executives about is mighty necessary. A young man associating only with young men may get an "ism" or two that he will think is new. But if he is in daily contact with older men he will discover that they, too, have had their "isms" just as they had the measles and the chickenpox, and that what he thinks is new is really something very old. And so the office becomes the place where the younger men can get their best advice. It is good for them and it is good for the business.

The Salaries That Are Paid in Various Lines

(*Continued from page 25*)

more men of executive rank are hurt by receiving large salaries than by being underpaid."

There is probably no subject on which more fibbing is done than this subject of salaries. Seven men of every ten seek to create the impression that they get more pay than they really do.

The unvarnished truth is that extremely high salaries or incomes are distinctly uncommon. The latest income tax figures reveal that only one manufacturer in ten makes as much as $3,000 a year; that only one actor in two hundred earns $3,000; and that not five commercial travelers in every hundred make that amount. Four lawyers and judges in every five fail to earn $3,000. The same percentage holds good in regard to stock, bond, and other brokers; while mine owners and operators, engineers, architects, insurance agents, doctors and real estate men all make a still worse showing. Only two saloon keepers in every hundred reported an income as high as $3,000, and not five merchants in every hundred reached that figure.

Out of the 110,000,000 people in the United States only 374,958 in 1917 got from $3,000 to $4,000 a year; while still

fewer, 270,666, received from $5,000 to $10,000. Only one person in one thousand earned between $50,000 and $100,000. Only 315 in the whole Commonwealth had an income of between $500,000 and $1,000,000. While just 111 could boast of receiving $1,000,000 or more.

All told, 3,472,890 persons reported incomes of $1,000 or more. This is less than three persons in every hundred. And even this gives an exaggerated view of the number receiving a four-figure salary, because many of the income tax reports included in the earnings under the head of the parent's return all earned by wife and children. Incidentally, half of all the high salaries were recorded by unmarried persons or those not heads of families.

The ambition of thousands of young men and women is to get into a financial institution. The popular notion is that the hours are short and the pay long.

The stern facts regarding banking hours and bank salaries are not quite as they are generally pictured. The regular hours usually are from 9 to 5:30; but overtime is quite common in all large institutions. The end of each month brings a great deal of extra work for the clerical force. As for those at the top, they have got where they are, not by observing "bankers' hours," but by toiling night and day with supreme energy and well-directed skill.

The top salary paid in the banking world, so far as known, is $100,000 a year. But only a few receive that amount. Most of the heads of large banks and trust companies in the principal cities get $35,000 to $50,000 a year, a very few $75,000.

HERE is a typical salary list of an important metropolitan financial institution:

President, $75,000
Six vice presidents, $20,000 to $40,000 each
Cashier, $15,000
Assistant cashiers, $5,000 to $12,500
Other junior officers, $5,000 to $10,000
Chief clerk, $4,000
Tellers, $2,000 to $4,000
Heads of departments, $2,000 to $3,600
Secretaries to executive officers, $1,500 to $3,500
Stenographers, $1,000 to $1,600
Beginners, $50 to $60 a month

In addition, the very large institutions supply lunches free and also pay bonuses, which during the last two or three years have ranged as high as 20 to 25 per cent of the year's salary. On the other hand, not many banks pay for overtime, except supper money.

The best salaries are paid in the foreign and credit departments. These branches require employees of good education and high intelligence. Ambitious clerks covet the opportunity to enter these departments, as the opportunities for learning and for advancement are better than in other departments. The routine worker who keeps a ledger year after year is paid from $1,600 to $1,800, exclusive of bonus, but he has little or no opportunity to develop or to rise.

The trend is toward standardizing salaries in large organizations, particularly in the lower grades. The largest bank in America some time ago, for example, adopted these divisions and these salaries for all stenographers: Class A, minimum of $800 for women and $1,000 for men. Class B, $1,000 minimum for women and $1,200 for men. Class C, up to $1,200 for women and $1,500 for men.

If you live in a small place, the salary of your bank president is probably not more than $7,000, perhaps not more than $5,000. There are a hundred times more $5,000 bank presidents throughout the country than $50,000 presidents.

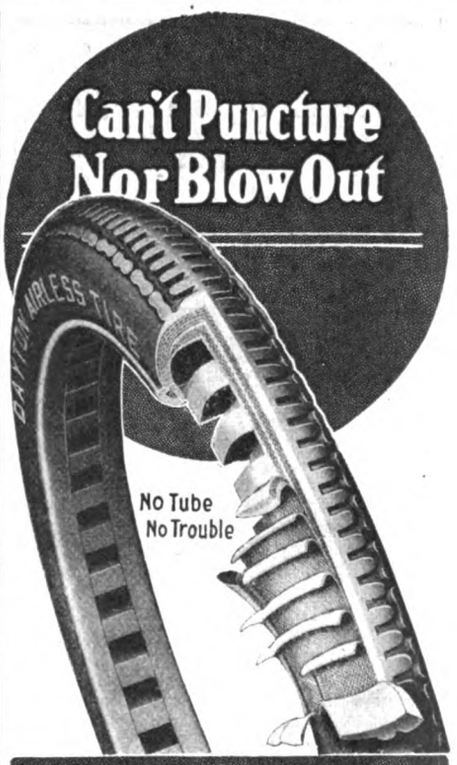
IF YOU haven't aspired to a "government job" yourself, you doubtless know lots of young men and women who have. The nation-wide craze for government positions is not easy to understand—not even when all the known advantages as to hours, certainty of steady employment, vacations and (in some cases) pensions, are taken into account.

It can be set down, as a general statement, that Civil Service salaries are the poorest in the whole country. Why, the highest Civil Service salary paid by the United States Government is only $8,000 a year. And there are precious few $8,000 berths.

Even the most responsible Federal offices do not carry salaries at all corresponding with those paid in the industrial, financial, railroad, commercial or mercantile field. President Wilson's salary, as everyone knows, is $75,000, with $25,000 allowed for traveling expenses. But from that figure there is a sheer drop to $12,000 for the Vice President and for all members of the Cabinet. The President's hard-worked secretary, Mr. Tumulty, gets only $7,000. Whereas, lawyers like Elihu Root, Paul D. Cravath, Samuel Untermyer, Charles D. Hughes and hosts of others make anywhere from $50,000 to several times that amount per annum, the Attorney General gets only $12,000 and the Solicitor General $10,000. This last is the salary paid the Chief of Staff of America's army. The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is paid $15,000, and the Associate Justices $14,500 each.

The Government employs a great many "special agents" to undertake a wide variety of important duties; many of these men are recognized experts, yet the customary pay allowed by the Government is only $10 a day. Chief clerks in government departments at Washington are paid as low as $1,600, with the Chief Clerk in the Treasury Department receiving $4,000, in the War Department $2,500, in the Navy Department $3,000, the Post-Office Department $2,500, the Department of Justice $3,500, the Department of Agriculture $3,500, the Department of Commerce $3,000 and the government printing office $2,750.

All who have high-salary aspirations would do well, therefore, to steer clear of Civil Service jobs. States and municipalities are no more liberal than the Federal Government. Even governors of states receive as low as $2,500, while only seven of them get $10,000. Illinois pays more—$12,000. Of course the young man who distinguishes himself in government service is often grabbed by a corporation or institution and paid a handsome salary. Quite recently one of the Government's $8,000 men, Robert S. Barrett, stationed in Buenos Aires, stepped into a $50,000 export job, just as Mr. Vanderlip jumped from $3,000 a year as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury to a starting salary of $10,000 a year as vice president of the National City Bank.



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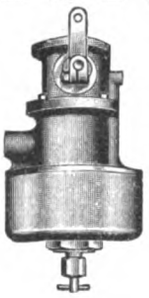

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I induced the head of an industrial enterprise employing many thousands of employees to give me the range of salaries paid by his company. This concern is very successful, and its directing head is probably more than ordinarily generous, as he has found from long experience that well-paid employees produce the most satisfactory results. Here is his list of salaries for executive and managerial positions:

Position	Range of Annual Salary
General manager	$25,000 to $50,000
Sales manager	15,000 to 25,000
Treasurer	10,000 to 15,000
Comptroller	10,000 to 15,000
Superintendent	6,000 to 10,000
Ass't sales manager	10,000 to 15,000
Field assistants to sales manager	6,000 to 8,000
Factory and office supervisors	4,000 to 6,000
Purchasing agent	4,000 to 8,000
Patent attorney	5,000 to 7,000
Employment manager	4,000 to 6,000
Advertising manager	4,000 to 10,000
Welfare director	7,000 to 6,000

In addition to their salaries, all the employees of this company participate in a liberal profit-sharing plan.

Returning to Mr. Du Pont's statement that the highest salaries can be earned in the most important industries, this might be amplified by the statement that promotions and salary increases are most numerous in what might be called the newer industries.

Thousands of young men who enter the automobile industry have been able to make lightning headway. Thousands have earned comfortable fortunes as automobile salesmen or agents, while other thousands have risen to executive positions with huge companies, receiving salaries ranging from $20,000 to $75,000 and even higher. Many who not so many years ago were mechanics in automobile shops are now paying substantial income taxes. For men possessing exceptional "pep" the automobile world offers rich inducements.

Numbers of tremendously successful and wealthy men are at present urging their sons and nephews and young friends to take up the oil business. More fortunes have been made in oil during the last three years than in any other field of activity. Not a few heirs to fortunes are at this moment working as day laborers or begrimed drillers or helpers in uncouth oil regions. The life is rough, but the possibilities are limitless for those who learn the practical end of the business from the ground up, and who have education enough, brains enough, and backing enough, to enable them to enter the game by and by on their own account.

RAILROADS at present are not attracting many of the brightest young minds in the country. The feeling is that railroad transportation will be so rigidly regulated by the Government that there will not be the old-time scope for initiative, enterprise, and profit. Numbers of brilliant young railway executives have entered other lines, and this drift away from what was formerly regarded as an attractive profession is expected to continue.

On the other hand, there has been a marked revival in marine transportation and in shipping. For *illustration*, the president of the largest shipbuilding plant in the United States, Matthew C. Brush, was formerly president of the Boston Street Railways. The belief is that the Government will not continue permanently as an operator of a huge mercantile fleet, and that extraordinary scope will be afforded private enterprise for the exercise of originality, daring, vision, and talent. Salaries paid by large shipbuilders are unusually generous.

One distinct trend should be noted, namely, the disinclination of many of the most brilliant executives of the younger school to accept straight salaries. These men, knowing their capabilities, are insisting upon being paid according to results, on a direct commission basis wherever possible and, failing that, on a profit-sharing basis. Few master salesmen will entertain salary propositions.

"LEARN to sell" is the advice very widely given to-day. The man who goes out on the road and rubs shoulders with all types broadens his knowledge of human nature, has his provincialism ironed out, and increases his knowledge of his product through his daily association with the user of it. The president of the largest corporation in the world, James A. Farrell, of the United States Steel Corporation, won his spurs as a salesman; he sold more steel products to foreign buyers than any other man in the country, and stepped from the corporation's exporting subsidiary to the presidential chair of the parent company. John D. Ryan was an oil drummer until he was in his thirties. John N. Willys was a bicycle salesman and then an automobile salesman before he entered the manufacturing arena. Theodore N. Vail's most formidable task in the early days was to "sell" the telephone to a nation of doubting Thomases. The chief owner of the largest drygoods business in the United States, John G. Shedd, of Marshall Field & Company, Chicago, told the famous founder of that store at their first interview that he "could sell anything," an assertion that won for him a ten-dollar-a-week job, as a sales clerk.

To-day, however, less is being heard about salesmanship qualifications than about scientific, technical training. Most of the new industries which the war has opened up, or greatly stimulated, in this country call for men thoroughly trained to wed science to industry. The salaries which men of this description can command run well into five figures. Said Mr. Du Pont concerning this important development, and concerning the value of a college education:

"There is a keener demand to-day than ever before for technically trained college men. Men of this type are getting larger salaries than those having merely an academic college training or the man who has had no college education at all.

"America hopes to attain leadership in various industrial arts which were formerly rather neglected here, and in which leadership was held by Germany. Take chemicals and dyes. Numbers of important companies have entered these new lines on an important scale—the Du Pont interests have already invested more capital in these two lines than they had invested in their whole powder plants be-

fore the war. Now, these industries can be developed only by expert chemists, scientists, and specialists; men who, beginning with a sound education, added scientific knowledge to that, and learned how to apply this knowledge in a practical way.

"Perhaps I was influenced by the fact that I graduated from the Massachusetts Tech, but the fact remains that I have picked for high-salaried positions more technically educated men than any other type. In my engineering and development enterprises I necessarily had to get hold of such men. You will find, however, that such concerns as the General Electric Company, the Eastman Kodak Company, Stone & Webster, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, to say nothing of the newer dye and chemical companies, have given preference to men who were trained scientifically in the industrial arts. Before America can hope to conquer foreign markets she must first learn how to produce as scientifically, efficiently, and economically as Germany, Great Britain, or any other nation. To accomplish this, an increasing number of trained men are, of course, necessary. And since the supply is less than the demand for such men, high salaries are gladly paid to secure their services.

"Incidentally, this new movement to build up America's trade throughout the world is creating many excellent opportunities for keen-brained young men in the export and import field. Men versed in the handling of business, and who have thoroughly mastered one or more foreign languages, can get better than ordinary salaries from our rapidly-expanding foreign trade enterprises.

"Don't forget, however," Mr. Du Pont aptly remarked, "that merely paying a man a high salary does not make him *worth* a high salary. Salaries don't make men; men make their own salaries. You cannot transform a $3,000 man into a $10,000 or a $20,000 man simply by paying him the larger amount.

"I do not urge all young men to 'learn to sell.' More money awaits a man who can make something worth selling or provide something that the public wants, than awaits the fellow who simply sells the thing produced.

"It is just as hard to-day as ever before to find men capable of filling big jobs, because the number of big jobs to be filled is constantly multiplying. Also, don't forget that the big jobs of to-day are bigger than the big jobs of ten or twenty years ago, because in this country things are now being done on a very much larger scale.

"Looking ahead, I can see that the day is coming when a great majority of men —workmen, salesmen, superintendents, managers and executives—will be paid, not a fixed wage or salary, but according to what they actually are worth, what they actually earn. No bonus or profit-sharing scheme applicable to every line of business has yet been devised; but the national thought is turning more and more to this important subject, and progress cannot but be made toward a satisfactory solution.

"Therefore, I would urge every alert young man not to bother his head overmuch about the amount of the salary he receives in the early stages of his career, but to use his gray matter in picking out the line of industry which holds out the greatest possibilities for him, and then buckle down to work, and study and plan how he can best qualify himself to *earn* a large salary. If he has the right stuff in him, and if he isn't afraid to expend plenty of body or brain sweat to make himself a bigger and broader man, the matter of salary will work itself out quite satisfactorily in the end. As I said, I never asked for a salary raise in my life."

What Is Personality?

(*Continued from page 33*)

I simply don't think of him as a man. He is merely the manager of his department.

The reason is that he doesn't think of *me* as a man. To him, I am just part of the business. And even in regard to the business itself he has never shown the slightest interest in what I am doing.

The other man is a good worker, too; but he is also a real human being. Somehow I find myself talking to him about a lot of things. He likes to get my viewpoint. At any rate, he makes me feel that he does. I can see him now, getting up from his chair, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and saying with a smile, "Isn't this world a darned interesting world anyway! I'm going to tell Blank what you've been saying. I'll bet I get a rise out of him."

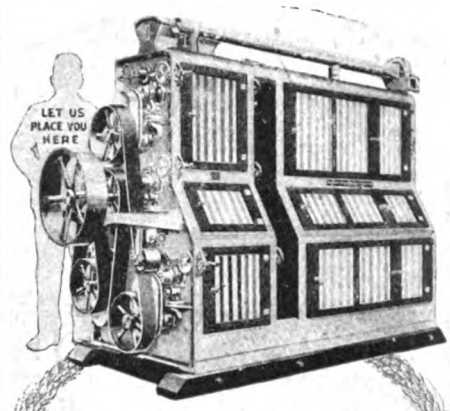
Well, I just naturally feel a bit puffed up because he thinks something I have said is worth repeating. Of course I do! I remark genially, "Come in and tell me what he says." And when this chap goes out of my office, I turn back to my work with a nice comfortable sensation of being "some punkins." Wouldn't you, too?

Almost invariably, the woman who is described as having "a charming personality" is the one who shows an interest in you. I like to watch these women. Indeed, I confess that I am like a cat being stroked the right way when they show an interest in *me*. I admit—since I am writing this anonymously—that I like it even when their interest is not intelligent, as—bless their hearts!—it sometimes is not. But it feels nice, just the same.

The real winner, however, whether man or woman, is the one who shows an interest in others which is both intelligent and sincere. And almost anybody can manage to do that. As the man I just spoke of says, "This is a darned interesting world!" And every human being you run across can add to your enjoyment of it, if you will only give him a chance.

But how about the third factor mentioned above? What has "conviction" got to do with it?

Well, once more you could not find a better example than Roosevelt. If a man shows an interest in you, asks you in-



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telligent questions, draws you out so that you show off to advantage, you involuntarily like him. But if he is colorless himself, has no ideas of his own, is merely a sort of "Yes, yes, chorus," he won't make as big a dent in your consciousness as he would if his responsiveness had some *meat* in it.

It makes me think of a little boy I know. When his mother had calf's brains for luncheon one day, his appetite seemed so meager that she asked him if he didn't like that particular dish.

"No!" he said, "I want something I can *get my teeth into!*"

That describes some people. You can't get your mental teeth into them. They are just a mush of acquiescence. But, while the man with a "wonderful personality" wants to know your ideas, he has some of his own, too. That was the way with Roosevelt. He knew many things. He believed certain things. He set his teeth almost literally into them. And he gave you something to get your own teeth into.

AND suppose you go back to perhaps the most wonderful personality this country ever produced—Abraham Lincoln. You do not need to be reminded that Lincoln was interested in every human being with whom he came in contact. We love him, not because of his official acts but because he *cared about people*. Not *the* people! Not the nation! Not the country! He cared about them, too, and we have a reverent thrill when we think of the depth of his devotion.

But the reason for our *love* of him is found in the interest he felt toward individuals—toward the boy condemned to die, the mother who gave six sons to her country, the general fighting a losing fight, the neighbor back home, the telegraph operator, the owner of a little toy shop, the child who strayed into his office.

He always wanted to know what others were thinking. He, too, asked questions, and he knew how to listen. People found it easy to confide in him. They looked into his eyes, and found there the kindness and pity and goodness which one thinks must be in the eyes of God. And they opened their minds and hearts to him.

I imagine people didn't talk much about personality in those days. But they recognized it when they met it. And the personality of Abraham Lincoln was so stamped on the minds of his fellows that it has made him imperishable. That personality was composed of exactly what *yours* must be composed of, if you are to impress your own fellows; interest in others, a warm responsiveness, and deep convictions.

For Lincoln was never a man without ideas, beliefs, and purposes. He dug in any and every direction; struck his mental pick into every rock, no matter how unpromising; washed the sand from every stream bed. But he tested his findings! His mind was an assay office where the gold and the base metal and the common dirt were separated. His beliefs, his convictions, were the basis of his testing.

Our analysis seems to fall in groups of three, for there are three kinds of personality. There is the fine personality, the charming personality, and the powerful personality.

People with the first kind are the ones who show an intelligent interest in others. They draw us out, give us a chance to tell what we know. We like this and say that they have "a fine personality."

The second class is composed of people who show a warm interest in us personally. They like to hear us talk about our children, our houses, our clothes, our troubles, our good luck, ourselves. They give us an immediate response—admiration, or sympathy, or congratulation warm and sincere. We call them charming, likable, lovable.

In the third group are the men and women with profound convictions, the dominant type of mind. A man of this kind may take very little interest in you and yet drive his own individuality into your consciousness so that you retain a vivid impression of him. He may not have a pleasing personality, but it is a powerful one.

If you can combine these three in your own case—then, and only then, will you realize your dream of being referred to as having "a *wonderful* personality."

Interest is the magnet which draws people. It is the electric current between human minds. If you have no interest in others, it is as if you had discontinued your telephone. You cannot call anyone up. There is no connection.

If there is no *responsiveness*, it is just as if you did call someone on the 'phone—and then hung up the receiver.

And if you have no convictions, no beliefs, no ideas, no knowledge—well, a telephone conversation with a mechanical dummy which would say "Yes" and "No" and "Is that so?" would not be very exhilarating.

Some are born with personality. Some achieve personality. But no one on earth ever had personality thrust upon him! If you are not of the lucky few who were "born that way" it is up to you to work for the prize. Under the cloak of anonymity, I dare to claim that I have worked for it myself with more or less success. It hasn't come easy! I wasn't a "natural-born magnet" by any means.

THE first thing I did was to learn to ask questions. That isn't so simple as it sounds. To ask questions which will open to you the doors of a person's mind, you have got to use your own mind. I remember being seated next to a total stranger, one time at dinner, and wondering what in the world we could talk about. Before we got through, we had talked about almost the *whole* world, for he proved to be a tea merchant, and we ranged through India, Ceylon, Russia, England and America in our talk. But, believe me! if I hadn't kept steam up in my own engine by thinking of things I wanted to know, that marvelously interesting journey would have indeed ended before it got fairly started.

The second thing I did was to try to *care* about people—and sometimes that is harder. But if you say to yourself: "Why, this man—or this woman—has got the same kind of a story I pay money to read in books and magazines! I laugh or cry over it when I pay to read it there. And it is only a made-up one at that! Here is a true one, a living experience. What is back of the sadness in this woman's eyes? What has put the lines of

worry in that man's face? Why does that young fellow look as if he had just come into a fortune? What makes the man next to me leave his dinner untasted? There is tragedy and comedy all around me. If it is tragedy—God knows I am sorry! If it is comedy, pass it on to me! I need it. To care about people is the only way really to know them. And, from the purely selfish point of view, it is the only way in which to make them care about you.

Don't Be Too Sure—Mr. Hurd!

(*Continued from page 13*)

in his own soul that was making him hard.

"Miss Winthrop, as I explained in McGarvey's case, when an employee's private affairs conflict with his work, one or the other must give way. If you're late again without sufficient excuse, or if you're so sleepy as to mess things up, I'm afraid you'll have to go—much as I'd regret it." He could not quite help adding that last.

THE day that Starr set out on his rounds Halcyon Winthrop lost her position. The thing she had said would never happen again had happened. She was late, very late. And affairs at the Works had gone badly that morning. A casting had proved faulty; a fat order had been canceled; and a rival firm had stolen one of the Belding customers. Hurd was in a hurry to get some letters out, but his ill-temper was not so much at the mishaps and delay as at that hasty threat of his that the next time Miss Winthrop was tardy she would have to go.

When she came he saw that she looked ill. Under ordinary circumstances, her wan appearance would have touched that tender heart which so few people understood, and which was responsible for the unwritten law of the Belding Company that no employee was ever to lose his job on account of sickness; but with swift relief it came to him that illness gave her a perfectly legitimate reason for being late, and furnished him an excuse for pardoning it.

"Sick, Miss Winthrop?" he asked kindly. Then in sudden terror of the denial which he saw trembling on her lips he hurried on: "Better rest for a day."

"I'm not sick."

By a great rustling of papers he made believe that he had not heard.

"Mr. Hurd, I'm not sick. I was out last night, and I overslept."

Overslept! The girl was mad! Why on earth couldn't she jump at the loophole he gave her?

"Mr. Hurd, it's—it's the last time, I promise you. And I'll stay to-night and make it up."

The last time—yes, because Starr had left town! She was actually daring him to discharge her. All his irritation returned.

"Have you any good and sufficient reason why I should overlook it this time?"

"No explanation that *you* would find sufficient, Mr. Hurd." She put unconscious emphasis on the "you."

Hurd's lips tightened. He read into her words a meaning she had not intended, and an impertinence.

"Then I'm afraid there's nothing more to say. Ask O'Leary for what's due you. And here"—he scrawled a check—"this is for an extra month. The company owes you that. And of course I'll write you a recommendation. We owe you that, too. I'm sorry," he added heavily.

She came and stood by his desk, her cheeks flaming, her eyes dark. Now that she was leaving his employ forever she was daring, as on that morning when Peter McGarvey was turned out.

"I cannot accept the recommendation, Mr. Hurd, nor the check. It's like the custards you sent Mrs. McGarvey and the purse you gave Peter after you had taken away his job. You're doing right . . . as you see it. I'm not pleading for myself. It's for the girl who comes after me . . . and the men. Oh, Mr. Hurd, if you only understood! There's going to be trouble in the shop. You make the men hate you . . . and you have it in you to make them love you so!"

If he had glanced up then he would have surprised on her face an expression that would have astonished him, but he did not lift his eyes. And so for the second time he misunderstood.

WITH Halcyon's going the office settled into gloom. Hurd felt himself in a hostile atmosphere the minute he stepped inside the door, and when he had occasion to visit the shop the men's sullen enmity was all too apparent. It was against him personally that it was directed, Hurd knew. They were on good enough terms with the foreman, and they rather liked Old Man Belding, with his bluff, hearty ways, yet Belding had never lifted a hand to better their conditions.

In his private office things were at a tension. The stenographer who succeeded Halcyon was a dusky, sloe-eyed beauty, with neither her predecessor's trimness of dress nor habits, and she exasperated Hurd. He discharged her and engaged another. She, also, had her faults, but Hurd kept her rather than break in a third. He missed Halcyon. She was on his mind constantly. He was always rushing into the office, full of enthusiasm over some new project, only to pull himself up abruptly at sight of the new girl. But it was more than her help that he missed—he confessed it at last. He missed that quick lift of her head and straight, candid gaze, the flashing sunshine of her smile, her boyish happy ways that had earned her the nickname of "Hal." Yes, and he missed her fearlessness. His present stenographer was afraid of him. Finally, he went so far as to try and hunt her up, and was miserable when he failed utterly.

His irritation showed itself in unwarranted explosions. He raked the bookkeeper roundly for a few harmless pleasantries with the telephone operator He had words with one of the draftsmen and a clerk. And he swept through the

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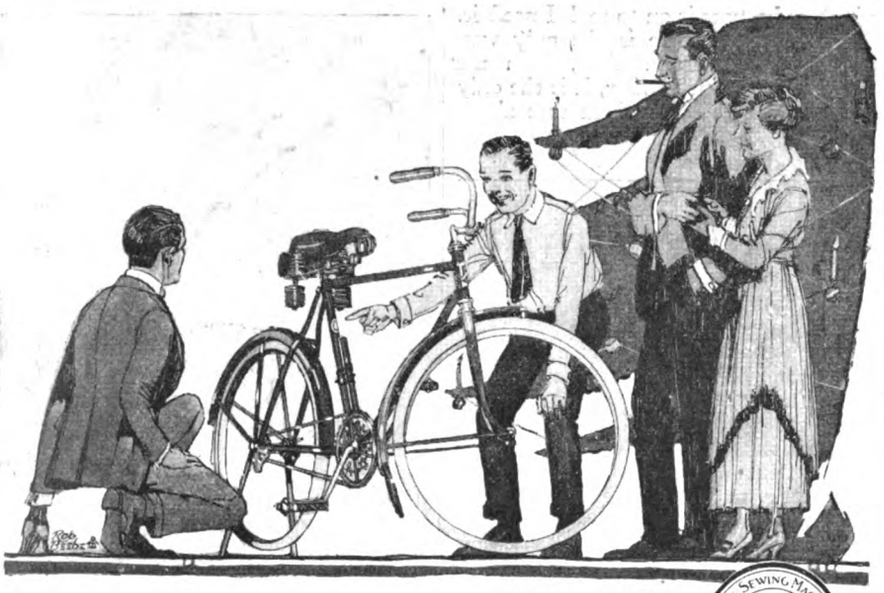

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shop like a storm cloud. Yet the strange part was, he was not niggardly with his praise. It was part of his policy that competency should never go unrewarded in the Belding Iron Works.

It was a pity that the men didn't recognize this, that they failed to see how well off they were. And it was highly unfair to the company that they allowed the unrest brewing among the ironworkers of the city to affect them. There was talk of a machinists' strike, but the Belding concern had every right to expect loyalty from its men. They earned high wages, worked under fine conditions and had always been treated squarely. They had everything to lose and nothing to gain by going out. Still, the ferment continued. Work began to slump, although Hurd was unable to put a finger on the trouble or hold any one person responsible. He simply knew that there were unaccountable hitches and that the output of the shop was falling off.

The first specific difficulty was when the men objected to the hiring of extra hands on a machinery job for one of California's big irrigation projects, which the Belding people were pledged to put through before summer, and on which they were already behindhand, owing to a delayed shipment of steel. But the crisis came when the foreman discharged Pietro Galli, a dangerous trouble-breeder imbued with radicalism. Galli had been none too well liked by his fellow workers, until he lost his job; but the fact that Hurd was believed to be back of it caused a swing of sympathy and a demand for Galli's reinstatement. Refusal set a match to the mutterings.

ONE day Belding stamped into Hurd's private office.

"Know who's fomenting all this?" he roared. "That Winthrop girl you fired six months ago! Always thought she was no good."

Hurd's eyes flashed warningly. "Just what do you mean?" he asked in level tones. "What has she to do with the trouble here?"

"Enough! For weeks before Galli began to cut capers she was chasing round to the fellow's home stirring up Galli's wife. Never mind *how* I know. I *know!*"

"You're mad!" Hurd defied. "She had some other business with Mrs. Galli."

Belding laughed shortly. The resentment against Halcyon instilled months back by his jealous daughter was fanned by Hurd's doubt into angry flames.

"Galli's not the only one she has been seen talking with! She's getting even for losing her job here. She's going to smash us in that irrigation contract. She's going to incite the men to strike—you know how they always swore by her! I have it straight, I tell you!"

"You're mad!" Hurd reiterated. "She's not that kind." But at heart he felt sick.

He remembered those last words of hers about his making the men hate him—words that even now he failed wholly to comprehend.

"I treated her like a brute," he told his soul. "She has a right to think I'm a brute with the men. Damn Starr!" he added irrelevantly aloud.

It was as if his thought summoned the little salesman out of the void, for the following afternoon Starr appeared at the

Belding Iron Works and asked for the general manager. Only then did Hurd remember that it was time for Starr's semi-annual visit to the city. He noticed that the little man was not as debonair as usual; there was a drawn pucker about his eyes and a weary droop to his mouth, and his shoulders sagged. But as he took the chair which Hurd indicated his blue eyes had the cold glint of steel.

"I learned yesterday," he began, weighing each word, "that you discharged Miss Winthrop six months ago—the day I left town. Was it on my account?"

For a moment Hurd was stunned. Then he also was steely and unsmiling.

"It was. Miss Winthrop was letting her work go to the dogs. A girl can't dance all night and work all day." Then—he hardly knew why—he added, "I'd give my right hand if I had never let her go!"

The admission took the fight from Starr. His lips quivered and appeal came into his eyes.

"Mr. Hurd, what I have to say is not easy . . . but it's only fair to Miss Winthrop. It—it's a long story—"

"Go on."

"I presume you know that I live in Santa Inez, a hot, dusty little place just off the desert. Nothing to see. Nothing to do. Plow, plant, harvest—watermelons chiefly—the rest of the time just stagnate.

"Most of the places I visit are dreary," he went on. "A man doesn't sell farming implements in cities. I do a lot of business with the oil communities too—scorching, stinking holes. And I work hard, you don't know how hard! Sweaty, grimy, puffing—dust and grease and flies, a copper sun sizzling my back and an inferno blazing into my face—that's me! Stuffy trains, dirty, ill-kept hotels, a bite here, a bite there. You know."

Hurd nodded.

"And out of the year two short weeks of living! A week every six months!" Starr straightened up, a certain dignity stiffening his sagging shoulders. "Mr. Hurd, you've been told that I'm rotten. You think because I hit the high spots those two weeks when I strike town that I'm bad through and through. You forget the other fifty weeks. I've danced and drank and dined with women who wear too much paint and too few clothes, I'll admit. I've been all kinds of a darned fool in my way—but it has been a square way. I've never deceived a woman—nor wronged one. In spite of appearances I've been true to my wife."

A STRANGE pallor stole over Starr's face. "For the last ten years she has been an invalid, Mr. Hurd. She was ill when I married her. She had come to the desert to get well, and a spurt at the start had fooled her into thinking she was almost cured. If I had ever let her guess what the doctors told me she'd have given up long ago. Together we made the fight—her health the pot of gold at the rainbow's end. It's been for her that I've sweated and broiled and slaved. On my trips I've been a regular miser, going without things and saving to make the home I built her a little lovelier. And when I was with her . . . if ever there was a heartache beneath my coat or a pain in my back she never knew it . . . always

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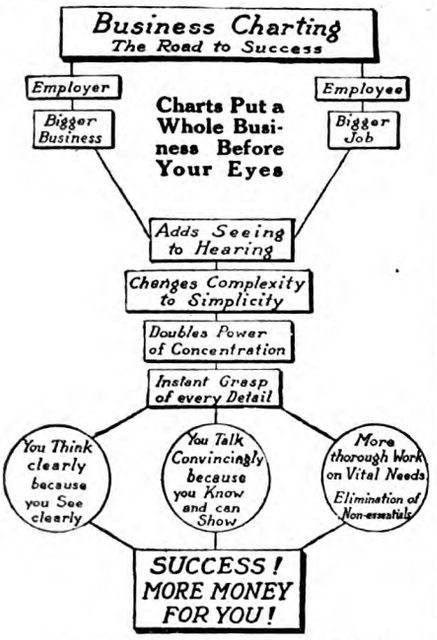

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laughing and carrying on, to chirk her up. Mr. Hurd, it's not easy to tell nor make you understand, but those two weeks that were my holiday out of the year I *had* to let loose! I had to play to ease the awful strain. I had to forget. It saved me from breaking down. It gave me life to go back to her and be care free and jolly—"

"And so you chose Miss Winthrop to play with," Hurd cut in. "As long as you had your pleasure you didn't care what folks might think of her!"

"Care?" Starr's blue eyes blazed. "It never occurred to me that anyone *could* think of Halcyon Winthrop as anything but fine and white and true. Mr. Hurd, I've known Halcyon since she was a kid. Did I tell you that she and my wife were friends? Even after Halcyon came to the city, they kept up the friendship—the real, David-and-Jonathan kind you don't often find among women. Halcyon understood my semi-annual spree—in a way. But even Halcyon didn't understand the real Hubert Starr. She was afraid that when I got to the city and broke loose, one of those painted dolls would steal me from my wife. She knew that she herself was safe, and that I was safe with her. And so she tried to frolic with me—take the place of the vampires and save me from them—"

His voice broke and he took a long breath. Then he looked up bravely.

"Last week my wife died. I loved my wife, Mr. Hurd. I shall never have to play again!"

Hurd gripped Starr's hand. With blind grief on his face the little salesman stumbled from the room.

THE general manager sat motionless. There was a stinging in his eyes, dryness in his throat, and in his heart warmth that vied with shame. He loved Halcyon, knew now that he had loved her since the day she talked with him about gray sheep. How could he have doubted her? That had been his curse—to see things always as right or wrong, black or white.

Belding burst in and slammed the door.

"There's hell to pay! They're going to hold a meeting to-night, a meeting in our own hall here—the hall you gave 'em! I've always said the more you give 'em the more they want! They're going to vote on a strike—a strike—" The old man's breath gave out and he sank weakly into a chair.

Hurd sat still.

Belding seized upon the other's silence as a weapon.

"Why don't you say something? They'll strike, sure as shooting, unless they're stopped. They're in the mood for it. And with that contract on our hands. . . . It's up to you to stop them, Hurd! You gave 'em the hall. You hired the Winthrop girl—it's she who's egging 'em on! She's going to address the men to-night. The fools adore her . . . always meddling . . . looking after somebody or other's sick kid . . ."

"She would," put in the general manager quietly.

"Well, stop her! Prevent her from coming here to-night. Go and see her at her boarding-house when she returns from work; here's the address"—he thrust a slip of paper into Hurd's hand—"and don't mince words. Tell her we'll have her up for conspiracy, inciting a riot. . . . Well, something! You know what to say."

"Yes, I know."

"And then go to that meeting, Hurd. Take 'em by surprise—that's half the battle. Lash them! Tell 'em they're the best paid, best treated employees in town, and they are, by George! You know it's the gospel truth, Hurd!"

"It's the truth, all right!"

"Be at the girl's house by seven, not a minute later. Meeting's at eight-thirty. And remember—it's your responsibility to pull us through!"

"Yes, it's mine." There was a gravity about Hurd's voice that would have struck a man less excited than Belding.

A LITTLE before seven Hurd was at Halcyon Winthrop's boarding-house, an old-fashioned home that had grown seedy and down at the heel. She came to him in the shabby parlor and held out her hand a little questioningly. She was thinner than when she worked for him, and paler, and there were shadows beneath her eyes. He noted it with a quick pang.

"Miss Winthrop," he blurted, "was Mrs. Galli's baby sick? Was that the reason you went to Galli's house?" It was statement rather than question.

"How did you know?"

"Because it was *you!* I know all about Starr," he plunged ahead. "Poor Starr! I've been a blind, conceited, self-righteous ass! But I've paid. Every day of my life since I sent you away—" He stopped, fearing the betrayal of his love, and he had no right to speak of love until he had proved his worthiness. "You are going to the meeting to-night," he continued more calmly, "because you sympathize with the men and want to help them. Belding thinks you're going for revenge—because you hate me. I know better. Personally, I don't count with you. It's just that you think the men are right—"

"No; they're wrong!"

"Wrong?" He thought he had misunderstood.

"In their stand, not in their fundamental grievance. Mr. Hurd, you were justified, not merely justified as you saw it but absolutely justified, in firing Peter McGarvey and me. I've learned to see it now. We weren't doing the work you were paying us to do. But, perhaps"—there was an odd hesitance in her words—"if you had made it easier for us to make mistakes and been readier to excuse, if you had let us feel that you had some human interest in *us*, not in just how much work we could turn out, we shouldn't have failed you. We'd have taken pride in making good. It's the same with the men in the shop. They feel that you gave them the lunch-counter and the hall, not because you cared a rap for their welfare but because it enabled you to get more out of them."

"I'm afraid that was it!"

"But the men were equally to blame! They didn't give a snap about you or the firm. They didn't take an interest in the business and make it *their* business. All they thought about was how much *they* could wring from *you*. *That's* what I was going to tell them to-night. I think I've made Galli see it. He's a firebrand, but he loves his wife and baby; and in a strike it's always the wives and babies that

suffer. I was going to tell them that, too! They know that after what has happened to me I wouldn't be taking the firm's part unless it was for the men's own good. But it wasn't only for the men," she said scarcely above a whisper. "I wanted to help *you*. You do count. I want you to have another chance—"

His eyes sought hers hungrily, and all his heart was in his voice.

"Hal—Hal dear, do you think they would understand—would *you* understand, if we went together and told them I was just—a gray sheep?"

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(*Continued from page 55*)

"Um. If he lets on to be hungry, what's the best thing to feed him up on? I got a bag of doughnuts and five-six sandriches and nigh onto half a apple pie in the buggy."

"Feed him them," said Mrs. Patterson, "and you'll be like to hear some real yellin'. What he's doin' now hain't nothin' but his objectin' to you a-carryin' him like he was a horse blanket. You wait there till I git a bottle of milk."

"Much 'bleeged. Hain't had much experience with young-uns. Might's well start now. Bet me'n' this here one gits well acquainted 'fore we reach Coldriver. G'-by, Mrs. Patterson."

The buggy rattled off. The baby hushed suddenly and began to look at the horse.

"Kind of come to your senses, eh?" said Scattergood. "Now, you and me's goin' to git on fine if you jest keep your mouth shet. If you behave yourself proper I dunno but what I kin find a stick of candy f'r you when we git there."

Presently Scattergood looked down to find the baby asleep. He drove slowly and cautiously, whispering what commands he felt were indispensable to his horse. This delightful situation continued for upward of two hours, and Scattergood said to himself that folks who bothered about traveling with infants must be very easily worried. "Jest as soon ride with this one clean to the Pacific Coast," he said.

AND then the baby awoke. It blinked and looked about; it rubbed its eyes; it stared severely up at Scattergood; it opened its mouth tentatively, closed it again, and then—and then it uttered such an ear-piercing, long-drawn shriek that the old horse jumped with fright.

"Hey, there!" said the startled Scattergood. "Hey, what's ailin' you now?"

The baby closed his eyes, clenched his fists, kicked out with his legs and gave himself up whole-heartedly to the exercise of his voice.

"Quit that!" said Scattergood. "Now listen here, that hain't no way to behave. You won't git that candy—"

Louder and more piercing arose the baby's cries. Scattergood dropped the reins, lifted the baby to his knee and jounced it up and down furiously, performing an act which he imagined to be singing, a thing he had heard was interesting and soothing to babies. It did not even attract this one's attention.

"Sufferin' heathen!" Scattergood said, "what in tunket was it that woman said I sh'u'd do? Hain't the' no way of shuttin' him off? Lookee here, young feller, you jest quit it. B'jing, here's my watch. You kin listen to it tick."

The baby tried the watch on his toothless gums, found it not to his taste and flung it from him with such vehemence that it would have suffered permanent injury but for the size and strength of the silver chain which attached it to Scattergood. The cries became more maddening. Scattergood was not hungry, so it did not occur to him that the infant might be thinking of food. He dandled it, he whistled, he sang, he pointed out the interesting attributes of his horse, and promised to direct attention to a rabbit or even a deer in a moment, but nothing availed.

Half an hour of this seemed to Scattergood like the length of a sizable day—and then he remembered the milk. Frantically he fished it out of the basket and thrust it toward the young person, who did with it what seemed right to him, and with a gurgle of satisfaction settled down to business. Scattergood sighed, wiped his forehead, and revised his opinion of folks who were worried at the prospect of travel with an infant.

THE rest of that drive was a nightmare to Scattergood. When the baby yelled he was in torment. When the baby slept he was in torment lest he wake it, so that it would commence again to cry. He sweat cold and he sweat hot, and he wished wishes in his secret heart and blamed himself for many things—chief of which was that he had not brought Mandy along to bear the brunt of the adventure.

But at last, long after nightfall, with the baby fast asleep, Scattergood drove into Coldriver by deserted and circuitous roads. He stopped his horse in a dark spot on the edge of the village, and with the baby cautiously held in his arms he slunk through back ways and short cuts to the house where Jed and Martha Lewis made their home. With meticulous stealth he passed through the gate, laid the baby on the doorstep, rang the bell long and determinedly, and then, with astonishing quiet and agility, hid himself in the midst of a clump of lilacs.

The door opened and a light shone through upon the squirming bundle that lay upon the step. A tentative cry issued from the baby, a bass exclamation issued from Jed Lewis. "My Gawd, Marthy, somebody's left a baby here!"

Martha pushed past her husband and lifted the baby in her arms. She said no word, but Scattergood could see her

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press it close and, in the light that came through the door, could see the expression on her face. It satisfied him.

"What we goin' to do with the dog-gone thing?" Jed demanded.

Martha pushed past him into the house, and he followed, wordless, closing the door after them. Scattergood remained for some time and then slunk away.

Postmaster Pratt gave the news to Scattergood in the morning.

"Somebody went and left a baby onto Jed Lewis's stoop last night," he declared. "Hain't nobody been able to *i*-dentify it. Nary a mark nor a sign onto it no place. Whatever possessed anybody to leave a baby *there* of all places?"

"I want to know!" exclaimed Scattergood. "Girl er boy?"

"Boy, I'm told."

"What's Jed say?"

"Hain't sayin' much. Jest sets and kind of hangs onto his head, and every once in a while he gits up and looks at the baby and then goes back to holdin' his head."

"How about Marthy?"

"Marthy," said Postmaster Pratt, "I can't make out about Marthy; but I heard her a-singin' this mornin' 'fore breakfast. Fust time I heard her sing for more'n a year."

"Might 'a' been singin' to the baby," Scattergood suggested.

"Naw, it was while she was gittin' breakfast. Jest the time she and Jed quarrels most powerful."

DURING the day all of Coldriver called to see the mysterious infant. Nobody could give a clue to its identity, and it was decided unanimously that it had been brought from a distance. As to the intentions of the Lewises regarding its disposition, they were noncommittal. It was universally accepted as fact, however, that the baby would be sent to an institution.

Thereupon Scattergood called upon the First Selectman.

"What's the town goin' to do about that baby?" he demanded. "Taxpayers 'll be wantin' to know. Seems like the town's liable f'r its support."

"Calc'late we be. Calc'late we be. I been figgerin' on what steps to take."

"Better go across to Jed's and notify 'em," said Scattergood. "They'll be expectin' you to take action prompt. I'll go 'long with you."

They walked down the street and rapped at the Lewises' door.

"Come on official business," said the First Selectman pompously to Jed. "Connected with that there foundlin'."

Martha came hastily into the room. "What you want?" she demanded in a dangerous voice.

"Come to tell you we would take that baby off'n your hands and send it to a institution. Git it ready and we'll take it to-morrer."

"Take that baby! . . . Did you hear him, Jed Lewis? Did you hear that man say as how he was goin' to take away my baby?" She stumbled across the room to Jed and clutched the lapels of his coat. Scattergood noticed with some pleasure that Jed's arm went automatically about her waist. "Make 'em git out, Jed. Tell 'em they can't take this baby. You want we should keep it, don't you, Jed? We

wanted one. You know how we wanted one. You're goin' to let us keep it, hain't you, Jed?"

Jed put Martha aside gently and walked over to a makeshift crib in the corner where the baby was asleep, where he stood for a moment looking down at it with a curious expression. Then he turned suddenly, strode to the door, opened it, and pointed. "Git!" he said to the First Selectman and Scattergood.

"Jed! Jed! Darlin'!" Martha cried, and as Scattergood passed out he saw from the corner of his eye that she was sobbing on her husband's hickory shirt, and that he was patting her back with awkward gentleness.

"Looked a mite like Jed wanted we should go," said Scattergood.

"I'll have the law onto him. He'll be showed that he can't stand up to the First Selectman of this here town. I'll—"

"You'll go home and set down in the shade and cool off," said Scattergood merrily, "and while you're a-coolin' you might sort of thank Gawd that there's sich things as human bein's with human feelin's, and that there's sich things as babies—that sometimes gits themselves left on the right doorstep. G'-by, Selectman. G'-by."

A week later Scattergood was passing the Lewis home early in the evening. In the side yard was a hammock under the trees, which had been unoccupied this year past, but to-night it was occupied again. Martha was there, with the baby against her breast, and Jed was there, his arm tightly about his wife, and one of the baby's hands lying on his calloused palm. . . . As Scattergood watched he saw Jed bend clumsily and kiss the tiny fingers. And Martha turned a trifle and smiled up into her husband's eyes.

Scattergood passed on, blinking, perhaps because dust had got in his eyes. He stopped at the post office and spoke to Postmaster Pratt.

"Call to mind my speakin' of soothin' sirup and Jed Lewis and his wife?" he asked.

"Seems like I mind it, Scattergood."

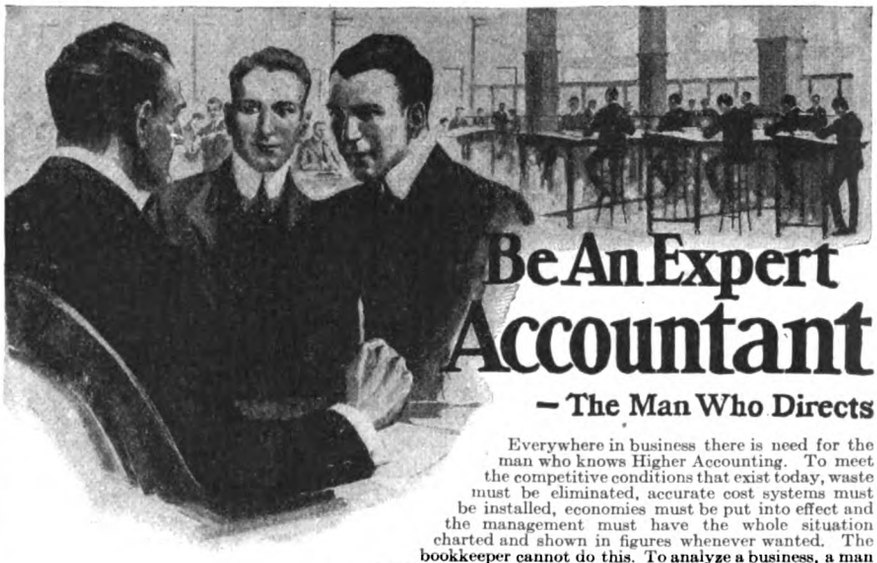
"Jest walk past their house, Postmaster. Calc'late you'll see I figgered close to right. Marthy's a-sittin' there with Jed in the hammick, and they're a-holdin' on their lap the dog-gonedest best soothin' sirup f'r man and wife that ary doctory c'u'd perscribe. Calc'late it's one of them Nature's Remedies. Go take a look, Postmaster. G'-by."

Are You Making Money—or Losing It?

(*Continued from page 31*)

store. He thinks he will "make" the difference beween what his goods cost and the price he gets for them. He knows little about operating expense, depreciation, turnover, interest charges, or any of the items he must add to the sum he pays outright for his stock.

Very often, too, he does not know how to choose his location. One of the common mistakes made by these amateur mer-



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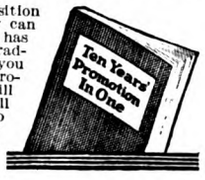

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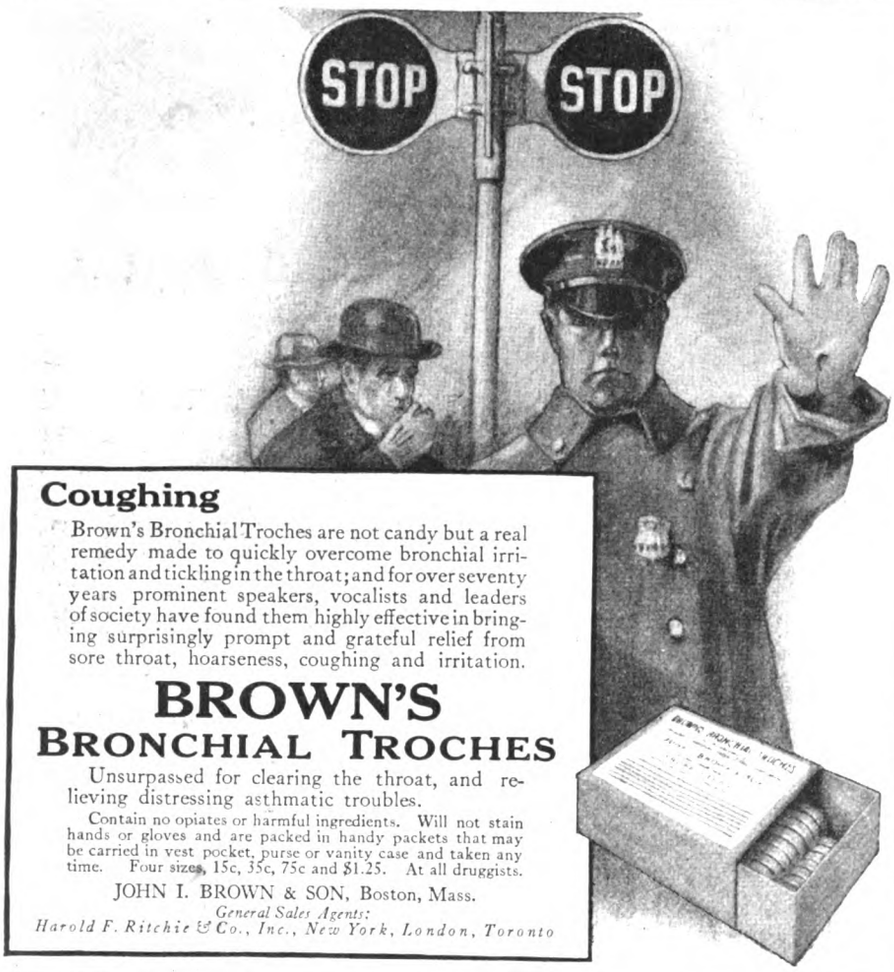

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"Every Tick Saves a Lump of Coal"

chants is that of opening a store away from *the center of trade.* Almost all trade, in any line, flows to certain centers. The man who locates his store too far from one of these centers, or from a main current of traffic, is handicapping himself. He should count the number of possible customers, within a short radius of the point he is considering. Let him stand out on the sidewalk and count the people who pass. That is the way the chain store proprietors do. They don't "guess" about a location. They go after the facts.

Occasionally, you will find a prosperous grocery in a purely residence district. But they are fully stocked stores, where complete orders can be filled. Their proprietors specialize in quick deliveries and give the customer the benefit, in slightly lower prices, of their saving in rent because of the cheaper location. But that is a well-thought-out plan, quite different from the haphazard opening of little shops away from the trade centers.

Another common fault in the management of retail stores is that frequently the proprietor does not seem to realize what *his own duties* should be. I came upon one instance which, although it is an extreme one, is a good illustration.

Going into a retail shoe store in a Western city a few years ago, I found the proprietor engaged in washing windows! When I asked him why *he* was doing that kind of work, he replied:

"Everybody else is too busy!"

While this, I admit, is an extreme case, there are hundreds of proprietors who have a mistaken idea of the rôle they should play. I remember going into a dry-goods store where fourteen sales people were employed. Yet some of them were standing around idle, while the *proprietor* was selling goods.

THIS question of what the head of the business should be doing is a very important one. In this case, the man was by instinct and preference a salesman; probably he was a good one. If the store had been owned by a firm, it would have been a legitimate arrangement to divide the duties among the partners, giving this one active oversight of the selling end.

But that was not the fact in this case. The man I speak of was the sole proprietor. As such he was the manager of the store; and in an establishment of that size the managerial duties certainly were arduous enough to have demanded all his time and thought.

If he had been making a few sales merely as an object lesson to his clerks, it would have been justifiable. But he was doing it simply because he liked it. He probably excused himself by saying that sales are the most important feature in a business.

But whatever the proprietor may think of their importance, if he is to be successful, he realizes that they do not constitute *his first duty,* which is to manage his business as a whole.

It is a rather common occurrence for a man who has been a successful salesman in a store to leave it and go into business for himself. He reasons this way:

"I know the goods will sell. I have built up a personal following of customers who like to deal with me. They insist on my waiting on them. If I start out for myself, they will be sure to come to me,

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Let Me Prove to You that a Star Salesman's Job Will End Your Money Worries

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Partial Summary of N. S. T. A. System

- Opportunities in Salesmanship
- Fundamentals of Salesmanship
- Personality and How to Develop it
- Getting the Quoted Price
- The Wholesale Salesman
- The Specialty Salesman
- The Retail Salesman
- Direct-By-Mail Selling
- The Art of Advertising
- Memory Training
- Preparation and Use of Samples
- Overcoming Competition
- Analyzing the Territory
- Building Up the Territory
- Covering the Territory
- Appeals to Buying Motives
- Use of Words in Expression
- Elements of Correct English
- Use of Logical Argument and Suggestion
- Use of Suggestion in Selling
- Useful Points in Judging Customers.
- Approach for Interested Attention
- Explanation for Understanding
- Demonstration for Belief and Desire
- Answering Objections for Decision
- Closing to Get Favorable Action
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You waste at least 20 hours a week. Why not make these idle hours build a golden future for you? Just spend a few moments' time each day in your own home in the study of the N. S. T. A. System of selling and you'll learn quickly the secrets that have brought success and financial independence to many men just like yourself. There is nothing difficult about it. It takes only a fraction of the time, energy and study to become a Star Salesman that is required to master the average technical education. And the moment you are a salesman, your chances for making money are unlimited.

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Your request will bring complete information. We will tell you just what the course offers in every detail; all about the opportunities open to trained traffic men. We will also send you our book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," which has shown thousands of men the short road to promotion. If you are ambitious to rise—if you want to enter a paying and uncrowded field of business, get these facts. Sending the coupon implies no obligation upon you. Mail it today.

B. S. McMullen was a freight checker on the docks at Seattle.

Two years after beginning the LaSalle Course in Interstate Commerce and Traffic Management he was appointed General Freight and Passenger Agent.

He said that it would probably have taken him 8 or 10 years to make this advance if he had not depended merely upon work and experience.

LaSalle experts helped him to reach the top in the space of months.

T. J. Wright, an Illinois member, reports three promotions since taking the course.

H. S. Watson, of Michigan, figures his increased earning capacity at 400 per cent.

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Among the many LaSalle trained men who are now Traffic Managers or Experts on Interstate Commerce are:

Wm. Ritchie, Vice-President and Traffic Manager, Philadelphia Lawn Mower Co.

F. E. Combs, Traffic Director, Twin City Traffic League, Benton Harbor, Michigan.

F. E. Hamilton, Traffic Manager, Retail Merchants Association of Canada.

Mr. Hamilton says: "I cannot speak too highly of this institution. The course is up-to-date, authentic, and easily understood. My only regret is that I did not take it up five years ago."

The success these men have made can be paralleled by any other ambitious man who will do as they did—train!

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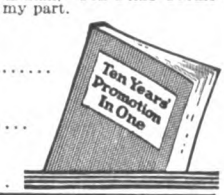

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and I might just as well be making money for myself as for another man."

So he opens his store and sends cards to his old customers and to a lot of new ones he hopes to get. And then, very often indeed, his troubles begin! He is essentially a salesman. When old customers come to him now it is with that idea of having him personally serve them.

But in a little while he finds that storekeeping is not so simple as it seemed. He is harassed by a dozen questions he never before had to deal with; questions of credit, of expense, of handling his employees, of insurance and taxes, of advertising, of buying other lines than the one he is familiar with. He not only does not understand these questions, but because he is in demand as a salesman he hasn't time to study them.

Even in the small store, where the owner must be his own head clerk, there is sometimes only a halfway sort of success, because the proprietor is too one-sided. He may be a fair salesman, but a poor buyer; or a good buyer, but no salesman.

I know of a man who opened a book store for no other reason than that he liked books! If he had liked business also, the venture might have been a good one. But he did not. He hated business. For that reason, a book store was not the place for him; not as a proprietor. He might have been a good salesman of books. He probably would have been happy as a librarian. But as the manager of a book store he was a dismal failure.

ANOTHER trouble which one sometimes finds in the retail business is that men who have made a success with a small store try to branch out and become large proprietors without appreciating the difficulties of managing a large store. There is scarcely a community of any size where such cases cannot be found. Here is a typical one which came to my notice not long ago. Not wanting to name the proprietor, we will naturally call him John Smith.

About ten years ago Mr. Smith opened a dry-goods store in a good location, but in a poor building, in a certain Eastern town of about 25,000 population. Across the street was the leading dry-goods store; a well-established concern which, however, had changed management and specialized in showy goods without much regard to real values.

Smith was a quiet, rather brusque, but conscientious man. His stock was not especially attractive, but the *quality* was good. Women soon began to say, "Well, you can depend on what you buy at Smith's!"

Because he was this type of man, he specialized in goods where quality counts; linens and silks, for example; and because the store was small, he spent a good deal of his time in "the front end;" not actually selling goods, but supervising his clerks and getting acquainted with customers.

His business steadily increased; he rented the two adjoining storerooms, and finally, a few years ago, bought the property and put up a modern department-store building.

From the time he moved into that building, *his business has declined*. Probably he has given his problem, which has

become a pressing one, a great deal of anxious thought. I doubt, however, whether he has thoroughly analyzed it. This is the way in which his difficulties have probably arisen:

In the first place, his investment in the new building was too great for him. He was obliged to mortgage it heavily, and this put upon the business a load of interest charges, as well as of insurance, taxes, and up-keep. With this burden to carry, his resources were not great enough to enable him to put in a large stock. The result was that his big new store seemed to be all store and little merchandise! It looked bare and empty.

Moreover, it was the same kind of stock he had carried in the old place. *Then* his goods had seemed better than their environment. *Now* the environment seemed better than the goods.

The most important cause of Smith's present distress is that he is essentially a small-store man. And the proof is that his personal program is just the same now that it used to be. He spends nine tenths of his time in the front of the store, where he really acts as a floor-walker, meeting people, directing them to different departments, and having a general supervision over that part of the business.

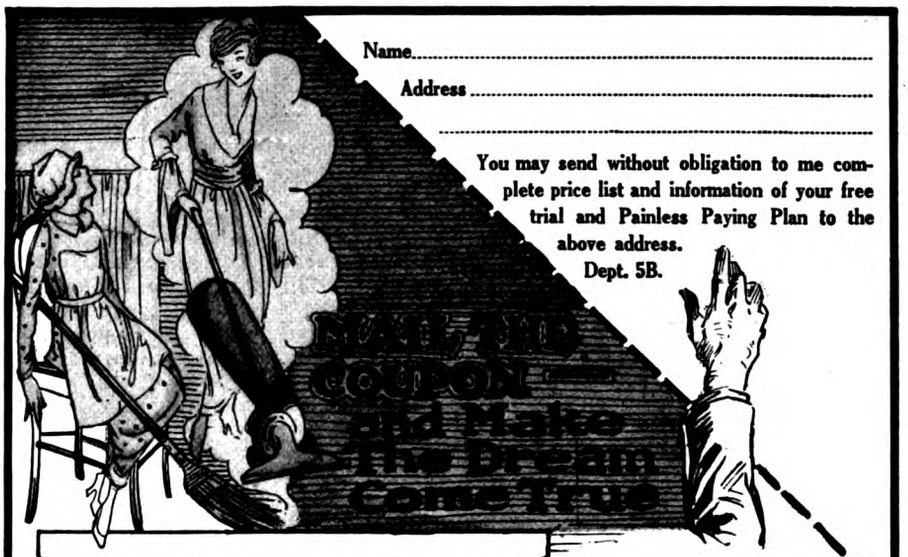
He is not an executive; he is a store *supervisor*. When his business was small and was run on two or three settled ideas, he succeeded, because all he had to do was to supervise the carrying out of these ideas. But as the manager of a large store, his duties are quite different. They are largely questions of finance, of planning broadly, of constantly developing new ideas, and of picking the subordinates to carry out those ideas. As a careful and honest supervisor, Smith would be a success. As a broad executive, he is a failure.

ONE of the faults he has shown in his management is a common one with many merchants. It is his failure to realize the importance of a quick turnover of his stock. I once succeeded, after some difficulty, in having an interview with a shoe retailer in the Middle West. He rather resented being asked the questions which the Bureau of Business Research puts to a merchant, evidently having a mistaken idea that we were prying into his personal affairs.

This reluctance to give information about the conduct of their business, not merely to the Bureau of Business Research but to any investigator, is characteristic of many men and is probably one reason why the science of business has not developed more rapidly. It reacts, of course, on the merchant himself, because it is only by studying actual practices and methods that the principles of business management can be established for the benefit of all.

However, there is a great and growing change in this respect. The number of firms willing to coöperate in these investigations is constantly increasing, and they are finding it worth while for themselves.

But the shoe dealer I mentioned had no sympathy with this idea of business as a science—a fact I realized fully when I found out how he was conducting his own. For although the information he gave me was meager and begrudged, I did discover that he was turning over his stock *less*



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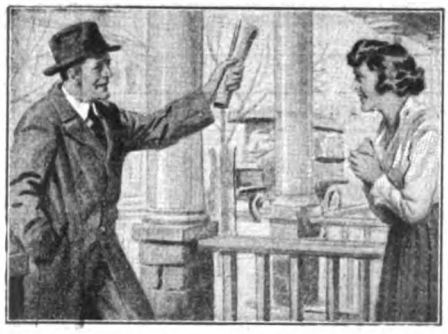

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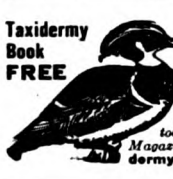

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Chicago Correspondence Schools, 2916 Wilcox St., Chicago, Ill.

than once a year! Of course, the result was inevitable. He has no stock now to turn over.

A few years ago I was on a train with a Chicago shoe manufacturer when he suddenly put on his glasses and peered at the feet of the man across the aisle.

"Humph!" he said. "I thought so! The vintage of '81, as sure as you live! Blank," naming a shoe dealer in town, "bought that line more than thirty years ago and is still trying to get rid of it! Said he was going to get his money out. I wonder how much it has cost him to carry those shoes all these years. If he sells one pair in six months, he is doing well."

The trouble was probably right in that fact; Blank did *not* know what it was costing him to carry unsalable goods. If he had used a proper accounting system, however, he would have known. And with the cold figures before him, even his stubbornness would have yielded to the facts.

Which brings us back to our original proposition: that the commonest of the really grave faults in the conduct of retail stores is the failure to have a good accounting system.

AFTER the Graduate School of Business Administration was started, it became apparent to the men connected with it that there were two main fields of business. One was the manufacture, or production, of goods. The other was the buying and selling of them—the marketing. And the marketing field had received much less scientific attention than the manufacturing end.

Yet anyone will realize the importance of this phase of business, when he knows that from one fourth to one half the price he pays for an article has been added to the price the manufacturer received, simply to cover the cost of selling it to the consumer. If marketing methods can be improved so as to reduce this cost, it should benefit all of us.

Not with this idea in view, however, but simply to get information of use for instruction of our students, the Harvard Bureau of Business Research was organized. The first work undertaken was an intensive study of the retail shoe business; and this was followed by a similar study of the grocery trade. The problems of such businesses as these are subjects for careful consideration not only for retail merchants but also for many manufacturers, bankers and other business men.

The first thing we discovered was that the accounting systems in use—when there were any—differed so widely that they gave no basis for comparisons. So through conferences with trade representatives and accountants, the Harvard Systems of Accounts for Shoe Retailers and Retail Grocers were prepared. They have been adopted as standards in their respective trades and they can be modified for use in other businesses.

WHILE the primary purpose of the bureau was not one of helping the merchant or of being an "uplift" agency in business, it is glad to put the results of its work at the service of anyone who writes and asks for information or advice. Since its organization in 1911, the bureau has corresponded with 35,000 merchants, in all sections of the country, and representing almost seventy different kinds of business—retailing, wholesaling, and professional.

As an illustration of the lack of really scientific methods in retail business, it was found that the expense of operating retail shoe stores ranged from 18 per cent to 35 per cent of the net sales. That is to say, certain stores were run twice as economically as certain others. In the retail groceries the range was from about 10 per cent to about 25 per cent of the net sales; a variation of nearly 250 per cent.

As hundreds of millions of capital are employed in these two businesses, it is easy to see that some of this enormous amount is not being used to advantage.

From our investigations we have been able to establish what should be the normal operating expense. We have also determined the normal cost for different items of that expense; such as rent, sales force, delivery, and so on. A merchant who is anxious to conduct his business efficiently can, with a proper accounting system—a system which he can understand by giving it a few hours of study—analyze his expenses so that he will know just what his operating cost is. And he *must* know this in order to be certain what his profits are—or whether he has any profits at all. He can also compare his own results with those of similar stores, to learn whether any expense is abnormally high.

Not long ago we sent one of our question blanks to a certain merchant, with the request that he fill it in and return it to us. It came back with none of the questions answered, but with this statement written across it:

"My operating expense is five per cent."

I hope that he finds out, before it is too late, what his *real* operating expense probably is.

"Keep Your Eyes on Replogle"

(*Continued from page 37*)

moist eyes, and then turned quickly to take his mother in his arms and kiss her tenderly. It was so typical of the man to want *her* to be the first to share his triumph."

Replogle was born on May 6th, 1876, at New Enterprise, Pennsylvania. His father was the Rev. Rhinehart Z. Replogle, a preacher in the Church of the Brethren, one of the Pennsylvania Dutch sects. In boyhood he knew comparative poverty, for the preacher's salary of fifty dollars a month was stretched thin to support a family of twelve children—of which "Len" was seventh.

When the boy was nine years old his family moved to Johnstown. Young Replogle entered the public school and looked forward to going to college, a

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

****

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"*You can do this just as easily as I do.* Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph Smith"? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased power* will be enormous. VICTOR JONES.

While Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has used only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who hereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all its particulars.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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plan with which his parents were in perfect sympathy. Every morning he arose at four o'clock and delivered newspapers over a route. His pay was sixty cents a week—supplemented by what extra pennies he could pick up through the sale of papers to early passers-by.

Then came the fateful day of May 31st, 1889, when the great reservoir on the hill gave way and a sixty-foot wall of water rushed down the Conemaugh Valley, leaving the wake of horror and destruction that has made the Johnstown Flood one of the great disasters of American history. The events of that day are seared in ineffaceable pictures on Replogle's mind. I once heard him tell the story.

"It was chilly that afternoon, more like November than May," he began. "So I had gone into the house and was busying myself there.

"Suddenly we heard a crash, a roar, a sound that seemed strangely filled with dread. As I jumped to my feet I heard a man outside cry in terror, 'My God, the dam has gone!'

"Mother grabbed up her three-months-old baby and rushed up-stairs. Father followed with the rest of the family. I remember hearing him shout, 'Trust in God and cling to anything you can!' . . . Then he knelt in prayer close to my mother on one side of the bed. On the opposite side an aunt and a cousin of mine were kneeling. In another moment the wall of water struck the house, swept it from its foundations, and drove it, pitching and tossing, front up in the air, in the sweep of the flood. The bed turned over, pinning my aunt and cousin beneath it. They were both killed. Had it turned the other way, Father and Mother would have been the victims.

"For two miles we plunged along, until the house fetched up against a clump of wrecked dwellings, most of which seemed on the point of caving in completely. Father found a ladder, by the use of which we managed to crawl over seven partly demolished houses and reach the schoolhouse, which was less damaged than the rest. That night, along with many of our neighbors, we slept on rafters in the garret of the schoolhouse. Fire broke out in some of the wrecked buildings near us, and the flames at times came close enough to us to add a new terror. We were finally rescued, seventeen hours after we had found refuge."

WITH the Replogle home and its contents destroyed, family finances became a matter of even more acute concern. So "Len" left school and asked for work at the biggest industry in Johnstown—the plant of the Cambria Steel Company. He was given five dollars a month to act as office and messenger boy.

From the very start steel fascinated young Replogle. In intervals of spare time he haunted the laboratories and the different departments of the plant, asking questions in a steady stream and cacheing the answers in his retentive memory. And then at night he pored over borrowed books that told of the mysteries, the problems, and the possibilities of iron and steel.

"There's a boy who's headed somewhere," foremen and chemists used to say to one another—and then went out of

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their way to satisfy his thirst for knowledge.

At the same time the future steel wizard was already giving evidence of his positive genius for salesmanship. When he was seventeen, and making sixty dollars a month as a clerk in the shipping department, he earned between three hundred and four hundred dollars a month in odd hours through selling a brand of bicycle for which he held the local agency.

Indeed, the youth's fame as a salesman spread far beyond local bounds. Soon a big bicycle manufacturer offered him several times his Cambria salary and a foreign agency.

"You can't tempt me," was his reply. "Steel is my game, and I'm not going to let myself get switched off the track."

In the next few years Replogle's course showed continual rather than sensational progress. By the time he was made assistant superintendent of the forge and axle department, he had become a thorough master of steel making. Already he had invented a machine which, by rolling threads instead of cutting them, could turn out bolts with hitherto undreamed-of rapidity.

SHORTLY after his promotion to the forge and axle department Replogle set to work on a new problem. Railroads all over the country were having trouble with wear and breakage in the iron axles used on cars, and no one seemed able to make a satisfactory steel substitute. After months of patient study and experiment Replogle turned out a steel axle—made by a new process—that just filled the bill.

Charles S. Price, president of Cambria, soon spotted the young assistant behind whose spontaneous and contagious smile lay a clear vision and an eternally alert brain. And Price let it be known that he considered "Rep" to be a "comer."

Furthermore, Price saw that, as a result of Replogle's product, steel axles were destined to come into general use all over the country. But first it would be necessary to get the railroads lined up for the change. The sales plan which the president mapped out seemed naturally to settle around Replogle, whom he determined to groom quietly for sales manager, counting on his magnetic personality, his gift for making friends, and his thorough knowledge of the steel business to turn the trick.

"I want you to visit every railroad shop and every steel plant in the country," Price said to his young subordinate. "Don't try to sell anything. Keep your eyes open and make friends."

For the next two years Replogle was an industrial nomad. Up and down and across the country he traveled, getting in close touch with the official personnel in railway systems and steel works, an experience which contributed largely to his tremendous circle of friends in the industrial world to-day.

Price resigned in 1912 and was succeeded by William H. Donner. At the same time Replogle became vice president and general sales manager. In the three years that he served in that capacity the sales of the company set a record-breaking pace. It was evident that Replogle was not only a master salesman himself but that he was able to impart his sales wis-

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Thoughts like this have prompted thousands of fathers and mothers to fill out and mail the coupon in this advertisement. And now they are taking more delight than ever in their children as they see the wonderful, far-reaching results made possible by the simple, practical child-training and teaching courses of Calvert School!

What these other parents have done and are doing so successfully, *you*, too, can do. The Calvert School has developed a scientific and thoroughly tested system of training children from four to twelve years of age right in their own homes, *no matter where they live*, by laying a foundation of good habits and manners, teaching reading, writing and other school subjects and building character in a way that will make your children leaders among their playmates and keep them ahead of other children who have not had this training—all through their lives!

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Was founded in 1897 and is maintained as a day school by a group of leading citizens of Baltimore, who receive no financial benefit from it either direct or indirect, but who want the *best* the educational world offers for their own children. Calvert School pupils advanced so rapidly and successfully in every way that this special long-distance branch was established so that children all over the world could have the same wonderful advantages. This school now has pupils in every state of the United States and twenty-two foreign countries.

"All that I am or that I ever hope to be I owe to my mother," said LINCOLN

You are responsible for your children's future success and happiness. You want them to get the very most out of their lives, to be respected, cultured, intelligent and successful, don't you? And they *can* be. But your love for them alone cannot make this possible. You need to know the *best methods of* educating and training them. The Calvert School will give you just the help you need—not a book of vague, general instructions but a carefully prepared course of definite lessons for every school day—under the personal supervision of the leading child-education specialists of the world. It is thoroughly practical and complete and very reasonable in price. It will take little, if any, more of your time than merely hearing your child's lessons, as you probably do now. Calvert School teachers are experts with years of successful experience in child-training. They know your problems and are anxious to help you as they have helped thousands of other parents.

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The following extracts from letters sent us voluntarily by parents who have used the Calvert School method are typical of thousands:

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"I would gladly have paid a dozen times the cost by preference, even had the school been next door. We follow you step by step with the greatest ease. If your method were a trade secret, it would be valued at thousands of dollars."

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"I was simply amazed when I saw what Jane did. I didn't think it possible! At first I thought I had a prodigy for a child. But I found that other children taking the same course accomplished the same results with ease."

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"It seems so perfectly wonderful! I kept Mary at home with me for a year longer and when she entered school she led her class. This from only an hour or so a day work at home, without any tears or other difficulties."

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It costs nothing to find out all about Calvert School. You need not even write a letter unless you prefer to. Merely fill out and mail the convenient coupon and you will receive—without obligation or expense—the full story of Calvert School and its courses together with sample lessons.

It may mean so much—the difference between success and happiness or sorrow and failure to your child! The least you can do is to find out more about it.

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dom to other men—two qualities that do not always go hand in hand.

"What makes a good salesman, anyway, Mr. Replogle?" I once asked him.

"Really to define a salesman is a big contract," he said, "but I can tell you two or three things I have noticed about some of the best of them:

"In the first place, it has often struck me that many salesmen have what one might call the 'wrong slant.' They go in to sell a man something they think he ought to buy, rather than to find out what his needs are, and to see if they can honestly satisfy them. In other words, they are convincing talkers but mighty unconvincing listeners.

"Now, the high-grade salesman doesn't make the fatal error of trying to do nine tenths of the talking. He draws out the prospective buyer, finds out the condition of his business, and gradually gets him to reveal his real needs. Then, when he gets ready to make suggestions about orders he can be pretty sure that his shots will hit right home.

"Again, it's mighty important for a salesman to be a *good sport*. When ten salesmen are turned loose after a big order it's certain that only one of them can land it. Yet when the lucky one has won out, you often see six or eight of the others go off grumbling something about 'graft,' 'pull' or 'improper influence.' Now that's poor sportsmanship, and it never gets a man anywhere.

"Of course, the right, the fine thing to do is to thank the buyer for his careful consideration of your arguments and tell him that you are sorry you didn't get his order, but you're sure you'll have better luck next time. Right there you're probably making a friend of that man, and I don't know anything worth more than friends."

DURING his last few years at Cambria, Replogle received many offers from other companies. One of the most persistent bidders was James J. Flannery, head of the American Vanadium Company, which controlled the world's only great supply of the romantic metal that was looming up as one of the great new factors in the steel world.

It had been proved that four pounds of vanadium added to a ton of steel would increase its resisting power forty-five per cent—would make it able to bear unprecedented strains without becoming brittle. This magic alloy was comparatively an infant in the industrial world. To-day, when ferro-vanadium (one third of which is pure metal) is selling for $5.50 a pound it is difficult to believe that, less than twenty-five years ago, a pound commanded a market price of $4,792.

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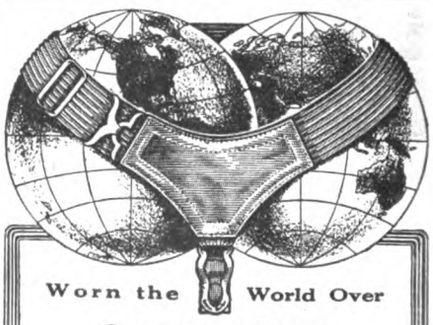

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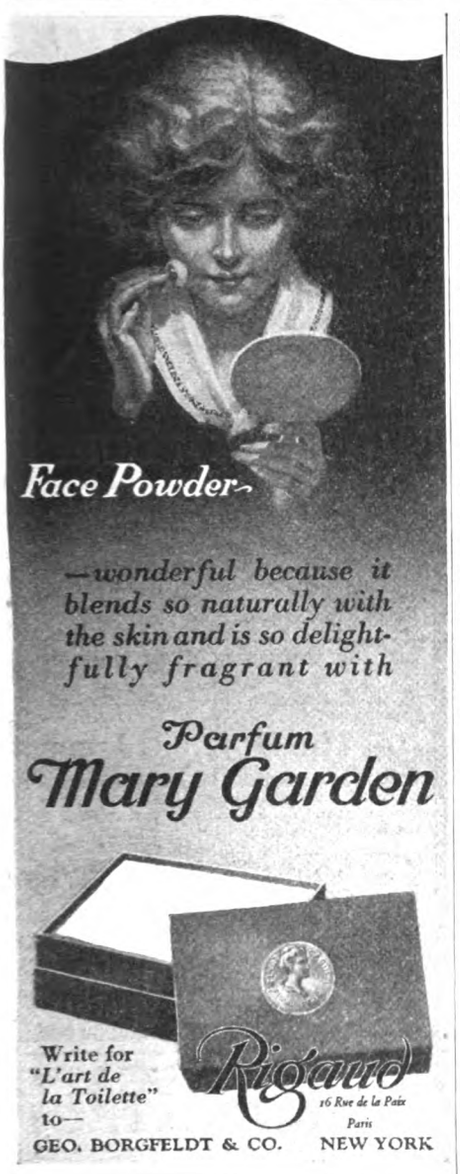

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put them into a carpet bag and set out on a pilgrimage to Fernandini.

Although the Peruvian was "land poor," and extremely anxious to negotiate a cash sale, Flannery found that he was expecting a price of which the carpet bag's contents were only a fraction. After a short interval of preliminary talk, the American quietly picked up the bag and slowly poured its golden contents onto the center table. Then he seized a ruler and divided the yellow heap.

"Here's twenty thousand dollars in gold," he remarked. "This pile goes to you to pay for all your rights; the other pile is to be used to develop the mine."

The Peruvian threw up his hands.

"Ten thousand dollars, señor," he protested, "to purchase property for which I am asking—and expecting to receive—at least ten times that amount! Surely you are jesting."

"Very well," said Flannery, and slowly, very slowly, he began to scrape back into the bag the gold from the pile which was to be used for the mine's development. For a minute the clink of falling metal was the only sound to break the stillness.

"Hold, señor, I accept!" the Peruvian suddenly cried.

Flannery reëmptied the carpet bag and together they counted the two heaps. Fernandini's half was found to contain $9,200, while $10,800 lay in the other. The Peruvian sent for his attorney to draw up the papers.

Fernandini and his counsel were conferring together in an adjoining room when a messenger boy suddenly arrived, holding in his hand a cablegram. A moment later Flannery heard the buzz of excited conversation in the next room. Then the attorney came out.

"Because you have been holding tentative negotiations with my client," he said, "I feel bound to tell you that an English syndicate has just cabled us a two-hundred-thousand-dollar offer for the mines. We want to be fair, so we will give you first chance at the same figure."

"*Tentative* negotiations!" protested Flannery. "Your client and I had *closed the deal*. Surely he will not go back on his word."

They looked up to see Fernandini standing in the doorway.

"The American is right," he announced, in a shaken voice. "I have given my word. It is done."

Flannery grasped the old Peruvian's hand. "You will never regret this," he promised. . . . And when the American Vanadium Company was organized shortly afterward, one tenth of the stock, with a par value of $70,000, was turned over to Fernandini.

To-day that same stock is worth $1,000 a share, and the man who sacrificed $190,000 rather than break faith, is the vice president of the American Vanadium Company, and the richest man in Peru.

THE development of the Mina Ragra property, however, was beset with unusual difficulties. More than three miles aloft in the snow-clad summits—where the air was so rarefied that men unused to mountain altitudes were likely to bleed at the mouth after even a brief visit over mountain paths so craggy and tortuous that horses and mules could not possibly climb them—lay nature's freak gift.

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All the ore that has since been extracted from the Mina Ragra mines has had to be brought down on the backs of llamas, those strange-looking but sure-footed little mountain beasts. In 110-pound sacks it has been taken through mountain passes to the nearest point on the Peruvian Central railway, twenty-eight miles away, and then by rail to the port of Callao.

Thirty-six million tons of vanadium ore were actually in sight when Flannery was pressing the Cambria genius to become his sales manager. Both men felt that vanadium steel was due for real development. For use in automobile axles, airplane struts, high-speed tools, locomotive parts, submarines, guns, and for other purposes requiring metal of great strength without undue weight or volume, it promised to become indispensable. Flannery saw the field groaning for intense cultivation, and he was sure Replogle was the one man to whom he wanted to entrust the job.

"The salary you offer me is extremely flattering," Replogle finally said, "but I cannot even consider it. However, I'll make you a sporting proposition."

So he outlined a plan by which he would become Flannery's sales manager for half the salary mentioned, and out of that half he would pay the expenses of opening branch offices in the United States and foreign countries, maintain his own selling organization and pay for the necessary advertising. If the campaign was a success, if the company's business passed beyond its previous maximum, he would receive a percentage of the increased profits. If it failed to do so the loss would be his.

The two men sat down together and figured the plan out. At the prevailing rate of growth of the company's business it appeared that Replogle not only would fail to make a profit but that his expenses would consume four fifths of the salary he had consented to accept. The offer was quickly accepted.

During the next two years Replogle wrote one of the most astounding chapters in the history of American salesmanship. The first month his campaign was conducted at a loss; the second month he broke even, and from that time on profits came rolling in. Within a year he was reaping a golden harvest which could be measured only by a scale of six figures.

THE steel wizard's vision was soon to take another flight. Even the monumental vanadium job could not consume all his energies. Out in the hills of Morris County, New Jersey, where iron foundries had been run on a small scale since Colonial days, was located the Wharton Steel Company, an industry which had three blast furnaces in its plant and owned a twenty-mile railroad line which connected it with the Erie, the Jersey Central, and the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroads. Replogle decided that this property had tremendous possibilities. He bought it. The ore in his new possession is now recognized to be the finest iron deposit under development anywhere in the world. It is 69 per cent pure, as against 51½ per cent for the famous Lake Superior ore. The steel man is now developing it on a tremendous scale.

Replogle was elected president of the

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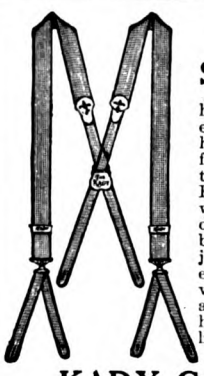

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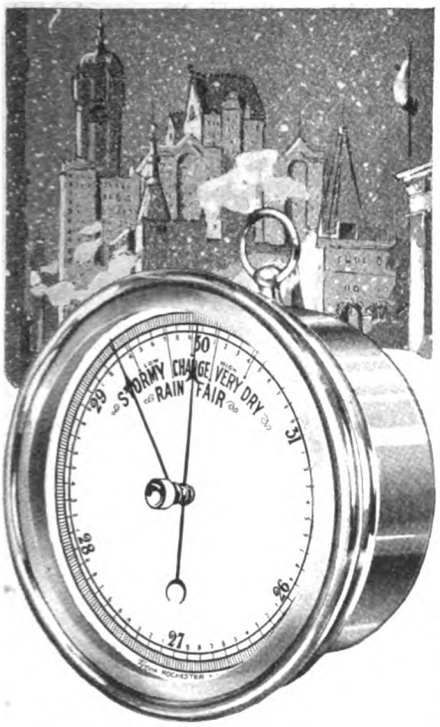

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American Vanadium Company in 1917. Sales continued by leaps and bounds until the company became one of the big shaping factors in the steel world.

But the romance of vanadium was not yet completed. Last August, Replogle and Charles M. Schwab, in association with a few close personal friends, bought the mines and plants of the American Vanadium Company at a price which netted the original holders almost $1,000 a share. Since these holders had already been paid more than $320 a share in cash dividends during the preceding ten-year period, they thus cleared more than $1,300 a share on an original $10 investment.

I once asked Replogle to tell me the most important single factor in his early success.

"Managing the Johnstown baseball team," he shot back, with his swift smile.

"But I mean in your work?"

"In my work? . . . Oh, I just plugged along. . . . But I'm serious about the team. A wonderful bunch of ball players, that! It cleaned up every club in its class, and even beat three National League teams. Mr. Price was a baseball enthusiast, and he told me that he took a liking to me because of the way I ran that team. So I guess it must be so."

"You're fond of games?" I suggested.

"Indeed, I am. And to me business is the greatest game in the world. Baseball and golf and hunting are fine for a change, but business is the one sport that keeps you on your toes every minute—that is, if you play it hard and for big stakes.

"When I used to go out on sales tours, and was jumping from one city to another, and was perhaps fortunate enough to land good-sized orders in each one, it seemed just as if I were making all that money for myself. And I couldn't possibly have enjoyed it a bit more if every cent had gone into my own pocket."

As I turned away, with the steel man's words still echoing in my mind, there flashed back the memory of a sentence that had dropped from the lips of one of his closest friends only the day before.

"'Rep' may not be the only five-dollar-a-month office boy to become a millionaire captain of industry," he had said, "but I'll bet you my bottom dollar there was never another one who had so much fun doing it."

Human Traits in the Barnyard

(*Continued from page 44*)

describe strong things—horse chestnut, horseradish, horseplay. In his native state he was a warrior, running in herds that chose their leader for his courage and strength. When attacked, these herds formed in a hollow circle, the young in the middle, and, with their heads turned toward the center, presented to the marauder a phalanx of heels before which even lions cowed and slunk to safety.

He has always gone to war with man, and he loves combat. Even with his master shot out of the saddle he follows

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the regiment. He is true to his colors, too. Captured horses, if they are veterans, will sometimes break away and rejoin their comrades on the other side. The noblest tribute ever paid an animal is paid the war horse by Job:

> The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength. He goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear and is not affrighted, neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage.... He saith among the trumpets "Ha! Ha!" And he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.

But the ordinary horse most of us know has lost this glory. The warrior has had to settle down to civilian life. Except for the fancy breeds, racers, coach horses, and saddlers, the horse is now a symbol of steadfastness in doing our work, while the hack horse and "plug" represent overwork and neglect. We get some words from them. "Hack writing" is writing that is hard and plodding, turned out to order, and without inspiration. A hackneyed word is one that has been overworked until it has lost its force. A plug is a man who can do hard, steady, slow work, but who cannot speed up.

BUT pride of lineage still remains with a horse. Even the hack horse is a sort of broken-down aristocrat. Thoroughbred and plug alike scorn the mule as an inferior creature, and will nip and kick at him as he comes around. On the other hand, the mule admires the horse—and that's about the only thing a mule does admire. Where mules are driven in herds from one section of the country to the other, a horse is put at their head, and they follow meekly. Without this horse they will stream all over the countryside. In his turn, the mule looks down on his old man, the ass—will refuse to be hitched up with him or to follow him, and will kick at him if he draws near. Like us, animals have their aristocracies, and sometimes scorn their origin.

The race horse has a trait very marked in people—a desire to win whether by fair means or foul. Race horses have been known to seize with their teeth a rival who was pushing ahead in the course, and try to hold him back. The mule, on the other hand, cares nothing about winning. At the recent Piping Rock races two fast mules were put on the track, but the race was a failure. If one got ahead of the other, he would, if allowed, stop and wait on his rival.

The horse has lost in intelligence by his association with man in civilian pursuits. The bridle and bit and stall have destroyed his initiative, made him dependent. The mule, on the other hand, has been little affected by the same treatment. He has kept his independence of mind through the centuries.

And so in time of danger and calamity, such as prairie fires and blizzards, the horse forgets his scorn for his low-born half-brother and flocks to the mule for leadership. Because he has done his own thinking, the mule seldom loses his head; he can be depended on to get out of the predicament if there's any way out.

Even if a mule runs away, as he sometimes does, it's not because he is particularly frightened, but because he just chooses to do so. There is something deliberate and businesslike about the whole performance. He keeps in the road, he dodges vehicles, and when he chooses to stop—and not until then—he stops. Runaway horses, mad with terror, sometimes dash themselves over a cliff. No mule ever dashed himself over a cliff.

The horse has surrendered himself to man, loves to have him around, follows him about the lot, is worried when he goes away. The mule has not surrendered, and has no such emotions. You get familiar with a horse, call him "old boy," slap his flank, rub his head, stroke his mane. The mule rebuffs such familiarity, sometimes forcibly. The horse pricks his ears hospitably forward when you enter the stall; the mule lays his ears sullenly back. He works for you because he has to—but he wants none of your caresses and sentimentality. He's the barnyard cynic.

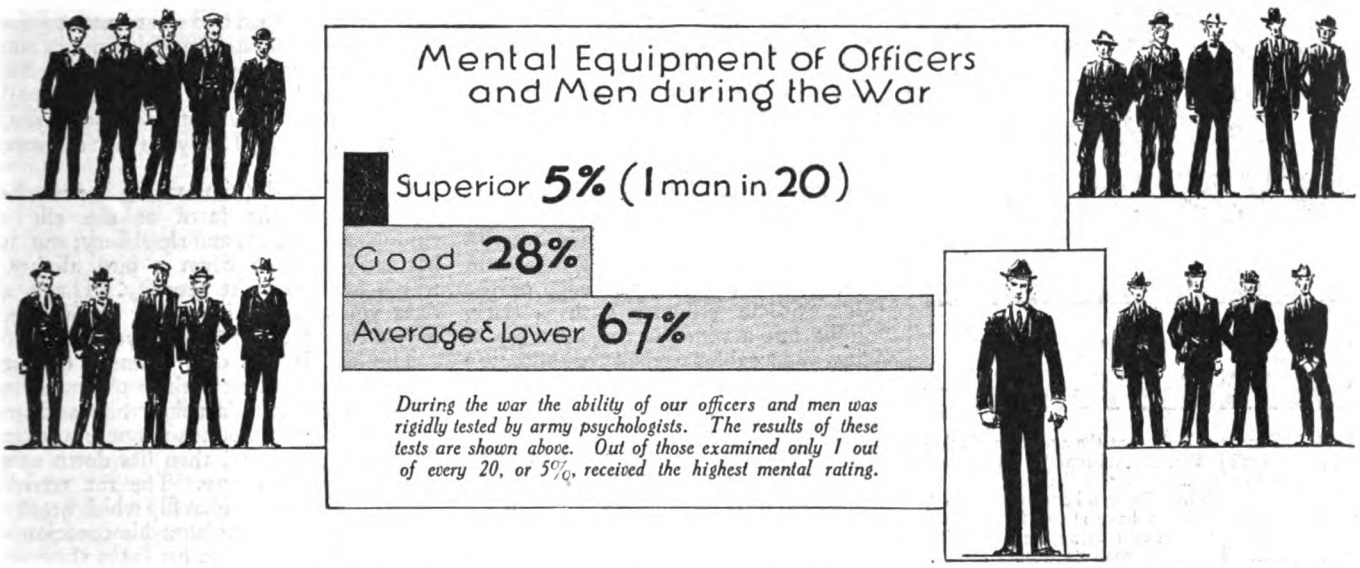
THE mule is never absolutely trusted; you are never quite sure what he will do. Southern negroes understand him best, are fondest of him, seem to get his viewpoint, but they have never reposed complete confidence in him. There's a saying among them that a mule will behave himself for twenty years, just to throw you off your guard and get a good kick at you.

You enter the stall of the average horse without regard to the way his heels are aimed, slip the bridle on and lead him out into the lot. No man who knows the mule would ever think of entering the sanctum of *his* stall in this casual way. "Stand around there, mule!" you yell, and wait on the threshold until his heels are aimed away from you. Even then you enter with circumspection, prepared to climb the wall or jump into the feed trough.

In hitching up you think nothing of standing directly behind the average horse while you slip the crupper under his tail. But when you are inflicting a similar indignity upon a mule, you stand gingerly aside, and watch for danger signals. A glance around at you, full of significance, a slight flattening of the ears and humping of the back, are signs no man in his right mind disregards. For the mule does not stand in awe of you, and a dead man more or less will not disturb his appetite.

We all know good old Dobbins and Charlies and Joes, whose tails children can pull and about whose patient legs they can play hide and seek. They are on every farm and in every village—let's hope the automobile will never banish them from our midst. Family horses we call them. But no child, with his parents or guardian's consent, ever played hide and seek about a mule's heels or pulled his hard tail. There is no such thing as a family mule.

I used to hunt with a friend, Mr. Wright. I rode a horse named Charlie, which meant that he was perfectly gentle, for did anybody ever hear of a wild horse named Charlie? Mr. Wright rode a little dun-colored, dainty-stepping mule, Stogie by name. We hunted in a neglected country that had seen better days, and now and then we came to a bridge that looked none too safe. Such a bridge Stogie would positively refuse to cross unless I went first. Then he would reason that since the bridge held us up, and since



Why only 1 man in 20 stood the test

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No army in the world has ever been more representative of the civilian population than the draft divisions of the United States. Which is the same as saying that what was true with the army is *true of all Americans today.*

Think of the hundreds of men and women you know who can think of nothing and talk of nothing but the routine of their own homes or of their own business—whose originality and imagination have become deadened through a lack of outside interests. Then in contrast picture those few you know who are attaining the full measure of leadership.

Men and women you admire

Somehow these few manage to push across that deadline which divides mediocrity from success. Their opinions invariably draw attention. They are always listened to. In business and in life these men and women stamp success upon everything they touch. And why? What makes them different?

There is just one answer. They have learned what every successful man and woman must learn—*that neither the greatest natural ability nor the most thorough business knowledge can carry far in life, unless a wide knowledge of the world goes with it.*

Even at the age of sixty Andrew Carnegie still hired a private tutor for himself, to help him gain a knowledge of the world that lay outside his business

Even in their busiest days they have always made time to broaden their viewpoint by worthwhile reading and thinking.

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Charlie was probably three hundred pounds heavier than he, it would hold him up also.

But if I did not cross first with Charlie, no amount of urging or beating would induce or compel Stogie to trust his precious bones to that bridge. Mr. Wright tried to make him cross ahead a time or two, backing off a considerable distance, riding full tilt at the bridge, digging his heels in Stogie's side, and crying out in a loud voice. Every time, at the edge of the bridge, Stogie stopped with a jerk. Nothing but a windlass run by a steam engine, and a cable fastened about Stogie's neck, would have pulled him across, and then, I believe, it would have pulled his head off first.

Sometimes, though, we came to steep places we had to descend; then I would have to get down and lead Charlie, while Stogie, with Mr. Wright in the saddle, came down, sure-footed as a cat. However, when we dismounted after birds, I loaded my gun and went straight to the dogs. I didn't have to tie old Charlie—he would be there when I got back. But Mr. Wright tied Stogie to a tree, and a stout tree at that, tied him with an elaborate series of knots, not only in the bridle reins but in the halter as well. For if you trusted Stogie to remain, your trust would be misplaced. He wouldn't be there when you got back. He would go home, without a moment's hesitation.

On the Fourth of July before last I stood on Fifth Avenue opposite the Waldorf-Astoria and watched the parade. The balconies and windows of the hotel opposite were filled with brilliantly dressed women and uniformed men. The long columns marched past, bayonets glittered, bands played, troops from every allied nation were there. Pomp and Circumstance had reached their zenith on Fifth Avenue.

Then, pulling army wagons, came some Georgia and Missouri mules. Were they impressed? They were not. Here they came, countrymen every one, long ears flapping, eyes down. A band near by burst into music, and the horses of the cavalry troop ahead began to dance wildly. Not a mule lifted an ear. Up in the lofty tiers of windows and balconies people began to applaud. Not a mule glanced up. They ambled along as uninspired as if Fifth Avenue were a sandy Georgia road, without a house or a person in sight, and they were hauling a load of cotton to town.

LIKE the mule, the cat lives her own life, thinks her own thoughts. But, unlike the mule, who is simply a rough cynic, she's a mysterious creature, regarded by some as a villain of the deepest dye, a creature who looks upon us as prey too big to eat. I cannot think of a figure of speech derived from her which has a pleasant suggestion—"Pussy-footing, catlike, catty" or, "She's a cat!" all suggest untrustworthiness, even treachery.

I am one of those who distrust her. I admit that I have never been very closely associated with a cat, though, and might feel different if I had been. She has plenty of defenders; at the same time I am not alone in the estimate that follows:

The primmest house cat leads a dual life. She is Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. In the day she dozes before the fire or on the couch, but with the coming of night her eyes grow green and she reverts to the jungle. Her wild and horrible cries in the night-time have no place in a benign order of creation. "Can that be my Tabby?" you turn over in bed and wonder. Yes, madam, it's your Tabby, in her element now.

Even in the daytime watch her movements about the lawn as she slinks through flower beds and shrubbery; watch her crouch down when a bird alights, watch her tail twist greedily. That's a tiger you've taken into your confidence, only a tiger too small to eat you.

The cat is the only animal, except possibly man, that takes pleasure in torture for torture's sake. She seldom kills at once; she wounds a mouse so that he cannot get away, then lies down and plays with his agony. The rat terrier gives his victim a sudden flip which breaks his back and extinguishes his consciousness; the hound drives his fangs through a rabbit's vitals. These two love the excitement of the chase; the death of the quarry is only its culminating incident.

But the cat kills for the sake of killing. The best mouser is the well-fed cat, the hungry cat being over-anxious. She watches patiently, ambuscaded like an assassin; she pounces quickly, then begins the torture and the gloating. She's a murderer at heart.

THE Audubon Society states that no cat has ever been broken of killing birds. It's hard to train her to anything. It's not that she hasn't intelligence enough, for she has. She can unfasten a door latch, which is a good sign of intelligence, for it requires reasoning and calculation. She will climb a door, press down the latch, open the door with a shove of her hind leg and leap into the room.

She has keen senses, too, and a memory. She knows when someone is approaching down a carpeted hall, and will go to the door to meet him. The chirp of a fledgling bird comes to her across three lawns, and she hears in the baseboard the cries of infant mice, sounds too refined for human ears. You can tie her up in a sack, take her twenty miles across country and give her away; she will turn up at home in a day or two. She does queer things; she has been known to bring to the house for people's inspection unusual specimens she has killed—a black rabbit, a queerly marked bird—thereby showing an instinct for the unusual, a nose for news.

But she is hard to train, because she does only what *she* wants to do—that, and nothing more. The word obedience is not in her vocabulary. If she takes it into her mind to follow you, you cannot drive her home. If you threaten her, she lies down, but she will not go back. Even if she has to give up the project of following, she will not go back the way she came, but will dart off at right angles to it and disappear in the bushes. There you may see her, not frankly disappointed as the dog is, but watching you with sinister eyes and twisting tail.

She lives with us, but she is not our friend.

She luxuriates in the warmth of our fires, in the softness of our sofa pillows. But this is only her jungle, and when we leave it, she does not go with us.

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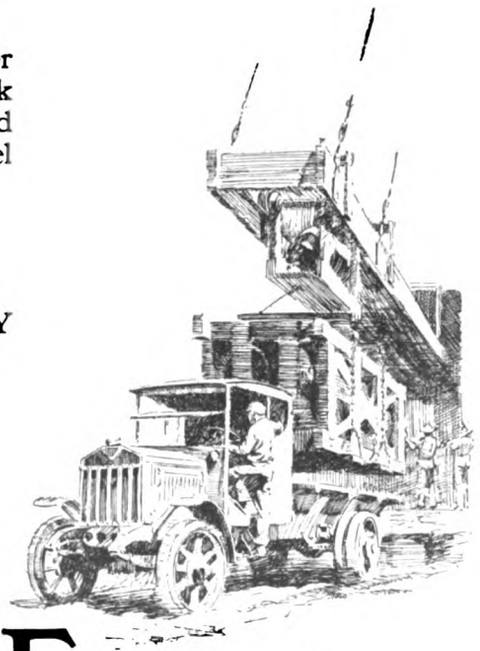

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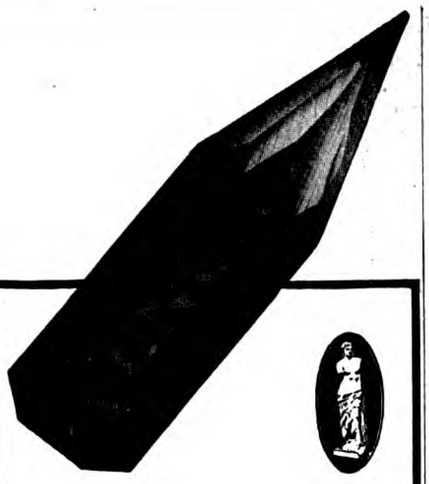

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power and with cats or dogs ruling the world. Suppose we were suddenly made small and weak, and they mighty, with the same power over us that we now hold over them. Would you feel safe as such a pigmy, in the presence of your cat? Imagine her sitting on her haunches, towering above you, as you crawl about the floor. I think she would pounce you as she now pounces a rat. But the dog, I believe, would still fawn before us Lilliputians, and when danger threatened I believe we could run to him and be safe within the shelter of his gigantic paws.

The dog is, by far, the most intelligent of our domestic animals. And not only is he intelligent, but John Burroughs says that he probably shares every emotion with us, except a sense of humor. He has the same sense of courtesy and good-fellowship that we have. Step on his tail, and after one involuntary cry of pain he is jumping about you, wagging his tail, looking up eagerly into your face. He knows it was an accident; he doesn't want you to feel bad about it.

"Don't worry," he says, "I know you didn't mean to."

I once visited a man in the country who had a large cream-colored bulldog. I arrived at the station unexpectedly, walked out to the house, and when I entered the yard this dog, Wideman by name, came rushing at me. Then his master hurried out, called him off, shook hands cordially and led me up on the porch. We had been talking only a few minutes when I felt a pressure on my knee, and looked down to find Wideman at my side, humbly begging pardon with his eyes. I was his master's friend, and he had insulted me. Throughout the remainder of my visit he followed me everywhere I went, showing me all the attention he could show, sitting down beside my chair at meals, trying in every way to make amends for the reception he had given me.

A dog has a sense of dignity, too. I once saw a veteran Irish setter point a brown stone about the size of your fist, under the impression that it was a quail. It was a ridiculous sight to see him, standing there, steady, trembling, his eyes fastened on that stone. We told him to get it up, and he sprang at it. Then he found out, and we laughed; whereupon he sat down on his haunches, the very figure of offended dignity, and refused further to hunt with us. We had to do some very abject pardon-begging—for without him we were helpless—before he ever consented to go on with the hunt.

A DOG may not have a sense of humor, but he has a sense of fun. He brings you a stick, and just before you take hold of it turns his head away. He comes out of the water dripping wet, and runs close to you to shake himself. We once owned a sedate, dignified old setter who amused himself by following a fussy mother hen and her brood about the yard, turning over the chicks carefully with his paw, so the hen would rush at him. This he would keep up for hours unless we interfered. Then he would stroll off, gently wagging his tail.

He is not above playing little tricks either—a good sign of intelligence, as all deception is, for it indicates imagination. Dogs, driven home and told not to follow, will sneak after you, get under the buggy, and show up only after *you have* reached your destination. I have known old setters, who are frequently a little deaf, impose on this deafness like old people. They heard when they wanted to; they didn't hear when they didn't want to. Another trick, when he knows you do not want him to follow, is to pretend not to understand what you mean when you tell him to go back. Again I have had them, after they had once gone back and waited a while, rush past me a mile or so down the road, putting on a bold front as if they had forgotten the order, or as if some kind of statute of limitation applied in this case.

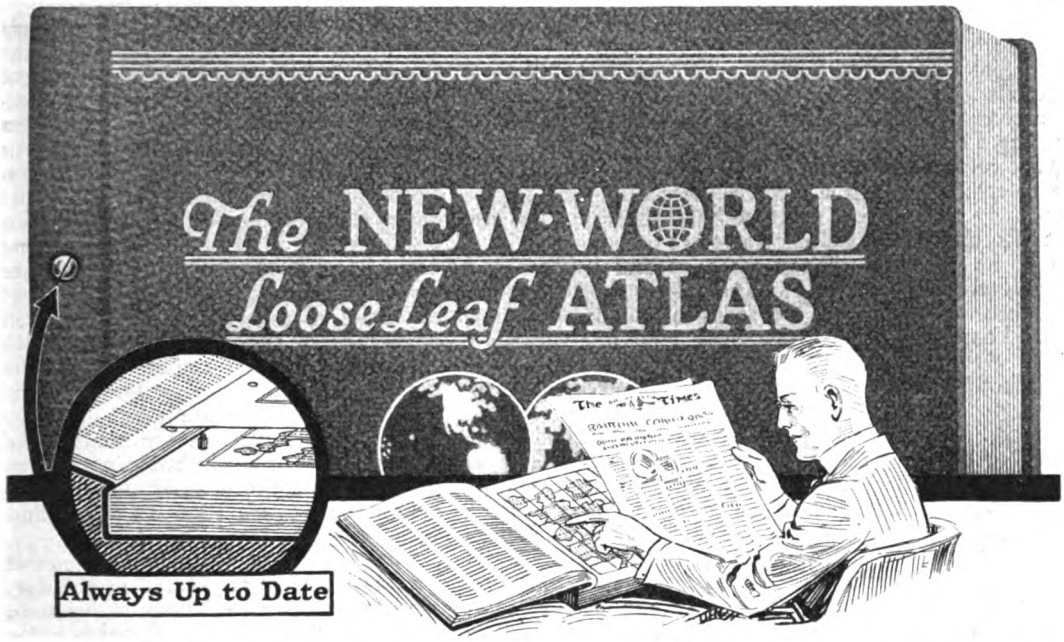
DOGS are not keen of sight; in fact, they are distinctly near-sighted; but their noses tell them everything that goes on. They know what other dogs passed along the street this morning; if they are looking for you in a crowd they depend on the nose more than the eyes. They smell the knees of everybody that passes. Keen-nosed dogs, like bird dogs and hounds, recognize the approaching master long before others can. Your fox terrior comes running at you at night, barking until he is quite close. Your setter lies on the porch, tapping his tail. He smelled you when you turned the corner of the block.

They have some queer way of computation. A collie will stand at the entrance of a sheepfold on a dark night while a hundred sheep file in. If there's one missing, he will strike out in the darkness. It's this quality, together with many others, that make him indispensable in Scotland. It is conservatively estimated that one collie with a shepherd is worth twenty men when it comes to herding sheep; and that without the collie the sheep industry in the Highlands would die out, because of the expense of employing the nineteen men whose places one wise dog can so efficiently fill.

The ability of the dog to compute extends to time. I have heard my father say that when he was a country boy he went to school at an academy some fifteen miles away, leaving home on foot Monday mornings and returning Friday afternoons; and that every Friday afternoon, some three miles up the road, he was met by his dog. The people around the house watched the dog on other days. He never left the yard until Friday came around, when, in the middle of the afternoon, he struck off up the road. And I have seen setters who frisked about the place on week days put on a sober deacon-like demeanor on Sundays, and walk sedately around the yard or lie under the shade of trees. We used to laugh at these Sunday manners when I was a boy.

The cat is a solitary animal, the dog is a social one. A cat hunts her prey alone, dogs combine to hunt theirs. They plan for these hunts, and for other enterprises, by touching noses together.

Watch your neighbor's dog when he comes on a visit to your dog and see if touching of noses is not usually followed by some sort of concerted action—maybe chasing a cat, with one dog running down the alley from one direction, the other dog from the other. For they seem to plan not only to go after Tom, but also the ways and means to be employed to get him. We used to keep our eyes on our setters in the summer when we didn't want them to hunt, and if we saw them touching



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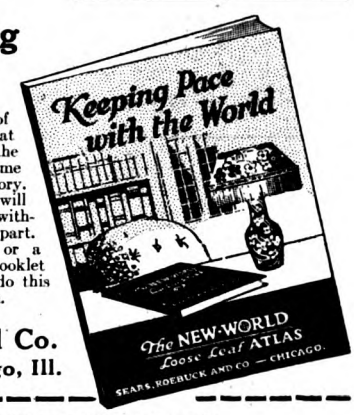

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As you read your newspaper today, note the references to places at home and abroad. Then try to visualize those places as they appear on the map. Can you form a clear idea of just where each place is located? Can you name the adjacent places? If the place named is a city in the United States, can you enumerate the States bordering on the State in which it is situated? Or if a foreign place is mentioned, can you draw a rough outline of the country?

Try, for example, to sketch the Shantung Peninsula, or the Dalmatian Coast, which has been brought into the limelight through the conflicting claims upon it of Italy and the Jugo-Slavs. Could you make an outline of Germany as defined in the Peace Treaty, indicating what territory has been lost and how it has been disposed of? Can you define the boundaries of the new nations of Europe that have been born since the war?

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noses we broke up the meeting right there—we chained them up.

The dog is not only a social animal, but he has the rudiments, at least, of altruism. I once saw a dog jump into a river and swim down to another and younger dog, who had been swept along by the current and who was trying in vain to make a landing where the bank was steep and slippery. At every attempt his claws slipped; he was losing his head; he was growing weak. The older dog pushed him down-stream to a safe landing, then went on about his business, as if it were a mere detail.

In a book of dogs, wherein all the stories are vouched for, occurs one of two enemies, a St. Bernard and a mastiff. The two fought savagely whenever they met, and during one of these fights, which occurred at the end of a long pier, both fell into the sea. The St. Bernard, an expert swimmer, quickly reached shore, to look back and find his enemy, the mastiff, a poor swimmer, in dire distress. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged in, and the people who saw it thought he was going to take this opportunity of putting an end to his foe. Instead, he caught the mastiff's collar in his teeth and helped him ashore, the two swimming side by side, the St. Bernard's head turned sideways. From deadly enemies, the two became, after that, the best of friends.

The higher we get in the animal world the more individuality we find. One sheep is like another sheep; but one horse is not like another horse; and when we get to dogs, the individuals, even those of the same breed, differ so much that it is very hard to make general statements about them.

Of the different breeds of dogs those actively engaged in helping man by their wits are most intelligent. Retrievers and bird dogs, collies and hounds, probably come first; next guardians and protectors, the mastiff, the St. Bernard, and also the terriers and Airedales. The larger breeds of dogs, as a rule, have more brains than the smaller ones, though they do not make as much show of them until emergency arises. The yard dog who distinguishes between people, allowing reputable-looking ones to enter and keeping disreputable-looking ones out, shows discrimination, and this quality usually belongs to big dogs. Of course, as has been said, dogs differ according to the individual, but the above comparative estimates are true in the main, according to animal psychologists.

The bulldog, who is not to be confused with the bull-terrier, is more stupid than other dogs. His name he gets from the use he was formerly put to, that of seizing young bullocks by the nose and dragging them down. He was also used in the brutal sport of bull-baiting in England. But he was trained to one thing, and one thing alone—to seize and hold on like grim death. This takes courage, but not brains. We speak of bulldog tenacity, meaning this quality of not turning a thing loose. People with bulldog faces usually have the trait, but are not remarkable for intelligence.

The bulldog has been given a bad name, and one he does not deserve. He is affectionate and obedient to those he loves—in fact, he is one of the most affectionate of all dogs. Unless trained to be brutal, he is even of a peaceable disposition. Also, he has more discretion than is usually attributed to him. Many a bulldog in Western towns will turn respectfully aside when a long, rangy collie comes along. This is no reflection on his courage. If there's any creature in the world who, once in a fight, will see it through to the bitter end, that creature is the bulldog.

Dogs have retained some of their wild ways—they still bay the moon; they still bury food in the earth, and then forget it, usually; they still turn round and round before lying down. This last trait harks back to the time when they slept in the open and turned round and round to tread heather and brushes into a bed. Now they go through the same motion, though the bed is a rug before the fire.

YOU can judge the intelligence of man partly by his vocabulary. Words are nothing but symbols for thoughts, and the more thoughts we have the more symbols we need. Animals have their thoughts and emotions, and have also sounds and gestures which express them.

The horse has five distinct kinds of neigh, easily distinguished. The neigh of pleasure and welcome, of love and desire, of anger and battle, of terror, of pain. Also he has certain gestures. He pricks his ears forward to welcome you, and flattens them to repulse you. He paws the earth to show impatience.

The dog has many sounds and gestures. Think of the different kinds of bark he has. You could almost make a dictionary out of them if you could reproduce the sounds: the bark of joy, of fine feelings, of welcome to another, of anger, of challenge, the yelp of pain, of fear. Think how expressive is his tail, if he has one. The gentle waving motion that indicates contentment; the violent wig-wagging that shows pleasure; the stiff, erect tail of pride and anger, the tucked tail of shrinking and cowardice. His ears, also, he uses to express emotions, either pleasurable or otherwise. He shows his teeth, also, in both menace and pleasure, very much like the man, who smiles when he is pleased, and who also smiles when his anger has reached white heat.

You can tell whether the man's smile means danger or not by the expression in his eyes; so with the dog, for no creature's eyes except man's show so many and varied emotions.

Our noble qualities, and our ignoble ones as well, are duplicated in the dog. He is very jealous—jealous of his skill, jealous of his master's attentions. He guards that which is his own, growling when another dog approaches his food, though he may have more than he wants.

But, as is fitting, the figures of speech that describe our finest qualities come from the dog. "Faithful as a dog" we say when we want to express the last word in fidelity; "doglike devotion," when we want to describe a devotion that asks no questions and stops at no sacrifice.

Near an old church in Edinburgh is a monument to a dog, Gray Friars Bobby—a dog who for fourteen years, in heat and cold, during fair weather and foul, and during nights and days, never, except for a few brief intervals, left the grave of his master, buried there. A restaurant keeper in the neighborhood fed him; he appeared at the kitchen door, ate, and went back to his vigil. People passing along the street saw him grow old and feeble, and one morning found him prostrate on the grave, dead.

Here, in the animal world, as in ours, we find "the last full measure of devotion." From the foolish chicken to the intelligent dog we see our traits duplicated. The absurd ones, the mean ones, the noble ones—all have their counterpart out in the barnyard, where the hog grunts and the gobbler struts, and the rooster crows and the cat watches the mouse hole—and the dog follows close at his master's heels.

The Experiences of a Magician

(*Continued from page 34*)

a ticket to Syracuse!" retorted the agent.

For a minute I stared at him—then I drew a long breath and answered: "Oh! all right!" To myself I said: "So be it! The question has been settled for me."

On the train to Syracuse I paid an extra dollar to ride in the parlor car, because Herrmann was there. But although I sat directly opposite him, he apparently never even saw me. That piqued me, and at Syracuse I got a seat in the front row at the theatre. "I'll *make* him notice me!" I said to myself.

Probably I did! But I didn't realize that I was making him notice me *unfavorably*. I wanted him to ask me to come up on the stage. But a magician doesn't pick nervous or "fresh" people from his audience, and Herrmann must have thought me one or the other, so I was ignored.

I didn't have money enough to trail the great man any farther, so I decided to go out to Detroit, where my parents were then living, and inform them of my change in plans—from the ministry to a magician's career. But, as might have been expected, they did not respond enthusiastically and, as I had no money, I spent the next six months helping my father in his business and studying a book on magic which I had at last obtained.

One day I happened to see a man peeling potatoes for a restaurant, and that gave me an idea. I bought a hundred small kitchen knives and, with the aid of some wire, made them into potato peelers. Then having got together a paraphernalia for some tricks, I went to the front door of our house, hat in hand, rang the bell, and asked for "Mr. Thurston." When my father came, I addressed him as if I were a total stranger.

"Mr. Thurston," I said, "I am going to be a magician. I thought I'd let you know before I start out."

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He took it as a joke, even when I repeated it with all the determination I could express. Finally he laughed, took some change out of his pocket, and remarked:

"Well, it shall never be said that I did not give my son a start in life."

With that he handed me a quarter! He couldn't believe I was in earnest, thought it was only fun. But I *meant* it. Loading myself up with my tricks and potato peelers I started out. All my money had gone to buy those materials, so the quarter he gave me was all I had. Going down-town, I stood on the corner watching the street cars, and when one came along marked "Wyandotte," I asked the fare.

"Fifteen cents," was the reply.

SO I went to Wyandotte. It was just as people were going home for supper, and I easily drew a crowd by performing some of my tricks. I would do tricks, then sell potato peelers; more tricks, more potato peelers; and so on until I had sold my whole stock.

That was my start as a magician. Before long I was hired by Sells Circus at six dollars a week; and I think the happiest moment of my life was when I found myself on the circus train and realized that I was there, my fare being paid, because I was a hired magician.

Incidentally, I acted as announcer for the side shows; and this led me to join some of the "freaks" when they went on the road as a separate show. We wandered around for several months; but as the two managers were hard drinkers and used the receipts for whisky, the rest of us didn't get any pay. We slept in the halls where the show was given, had almost nothing to eat, and washed our own clothes—what we had.

After six months of this, we fired the managers and I took charge. We couldn't afford to travel by train, so we played in country schoolhouses, hiring a wagon to drive us from place to place. Later, I played in all sorts of queer joints in the West—mining camps, for instance.

One of these places was Boulder, a tough camp near up the Canadian line. I was to be part of the program at a dance and gambling hall where a fight broke out about every fifteen minutes. At that time, I had developed a trick—one that I still use—in which a pack of cards is put into a goblet, and several cards, named by people in the audience, rise one by one to the top of the glass.

I was in the midst of this trick, and had just turned to set the glass on a table, when it shivered to pieces in my hand. I turned to see what had happened, and found that another fight had just broken loose and that one of the combatants had fired the bullet that broke my glass.

I was in a dilemma. The trick was spoiled—and yet I was afraid to say so to an audience so handy with a gun as that one was! I had only a few minutes to decide what to do; but it is a fact that necessity *is* the mother of invention. For by the time the fight was settled and the audience ready to pay attention to me, I had devised a *better* way of doing the trick! A way which made it possible not only to have the card rise to the top of the glass, but actually leave it and float in the air. It is amazing how the mind works under the impetus of dire necessity.

Not long after that, I again saw Herrmann, this time in Denver, and had an opportunity to do that same card trick for him. I was proud enough to walk on air when he confessed that he could not explain it. And when the Denver paper had a two-column article about me the next morning, I thought my fortune was made. I was getting twenty dollars a week then, but by the time my expenses were paid I had only about three dollars left. With this I bought some stationery, stamps, and also some copies of the paper with the article. Then I went around to the hotels and restaurants and gathered up the copies people had thrown away.

I cut out the article, enclosed it in a letter about "The Man That Mystified Herrmann" and, having sent it to as many managers as I could, sat down to wait for the engagements I was confident would be offered me.

But I did not get a single reply. Not one! Apparently nobody knew or cared. So I simply struggled along as best I could with the cheap little engagements which barely kept me alive.

Gradually, however, I worked east until I reached New York—the goal of every actor or showman of any description. From office to office, from manager to manager, from agent to agent, I went; always turned down, never offered even a chance. Finally, with the courage of despair, I went to one agent, Walter Plimmer, walked into his office, and *shut the door* behind me. I had taken some of my tricks along, and I told him I wanted him to see what I could do.

"Oh, Thurston," he said, "I've seen it all a hundred times!"

"You haven't seen me a hundred times!" I retorted. "You haven't seen me once! But *you're going to see me now.*"

AND with that I went to work. It's a long story, but the result was that, from this desperate expedient, I did get a week's engagement—at fifty dollars—in "two-a-day" vaudeville with Tony Pastor. I'll never forget my first day at his theatre. I was dead broke, not a cent to my name. My landlady—bless her kind heart!—loaned me sixty-five cents to put an "ad" in the paper, for I had to have an assistant. A nine-year-old colored boy, George, was the only person who responded, so I engaged him. That was twenty-one years ago, and George is still with me.

I had him come to my room and help me carry my things to the theatre for the afternoon performance. They were so heavy that the landlady again came to the rescue with a loan of twenty-five cents, ten of which went for car fare for George and me, while I spent ten more for coffee and cakes. At the theatre I borrowed stuff for make-up; but as I didn't know how to apply it, I looked like a wild Indian when I had finished. And finally, —when I came to put on my threadbare "dress suit"—I found to my horror that the vest had been left at home!

The time for my act was fast approaching, but I dashed out to the stage manager, told him breathlessly that I would be back in a few minutes, ran to a Third Avenue car, ran from that to my house, got my vest, boarded the car again—and found I hadn't a cent to pay my fare. The conductor put me off, I must have looked like a crazy man anyway, and I had to run all the way back to the theatre. When I reached there, panting, breathless, my face streaked with perspiration mixed with paint, I had to go on at once. Nothing was right—I was shaking with exhaustion and nervousness, and I did wretchedly.

It seemed the end of everything for me. I had got my chance, and failed. Fearing that if Pastor saw me, he would tell me I couldn't go on again, not even that night, I sneaked out of the theatre and went home. But I was back early that evening, taking time to prepare quietly and thoroughly for my next appearance, and that time I got a reception which settled my future then and there. When I came off, Mr. Pastor was waiting in the wings. Putting his arm around my shoulders, he said: "My boy, you did well!"

It was a kindly and generous act, the sort of thing that means more than any amount of money to the youngster who is trying to succeed, the kind of thing he remembers gratefully all his life. It was the first smile Fortune had deigned to give me; and I have found that it is the *first* smile that is hardest to win. Fortune, once you have forced her to smile on you, is likely to keep on smiling if *you* keep on doing your part.

Since then I have gone all over the world, have played before kings; have sometimes received as much as five thousand dollars a week. But I don't think that any recognition ever meant as much to me as Tony Pastor's arm over my shoulder and his kindly assurance that I had "done well."

In my experience as a magician I have learned many curious and interesting things about people, and since you who read this are the very people I have studied, perhaps you will like to know what I have found out about you.

When you go to a magician's show and are completely baffled by his tricks, you need not think it is because you are dull. I assure you that an audience of stupid people would be the very last kind a magician would choose. On the contrary, the easiest person to mystify is often the most intelligent one.

When I ask people in the audience to come up on the stage and watch a trick, there are generally quite a number of volunteers. I can see them plainly—for the lights in the house are turned on—and some of them I ignore, while I encourage others.

Am I trying to pick out the ones that look like "boobs" because I think they are stupid? Not at all. I want the ones who seem to be thoughtful, earnest, and intelligent. I don't *want* stupid people, and I will try to explain why.

THE first thing I do, when a man reaches the stage, is to shake hands with him, at the same time taking hold of his arm with a firm grip so as to get his attention. Then perhaps I say to him:

"I am going to do so and so, and I want you to watch sharply and see if you can detect how it is done."

Now a man with a vague, wandering sort of mind cannot concentrate on anything. He cannot even listen closely. Instead of following what I am saying, his thoughts go blundering around—and his eyes follow them. That is precisely what I do not want.

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But the man with a mind trained to pay attention, and to concentrate on the thing which attracts his attention, listens to me, and involuntarily thinks of what I want him to think about. Therefore, he will see what I want him to see. Whereas the man with the wandering mind may see something I *don't* want him to see. In other words, he uses his eyes, not his mind. And as a rule, the magician's enemy is the eye, not the intelligence, of a spectator.

I have been asked hundreds of times what is the hardest "stunt" I do; and I answer, without hesitation, that the most difficult thing in my work as a magician is to handle *you*, the audience. Every minute of the time I am on the stage I am talking. And all the time I am telling you to do what I want you to do—although you do not know this. In many of my tricks, it is because I get the attention of your *minds*, and so control your *eyes*, that I succeed in fooling you.

In one of my acts I have a cabinet to show how "spirits" are "materialized." I have received letters from people telling me of their surprise and joy when they recognized in these materializations certain of their friends and relatives who had died. One man wrote me that he and several companions had concentrated their thoughts on three spirits, whom he named; and that those three spirits appeared in the cabinet absolutely "true to life." At the same time, someone else told me that he recognized three of *his* spirit friends. That is, they saw what they *wanted* to see.

It seems to me there is a good practical application of that lesson. If you look for the things you want to find in your wife, your husband, your children, you are pretty certain to see those things.

To go back to stage magic, next to the strain of handling my audience, my greatest anxiety is about my assistants. I have about twenty persons in my company, not counting an equal number who are not on the pay roll, except for their "keep." This latter contingent includes a lioness, a donkey, ducks, geese, rabbits, pigs, and pigeons.

We have almost daily rehearsals; and yet I can never be certain that there won't be a hitch somewhere. But, no matter what happens, or fails to happen, I must be ready to meet the situation instantly. And I must do it as if it were just a regular part of the program.

THERE is a common belief that India is the home of wonderful magic. I can't tell you how many times people have said to me: "Your tricks are wonderful, Mr. Thurston; but how I do want to see the magic of India! That marvelous rope trick, for instance."

Of course you have heard of this "marvelous rope trick." According to reports, the magician takes a coil of rope, throws one end of it into the air, where it remains stationary. A boy then climbs the rope—and vanishes.

Marvelous, indeed! The only trouble is that there is *no such trick*. The report of it grew out of a simple trick with a rope which has a copper wire in the end section. This copper wire is straightened out as the magician handles the rope, so that part of it does stand erect. That's all there is to it. The boy who climbs the rope and vanishes is a feature that grew up through much enlarging on the original story.

I have been in India for months. In Calcutta I had all the best magicians brought to my hotel. I saw all the tricks that they could do. And the best ones they could show me were tricks that had been brought back to India by natives who had been among the Midway attractions at the World's Fair in Chicago!

To come back to how you yourselves react toward it, here is one interesting thing I have discovered: The bigger a man is—I mean the bigger in character and position—the less small vanity he has. The man of little mind sometimes shows resentment if I pull a live rabbit from under his coat, or take an egg out of his mouth. The audience laughs, of course, and his precious dignity is hurt because he thinks they are laughing at *him*. The man of real consequence, however, doesn't think of his dignity. He is interested in the trick itself.

THE magician has many chances to see this trait of vanity. For instance, it is a curious fact that great numbers of people like to "act" and to show off when I get them on the stage. Up to a certain point, I encourage this. One reason why the audience thinks these volunteers are confederates is because many of them, young men especially, furnish a good deal of comedy. But it is all done on the spur of the moment, in response to my suggestions.

You, out in the audience, do not see or hear me tell them how to behave, but I am doing it all the time. And as I have found that almost every human being is susceptible to praise, I use that knowledge to encourage them.

"That's fine!" I say to them. "Are you an actor? You must have been on the stage!"

This works very well with most people; but occasionally—pretty often, too—it goes to their heads. They are intoxicated by the laughter and applause and try to be the whole show.

Women behave very differently from men when they come up to watch a trick. Of course I cut out all the comedy in their case. No woman wants to be made ridiculous at any time. And, what is more, we *men* do not want her to be made ridiculous. I would not dream of doing a "comedy stunt" with a woman from the audience. If I had so little sense of delicacy as to attempt it, I am certain that it would meet with cold disapproval from the spectators; for there is a fundamental chivalry toward women, in spite of our modern laxity in manners.

When women come onto the stage in my performance, they are very serious and earnest about it. I said that I liked to have just that type of person. Yes! But I would rather have it embodied in a man than in a woman! Because women have an uncanny cleverness in detecting deception.

Taking everything into consideration, the most interesting things I have learned about people are these: Their love of mystery—of something they cannot explain; their desire to show their cleverness by claiming to know "how it is done;" the vanity of little minds, and the lack of self-consciousness in "big" people; the instinct of women, and the chivalry of men; and—most striking of all—the wish to believe in the supernatural, especially in some evidence of life after death.

How "Silent Simms" Became a Master of Speech

BY MARTIN M. BYRON

"YOU are exasperating beyond words," shot out Mr. Worden. "Why didn't you keep Mr. Truesdale here? You knew I would be back in ten minutes."

Harry Simms gulped hard, and replied weakly, "I did try to keep him here, Mr. Worden, but he wouldn't stay."

"What? Wouldn't stay even ten minutes? Why, you could have kept him that long without his realizing it. Why didn't you *talk* to him about the weather, about peace, about the price of potatoes, about *anything?*"

This wasn't the first calling down I had heard Simms get. He had been with the firm for eight years and had reached the point where he was as much a fixture around the office as the desk or the chairs. He was a slow-going, steady plugger, earning $40 a week. He managed to keep busy in the Sales Department, keeping records of salesmen's reports. No one around the office seemed to notice him. He was so quiet that the only things that would start him talking were such momentous events as the beginning of the war or the end of the war. Even when his baby was born, Harry said only three words —"It's a boy."

It wasn't long before we nicknamed him "Silent Simms."

Yet the "Silent Simms" of two years ago is now our Sales Manager, regarded as one of the most brilliant men in our organization, getting an annual salary that runs close to five figures, and is slated for the vice-presidency!

How all this happened in so short a time makes one of the most remarkable stories of success I have ever heard. But let Harry tell the story as he told it to me when I asked him point-blank what sort of magic he used in transforming himself.

"Well," said Harry, "you remember when Mr. Truesdale came in that day and I could not hold him for ten minutes until the Chief got back? And when the Chief came back and found Truesdale gone, how he bawled me out? *That incident marked the turning point of my life.* I made up my mind that I was going to live down the nickname of 'Silent Simms,' that had fastened itself upon me to a point where I hardly spoke to my wife. I was just afraid. I had almost forgotten how to use my tongue. Perhaps I got that way because every time I opened my mouth I 'put my foot in it.' I was always getting in wrong. I would give instructions and then have to spend twenty minutes trying to explain them. I would dictate a letter and then have to write five more to explain the first one. I would try to explain an idea to the Chief and would get so flustered that I couldn't make myself understood at all. In my social life I became almost a hermit. We never went out because I was like a sphinx among people. I was the best listener you ever saw and the *worst talker.*

"Well, when the Chief called me down that day it was the 'straw that broke the camel's back.' It was the most humiliating experience I ever went through. I had been with the firm 8 years—was getting $40 a week—and was the office 'football.' I went home that night determined to learn how to talk convincingly, interestingly, and forcibly, so that I could hold people spellbound, not only for ten minutes, but by the hour. No more of the silent stuff for me. I had no more idea of how to do it than I have of how to jump across the ocean, but I knew that I wanted to do it, and I knew that I would never get anywhere until I did do it. It took a shock to make me realize what it was that was holding me down to the grind of detail work, but when I finally realized why I was called 'Silent Simms' I began to investigate all that had been written on the subject of talking. I did not want to become a public speaker—what I wanted was the ability to talk as a business asset. I bought numberless books on public speaking, but they all taught oratory, and were so complicated that I gave up almost in discouragement. I continued my search, however, and was rewarded a few weeks later by hearing about the work of Dr. Frederick Houk Law, who was conducting a course in business talking and public speaking.

"You may be sure that I lost no time in attending the lectures. I went after them as eagerly as a hungry wolf goes after food. To my great surprise and pleasure I grasped the secret of being a convincing talker—the secret I had needed all my life—almost in the first lesson.

the chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager.

"Almost at once I learned why I was afraid to stand up and talk to others. I learned how to talk to a number of people at the same time. I learned how to make people listen to every word I said. I learned how to say things interestingly, forcibly and convincingly. I learned how to listen while others talked. I learned how to say exactly what I meant. I learned when to be humorous with telling effect, and how to avoid being humorous at the wrong time.

"More important than these vital fundamentals were the actual examples of what things to say and when to say them to meet every condition. I found that there was a knack in making reports to my superiors. I found that there was a right and wrong way to make complaints, to answer complaints, to give estimates, to issue orders, to give opinions, to bring people around to my way of thinking without antagonizing them, and about how to ask banks for a loan. Then, of course, there were also lessons on speaking before large audiences, advice on how to find material for talking and speaking, actual rules on how to talk to friends, to servants, and even to children.

"And the whole thing was so simple that in a single evening I learned the secrets that turned me into a very dynamo of ambition. I knew that I had at last found the road to Mastery of Speech. I began to apply the principles at once, and found that my words were electrifying people. I began to get things done. I began to put a new kind of ginger into my letters, into my memoranda, into my talks with customers, and with people in the office. In a little three minute talk with the Chief I nearly floored him with some ideas that had been in my mind for years, but which I had always been afraid to mention. It wasn't long before I was taken off my old desk and put at the city salesman's desk. You know how I made good. Seems almost like a dream now. Then, a short time later, I was given Roger's job on the road, in the hardest territory we have. And when I began to break records there the Chief wired me to come back and gave me Morgan's job as the sales manager when Morgan was put in charge of the Seattle office.

"This great change came over me simply as a result of my having learned how to talk. I imagine there are thousands of others who are in the same boat in which I found myself and who could become big money-makers if they only learned the secret of being a convincing talker."

When Harry Simms finished, I asked him if I could not have the benefit of Dr. Law's Course and he told me that only recently Dr. Law had prepared a complete course in printed form which contained exactly the same instructions as he had given in his lectures. I sent for it and found it to be exactly as he stated. After studying the eight simple lessons I began to realize that Simms' success was the natural outcome of real ability to talk. For my own success with the Course has been as great as his. I can never thank Simms enough for telling me about Dr. Law's Course in Business Talking and Public Speaking.

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"Oh, he smokes a pipe, does he? I get you."

Why is it that when you learn that an eminent citizen smokes a pipe, you know right off that he's probably a regular fellow?

It means that he puts on no lugs.

It means that he has those natural, genial impulses that help to make a regular fellow.

Now, he doesn't necessarily have those genial impulses entirely because he smokes a pipe.

Others besides pipe-smokers have them.

But so large a number of pipe-smokers *are* good fellows that when you hear, "He smokes a pipe," you just know that you'll probably like that man, not after some hard luck and a few long, hard winters, but right away. Why is it?

Of course, everyone knows that a good smoke after a good meal puts a man into the very friendliest state of mind.

A good meal has a lot to do with making a man feel genial—and yet, you'll hear many a frank smoker declare, "Yes, certainly I enjoy my meal, but all the time I'm thinking how good a smoke'll taste afterwards."

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THE FAMILY'S MONEY

A Fool and His Money

By G. L. S.

TO-DAY, at forty odd years of age, I hold an important post in one of the great industrial corporations; not the most important post, for reasons which I well know, which my associates and my bankers know, and which will become apparent as my story proceeds.

To the public at large I am a successful business man, having a home far beyond the average. My family maintains quite as good an appearance as any in the community. But if the public only knew!

I was born in a Southern city, the son of an exceedingly proud and capable mother and, though he constantly denied it, of a father who was also proud. I was one of nine children. Yet my mother found time not only to raise her family well, but also to contribute frequently to magazines and to write novels.

However, she had absolutely no conception of the value of a dollar, and—I say it in all respect to her memory—she was what is called a "social climber," so much so, in fact, that she was constantly in debt, unbeknown to my father.

At one time, when my father's business required him to move to the Central West, my mother was so much in debt that as the furniture was being moved from the house to the railroad car for transportation the sheriff put in an appearance and demanded payments for amounts due local tradesmen. My mother was compelled to sell securities which she had purchased with money earned from her writings, and to borrow from a neighbor, before the sheriff would release our household goods. My father was away at the time and this was all unknown to him.

At the age of fourteen I had shown unusual physical development, had completed the grammar grades of school, and was known as a bright pupil. But I then refused to go on with my education. Because of this fact, I was considered the "black sheep" in my family, and was told I would never make much of a success in life.

WHEN I was informed by my father that I must go either to school or to work, I chose the latter, as I wanted more money than he was giving me. I had certain very definite ideas, also, as to the social purposes to which the money was to be put. However, I was perfectly sincere in my desire to earn my own way. Work has never been my Nemesis.

I secured a job in a grocery at six dollars per week, which was big pay for a boy of my age in those days. Need I say that my mother was horrified that I, a son of hers, should ally himself with the grocer—to whom *she was in debt?* As for my father, he said nothing—at first.

The man for whom I worked handled about a car of barreled kerosene a week, and it was part of my duty to help unload the full barrels and to load the empties. My father, returning from out of town one night, saw me rolling kerosene barrels, and when I returned home for dinner informed me that I was to give up the job at once. As he put it, "No son of mine shall do work of that kind."

Right there he gave me a totally wrong idea of the honesty of labor. Right there he gave me the impression that nothing was "good enough" for a son of his.

From the time I left the grocery, until I was eighteen, I had three jobs, all of which were eminently respectable in the eyes of my father and mother. But I used every dollar to purchase apparel which measured up to that of what my family considered my "social set." And, in addition, I was in debt, although I did not dare tell my father. If I can claim any virtue at all, I can say that debts bothered me tremendously, and that I have never failed to pay what I owe. My desire to spend, I received from my mother; my desire to pay, from my father.

WHEN I was eighteen I realized what a grievous mistake I had made in not continuing my education. In talking over the matter with my mother, it seemed that she had long wished that one of her sons should enter the ministry. Regardless of my total unfitness for it, I tried to please her; and, as fate would have it, I worked *in a grocery* early mornings and late at night, studying between times, to prepare myself to enter college. During that time I contributed practically every cent I earned to the payment of my board at home, my father not being in sympathy with my endeavors. But later, during my two years in college, I got deeper and deeper in debt.

I always knew that in preparing for the ministry I was "barking up the wrong tree;" but it was only after two years of college work that I got up enough courage to announce that fact to my family.

When I was between eighteen and nineteen, I met and fell in love with one of the best women whom God ever created.

I left college, and after several minor jobs I became a bookkeeper, again working in *a grocery*, where I earned the munificent salary of ten dollars per week.

I had then reached the age of twenty-three and had married my good wife. Temporarily, I was wise enough to turn over my earnings to her. And at the end of the first eleven months of our married life, do you know what that dear girl had done? She had clothed and fed us both well and had saved one hundred dollars, which paid all the expenses in connection with the coming of our first son and left something besides.

A little later on, my salary was increased to twelve dollars a week, then to thirteen dollars, and I was able to add considerable to it through church music, for which I was well paid. My wife still continued to handle my income, and we went to housekeeping in a simple little

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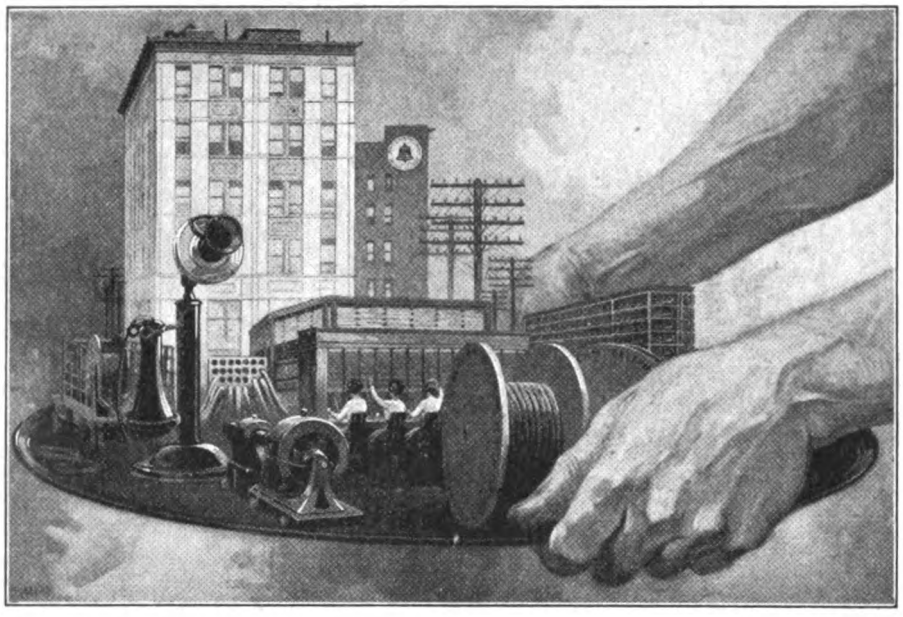

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apartment, for which we paid sixteen dollars a month.

A little later on, I had visions of greater things than being a bookkeeper in a grocery, and secured a position in the office of what is to-day the greatest corporation in the world. My brilliance, of a sort, still stayed with me, and I advanced rapidly. But about this time my early training again began to get in its work. I became convinced that my wife's ideas of saving were all wrong; that they were of "the pitcher in the cupboard" variety; and I decided to take over the financial management at that point.

SHORTLY after entering the service of the big corporation, I had a complete nervous and physical breakdown. My visions of great things had so changed my standards of living that I did not have a cent beyond that which my corporation was willing to pay me while I was idle. Later I was compelled to go South, where I was able not only to recover my health, but also to earn enough to support myself and family. But because of my false standards of living I could not save anything. Upon my return to the North, I was without funds, but secured a connection with my old corporation, though at a much lower salary, owing to unsatisfactory business conditions. Once more my wife took the matter into her own hands and, in order to help me, rented a very humble home, and said we would get along as best we could. If I had only listened to her, my story would be a different one.

Again I was so successful that my present company sought my services. My income is five times to-day what it was when I came with them ten years ago. But does the public know that I have spent practically every cent which I have earned in order to keep up appearances? Does it know that I have given my children a totally artificial view of life and its responsibilities? Does it know that, regardless of my personal earnings, profits on various outside transactions, and a considerable amount received from my father's estate, I am practically bankrupt to-day? Does it know that, owing to my past inability to save and to live according to my means, I have been unable to take advantage of money-making opportunities presented to me? No, but my bankers know! So do my intimate business associates; and they know, also, that this is the reason I am not the chief officer of my corporation.

Does the public know that, through my reaching the end of my string and my inability to keep up the artificial standards which I have set, my second son has left his home and has not been heard of for weeks? Do they know that both myself and good wife are suffering the tortures of the damned? No, they do not know, and they are not going to know! For, at forty-three years of age, I have learned that I can be a man after all; that a man is only a man when he has conquered himself and can present himself to the world as he really is; that brilliance is only of value when it is put to work in the proper way. And, by the gods, from this time forth, I shall live as I should, I shall save my money, and I shall prepare for the great opportunities which come to him who holds himself in check.

The American Magazine

February, 1920

JOHN M. SIDDALL, *Editor*

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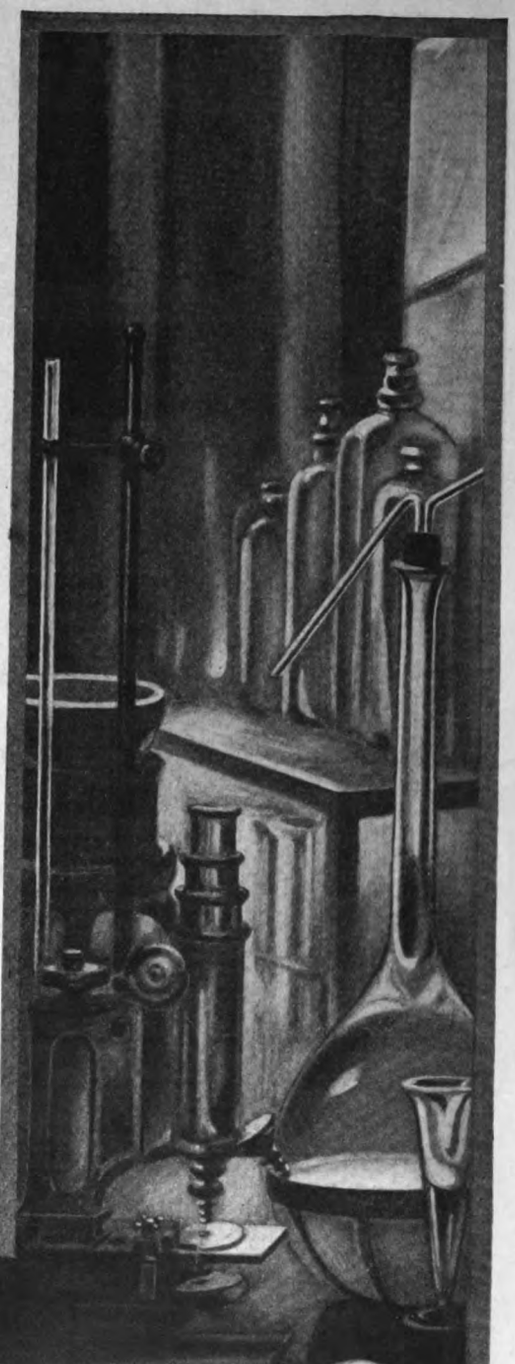


THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
February, 1920

A Man Who Refused to be "As Good as Dead"

The story of Roger W. Babson

By Mary B. Mullett

ONE day, back in 1902, a young man was sitting in the bedroom of a little house in Wellesley Hills, a suburb of Boston. Although it was February, the windows were wide open and the young man and his wife were bundled in blankets and wraps to protect them from the cold.

For weeks he had lived in that room, most of the time in bed, fighting a desperate illness. Over and over he had asked his wife and the physician what was really the matter with him; and always they had put him off with the statement that a cold, which he had contracted the previous autumn, had "settled on his lungs." But both of them had realized that the time would come when the sick man would insist on knowing the truth. It came that day in February.

"What is the matter with me?" he demanded for the hundredth time; and added, "I'm not going to be kept in ignorance any longer."

That time he got the truth. As gently as possible he was told that he had tuberculosis; not incipient, not a mere threat of the disease, but a fully developed case, which already had destroyed one lung and attacked the other.

To most men it would have seemed like a sentence of death, or, at best, the giving up of any hope of an active, useful, and successful career. But to this young man it meant only one thing—a recognized enemy to be fought and overcome. Instead of being stunned by the blow, his eyes lighted up with something almost like relief, and his emaciated face took on lines of grim purpose.

"All right!" he said. "Now, that I know what's the matter with me, I can go to work to cure it!"

That young man was Roger W. Babson, known throughout the country today as a business statistician, the head of a large and unique organization, a virile and striking personality.

The story of his progress from that sick bed in a little rented house, to health, position, and prosperity is a truly remarkable one.

Having found out what was the matter with him, he went to work to cure it, just as he had said he would. The doctor's orders were followed to the letter: Open air, complete rest, plenty of nourishment—he made it his sole business, for the time being, to get those essentials.

A little later, on the advice of his physician, he and his wife went West. And because he was determined to live, and backed up his determination with a scientific, methodical, confident pursuit of health, he did live.

Merely to continue to live, however, was not enough for him. Although he was shy a lung, there was nothing the matter with his brain. An idle body did not mean an idle mind. To Roger Babson, anything except an active and useful career was unthinkable. With him, living meant working.

HE HAD been born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, the son of a merchant in that town; and from his earliest boyhood he had worked, because he liked it.

"I don't think I ever played a game of ball in my life," he told me one evening, as we sat in the study of the house he has built overlooking the beautiful country around Wellesley. "Even as a youngster, I liked work. It interested me. In summer, when the other boys were playing, I used to take a horse and wagon and sell vegetables from house to house.

"Work is exactly what we make it by the way we *think* about it. Any boy, for example, likes to drive around with a horse and wagon. But the pleasure I got out of it was doubled because I did it with a purpose. I was accomplishing something. And when all is said and done, that is the one great satisfaction in life—to accomplish things.

"Thanks to my father, I early learned to enjoy business. Even when I was only a boy, he used to talk to me about his store. It is a great pity that more fathers do not interest their boys in business by discussing it with them. A boy's mind is intensely active, and a father can exert a wonderful influence for good by giving that eager, alert intelligence something real to busy itself with. Many of the things which I now recognize as fundamental business principles I can go back and find expressed by my father in those early talks."

AS THE boy grew older he studied civil engineering at the Massachusetts School of Technology. He never made use of that training by doing actual construction work. Nevertheless it secured for him his first position, for because of it he was employed by a Boston bank to examine the properties of traction companies whose securities the bank handled.

It was while he was engaged in one of these investigations that he contracted the cold which developed into tuberculosis and apparently put him out of the business running.

At twenty-five, invalided out West, he faced two necessities, the necessity of supporting himself and his wife—and also the necessity of finding some new way of doing it.

He was told that, if he was to live at all, he must live absolutely in the open air. This meant that he could not go back to his old position in the bank. He was told that for a long time he must not do anything requiring physical exertion. Yet "work in the open air" almost inevitably meant physical exertion. He was also told that he never again could live in the East. Yet the East was where he wanted to live; not only because his friends and family were there, but also because the work which interested him and in which he had experience was at that time largely confined to the East.

It looked as if the problem could not be solved. But you cannot stop Babson from doing anything by telling him that it can't be done. You can neither scare him out of it, nor laugh him out of it. People have tried both, and he has gone right straight ahead, doing what he set out to do.

For example, when the doctors told him that he must live in the fresh air, and that the West was the only place that this could be done, he thought the matter over and decided that there was just as much fresh air on the Atlantic coast as on

the Pacific, and that the reason people went to a mild climate to get rid of tuberculosis was because they were not willing to endure the discomfort of living out of doors in a cold climate.

But cold did not frighten him. And the East was where he wanted to live. So he determined to get his fresh air where he wanted to get it.

Having come to that decision, he and his wife went back to the little house in Wellesley Hills. But on arriving there they were surprised and somewhat incensed to find that, although their lease had two years yet to run, their goods had been stored in one or two rooms and new tenants were about to move in. Naturally they demanded an explanation from the landlord. And they got it! But it was not exactly an enlivening one.

"Why, you see . . ." stammered the gentleman in question, "they told me you were as good as dead! Anyway, you never could come back here. So I thought I might as well get a new tenant."

Well, the new tenants did not move in! And the Babsons did. They put their little twenty-two-dollars-a-month house in order, and the man who was "as good as dead" went on with his fight to live. He still had to spend most of his time in bed, but the windows were always wide open, no matter how cold it was. And sometimes the mercury went down into the sub-basement of the thermometer, around fifteen degrees below zero.

Slowly the invalid gained strength. But it was a long and a tedious process. And meanwhile the work problem seemed as difficult of solution as ever. Lying there practically helpless, fed with milk and eggs every few hours, read aloud to by his wife—to whom he gives the credit for his recovery—Babson had plenty of time to think. And finally his thinking bore fruit in a definite plan.

There is no story of human experience so well worth telling as the story of how a real man, or a real woman, has plucked victory out of defeat. And there is nothing that can put courage and hope and confidence into our own lives so completely as the discovery that these stories lie all around us. In each one the circumstances are different; but there is always the same light of courage, the same fire of an indomitable spirit, the same spark struck by an iron will hammering upon some granite obstacle. And these things bring an answering glow into our own hearts.

Just because his body was incapacitated, Babson did not see any reason for letting his brain be idle, so he used to look over the monthly reports of railways and other companies. He knew that if he were a well man, back at his job in the bank, he would be analyzing and tabulating those reports in detail. In fact, he knew that other bank clerks were even then doing that very thing, each for his own particular institution. And it occurred to him that here was a duplication of effort which was very expensive.

Why not have that analysis made by *one* man, instead of by many? Why couldn't *he* be the one man to do it? He could receive reports, analyze them, tabulate them, and send them to several banks, thus dividing the expense among them. And he could do it in his open-air bedroom just as satisfactorily as at a desk in a bank.

WITH this vision of a service which he could perform, he immediately sent out letters explaining his scheme, and the result was that eight banks agreed to pay him $12.50 a month each to do the work for them. On this income of $100 a month he could realize his determination to be self-supporting; and he would have the satisfaction of being once more an active and useful member of society instead of a helpless parasite.

He engaged a girl stenographer at four dollars a week; and in that sick-room, the man who was "as good as dead" started what has become one of the famous business services of the country. Incidentally it may be mentioned that the four-dollars-a-week stenographer is still with the Babson organization, but at an annual salary that runs into five figures.

Gradually, from that small beginning, the business grew. First, a high-school boy was hired a few afternoons a week. By the time he graduated, a full-time position was ready for him. Soon the house next door was rented and used for offices. Then they were moved to a business block in Wellesley.

For the vision of the man behind the work broadened as the business and his strength increased. At first, as he puts it, he merely "collected and sold" business statistics. Then his original service to the eight banks grew into a "Composite Circular of Bond Offerings." He found that there were thousands of unlisted bond issues not quoted in financial reports. One seller, or one buyer, had no way of knowing what the other sellers were asking, or what other buyers were paying. The result was that some buyers paid as much as ten points more than others were paying in the same city for the same bonds.

When Babson announced that he was going to list these thousands of bonds, with the names of the owners who wanted to sell, and of persons wishing to buy, together with the prices at which sales were made, people laughed at him, and said it couldn't be done.

But that didn't bother him. He just went ahead and did it! And he did not stop with doing that; he next developed the "Babson Stock and Bond Descriptions," a service which revolutionized the old systems for supplying information relative to corporations.

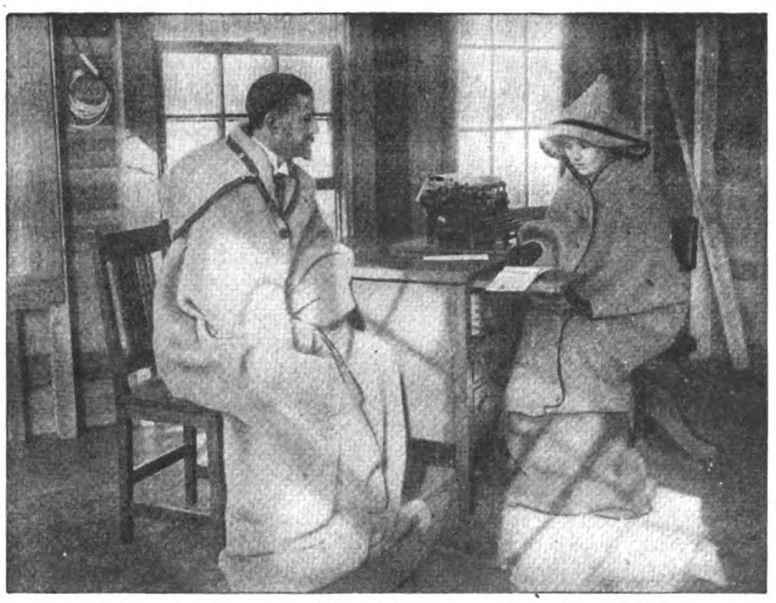
Later he sold both these services, which are still carried on by their present owners, and devoted his time and energy to the "Babson Reports." He bought control of the Moody Manual Company and established the Babson Statistical Organization, which is to-day the largest statistical organization of its kind in the world.

Not a bad record for a man who was "as good as dead," is it? And he not only had to overcome ill health, but at every step of the way there have been plenty of onlookers who have predicted that the next step he proposed was one of those things that could not be done.

For instance, when the business had grown so that new quarters were again necessary, and he announced that he was going to put up a building in Wellesley Hills to house it, people laughed at him once more. What! Attempt to establish a clearing house of financial information outside of the city, in a suburban village! Why, it was rank folly to attempt such a thing. But—Babson did it.

He put up a four-story brick building that he thought would take care of his activities for years to come. But the process of overflow went right on. First one house, then another, was commandeered. And last summer, Mrs. Babson turned the first sod preparatory to the erection of another and larger building.

His own office has windows on three sides, and they are open the year round. When his secretary must work there in winter, she wears a huge cloak with a hood. And as she is obliged to encase her hands in mittens she does her typewriting by striking the keys with rubber hammers. Babson himself wears a specially designed coat, with an electrically heated pad in the back. (Continued on page 99)



MR. BABSON IN WINTER WORKING COSTUME

Roger W. Babson is one of the best known statisticians in the country. He was born in Gloucester, Massachusetts, forty-four years ago, and was graduated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1902 he developed tuberculosis and was pronounced "as good as dead." But he refused to concur in this verdict, and has not only regained his health but has built up an extensive and unique business organization. He is married and lives at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

What These Strikes Cost You in Money

Some interesting figures prepared especially for readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE

By Roger W. Babson

President of the Babson Statistical Organization

THIS has been the greatest strike year in the history of the United States. During the twelve months following the Armistice there were more than *three times* as many strikes as in the same period four years earlier.

Now, I am not going to discuss the right to strike. My purpose is simply to present certain facts which vitally concern us all. I do not intend to deal with the subject from the point of view of labor, or of capital; but only as it affects the whole people.

In a single month—August, 1919—there were 356 strikes, compared with only 76 in August, 1915; and the increase in the number of workers involved was at an even greater rate.

If you think this does not concern you, simply because you were not a striker yourself or did not have a strike in your plant, you are mistaken. An epidemic of strikes, such as this country has been experiencing, directly or indirectly touches every one of us in that most sensitive spot—our pockets. It influences the cost of living for the whole people.

In September, Mr. W. P. G. Harding, governor of the Federal Reserve Board, made this statement: "If the world would declare an industrial truce for six months, it would do more to bring down high prices than workers could ever accomplish by strikes and agitation."

Is there any basis for this statement?

As a statistician, I deal in facts and figures, and it is with facts and figures, therefore, that I shall try to show what has been the cost, direct and indirect, of strikes in the twelve months named. In addition, I shall point out one way in which we can reduce the price we all have to join in paying for these conflicts.

First let us find out what is their *direct* cost. In August and September, 1919, the Babson Statistical Organization received reports of 580 strikes in this country. There are no official records covering these matters; and although our figures were gathered from many sources, it is impossible to make them complete. Therefore this total is considerably below the actual one.

These 580 strikes directly involved 145,000 workers, and caused them 3,190,000 days of idleness. In addition there was the steel strike—in September and October—which involved about 380,000 men; also the strike of 11,000 railway shopmen in August.

These two strikes alone meant 8,602,000 additional days of idleness in August and September, making a total, for the two months, of 11,792,000 regular working days lost.

According to my estimate, this idleness caused a loss to the workers of $41,272,000 in wages; and to the employers a loss of $4,127,000 in profits. At that rate, the year's loss to the strikers would be about a quarter of a billion dollars in wages. The loss to the employers would be about a tenth as much.

Remember that these figures show only one phase—the very first one—of the cost of strikes. And even for that phase they are probably far below the real figures. I have purposely kept my estimate down.

For instance: I have taken $3.50 as an average daily wage, although in some of the industries most extensively affected it was much higher than that. Steel-mill workers, testifying before the Senate investigating committee, declared that it was not unusual for them to earn $12 a day. Wages in the building trades were from $6 to $7 a day. In the shipbuilding industry men earned very much more than that. In the railway equipment plants, men were receiving $7 and $8 a day. Railroad trackmen got $4 a day.

In taking $3.50 as an average wage, I am therefore well within the truth. Also, as I said before, my figures as to the total number of strikes and of workers involved are incomplete. (*Continued on page 100*)

Strike Figures Never Before Printed

THE following record of strikes for the past five years was prepared especially for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. In order to present these figures and the two tables in Mr. Babson's article, his staff was obliged to make more than a thousand separate tabulations! But the result is that the readers of this magazine have a clear picture here of the startling increase in strikes.

As Mr. Babson points out in his article, even these figures are not complete. Many small strikes are not reported, so the actual totals would be higher than the ones given. The number of workers who struck in 1919 was close to two million.

In addition, there were as many threatened strikes as actual ones. Although these were settled without a walkout, they caused a definite loss in production. Mr. Babson clearly shows how these industrial conflicts have caused an appalling loss, which he places at billions of dollars for the year 1919 alone. This loss is not confined to the strikers and their employers. Every one of us must stand his share.

Month	1918–19	1917–18	1916–17	1915–16	1914–15
November	100	216	118	71	45
December	108	210	114	57	48
January	83	168	125	73	49
February	115	130	102	83	49
March	74	161	112	121	58
April	187	212	159	110	60
May	222	198	198	125	65
June	229	160	178	84	63
July	317	160	168	90	40
August	356	131	140	84	76
September	224	100	142	50	74
October	170	96	185	77	74
TOTALS	2,185	1,942	1,741	1,025	701

Wiped Off the Slate

A story of love and adventure

By Alma and Paul Ellerbe

ILLUSTRATION BY ARTHUR LITLE

THE first time Gridley saw Rachel Spence walking along the road in her magpie shoes and striped sport skirt, the rouge on her cheeks, and the disaster in her eyes, he thought:

"She's fly. There's nothing she hasn't seen."

And Rachel Spence, taking in at a glance the stoop of Gridley's big shoulders, the perplexity in his face, his dispirited mouth, and his black broadcloth vest, gray flannel shirt, blue denim overalls, and broken derby hat, said to herself indifferently:

"He's been up against the real thing."

Gridley wasn't interested in fly women, nor Rachel in broken men. But they were not the kind to bother about judgments or appraisals.

Until they landed here, they had been like boats that drift with the weather. They were battered and worn, and one gunwale was usually under water; but whenever they could they rode quietly, going where the wind took them. The breeze that blew them into Cottonwood Canyon, in the Colorado Rockies, was the kindest that had ever stirred their weathered sails.

Gridley was a big, simple fellow, with patient blue eyes, a bewildered blink, and slow, ponderous ways. He had a pale, half-submerged individuality, and an air of detachment, which had come from a thousand disappointments. He understood the reason for them as little as ever, but he had learned to expect and accept them.

He had not failed; it wasn't as definite as that. Rather he hadn't succeeded. At forty he had gone to seed—if he had ever blossomed. His energies had not been mustered to any directness of purpose. He caught feebly at whatever he feebly wanted, but he never gripped anything. It may be that life had never offered him anything worth gripping.

He had saved a small sum of money (for the first time in his life), and he had a two-weeks vacation. Looking through a newspaper for a place in which to spend them, he came upon an advertisement offering the fifty acres and the cabin in the canyon at a price that he could pay. He was going somewhere, and it was just as easy to go there. So he bought a ticket for Red Spruce; and Betts, the rural mail carrier, took him on up the canyon in his ancient little car.

He hadn't known that such places existed! It was fall, with a brush of snow over the trees: cottonwoods, balm of Gileads, and yellow-stemmed willow bushes down by the little bright brown rushing river; and, flung over the great mountain walls that ran steeply up to the deep, clean blue of the sky, heavy, dark forests of spruce, cut across with splendid, league-long slashes of twinkling golden aspen trees. The air seemed to dance and sparkle with life; and the vigor and freshness of a brand-new world was over everything.

The thought that he really might stay there startled him wide awake. He bought the place, telegraphed his resignation of the insignificant position he held, and began to cultivate his few tillable acres, and live.

His self-respecting cabin was an anomaly in that high deserted trough of the mountains, from which most of the life had drained back into the plains when the price of silver fell. The other cabins, scattered along every quarter of a mile or so between the fantastic shapes of abandoned mining machinery, limped down the mountain from Gray Dome, the ancient mustering place at the top, like a troop of rapscallion ne'er-do-wells, windowless and doorless, skewed and sagging on their rotting logs, and all deserted.

But Gridley's house was like Gridley's life. It rested squarely on its honest foundation and looked the world in the face. Its door stood open, when the weather allowed, and its step was swept. There was nothing for it to hide, nothing to humble itself about. Back of it, his acres were flung up over the rocks like big, dull blankets; and there was a wedge of door yard between the cabin and the river, with the balm of Gilead trees going down to the water.

IT GAVE him a feeling of dismay when Rachel Spence arrived in the canyon, after he had been there for two years alone with the birds and the river and the wind and the sun. He had grown accustomed to having it that way and he liked it. His heart sank when Betts told him she had put a homestead filing on a bit of level land across the river.

"She's a Canadian. She'll have to be naturalized before she can prove up on the land. Maybe she'll ask you to be one of her witnesses, since you're her neighbor."

Gridley hoped not. He felt that he shouldn't like to go into court and vouch for a woman who painted her cheeks and wore loud clothes.

Yet when Betts, squinting up the hill toward her yellow sweater and green skirt blazing among the spruce trees, hazarded the opinion that she was a queer sort for Cottonwood, Gridley said, "Oh, I don't know," and waited to find out what sort she was, and kept his guesses to himself.

Well, three years had shown him. She was all right. She had made good, as a homesteader and a neighbor, and he believed in her. In all his forlorn, knockabout life he had never believed so implicitly in anyone.

As for her past, it was *hers*. He had not altered his opinion of it; he still felt sure it was not the kind she would like dug up. But he supposed it was no worse, and it interested him no more, than his own. She had made a fresh start, just as he had—and a good one.

Any other woman would have been a nuisance up there, so close to him and so far from everyone else. There would have been things he'd have felt he must do for her. But she was independent and as self-reliant as the chipmunks under his wood pile; he felt toward her as little sense of responsibility.

"She ain't got the stuff in her to stick it out," Betts had said. "She'll be gone before the snow flies."

But the snow had flown a good many times: soft and fluffy and comforting, settling into the little river with fairy whisperings too faint for the keenest ears; or hard and stinging-keen, barbing the bitter wind vindictively; or, blanket-like, surging through the air; mounding over, and smoothing out and blocking the passes for weeks at a time above and below—and she was still there.

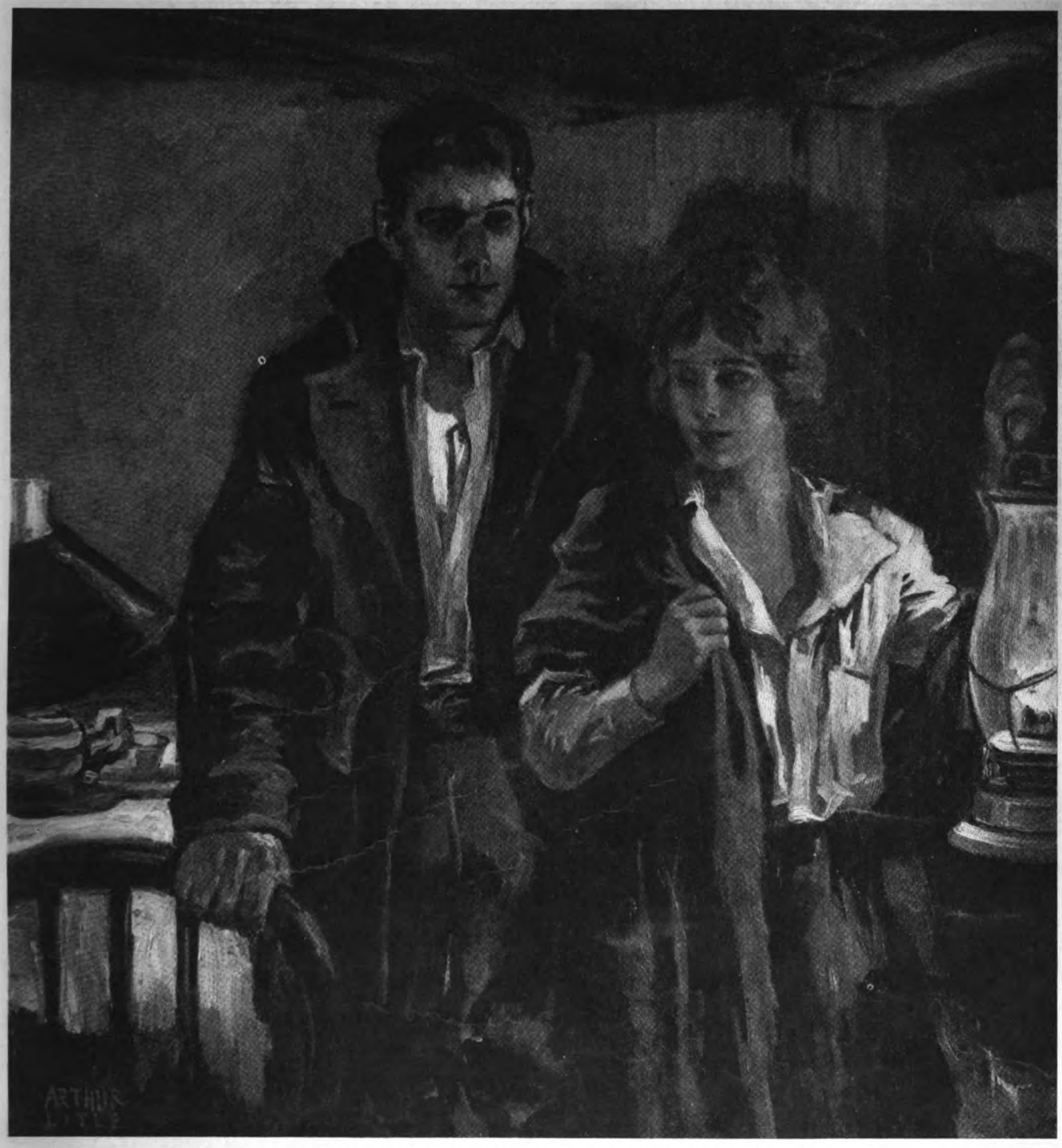
SHE had stuck it out, Gridley thought as he stood at his cabin window one evening in early winter and watched her light spring out among the spruce trees up the hill, stuck it out for three grim years. They were years that had taught him an immense respect for her staying power.

And he had come, too, to like her easy simplicity and the spirit back of the straight gray eyes and the zest with which she went at all open-air occupations—as though they were games.

It hadn't been that way at first. For a while she had seemed a stranger and an alien to her new surroundings, moving among them without emotion or interest. Then, gradually, some kind of coldness had seemed to break up inside of her, as the mountains took her more and more into themselves.

Now she belonged there, strange clothes and all, like the trees. When he met her on the road, head up and eyes shining, breathing the pure air as though with conscious pleasure, she made him realize anew his own satisfaction in the canyon. He would smile with indulgent amusement when he caught the swift gleam of her sharp ax and heard her workmanlike strokes as she cut up the fallen trees on her place for stove wood. Seeing her springy little figure take the steep trail from his place back to her own on a run, and catching the wave of her hand at the end of it, was like a little [illegible]less cocktail.

As he watched the blue smoke of her supper fire trail [illegible] like a pennon in the wind, he was fil[illegible] with a warm, generous feeling for her— [illegible]et he had no sense of



The place smelled of whisky. She went in and held up her lantern for him to see

protective tenderness. He felt exactly as if she were a nice, friendly boy making his fight up there.

In a month now she would have her naturalization papers, and then she would prove up on her land. When she had filed her petition for citizenship, he had been glad to go with her to the courthouse at Red Spruce and sign it as a witness. And he would be glad of the chance to endorse her publicly at the hearing. It was the only thing she had ever asked of him.

The homestead was a fairly valuable piece of property. He wondered if she'd sell it and move away.

"I'd sure miss her if she did," he said to himself as he looked out and sized up the weather before he shut things up for the night.

The road that passed his place on the river turned back upon itself three miles farther along and began the steep ascent of the mountain on Rachel's side of the canyon, passing within a little distance of her house and so in front of Gridley's again, a quarter of a mile away this time and higher up.

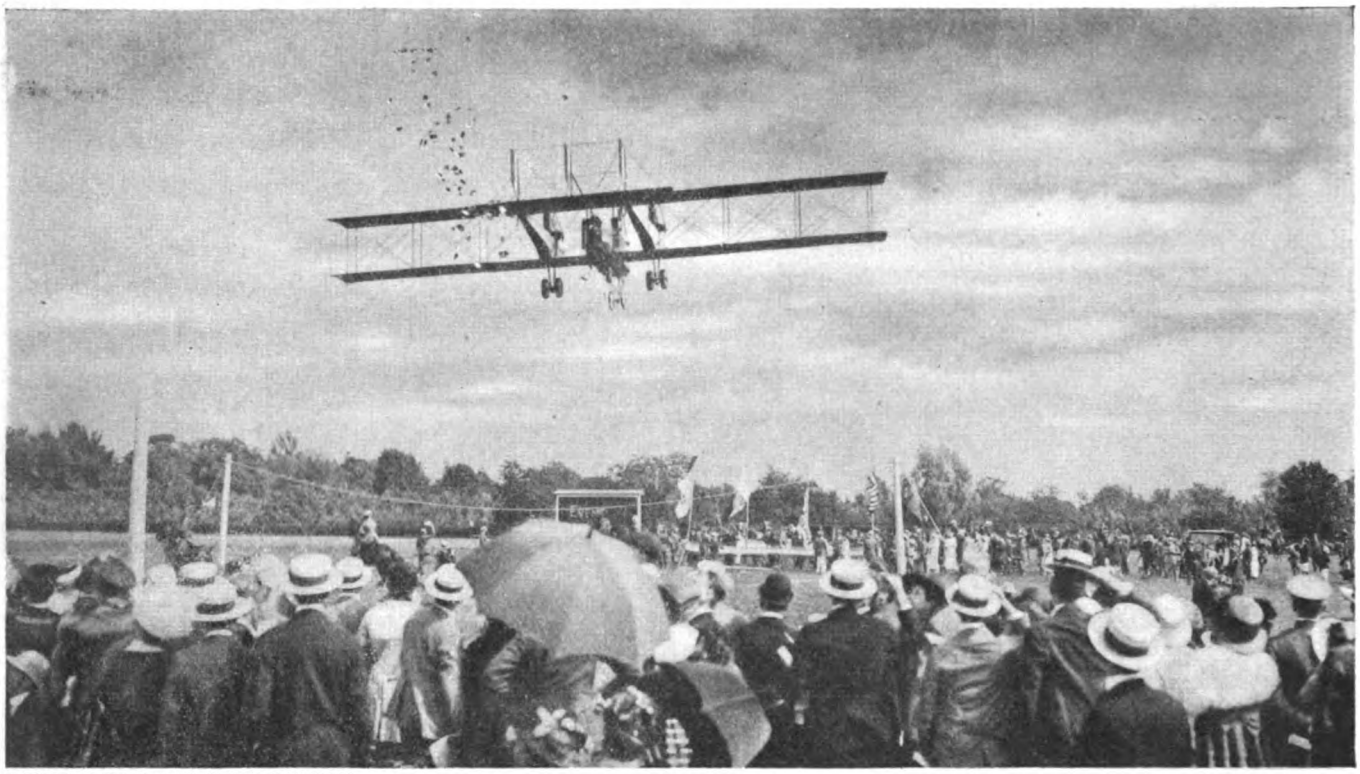
A MAN leading a lame horse crept into view on the upper turn. Gridley paused a minute to watch them, struck by their grim similarity. Their knees had the same bend—that telltale buck that no horse trader is able to disguise—there was the same swaying forward of the body, the same dejection of the head; and—he was too far away to see, but he knew it was there—the same look of apology in their eyes.

"An old prospector going on into the hills," he thought with casual pity, as he drew his window shades.

When he raised them the next morning, the horse was standing in Rachel Spence's corral and a plume of smoke was rising from the little shack that stood off to the right of her cabin, where she washed and sometimes cooked in the summer months.

Rachel herself was coming down the steep, short trail through the rocks and the aspen trees. He went out to meet her.

He had thought her stagy at first, but he had seen her too often to notice it now. She was sturdily built, with thick wrists and ankles. Her round head was set on a rather full, short neck, and covered with an abundance of yellow hair. Her eyes were wide apart. A touch of yellow lay beneath their gray, and beneath the clear brown of her (*Continued on page 188*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION PHOTO SERVICE

Aviators flying low over a crowd—as at this polo game—endanger human lives. England has laws against it; this country ought to have them. Even now, if the aviator injures persons or property, he can be prosecuted. England also forbids throwing leaflets from aëroplanes, as is being done here

Who Dropped the Monkey Wrench on Your Head?

What if an aviator scares your horses so that they run away? What if he rips up your front lawn or mangles your cabbage patch? Who owns the air, anyway?

By Henry Woodhouse

Author of "The Textbook of Aërial Laws, and Regulations for Aërial Navigation," the "Aëro Blue Book," etc., etc.

TWENTY years ago, if anybody had asked you whether you owned the air, you probably would have said:

"Sure! I guess I've got a right to breathe, haven't I?"

To us all, at that time, the air was only something we breathed. It was free to everybody. Almost nobody went up into it. And practically nothing came down out of it, except rain, snow, and a very rare meteorite.

But these were valuable, and we were glad to have them fall on our land. Of course, if a meteor had dropped on your house it would have been an unwelcome and disastrous visitor. But that would have been "an act of Providence;" and you can't sue Providence for damages.

The year 1920, however, brings us to a very different state of affairs. Aircraft are becoming common. They fly over our houses, our farms, ourselves. Suppose a machine comes down in your corn field, or on your front lawn. Suppose a careless mechanic has left a monkey wrench lying on a plane, and it drops out of the air and hits you on the head. (I'll tell you a few stories farther on, of just such incidents.) Suppose a machine goes roaring over the road where you are driving, and scares your horses so that they run away and smash your vehicle.

You remember the tragic accident in Chicago last summer, when a dirigible balloon fell into a bank, wrecked the place, and killed more than a dozen persons. Perhaps you have read of the aviator who landed in Van Cortlandt Park, New York City, and who was arrested, charged with "unlawfully disturbing the grass" of the park "by landing there without a permit from the proper authorities."

And there was a farmer near Kansas City who obtained an injunction against an aëroplane company, restricting it from flying aëroplanes over his land. A farmer in France, whose property was almost surrounded by flying schools, did the same thing, and claimed indemnity for damages caused by aëroplanes which came down on his land.

Flying will soon be so common that these questions will have a practical interest for us all. We want to know just how much of the air above our homes and our land belongs to us, and who is responsible if something falls from the air and causes injury or loss to us. There is the question, also, of our rights and our conduct if we go into the air. You may think now that you will never fly. But don't be too certain! That is the way your

grandfathers felt about the steam railroad.

Finally, there is the important matter of the rights of countries. Have our aviators a right to fly over Canada, or Mexico? May these countries send their machines over our own territory? You see how big and important the question is in some aspects, as well as how personal it is in others.

The present legal status of the aviator is a good deal like that of the man whose lawyers told him he could not be put in jail for doing a certain thing—but who was arrested and sent to jail, nevertheless.

In other words, while there are no specific laws to govern aviation, the airman is liable to arrest if he breaks the laws of the land; literally "of the land," because he is arrested only for damage caused to people on the ground.

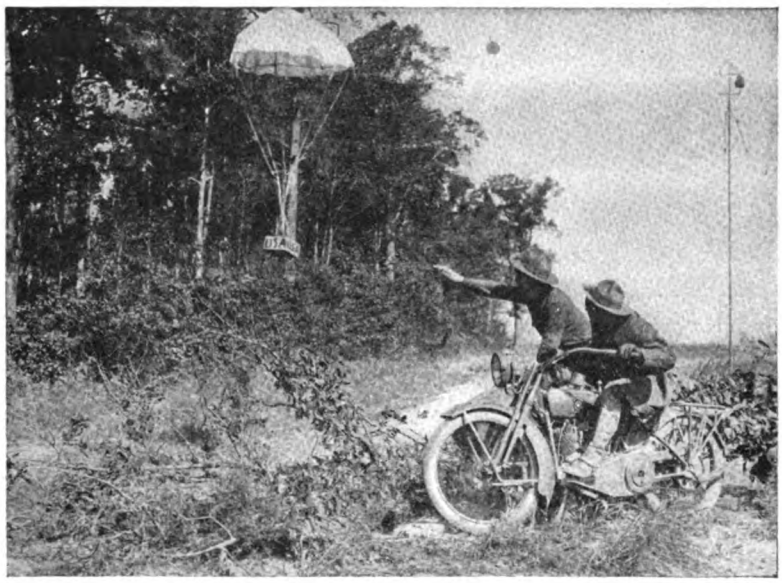
But out of these arrests, and the injunction against flying over property, have come court decisions which show what may be expected very soon in the way of laws. Court decisions, the rules formulated by the International Aëronautic Federation, and the principles adopted by the Aëronautical Commission of the Allied Peace Conference, are the basis on which you can determine your rights in and to the air.

The first court decision affecting these rights was given in the case of the French farmer already mentioned. It stated that the land-owner's rights to "the atmosphere" reached only as far as the tops of the trees or buildings on his property. Above that point, the air was free, and anybody might "circulate" in it.

The court also ruled that the aviator who flies too close to the ground, or who lands on another man's property, is liable for whatever damages he may cause. In that particular case, the aviators were ordered to pay damages amounting to several hundred dollars.

In the case of the Chicago bank, the owners of the dirigible voluntarily paid for the losses caused, thus recognizing the same principle of responsibility.

In England, a member of the Royal Flying Corps was arrested and sentenced to be discharged from the service for flying at a low altitude, thereby damaging telegraph wires and endangering the public. The sentence was commuted to twenty-eight days' detention and loss of two months' pay.



Smugglers could easily get a package, dropped by parachute from an aëroplane, just as these U. S. soldiers are doing. An aëroplane can cross the border and drop the package, on signal, at a prearranged point

CASES of the dropping of objects from aircraft are also on record. In company with Mr. Alan R. Hawley, president of the Aëro Club of America, I was watching a flight at a Long Island aërodrome one day when a large object fell close by us. It was the door of the aëroplane's engine cowl, a piece of sheet metal about one foot square! The pin that held it had worked its way loose, or the mechanics may have forgotten to fasten it, and the air pressure had blown it off the plane.

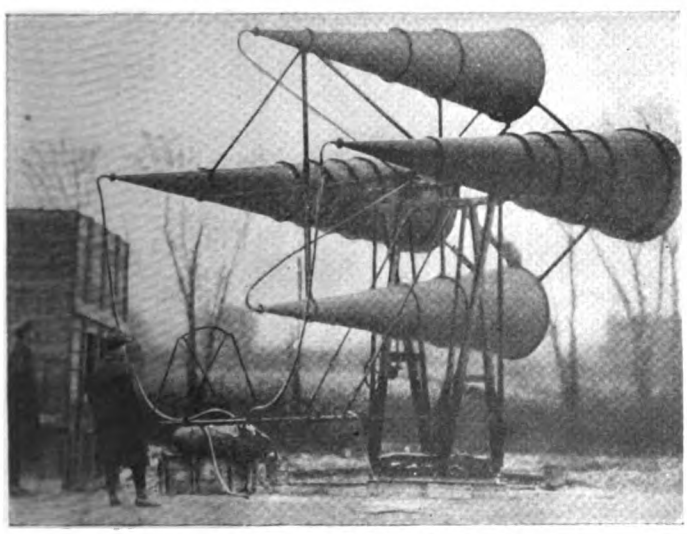
Cases are also on record of mechanics having left monkey wrenches on the wings, or other parts of the plane, while getting the machines ready for flight. When the plane went up, the monkey wrench came hurtling through space, fortunately not hitting anyone.

There have been many instances during flights of aëroplanes equipped with two or three motors when one of the motors stopped and it became necessary for the mechanic to climb out onto the plane and make repairs. This happened once while I was flying in a three-motored Caproni biplane. It happened to the Handley-Page machine also, while it was flying from Newfoundland to the Atlantic City airport. The machine had flown part of the way when the gasolene pipe of one of the motors broke, and the mechanic climbed out on the plane to fix it. But as it was too dark for him to see they decided to land.

Anyone can readily see how possible it would have been to lose a monkey wrench or some other tool in such a case. But when hundreds of aircraft navigate the air at speeds of up to two hundred miles an hour, going in every direction of the compass, how will you find out who dropped the monkey wrench on your head?

Compelling aircraft to have all their tools and parts stamped with their license number will be one solution. However, you may forbid carrying loose monkey wrenches or other tools, and may punish those who let things drop from a plane; but can you forbid aircraft in distress from throwing cargo overboard?

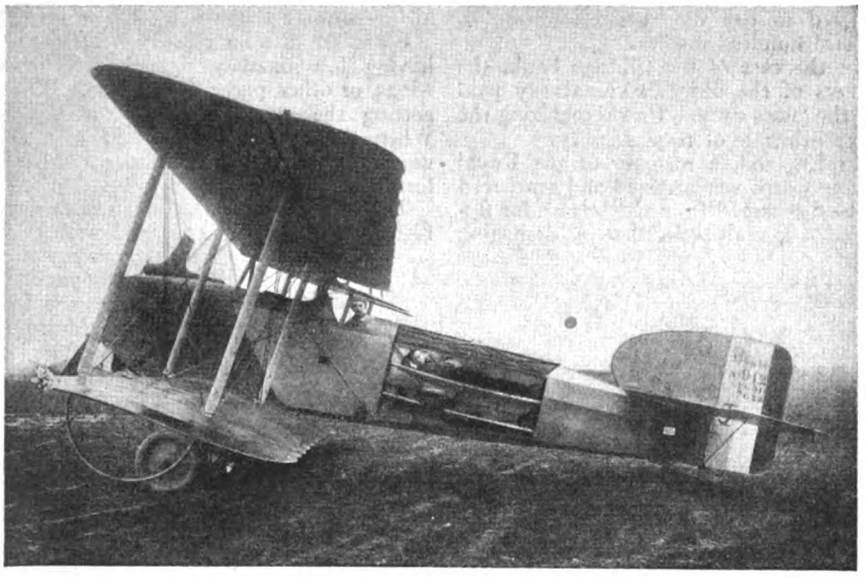
The British Aërial Laws forbid throwing overboard anything excepting sand or water ballast. When the officials were asked whether it would not be better to



Huge receiving instruments which catch the sound of aëroplane motors even when the machine is not close enough to be visible

WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

French aviator flying through an arch in a city; a stunt which should be forbidden by laws protecting persons and property



A gang of criminals can be transported in this way, without detection, to or from the scene of a crime, the aëroplane being apparently a single-passenger machine

let the pilot of a crippled dirigible drop a ton of equipment rather than to let the huge dirigible itself, weighing about fifty tons, fall, they said they would deal with such a case after it had happened. That is the way most air laws will be made and revised: to fit the actual cases as they come up.

IN 1909, when the balloon of A. Holland Forbes and Augustus Post exploded as they were three thousand feet over Berlin, they dropped down, went through the roof of a house, and landed in a lady's boudoir!

They represented the Aëro Club of America in the International Balloon race and had started from a park near Berlin. But as they went up the balloon basket caught on a fence, and a number of bags of sand, used as ballast, dropped from it. Without the weight of this ballast, the balloon shot up rapidly. As the "appendix," or tube from which the gas escapes when the pressure is excessive, was tied, the gas could not escape and there was an explosion which caused the balloon to drop like a shot.

As it was about to strike the roof of the house, both men jumped for the wooden ring overhead which held the ropes supporting the basket. Jumping for the "concentrating ring" is a trick which enables the people in the basket to escape the shock as the balloon strikes the ground.

Messrs. Forbes and Post were thus saved from injury, but as the basket struck the house it made a hole in the roof, through which they fell, and found themselves in a lady's boudoir! The lady fortunately was not at home. But she must have had a sense of humor, not supposed to be common to her sex, for two days later she wrote inviting them to call when she *was* at home!

These cases did not come into court, but I think it is safe to say that if a monkey wrench drops on your head, or a strange aviator lands in your boudoir, you can sue for damages and collect them if you can prove the source of the wrench, or can detain the intruding aviator long enough to identify him.

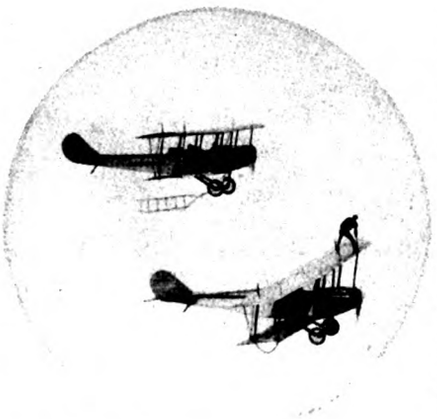


PHOTO BY ATLANTIC PHOTO SERVICE

A man can transfer from one aëroplane to another, while in the air, by a swinging rope ladder from the upper machine

Runaways, due to horses being frightened by aëroplanes, will certainly occur. In fact, an Iowa man last year filed a claim against the Government because U. S. aëroplane, Number 1646, caused his horses to run away, with resulting damage.

The pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Cranbury, New Jersey, caused the arrest of an aviator on the charge of flying near the church on Sundays, disturbing the services and keeping people away. It seems that many persons stayed outside to watch the aëroplane, instead of joining the congregation inside, according to their usual custom.

BUT these are not the only things which will make air laws necessary. In the future, for example, the smuggler will be a sailor of the skies, not of the seas. Do you know that the first cases of aërial smuggling had to do with dogs? That is a fact.

On May 19th, 1919, Colonel Weston, a member of the British Parliament, informed General Seeley, of the Air Ministry, that dogs were being brought in aëroplanes from countries where rabies was prevalent, and that the disease was spreading in England, the outbreaks having their origin close to well-known aërodromes. When the matter was investigated it was found that sixty-four dogs had been illegally imported into the country by aviators.

General Seeley said in his report: "The irregular importation of dogs is strictly forbidden, and under existing orders should be impossible."

As a matter of fact, it is not impossible, nor is the "irregular importation"—a polite term for smuggling—of almost *any* contraband article impossible to the aviator. In spite of England's being a small country and densely populated, aërial contraband of various kinds is being brought in by the air route.

Imagine the possibilities of bringing liquor into the United States from Cuba, Canada, or Mexico! You may send revenue officers up to patrol the air, but what can they do? They can't stop a machine at some convenient cloud and get out to search it. They can't sit on (*Continued on page 114*)

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

The machine of an "air cop" at Venice, C[illegible]nia. Several cities already have aërial polic[illegible]rols. New York has an air school for women poli[illegible]erves

A Great Employer Who Has Faith in Men

The story of James H. Foster, who in thirteen years has built up a huge business

By Merle Crowell

AS I WAS about to enter an office on the fourteenth floor of a Cleveland business building one afternoon, I stopped suddenly in the doorway. All the wide stretch from the windows overlooking the street to a chart-covered wall at the opposite end was filled to overflowing with men.

Standing in the center of the crowd, one hand on his hip and the other sweeping briskly through the air to emphasize some point, was a tall, well-muscled man, stripped to his shirt sleeves. Meeting his face, one's eyes leaped, a little incredulously, from the boyish smile playing about his mouth to the white hair that covered his head.

"I sure know what you're up against," he was saying, "and it's as bad here as it is in Canton. You ought to hear my wife tell about trying to get a little sugar. Only the other day"—and the anecdote ran on into a typical adventure with the high cost of living.

The man with young face and white hair was James H. Foster, president of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company. His guests were sixty electricians who had come in from the Canton Sheet Steel Company, one of the four separate plants now controlled by this industrial iconoclast from the Middle West.

"And here's the first bicycle sprocket we ever turned out at the East Side plant," Foster announced a moment later, pointing proudly to a piece of metal on the wall. "Lord, there's been a raft of things happened since then!"

As the men passed presently into the hallway I heard one tall youth remark earnestly to his companion:

"Darned if I ever knew they made bosses like that!"

"Jim," "Mike," "J. H." and the "Old Man" are the four titles Foster's associates most frequently give him. I would be at a loss to say which one has the highest batting average.

There is something about the man that disarms formality. Speaking to his workers, he unconsciously drops into their vernacular, and they crowd eagerly around him. As one forge man expressed it to me—"He gets us where we live." And when he swings from his desk to lean over the long table behind his swivel chair and enlarge on his gospel of labor—his belief that men are square, and will always do the fair thing if given a fair chance—there is an eager flow to his low, clear voice that makes one forget everything but the desire to listen.

Foster talks best with a pencil in his hand and a large yellow pad in front of him—on which he draws swift lines to show the logical steps to the point he is aiming at. I have heard him speak steadily for half an hour, racing through the realms of philosophy, history, economics, as well as the practical, bedrock foundations of human relationships in business, and never falter in the choice of a phrase or use a word that failed to paint a clear stroke in the picture he was making. As he talks, his eyes are forever melting into new shades of color—running the chromatic gamut from light brown to a startling gray-blue. The impression at first is bewildering.

It is thirteen years since Foster, at the age of twenty-seven, threw up an executive job with a Cleveland hardware manufacturer in order that he might be free to put corner stones under his dream of organizing a steel fabricating plant. His only capital was a definite idea of what he wanted. By the simple formula of wearing out shoe leather on the gravel paths of every financier in the city—and rebounding from the rebuffs of nine out of ten of them—he finally persuaded a small group of men to back him to the extent of $105,000. He planned to produce bicycle sprockets and automobile frames.

The little shop, which in its first month had a turnover of only $10,000, has swelled into a great industry with an annual business of $25,000,000.

PRIOR to his organization of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company, Foster had wrung scant returns from a brief industrial Odyssey. Born in Meriden, Connecticut, of old New England stock, he decided, after his graduation from Williams College in 1900, to follow the example of Columbus and the advice of Horace Greeley by "going West." Pittsburgh, his landing place, seemed much farther West in those days than it does now.

A real estate dealer, who had bought a large parcel of land and cut it up into small lots, admitted that the young Nutmeg Stater might be worth ten dollars a week to him as a salesman. Foster spent six months demonstrating to the dealer that his credulity had not been imposed on. At the end of that time he left the real estate business in order to help organize a little company to produce a steel automobile wheel. The wheel proved too far ahead of its time to be much of a commercial success.

Before coming to Cleveland in 1903, Foster had managed to save two thousand dollars. This he promptly proceeded to lose. He bought some U. S. Steel common stock on margin at 40, pyramided in the sensational market slump that followed, and was wiped out of his last cent when the stock hit 11. The lesson was worth ten times the tuition price—for he has never speculated in stock from that day to this.

The next three years Foster spent with the Parish & Bingham Company, manufacturers of hardware. Fifty dollars a month was the total salary of his first job. His duties were to thumb Dun's commercial reviews, list all the general store keepers in the country with an annual net turnover of more than five hundred dollars, and mail them circulars advertising a currycomb. Within twenty-two months, however, the quiet, smiling, eternally energetic youth had climbed enough rounds in the ladder so that he was practically running the plant. Then he resigned to organize his own enterprise.

During the first few years in his new plant Foster worked like a galley slave. Frequently he would come to the shops at three or four o'clock in the morning. Almost every day the first workers to arrive on the scene would find a busily occupied young man whose prematurely white hair served as a sharp foil to the black grease spots with which his clothing was covered.

"There's one pretty definitely fixed rule of progress," Foster once said to me: "The man who gets out ahead of the crowd must work harder than the rest of the crowd. Seems elementary, doesn't it? Yet it's so simple that some folks never will believe it."

The rapid growth of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company must be attributed largely to the persistency with which Foster followed that rule during this period of development.

AFTER the outbreak of the European war the firm's business had grown to such proportions that the parent plant was quite incapable of handling it. In March, 1916, the works of the Cleveland Welding and Manufacturing Company were absorbed. This was followed eighteen months later by the purchase of the Canton Sheet Steel Company. The Hydraulic Steelcraft Company, which completes the present quartet, was organized in January, 1919.

No manager ever knew his men more intimately than did "Jim" Foster in his shop days. Shoulder to shoulder with them, he set up machines, tinkered with balky tools and steered the finished product through the assembly-room. After the noon whistle had blown he could (*Continued on page 132*)

Read the story of Foster
on the preceding page

Men Are Square

If we could only get that into our heads—and act accordingly—the wall of misunderstanding between capital and labor would disappear

By James H. Foster

President of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company of Cleveland

IN THE early summer of 1915 some of our hot-shell workers were stung by the bee of discontent. In those days of heavy European war orders we found ourselves carrying a peak load, and men were being hired by the hundred. The roughest and readiest of the recruits seemed to drift to the hot-shell game. So the first rumbles of trouble set me rustling around to find out what it was all about.

To talk with all the men at once was impossible; there were too many of them. I asked them to pick out a committee of twenty. As the delegation came trooping into my office, it struck me that here were a score of the roughest-looking workers I had ever met. For the most part they were big and burly. Some of them seemed sullen, and nearly all of them looked ill at ease.

As soon as we were settled down I remarked:

"You men seem to have come in here with your back hair down and ready to go to the mat—but you won't have to. Let's all unburden our minds and clear the air. You want to be fair with me as much as I do with you—and when decent men are on the level there's no earthly reason why they shouldn't get together, if they only understand each other.... What's wrong, anyway?"

A question of more wages was the one tangible thing. Wages were very fluid in those days, due to the rush of foreign contracts, and I figured we might be able to jerk the scale up another notch. I began to spread out the company's problems before them, and to explain that we were anxious to go the limit to give men everything that was due them.

Within three minutes I saw the men edging closer and their faces begin to light up. We seemed to be getting our hands hold of one another's heartstrings. Presently, however, as I made a remark about the square deal, a man in the fringe of the crowd sneered aloud.... I shall never forget the growl the other workmen let loose in his direction, and a big fellow at his right wheeled and snapped out:

"Damn you, shut your face! Can't you see the man's talking straight?"

From that moment the one-time protest party became as happy as an Old-Home Week celebration. Everything was ironed out and the trouble died a natural death.

As the delegation filed out I said to myself:

"After all, the first demand of you men wasn't bigger wages, though you may have thought it was. You wanted your boss to recognize that you were men—with all the pride, the self-respect and the right to happiness of every other human being. We've been growing too fast lately, and you newcomers have missed out on the human touch. Now that the circuit's connected up, we're all right again."

Men are square. . . . I believe *that* to the very underpinning of my soul. I do not mean *some* men, or even the *average* man. I mean the overwhelming majority; all but the few scattering votes that do not affect the final returns.

THE front page of the newspaper lying on my desk is filled with scareheads of strikes and riots. Bitterness is in the air. But what is back of this industrial unrest? A shortage of wages? Not fundamentally, I believe. Rather it is a shortage of understanding. A wall has been built up between capital and labor, and too few men on one side of that wall realize that the men on the other side were cut from the same bolt of cloth as they themselves.

In our industrial infancy we had the mill beside the dam, the homes of the workers sprinkled along the stream, and the house of the owner on top of the hill under the big elm tree. The owner knew every man in the shop by his first name—knew his religion, his politics and just how well his wife fried doughnuts. If a workman's baby choked up with the croup, likely as not it was the owner's boy who ran for the doctor, and the owner's wife who took a roll of red flannel and a bottle of goose-grease down to the anxious mother.

Time turned its wheel. The one-story mill became a group of great buildings belching smoke over several acres. The homes strung along the stream grew into a city. Outside capital had to dump in dollars to finance swift expansion. One-man ownership passed into control by a corporation. The old personal relationship faded; machines came in, and men became almost mechanical attachments to them; Tom Smith was now No. 1782.

Capital began to think of men merely as dividend producers, to figure out wages in terms of profits rather than in terms of human happiness. Labor resented becoming a commodity. Each side began to look on the other as its natural enemy. Strikes grew frequent.

Capital became alarmed. Welfare work was instituted—generally along wrong lines. The employer decided what the employee needed to make him happy and contented, and then he administered it. The intentions were good, but the employer was making efforts to be humane instead of *just human*. The laboring man wanted nothing handed down to him on a silver platter. He merely wanted the right to keep his individuality and self-respect—and to make a decent living for his family.

I suppose that the men out in my plants are no different from men in Duluth or Birmingham, and that I have a right to judge by them. As I have worked with these men and played with them they have continually brought home to me the fact that the big thing a human being wants is a decent right to self-expression and self-respect. And he resents any attempt to deny him this right.

MOST of the labor leaders urging violence to-day are men who failed to find opportunity in their employment to express themselves through their jobs and take up their share of industrial responsibility.

"How do you manage to steer clear of labor troubles?" a manufacturer asked me recently. "What steps have you taken to keep your men contented?"

The question was really a poser. There was our personnel committee—the men's parliament. There were the profit-sharing plan and the mutual benefit association—all of which we had worked out together. But to describe these would not answer the ma[illegible] iestion. Profit-sharing plans and [illegible] ıen's parliaments are no longer ind[illegible] novelties, although our own hav[illegible] e features different from any othe[illegible] t I happen to know about.

It finally oc[illegible] to me that the real answer was th[illegible] his particular organization, capital, [illegible]

tinued on page 136)

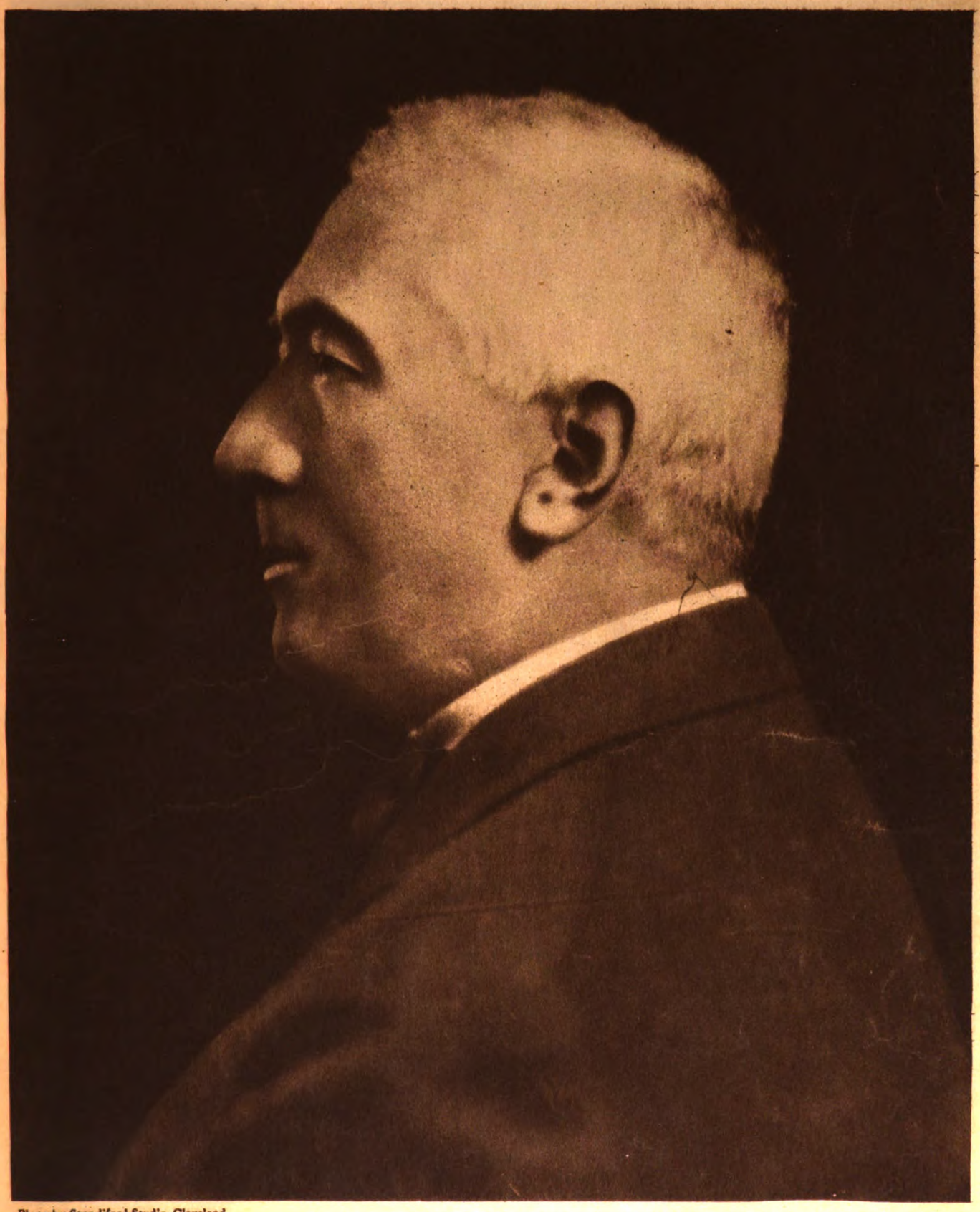


Photo by Standiford Studio, Cleveland

James H. Foster

MR. FOSTER is president of the Hydraulic Pressed Steel Company, of Cleveland. Thirteen years ago, with practically no capital, he set out to organize a steel fabricating plant. By enthusiasm, patience, and good salesmanship, he managed to induce several business men to back his dream to the extent of $105,000. The little plant began by making bicycle sprockets and automobile parts. Its first month's turnover was $10,000. Its annual business to-day is $25,000,000, and its organization includes the Cleveland Welding and Manufacturing Company, the Hydraulic Steelcraft Company, and the Canton Sheet Steel Company. Mr. Foster is a graduate of Williams College. He is forty years old, married, and has four children.

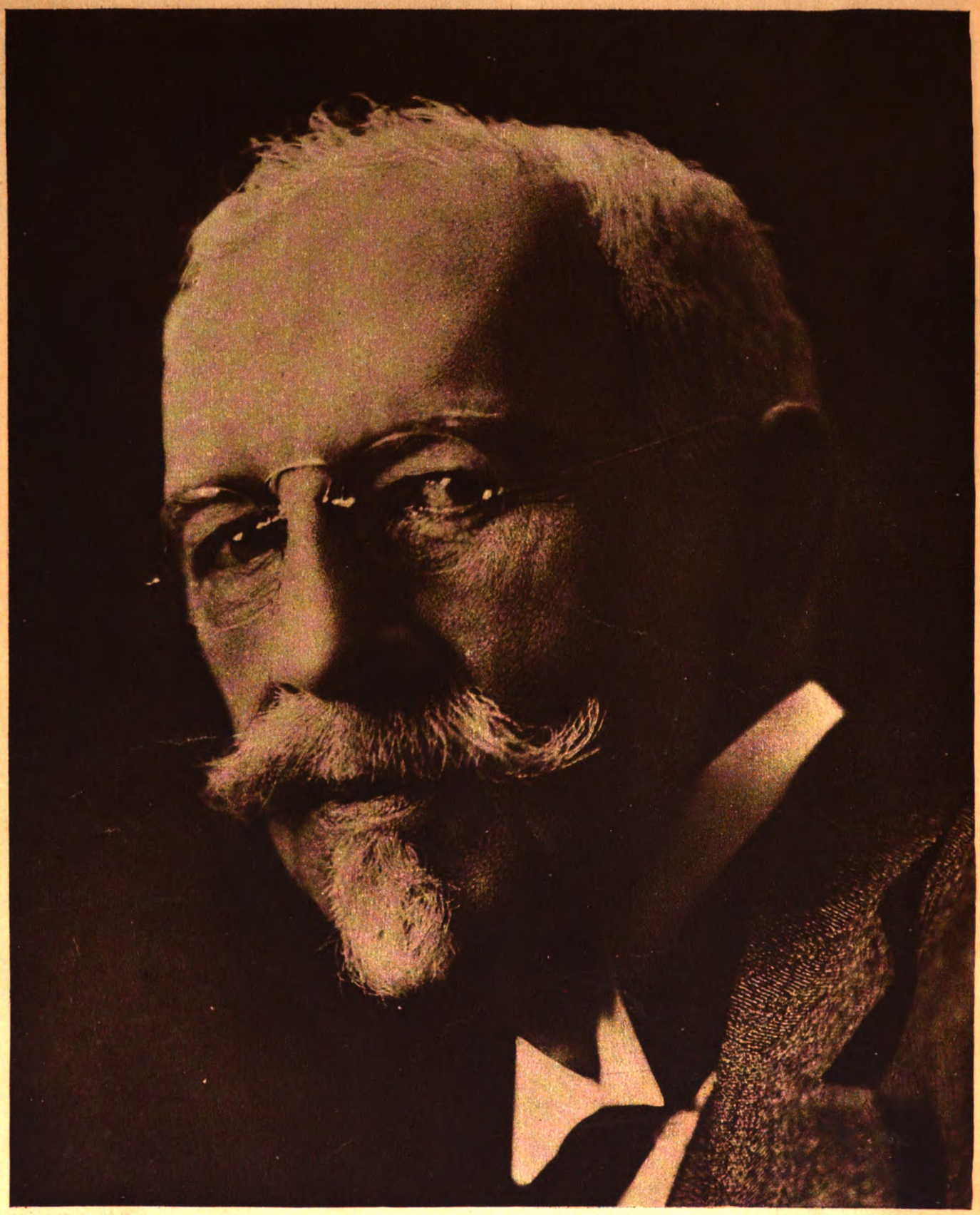


Photo by Bangs, N. Y.

Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey

WHO wrote a thousand "Nick Carter" detective stories, aggregating more than fifty million words. The first was written in 1890; and during a period of years he averaged one complete book of about 33,000 words each week. In addition to his "Nick Carter" stories he has written others under the signatures Ross Beekman, Dirk Van Doren, Varick Vanardy, and also under his true name, Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey.

Mr. Dey was born in 1865, in New York City. He now lives at Nyack, on the Hudson. His article, beginning on the opposite page, is a human document of extraordinary interest.

How I Wrote a Thousand "Nick Carter" Novels

By Frederic van Rensselaer Dey

Author of "Nick Carter, Detective"

THIS is not a "detective story." It is an autobiographical sketch of a Detective of Fiction in the making and in the development. In this writing I confess to egoism; but I ask acquittal of egotism. I refer to the second definition of each word in the Century Dictionary. The true tale cannot be told without the emphasized *I*. Modesty is shut out. Such is the Editor's *sine qua non*. "'Go to it,' sez 'e." I go.

Nick Carter came into "being" at a luncheon table in a down-town club. Figuratively, he sat down beside us. We were three, at the table: O. G. and G. C. Smith, of the firm of Street & Smith, publishers, and I—until Nick made a fourth.

He became "real" to me at that moment. From that moment I chummed with him, lived with him day and night (with few and short hiatuses) for nearly a quarter of a century.

Boiled down to one sentence the proposition made to me, was: "Can you write an acceptable thirty-three-thousand-word story a week around one character, and keep it up indefinitely?"

I replied that I could. And I did it. One can always do a thing if one *thinks* of it as an accomplished fact. It is not enough to believe that one *can* do it, and to *try* to do it under such restriction. One must think of it as already done.

"Prove it by writing ten of them in ten weeks," said S. & S.

I sent the firm a list of ten titles (for advance advertising) within a day or so. I wrote and delivered four of the stories within three weeks. It was then decided to reduce the length to twenty thousand words. So I cut those four to that length, and wrote and delivered the remaining six, all within seven weeks from the start. I did not use a typewriter, then. I wrote with a short-handled stub gold pen. I should say, here, that the Nick Carter stories were kept at twenty thousand words only a short time. They were presently lengthened to thirty thousand, and subsequently restored to the original length—thirty-three thousand.

I do not now recall the exact number of Nick Carter stories I have written—call it approximately a thousand—and don't run off with the notion that I wrote *all* of the published Nick Carters. One of my early stunts was to train other writers to do them, so that I could also supply Nick Carter serials (eighty thousand words and up) for the "New York Weekly," a story paper. It was the regular thing to begin publication of these serials before I had completed the writing. And it was a common incident (while a story was running in the "Weekly") to receive instruction like this from the firm: "Don't end 'Tracked Across the Atlantic' with the fifteenth instalment. Keep it going till further orders." (Instalments were six thousand words each. One serial instalment a week, in addition to a "Nick Carter Library," which was then the name of the regular Nick Carter publication.)

You can see why it became necessary to "train" additional writers for the regulars. I did all of the serials until Frederick W. Davis was discovered. Ultimately he relieved me of them. I take off my hat to him. He was (and is) as good as I at it. Sometimes (I thought) better, although he never worked as fast. And there were Tozer, and Hooke, and Derby, and Phillips, and others, who wrote few, or many.

Let me hark back to that luncheon: An important thing to consider was the selection of a name for our detective. Mr. O. G. Smith had already made that selection, tentatively — provided it appealed to me, who was to write the stories. One of their writers, John R. Coryell by name, had written two stories for the firm in which he had named one of his characters Nick Carter, a son and pupil of Seth Carter, an "old detective." The name pleased Mr. Smith, and I fell for it.

To that extent, Coryell created Nick Carter. But, I took him when he was a kid, educated him, developed him, brought him up, made a man of him, directed his destiny through many millions of printed and circulated copies of the stories about him, and carried him into a dozen languages in translation.

The first actual Nick Carter story published was entitled "Nick Carter, Detective; by A Celebrated Author." I wrote it. The firm chose the "Celebrated Author" moniker; not I. Possibly S. & S. had, then, a prophetic vision of Nick's future celebrity.

Anyhow, I *am* the author of Nick Carter. I have written millions of words about him. But I never wrote one that could not have been read aloud to a Bible class without shocking it. I never permitted him to lie, nor to condone a lie. I made it a point with him always to seek the good qualities in men and women, and to overlook the distorted ones when possible and consistent. He never (in my writing) made use of a profane or vulgar word, nor permitted it (*Continued on page 159*)

You Can Cash In On Your Knowledge of People

MR. DEY has probably talked to more kinds of people than anybody you ever knew. Here is his advice:

"That brings me directly to the gist of this whole subject. If you want a rule to go by for producing (whether it's writing thirty-three thousand words or more a week about Nick Carter, or selling wares, or putting up a proposition, or succeeding in anything you undertake to do) I can give it to you in two words. Here it is: *Know* PEOPLE. . . . *all* people! *every kind* of people! *all sorts and conditions* of people! Know them in the street, in the workshop, in the drawing-room, on the tail-end of surface cars, and straddling between platforms of subway or L cars. Play pool with them in firehouses; chat with them behind the hotel desk, across a counter, punching tickets, making the ferryboat fast in the slip. They are all human, intensely human, and that is what you need to know—*humanity*."

Abby came forward with a glad smile of welcome. Rare indeed were visits from her fashionable daughter-in-law

Transplanting Mother

A story for sons and daughters—and particularly for sons and daughters-in-law

By Martha King Davis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. F. WARD

MRS. CLARENCE WALLINGFORD RENSHAW put down her coffee cup with a plaintive little sigh of resignation. "Well, I should *think* Mother Renshaw would be glad and thankful that she has a place to come to."

"For the love of Mike, Mother, have a heart! *Who* wants Gram here to live?"

"It doesn't make any difference about wanting, Roland. Your father and I have decided it is the best thing to do."

"I think it would be just fine to have Grandma here to live!" Small Gwendolyn nodded her curly head with much satisfaction.

"Yes, sissy! Grandma's always pattin' you on the back. If you stick a pin in your finger she thinks you're half killed."

"She don't, either! Grandma's *awful* nice! I'd be 'shamed to treat her as you do, smartie Roland."

"If Mother comes here to live," announced Mr. Renshaw sonorously, "you children will treat her with proper respect. And I won't have all this wrangling at the table—understand? Beatrice, you might go and see Mother this morning and—tell her. The Carleys will buy the place, furniture and all, just as it stands."

Mrs. Renshaw folded her napkin and rose hurriedly. "I'll do that very thing. Run along, children, it's time for school."

Clarence Renshaw hesitated a moment, fussing with his watch fob. "Be kind of easy with Mother, Beatrice. Remember, she's mighty fond of the old place."

"Leave it to me, Clarence! I should hope Mother had *some* sense."

It was one of those clear, exhilarating mornings in late October. Abby Renshaw, her old gray sweater buttoned tightly about [illegible] was out in her garden gathering a last bouquet of fragrant hardy chrysanthemums. The old lady sighed a bit as she sniffed [illegible] curly blossoms. "Bobby's favorite [illegible]ers! I never pick 'em without I think of him. His hair was al-

most as bright a gold. Poor little Bobby —his father was too hard, too hard!"

Always had this sorrow cast its shadow over Abby Renshaw's heart. Her younger son, in direct contrast to his pragmatical brother Clarence, had played such daring pranks and been the victim of so many reckless escapades that his stern father had finally lost all patience with the boy, and driven him from home, with the final admonition that he never wanted to see or hear of him again. And they never had! When Father Renshaw died, Abby cherished a longing hope that then her boy would come home, but the years slipped away and there was no message.

THOUGHT of him brought lines of pain to her face. She looked old, frail, so that Beatrice, parking her car at the gate, thought, "Well, it's *time* we did something. I don't believe she'll live through the winter."

Abby came forward with a glad smile of welcome. Rare indeed were visits from her fashionable daughter-in-law. "Beatrice! You have come to dinner with me. I said to myself this morning when I dropped the dishcloth, 'There, somebody's coming!' So I went right to work and made a johnny-cake and an apple pie. Come in and take off your things."

Beatrice slipped off her heavy coat and sank down in the red-cushioned rocker. "No, not my hat, Mother. I really can't stay but a minute. I've the most exciting news. You're coming to live with us!"

Abby dropped the glove she was about to lay upon the table. Stooping to recover it, she lifted a face a bit flushed with exertion. "Why, Beatrice, I 'spose you mean visit. I *had* been thinking I might go and stay with you a day or two."

"No, Mother, not a day or two, but always. You simply can't stay on here alone another winter. Clarence worries about you all the time. And now we have the new house there's no reason at all why you shouldn't come."

"That's kind of you and Clarence, Beatrice, just as kind as it can be," exclaimed Abby appreciatively, "but, my child, I couldn't do it. I've got my chickens to look after, and I must keep a fire in the house or the water would freeze, and my flowers. Clarence needn't worry about me, I'm all right. When I don't feel just right I tell the milk boy, and Phœbe Shorter is always glad to come and stay with me."

Beatrice straightened: "Mother, you must know that Father Renshaw didn't leave hardly any money at all but this place. It's been five years since he died."

Finance was a blank page to Abby Renshaw. Clarence had taken entire charge at his father's death. He had told her there was money enough for her to stay on at the old place. He had paid the bills; she had never questioned or given it much thought.

"You mean that there's no more money —that I can't stay here because there's no *money?*"

Beatrice nodded. "But you will have some money, Mother, for Clarence has had the most wonderful opportunity to sell the place. It's so old he never dreamed anyone would ever buy it; but these people not only want the house, but the furniture and everything!"

Abby rose stiffly. "I—I think I left the drafts open on the kitchen stove. Wait a minute—I'll go and see."

Left alone, Beatrice looked about the room. It was a homey kind of room, with the low windows, the straight-backed chairs, the old-fashioned mahogany table, the rag rugs, the couch with its quilted blue coverlet. She remembered that Clarence had said that the Carleys were to use the place for a summer home, that Mrs. Carley was enthusiastic over the quaint old furniture. Beatrice shrugged her shoulders. *She* hated old furniture! She thought complacently of her new mission living-room.

When Abby returned, Beatrice glanced at her and breathed a little sigh of relief. There wasn't going to be a scene after all, as Clarence had intimated.

"Tell me more about it," the old lady said quietly. And when her daughter-in-law had explained that the Carleys would not take possession until the following spring, a bit of a smile came into her face, "Oh, so I can stay here till then!" Which necessitated Beatrice's explaining that Clarence didn't dare put the sale off a *day*, for fear the Carleys would back down, and they had offered *such* a price!

The corners of Abby's mouth tightened. "I think I remember her. She stopped last summer for a drink of water. I asked her in. She exclaimed over everything and I showed her all around. I wish now I hadn't."

Beatrice's eyes widened. "Wish you hadn't! It was the luckiest day of your life. They will make over the place *beautifully!* In a few years you will be proud to say you ever owned it."

She rose, and going over to the chair commenced pulling on her coat. It seemed a propitious moment to leave. "I wish I could stay longer, Mother, but I've simply loads of things to do to-day. You just think this thing over, and Clarence will be out the first of the week."

"It doesn't need any thinking over, Beatrice; it's all decided. I will be ready to go to your house any time you say."

Driving out of the yard, Mrs. Clarence Renshaw drew a long breath, "Thank goodness, that's over!"

Abby went slowly into her spotless kitchen. The old clock on the mantel chimed twelve. Mechanically she placed a solitary plate and cup and saucer on the white oilcloth table. She brought from the pantry a golden-brown johnny-cake, an apple pie with flaky crust. Then she sat down, and leaning forward buried her face in her arms.

The next day Phœbe Shorter confided to a passing neighbor, "I guess Abby Renshaw's clean gone crazy! I saw her feeding those chickens a perfectly good-lookin' johnny-cake and a *whole* apple pie! Now, *what* do you think of that?

ABBY RENSHAW had been in her son's home two weeks. To all appearances she had quite contentedly fitted into her niche, that niche being a comfortable room at the back of the house. From one window was a view of a well-kept driveway leading down to the garage. The other stared blankly at the closely curtained windows of the house next door. Abby wished that sometime those curtains might be drawn aside, if only for a moment. She watched eagerly at dusk, but as soon as the room was lighted a trim little maid would hastily pull down the dark shades. Not that Abby was curious, but often the lonely ache in her heart was a bit hard to bear.

That first week she had made some dreadful mistakes. After breakfast she had put on a clean gingham apron and gone out into the kitchen to help with the dishes and perhaps bake a loaf of gingerbread. But the girl who had waited on table was wiping dishes, and another woman whom she had never seen was deftly rolling out pie crust. Beatrice had appeared like a whirlwind. "Why, Mother Renshaw! whatever are you doing out here?"

Then, as they safely gained the living-room, "Bridget is *such* an old fuss! I hardly dare offer a suggestion. But she is a dream of a cook! For goodness' sake, Mother, don't *ever* go into the kitchen—you would upset the whole system."

The next day Abby had tentatively suggested helping with the mending.

"Well, I don't believe you *could*," sighed her daughter-in-law regretfully. "You see, I put everything in the sewing-room, and Miss Robinson comes in once a week. She is *so* efficient; I never have to even go near her!"

AT TABLE the old lady soon learned to maintain a discreet silence. The family usually talked of things she knew nothing whatever about, or the children wrangled and the entire dinner hour was devoted to discipline.

Roland ignored her with the blasé nonchalance of sixteen. But Gwendolyn often found her way to her grandmother's room.

"Tell me what you did when you were a little girl, Grandma."

Always the same demand, for the stories thus evoked were sure to be fascinatingly entertaining.

It was Gwendolyn who brought news of the expected guests. "Next week'll be Thanksgiving, and Uncle Fred and Aunt Clara and Rosamond and Hazel and Junior are coming," she announced gleefully.

Abby remembered that Aunt Clara was Beatrice's sister.

"That's fine," she said. "What a good time you will have!"

"Mother don't know what she is going to do with you. She wants to use this room. She wonders if you'd mind being put in the attic room. It's nice, but kind of cold."

Abby walked to the window and stood for a moment gazing down the gravel driveway. Then she turned with a smile: "Why, of course I wouldn't mind. Did your mother tell you to ask me?"

"She said I might *sound* you."

Abby's eyes twinkled. "Well, run away and tell her that I *sounded* all right."

So Abby was moved up another flight of stairs.

"It's a shame to ask you to do it, Mother," declared Beatrice cooingly. "Anyhow, it will only be for a few days."

But after Thanksgiving Aunt Clara stayed on, and Abby Renshaw also stayed on in the attic room. In spite of the oil stove it was rather cold, and grew colder, so that Abby developed a slight cough, and one morning after a restless, sleepless night felt too miserable and achy to go

Abby raised tear-wet eyes. "I don't

down those two flights of stairs to the dining-room.

Beatrice sent Gwendolyn up to find out the reason.

Then a doctor came, pronounced it a case of grip, wrote a couple of prescriptions, and said he would call again the next day.

"Now, Mother," exclaimed Beatrice, "aren't you thankful that you are *here?* Just suppose you had been out at the old place all alone."

Abby nodded gently and closed her eyes. Her thoughts went back to her sunny, cozy sitting-room with the big coal stove, to the warm, snug kitchen with the fragrant odor of baking bread. Her bedroom had been off the sitting-room and it had always been *warm!* She had never before had an attack of grip.

Beatrice, thinking that she slept, slipped out, and a moment later there came the whir of a motor on the gravel drive.

Abby did not open her eyes. Her thoughts were very busy. It was nearing the close of the year, almost Christmas. She had not spent a Christmas away from the old place in fifty years!

After a time she became conscious of heavy steps on the stairs, the sound of voices outside the door.

Clarence came in. "Well, Mother, how are you feeling? Fine enough to see a visitor?"

Her eyes brightened: "Phœbe?"

HE SHOOK his head. "No, someone you've not seen in a long, long time."

"Why, how strange," she murmured. "Someone I've not seen in a long, long time." Suddenly she started and raised her head from the pillow. "You don't mean—you *can't* mean—"

A man came across the room. "Mother!" he cried, and his voice vibrated with all the love and longing of thirty years.

"Bobby!"

The next thing Abby heard was Beatrice's voice, and it sounded miles away. "Of all the stupidity! Clarence, I should have thought *you* would have known better. If I had only been home!"

Then a strange voice, yet somehow faintly familiar, "I didn't realize she was so poorly. Clarence said she was just used up with a cold."

Clarence, defensively, "I came in and told her he was here."

Again the strange voice, "Oh, see! She's coming around all right."

"Get out of sight, Bob," cried Beatrice sharply "When she sees you she will go off again."

Abby's eyes [illegible] open. "No, I want him right here [illegible] she whispered. And when her hand [illegible] as caught and held tightly in both [illegible] his she gave a little sigh of perfect [illegible] and happiness.

At last they [illegible] left alone.

understand," she whispered brokenly

"Tell me about it," Abby said. "Why have you stayed away all these years?"

"I don't know why, Mother." His voice broke. "I don't see how you can ever forgive me. At first I was angry. Father never understood me at all and he wouldn't let you, and Clarence was such a prig and tattle-tale. Those first years—well, sometime I'll tell you all about them. One place, then another, finally West, and at last, luck. I got interested in business and so busy making money that I almost forgot. Then came Mary, and we were married, and she made up to me all I'd lost and longed for. Except, perhaps, you! I kept thinking of you, and one day I said to Mary, 'I'm going East. I don't care much about seeing Father or Clarence, but I must find out if everything's all right with Mother.' So I came, and I went out to the old place and of course found it all closed up. I saw Abe Parker. He nearly fell over when I told him I was little Bobby Renshaw. He told me about Father's death and how you had come in to the city to live with Clarence and Beatrice. Believe me! I wasn't long in getting here. I walked in on Clarence at his office and we came right up. I couldn't wait a minute!"

HE LOOKED around the room, at the lighted oil stove: "Say, why in the deuce are you up here in the top gallery? I always hated those smelly oil stoves. Haven't they a room on the next floor?"

"It's a nice room, Bobby," said Abby hastily, "and quiet. You see, Beatrice's sister is here with her three little children, and they like to play in the halls."

"Did you want to come here to live?" asked Bob with his old-time abruptness. "Abe said the place was *sold*. How did you happen to sell?"

The thin veined hand in his quivered slightly. "Clarence sold it, Bobby. I couldn't stay on there. You see, your father didn't leave any money."

"Didn't leave any money? Well, from the looks of things, Clarence is making plenty. Did *you* want to sell the old homestead?"

Abby Renshaw looked away from those clear, penetrating blue eyes.

"It—it seemed best, Bobby. But, my dear, you haven't told me a thing about —Mary?"

And from the look that came into her son's face, Abby instantly knew *much* about Mary!

"You see, Mother, I got typhoid, and Mary was the nurse who pulled me through; and she's been pulling me through ever since. I just wish she could get her hands on you. My! you'd be well in a jiffy."

Abby smiled happily. "I'm 'most well now, son; the sight of your dear face. . . ."

That evening Bob Renshaw had a little conversation with (*Continued on page 74*)

e the precaution that Croker himself takes when he is assigned to room in a hotel, above the second or third floor. Do you know the various ways to escape in a hurry from your office or dwelling?

Are You Ready In Case of Fire?

What to do—how to be prepared—why fires start—the queer things people do in emergencies—together with stories of thrilling experiences

By ex-Chief Edward F. Croker

MR. CROKER entered the New York Fire Department in 1884. From an ordinary fireman he became lieutenant, captain, battalion chief, deputy chief, finally rising in 1899, to the position of chief, which place he held for twelve years.

NEW YORK CITY is the greatest fire hazard in the world. Nowhere on this earth are there such possibilities of appalling loss packed into the same space. Billions of dollars' worth of property and millions of human beings are crowded into an area of only a few square miles.

New York has the highest buildings in the world and the greatest number of them. There are vast stores of material in its warehouses. Its shops are full of costly goods. In certain sections of the city there are more people to the square mile than in any other equal space on the globe. If a great conflagration should ever sweep the city it would be the most stupendous disaster in history.

Because this danger is realized, New York has the largest fire department in the world. The departments of the five next largest cities in this country, all combined, would not be as large as that of New York alone. New York knows its danger! And for that reason it is not at all likely that it will ever burn up.

Three hundred engine companies, comprising about four thousand firemen, are on duty day and night. A hundred and fifty hook and ladder companies are always waiting for an alarm. There are fire boats in the rivers from which they can pour inexhaustible streams on the great docks. There are soaring water-towers and a high-pressure system which will send a stream with the force of a gigantic battering-ram. Every conceivable kind of fire-fighting apparatus and thousands of courageous and trained fire-fighters are always ready for instant action.

And by readiness I mean more than just willingness, more than just being on the alert; I mean the readiness which comes of forethought and careful planning. If you have ever seen apparatus, not only here but in any large city, respond to an alarm, you have probably wondered at the lack of confusion. One engine arrives, then another and another, each taking its place, as if by prearrangement, at certain hydrants. Except for the noise of the gongs, made to clear the streets, you are surprised at the quietness of the operation. It is as if the fighting of this particular fire had been worked out beforehand.

And so it has, in a way; that particular fire has been rehearsed, as it were. The alarm went in from a certain box. It had already been arranged that engine company number fifty should get there first and take such and such hydrant, engine company number eighty was due second, and its hydrant had been assigned; and so on with all the apparatus which responds to that alarm. If number fifty had not got there first, it would have been called on to explain to headquarters; if number eighty had not got there second, it would, also, have had to explain—and so on with all the apparatus that was called.

Not only that, but the officers of the companies who arrive know what every floor of the building on fire—provided it is an important building—contains. Is smoke pouring out of the sixth-story window? The officers know what to expect—a smoldering blaze, perhaps, hard to get at and subdue, because that floor is occupied by a printing concern and is heavily stocked with paper. Do the police suddenly push you, a spectator, and other spectators farther back than there seems reason for? Well, there may be a reason, and a good one; the floor above the one now smoking may contain a chemical laboratory, and an explosion may be entirely possible.

In other words, the chances are that the fire department knows far more about the building in which your offices are located than you know. A glance at t[illegible] will show, for instance, a complete [illegible] on the Fourth Avenue Building, wh[illegible] editorial offices of THE AMERICAN M[illegible]NE are located. The

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Sensational rescues of women at a big fire. Ex-Chief Croker says in his article that women are often cooler than men when in great danger. One of these firemen is on a scaling ladder, which is hooked over a window sill and then hangs free

PHOTO BY BROWN BROS.

The strangest fire New York has known. On March 17th, 1899, the aristocratic Windsor Hotel, on Fifth Avenue, burned; and although it was broad daylight, 150 persons were killed. Many were carried down ladders, as shown here; but dozens jumped from the windows or were burned to death

time it was built and the details of its construction, together with the exact location of all elevators, stairways and fire escapes, are put down; also the occupancy of the entire building—what is in the basement, on the first floor, and on every other floor, to the roof.

These facts the officers—lieutenant and captain—of the fire company nearest know intimately. So does the battalion chief, who will arrive later if the fire is serious. There is no guesswork or hunting through card catalogues. The officers have studied the building, have spent most of their spare time going through it and the other large structures within their jurisdiction. All of this I bring out to show that fire fighting is not primarily adventure and romance, but is, above all, a business requiring great files of figures and statistics, thorough organization and division of responsibility, and intimate and detailed knowledge of facts.

All fires, except those that result from explosion, are of the same size in the beginning—tiny flames that might be "blown out" by a child. A bucketful of water from the kitchen sink will quench even an ambitious flame. Yet the sight of fire where it ought not to be is so terrifying that many people run from it as if they had seen a rattlesnake, throw open the windows, thereby creating a draft—which is the most favorable condition for its spread—and give it a chance to grow into proportions of ever-mounting danger. A rug thrown over the paper basket in which a half-burned match has started a flame, a bucket of water from the kitchen sink dashed on a blazing curtain—in other words, just a little cool-headed action, would stop a good proportion of our fires.

FOR though we think of fire loss in terms of factories, hotels, and other large buildings, the majority of fires occur in private homes. Here are the principal causes of fire, the figures covering a period of ten years in greater New York. The proportions would be about the same anywhere:

Careless use of matches	1,629
Careless use of cigars, cigarettes, pipes	1,272
Bonfires, brush fires, rubbish fires	849
Stoves, boilers, ranges—hot ashes falling from them, overhead pipes setting fire to rafters, etc.	844
Defective flues	784
Children playing with matches or fire	657

The familiar things about the house, then—matches, cigarettes, pipes, stoves, furnaces, and children—cause most of our blazes. There are some other causes too, with respectable figures: Vapors of benzine, gasolene and naphtha, 332; fats igniting on the stove, 217; kerosene or alcohol lamps falling and exploding, 206; spontaneous combustion, 157. The case against rats is not as strong as some people suppose, the figure in this case being 37.

That good housekeeping will avert most fires in the home is plain from the figures above. Give the smokers of the household a place to throw lighted matches, cigarette stumps and pipe ashes, and see to it that they throw them there. Provide yourself, out in the kitchen, with a metal receptacle for matches. Keep matches away from children, or use only safety matches.

And good housekeeping of course extends to yard and basement. Don't let the boys build bonfires in the alley; don't allow greasy rags or waste to be thrown in the basement, under the stairways, or in the closets. Water is an enemy to fire, but dampness is not, and oily rags in damp places will sometimes burst into flame. Have metal tins with tops for clinkers and hot ashes; do not put either in a wooden box.

PHOTO BY WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

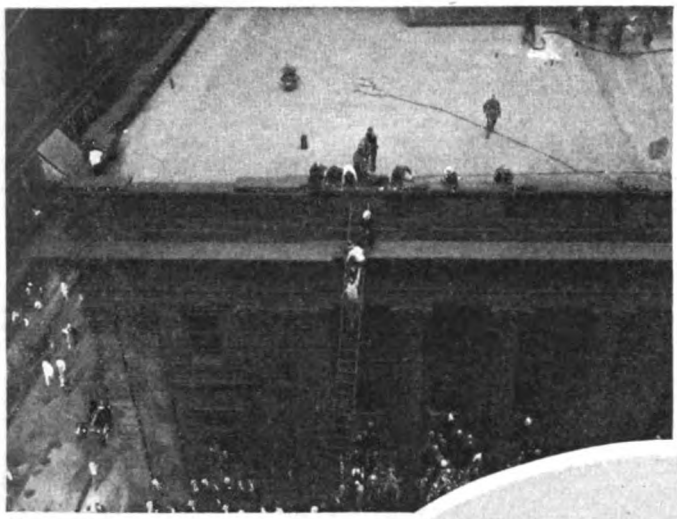
Fighting a fire with six streams from opposite buildings and a lofty "water tower" in the street. These water towers carry the hose nozzle to the height of the sixth story. From such a point it is possible to throw a stream over the top of a lofty building

There are some other things, too, while on this subject, to which I might call attention. If you use candles, do not place them near a window where a curtain is likely to blow in; the same with any open flame, like gas jets. See to it that the rafters down in the basement above hot-air pipes are well covered with asbestos. If you use kerosene lamps, use the safety kind—the kind that will not explode when upset. And by all means never clean your coat suit with gasolene or benzine in a close room where there is any blaze, and never strike a match while the fumes of these two cleaners are still strong.

In spite of good housekeeping, fires will occur now and then. A good fire extinguisher or two should be in every home, and the members of the household should know how to use them. Such extinguishers are not expensive, are easy to operate, and are very effective if directed by a comparatively cool head. Sometimes fire may spread from another blaze to your house by means of flying

PHOTO BY BROWN BROS.

Four firemen rescuing an unconscious woman from a room filled with smoke and flames



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Firemen and civilians carrying injured persons from the roof of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank in Chicago after a dirigible balloon in flames had fallen through the skylight and exploded inside the bank. Twelve persons were burned to death and twenty-eight injured. The interior was still a mass of flames when this picture was taken

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A New York fire which burned acres of oil tanks and raged for several days. The courageous lineman, on the pole in the center foreground, is repairing telephone wires within a few feet of a huge oil tank, which may explode at any minute. Beyond the water streams is the crumpled shape of a tank which already has exploded

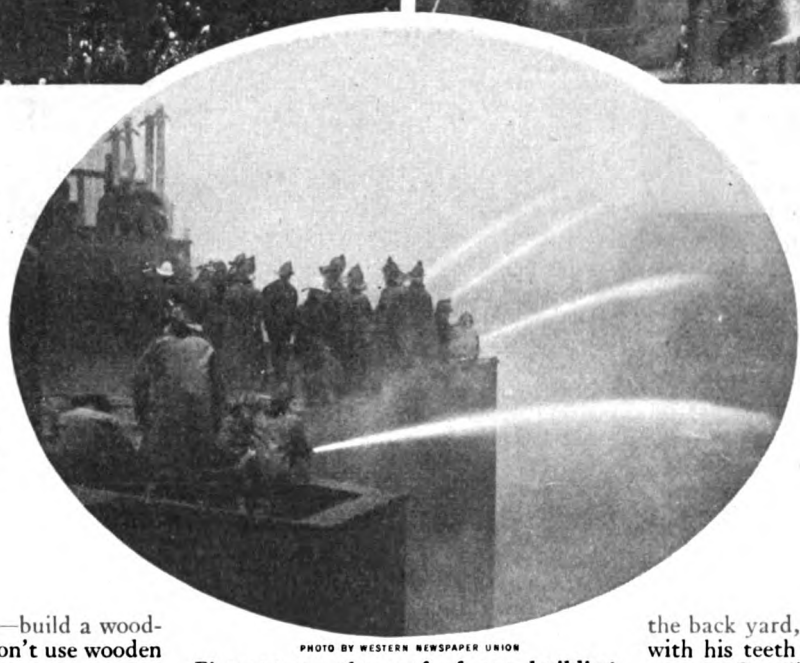

PHOTO BY WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION

Firemen on the roof of one building fighting a conflagration across the street

sparks. The moral is this—build a wooden house if you must, but don't use wooden shingles.

So far as factories and warehouses are concerned, a good sprinkler system installed will tremendously cut down the fire hazard, together with the insurance rate, the reduction in which will, in a few years, pay for the system. As for fireproof buildings, they are, if properly constructed, what they claim to be, fireproof—until you put furniture and stocks of inflammable goods in them. Where these stocks are extensive of course a fire might eat its way from floor to floor, finding plenty to feed on.

It is sometimes thought the fireman's life alternates between ease, even laziness, and sudden bursts of drama and excitement when the alarm sounds. In any well-organized department, such is not the case; if it were, the men would deteriorate morally and physically.

The men in the firehouses are under armylike discipline and regulations. They are up at six, are dressed, have their quarters cleaned, and are ready for inspection by eight; go out to breakfast, one at a time, of course—as many as can do so live near the engine house—and are back by ten. The cleaning and constant overhauling of the apparatus, which must be kept in the very finest order, the physical exercises which keep the men fit, the classes which most of them attend, looking forward to promotion—these things take up the fireman's day.

After all, as I have said, fire fighting is a business like any other; a mixture of action with thought, study, and routine. Of course there is relaxation, too. The men know the boys in the neighborhood, and talk to them. Also friends drop in from time to time. It is a strange fact that whenever the city proposes to place an engine house in a certain neighborhood, there is a storm of protest and usually a long petition; but when, after the engine house has been located a few years, there comes from the city a proposition to move it, there are just as many protests, and just as lengthy petitions the other way.

FIREMEN have their pets. In the old days when horses were almost universally employed to pull the engines and other apparatus, these horses were great pets, not only with the men but also with the children of the neighborhood. Chosen for intelligence as well as for strength, they learned many tricks. More than one fifteen-hundred-pounder would "shake hands" with the children—lift his front paw and let them hold it. One horse, Billy, used to furnish to the neighborhood every morning the spectacle of himself taking his own exercise up and down the block with a Dalmatian dog sitting on his rump. The two never went beyond the block, and both were listening constantly for the gong back in the engine house.

Then there was Big Jim, who learned how to let himself out of his stall and into the back yard, where he turned the faucet with his teeth in order to get a drink of water. So reliable and steady was he, so certain to respond quickly to the alarm, that the men let him alone, until, being apparently a generous fellow, he let down the bars to the other horses' stalls, and led them into the back yard to join him in his drink.

Now, to the sorrow of the children who remember them, the horses are nearly all gone and automobile engines and trucks have taken their places. Of course the men welcome the change in a way: their quarters are cleaner; the new system means greater efficiency. But more than one of these old fire horses when put up on the auction block brought a ridiculously high price, and it was found that some retired fireman, or perhaps several firemen clubbing together, or some kindly disposed citizen, had either in person or by agent bid for him—so that old Dick or Jim should never be called upon to pull a garbage cart, but could be sent to the country to spend his declining years in dignity.

Now and then a fire engine, answering an alarm, passes a milk wagon while the milkman is in the house delivering bottles; and suddenly the horse hitched to the wagon goes clattering down the street after the engine, spilling milk tins as he goes. Then you may be sure that he was once a fire horse.

There are other pets, too, including monkeys. One engine house had a pair of them, until it was found that *they* were the "second-story men" (*Continued on page 70*)

Your Heart

How to find out whether there is anything wrong with it—how to take care of it

By Stanley M. Rinehart, M. D.

WHAT would you say of a pump that kept on going, averaging at least seventy times per minute, every minute in the day, every day in the year for, say, sixty or seventy years without stopping for rest and repairs? A pretty good piece of machinery? No, if you were speaking of any other machine than the heart you would say it could not be done! And yet we take the heart's marvelous work for granted, never even thinking of it unless something goes wrong.

If illness anywhere in the body causes a disturbance of the heart's action, we are apt to think we have heart disease, although the heart may be acting only in sympathy, and have nothing wrong with it at all.

After a day of hard work, possibly after dinner, when you are comfortably reading the evening paper, you are suddenly stricken with a pain in the left side that causes you to gasp with agony. This pain may be boring or cutting in character. Perhaps you feel a sense of constriction in the chest. You place your hand over the heart and find it beating wildly, which increases your alarm. You manage to gasp to someone to send for the doctor, and you are not at all sure that you will live until he comes.

Finally, after what seems hours of agonized waiting, he enters with that jovial professional air of his, asks other members of the family a few irrelevant questions and possibly makes some comment on the ball game, not realizing your imminent danger. In jerky sentences you tell him, after he finally gets down to it, that you have a pain in your heart, that you cannot get your breath, and that you are afraid each succeeding breath will be the last.

Calmly (why do doctors take things so calmly?) he feels your pulse, bares your chest, listens a moment to your heart, and then begins boring with his forefinger at your back to the left of your spine. You manage to tell him that there is nothing wrong with your back; it is your heart.

Suddenly he touches a sore place and you jump. You did not know it was there. Then his forefinger follows between your ribs until it comes to the front of your chest, and you jump again.

He listens now more carefully to your heart and finally, when he is through, you ask him, "Is it serious, Doctor?" He smiles in that tolerant way that doctors have and tells you that you have intercostal neuralgia, and that your heart was beating wildly because you were alarmed.

Now, pain in the spinal nerves, following the course of the ribs around the chest, may come from a diseased heart, but more frequently the cause is elsewhere. And the pain is never in the heart at all, but in the chest wall. It is only because it happens to be in the region of the heart that it is ascribed to that organ.

Have you ever been wakened from sleep by "palpitation" or paroxysmal rapid beating of the heart? Have you ever felt an emphatic thump in your chest after a momentary pause in the heart beat? In such cases the heart is the cause of the sensation, but the sensation does not necessarily indicate a disease of the heart.

Have you "poor circulation"? That is, do you suffer from coldness or perhaps from numbness of the extremities? Don't blame the heart. The origin is probably in the stomach or the abdomen.

Do you have dizzy spells? Here, too, the heart is nearly always innocent. You would better watch your eating and have a general house-cleaning, or reduce your tobacco allowance. Possibly you may need glasses, or your ears may be affected.

Sometimes when you are lying with your head on a hard pillow you are able to hear the beat of your pulse, and with each beat there is a swish or roughened sound. Do not get alarmed. Probably you are constricting a small artery by the pressure of your head upon your ear, and you only hear the sound of the obstructed blood stream.

Perhaps you are getting short of breath, and notice quite suddenly that you are not able to do as much as you used to do without discomfort. If you are getting fat, remember that it requires more effort to take a heavier body around than a lighter one. Perhaps you have been indulging yourself, eating rich food, taking little exercise, and your muscles are getting flabby. Don't accuse the heart; it has enough to be responsible for.

WHAT, then, are symptoms and sensations which indicate a weak or diseased heart? The sensations are very few, as a rule. Pain is quite infrequent, except in the condition called angina pectoris. There is no use trying to describe the pain of angina pectoris, because even the one who has suffered is unable to convey in words the full extent of his agony. The heart itself has no nerves of sensation, and even the pain of angina pectoris, which is a heart condition, is due to the irritation of other nerves that do not touch the heart at all.

Shortness of breath, however, if it is persistent, and especially if it is increased upon the slightest exertion, points directly to the heart. A continuously rapid pulse is another sign, although not quite so definite. That obscure nervous condition which science still knows very little about, and which is called, for want of a better name, Hysteria, may be accompanied by an extremely rapid pulse. Diseases of certain ductless glands, as the thyroid (goiter) also produce a continuously rapid heart action. But if you cannot walk upstairs without a pounding in your chest and a feeling of suffocation, your heart needs looking after.

Swelling of the ankles is another indication, which, however, may come from dilated veins in the legs, causing stagnation of the blood returning from the extremities.

Some night when you are undressing for bed, you may notice that your legs above the tops of your shoes are swollen and shiny. You press the surface with your finger and find that the pressure makes an indentation, or pit. This kind of swelling is called œdema, and is produced by blood stagnation, which may be caused by a weakened heart muscle failing to drive the blood stream outward from the heart with sufficient force to insure its proper return. Or, as indicated above, the flow may be slowed by an obstruction in the veins, or by their dilatation, which technically is called *varicosis*.

It is almost impossible to describe the heart and the circulation of the blood without using the simile of a force pump. The heart *is* a force pump. In fact, it is two force pumps working independently and yet in unison.

Each side of the heart has two chambers; a receiving chamber, called the auricle, and an expelling chamber, the ventricle. There is an opening between them, which is closed by valves when the heart contracts, in order that the blood may not flow back into the receiving chamber, but be driven out into the circulation. The openings through which the blood flows out of the heart are also protected by valves, which prevent the blood that has just been expelled from flowing back into the expelling chamber. These openings and valves have a great deal to do with some forms of heart disease.

THE circulation of the blood through the vessels may be likened to an irrigation system; but in this case the fluid conveys not only water, but food, oxygen, and certain other elements.

Let us see what the blood contains, where it goes, what it does for us, and in what condition it returns to the heart. First, the blood from the lungs fills the left heart, which contracts, driving it onward. The stream contains, first, nourishment from the food we have eaten; second, certain little bodies, called red corpuscles, which carry oxygen from the lungs; third, it bears troops, our defensive army which lives in the stream (*Continued on page 215*)

"So—I'm jilted?" In spite of the steady voice there was a haze before the girl's eyes, and the young man winced

Jilted—
Because of Her Clothes!

A story

By Christine Whiting Parmenter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN PRICE

"SO—I'm jilted?"

In spite of the steady voice there was a haze before the girl's eyes, and the young man winced. It was a strange setting for such a scene: a brightly lighted tea-room, filled with the after-matinée crowd; but their table was in a secluded corner, and the man reached out to lay his hand over the girl's, which rested on the snowy cloth.

"Don't!" he pleaded.

"But—it's the truth."

There were no tears in her voice. The man almost wished there were. "We can't talk here," he said huskily. "Let's take a taxi and ride around."

He paid the waiter and they made their way out of the throng, stopping occasionally to speak to some acquaintance. The girl's head was high, but once in the cab she drooped a little and looked at her companion wistfully. Then at his silence her eyes hardened, and she said defiantly:

"You might at least tell me the lady's name, Dan."

Surprise sprang into the man's eyes. "The lady? You aren't inferring— Oh, Miriam! you know me better than that!"

"I don't think . . . I know you at all. I thought you loved me."

"I do."

He looked away from her, out of the cab window at the dreary mist fast turning into rain, but what he saw was the rolling prairie he had left behind him two weeks before, and the clear sunshine of Colorado. The sound of traffic fell on ears that heard only the ripple of canyon brooks, and the wind in the pines. He spoke breathlessly.

"Perhaps—I can't make you understand. I thought I could give it up—for you, the life I've been living. Now I know I'd be stifled. There've been days this last week when I couldn't breathe. The dampness gets on my nerves; the crowds—choke me. To-day, when I saw those Western pictures on the screen I knew I could never do it. I should be always champing at the bit, and you'd know it and be unhappy. I'm not one who can drudge all day in an office. I've lived too long in the open. I—can't come back."

"Have I asked it?"

He turned to her quickly. "No. You've been a brick; but it would be as hard for you to leave as it would for me to stay. There'd be days when you wouldn't see a soul—but me. You'd have to cook and sweep, and do things you never dreamed of doing. It's not easy to get help on a sheep ranch, and impossible to get the sort you're used to."

"So you've chosen between me and the sheep?"

"Oh, my dear!" His voice broke suddenly. "I shall be lonely all my life; but I'd rather be lonely than discontented, I'd rather remember the days we've had together, than remember what I'd have to, if you became unbalanced with the loneliness, as Tom Healey's wife did. He married a girl like you, who'd never known anything but Easy Street. She's in an asylum now. Or—or if we got to quarreling, and said bitter things to each other—"

He paused; then, as she did not speak he added, "You see, dear, you've never had to do anything—useful. I'm not blaming you. There's been no reason why you should." He reached out, lifting a fold of her shimmering skirt. "You've always worn things like this. Oh, I like you in them, my dear! But it's too incongruous to think of transplanting you to my little shack. I guess in the two years I've been away I'd forgotten—just what you are. You wouldn't be happy, Miriam, and I couldn't bear it. Somehow, I can't imagine you apart from happiness."

"I see," said the girl.

She had been slowly stripping off her gloves. Now she slipped the diamond from her finger and held it out. When he drew away, she smiled, a sad little smile that cut him to the heart.

"I understand," she said gently, all the bitterness gone from her voice. "You can't bear to clip the wings of your butterfly, can you? I think you're making a mistake, Dan, but since you've decided without talking with me first, I sha'n't plead with you. But will you do me a favor before we part?"

"Anything in the world!"

"I want you to spend a Sunday with me at old Aunt Susan's. She used to live in Colorado, and she's crazy to see you. I promised to bring you out. I'll go tomorrow, and tell her you're coming on Saturday. She needn't know that—that things are over, until you leave. She's getting old, and I don't want to disappoint her. We can pretend a little, can't we, to make her happy? It's the last thing I'll ask, Dan."

THIS was on Thursday. It was an unhappy young man who alighted from the train on Saturday afternoon. Two sleepless nights and a day of longing for his "girl," had left his mind (which two days before he had thought irrevocably made up), in a state of chaos. He looked about dazedly as the train moved off, leaving him before the little country station. Miriam had said she would meet him, but there was only a girl in an old carryall across the way. Then the girl waved, and he recognized her. Somehow he hadn't expected Miriam to be in that shabby carryall. He crossed the street, stowed his suit case away under the back seat, and had taken the place beside her before he really met her eyes. He had meant to tell her with his first breath that for her sake he would stick to the city and the East, but something in her eyes disarmed him. He felt a sense of embarrassment as she took up the lines and the old horse started on her way.

"A slow mode of locomotion," said Miriam, smiling, "but our best. Aunt Susan has had old Kitty ever since I can remember. She was the first horse I learned to drive. Do you see that old grist mill down in the hollow? That's where we used to go for flour."

"I didn't know you'd ever stayed in the country," said Dan surprisedly.

"No? Well, we didn't talk much about our childhood in those brief days before you went away. I suppose not many people become engaged after a three-weeks friendship, and part ten days later for two years. Perhaps letters are deceptive things. Let's not think about it, Dan. Aunt Susan is wild to see you. This little visit will make her happy, and after you've gone I'll tell her it was a mistake for both of us. Shall you go West soon?"

HERE was Dan's chance—but he couldn't speak. Miriam's calm manner chilled him. This wasn't the wistful girl he had parted from two days before. Something had changed her. He wondered, even as he answered quietly that he had made no plans, if the change was due to clothes alone. He had never seen her dressed like this. There was nothing filmy or transparent about her gown, though the sleeves came only to the elbow, and were edged by sheer white ruffles that set off the curve of her arms deliciously. A neat little collar to match turned away from her white throat. He thought, with a sudden quickening of breath, that dressed in this way she would not look incongruous in his little shack. He stared at her so intently that she flushed, then said gently:

"We're nearly there, Dan. Aunt Susan's on the porch. Listen—she's old, you know, and rather sentimental. She was very happy with her husband, and she wants me to be happy the same way. If—if you *could*, Dan, just act while you're here as—as if you cared. Hold my hand sometimes, when she's looking, and—"

The flush on Miriam's cheek deepened so decidedly that Dan felt suddenly at ease. He was also filled with a desire to

.e girl in his arms and kiss her. In-, the road being apparently deserted, .night have done so had not old Kitty .ddenly scented home, or oats, and started .t a brisk trot so abruptly that they nearly lost their balance. As it was, he had no time to answer before he found himself looking down into the sweet eyes of old Aunt Susan. She put her hands on his shoulders and held him off a minute, then lifted her face for a kiss.

"You're just what Milly said you were!" she exclaimed joyfully, "'straight and tall, clean and adorable.' No wonder she loves you! And to think that you'll start as I did, on a ranch, and in Colorado! I can't wait for you to tell me things. Are the mountains as high, and the trees as big, and the plains as beautiful as they were so long ago? Oh, how I've longed for them! Milly, you show this boy where he's to sleep. Then he can entertain me while you're busy."

Vaguely, somewhere at the back of his brain, Dan wondered what Miriam could be busy about in the country. She had vanished when he came down-stairs, and Aunt Susan was eagerly awaiting him on the porch. It was an hour later that he looked up to see the girl regarding them from the doorway. There was a tender smile on her lips that brought a lump into his throat.

"I regret to interrupt this tête-à-tête," she said gently, "but the chicken will be cold unless—"

"Mercy, child!" cried Aunt Susan, rising briskly, "is it supper time? I'm so entranced by all the things this boy's been saying, that I forgot the flight of time. I wonder if you've ever tasted Milly's waffles?" she said to Dan. "You have a treat before you. And her Maryland fried chicken—"

DAN heard no more. He followed them blindly into the low dining-room, where he found himself opposite Miriam, who was seated behind an old-fashioned silver coffee pot. It seemed deliciously "married" to look across the table at his "girl." But the most wonderful discovery was that she had made the waffles! He was so dazed by the fact that Miriam had to ask him to serve the chicken.

"Milly always turns my housekeeper out," Aunt Susan was explaining. "I never saw a child so crazy about cooking. She was just so when she was ten—always begging to make the biscuit, and they were good biscuit, too. So when she comes Carrie goes on a vacation, and I confess I enjoy the change. I don't know anyone who can broil a steak as Milly can."

If Dan had dared to look at Miriam just then, he would have seen a triumphant sparkle in her eyes, but he didn't look. He had become strangely dumb, which made no difference, because Aunt Susan was indulging in a monologue.

"I'm so glad that you two are going to start in a small way," she was saying happily. "It's the only way for young folks to begin, and Milly will just revel in her own kitchen. Did she tell you what I'm going to give her for a wedding gift? I'm going to stock the kitchen! She said she'd rather have it than a silver service. She can have anything she wants, and new cooking dishes are so fascinating. Milly was always crazy over them. Have you seen her dish towels, with her monogram in the corner? And her kitchen aprons? Dear me! I wish *I* were starting life all over again. I wonder what Milly will say when she gets her first view of the plains."

"You're just what Milly said you were!" she exclaimed joyfully, "'straight and tall, clean and adorable.' No wonder she loves you!"

"I—I hope they won't seem lonely to her," ventured Dan.

"Lonely! With you along? I guess, dear boy, you don't know much about women. She'll miss some things, the things she's been accustomed to, but she'll have so much she never had before! You don't realize how a woman loves her own home, and her own possessions. She won't miss anything very badly if every little while you tell her that you love her. That's what you've got to remember—that women don't take love for granted. They have to be reminded that it's there. A good woman can be happy amid all sorts of hardships if she knows her husband loves her. I wish you'd promise me to remember that."

"I'll—try to," Dan answered.

His cheeks were flushed. He would have looked at Miriam, but a sudden shyness crept over him, and she came to the rescue by rising to clear the table.

"Can't I help?" asked Dan, meeting her eyes at last.

"No; you're company. Besides, you might break the dishes! You haven't eaten much chicken, Dan. If you don't do better with the waffles I shall feel hurt."

"I was saving room for 'em," laughed Dan.

He felt sudden[illegible]ered because Miriam's hand had [illegible] on his shoulder a moment when sh[illegible] his plate. And he

did do justice to the waffles! Miriam had to warn him that there was a limit to the capacity of the human stomach! Afterward he begged to wipe the dishes, but the girl was firm. This was Aunt Susan's visit. The dishes would take only a jiffy, and then she'd join them.

THIS was a wise move of Miriam's, wiser than she knew, because her aunt opened Dan's eyes to many things as they talked together in the twilight. Besides, he was wild to help Miriam with the dishes, and felt quite miserable because she'd refused the chance to be alone with him. He thought it took her a long time in the kitchen, and was on his feet at the sound of her step in the hall; but she refused the chair he offered and sank down on a cushion beside her aunt, who reached out a wrinkled hand to caress her hair.

"I wish you'd tell me how you found her out," she said to Dan. "How did you know that beneath the lace and chiffon there was a real woman?"

The words hurt. Dan looked at Miriam's averted face, and thought that she was suffering as he was. He wanted to answer in a way to comfort her, to show that he understood at last, but before he could frame the words the girl spoke herself, so lightly that he winced.

"Let's not talk about me," she said gayly. "Tell us about Colorado, Dan. Are the plains really as lovely as Auntie says?"

"They're beautiful to me."

Dan found it difficult to speak. He felt angry at Miriam for eluding him the way she had. He wanted to make up, and she snatched all his opportunities away. She had asked him to act as if he cared, and when he had the chance she wouldn't let him. Well—if she wanted him to talk about Colorado, he would! Aunt Susan would enjoy it anyway. He'd tell about the time he got caught in the flooded canyon. He hadn't written Miriam about it for fear of scaring her, but he needn't have worried. She acted cool enough! It took more than a broken engagement to make her suffer.

LATER, Dan forgot his anger. He talked of the places he loved, and to a sympathetic audience. The moon was high when Miriam announced that it was past bedtime. Aunt Susan rose reluctantly.

"You don't know what this evening's meant to me," she said. "It brings back everything—all the dear time I was so happy. And I think you're going to be happy just as I was. Well—I must go up. Maybe you two young folks will enjoy the moon a little longer."

Dan's heart leapt, then sank as suddenly, for Miriam was saying, "No, Auntie, I'm tired and must go to bed; and Dan must be sleepy, too."

She smiled, partly because her listeners looked so chagrined. Then she kissed Aunt Susan.

"Sweet dreams, Auntie," she said gayly, "I'll put the cat out, and be right up."

"Well—if you're tired, dearie, it's more sensible to go to bed—but this moon—" Aunt Susan glanced at the heavens, then turned to Dan as if to comfort him. "Will you kiss me good night, nephew?" she asked gently.

"You bet I will!"

Dan's words were cheerful, but the catch in his voice belied them. He kissed her, not once, but twice. He was filled with a sudden bold resolve to kiss Miriam too, just to pay her back, but when he turned she had vanished—to find the cat!

Sunday passed in much the same manner. Miriam served them delicious meals, refused help with the dishes, and managed to change her gown during Aunt Susan's rest hour. As the time passed, the dear old lady looked troubled, and when after supper the girl pleaded a headache and went to bed, gloom settled upon the occupants of the little porch. (*Continued on page 79*)

38—Half Way Through Life!

The thoughts and sensations of a man who just begins to realize that he is entering middle age

By Clarence Budington Kelland

I WAS sitting alone at home the other night, very lonely because my wife and boys had gone away and I could not follow them for a few days. It is when one is lonely that he does the hardest thinking, and it is then that the most unpleasant thoughts arrive. . . . Suddenly it was as if a voice of disturbing quality said in my ear, "Friend, you are half way through. You are thirty-eight years old. You have left something wonderful behind you which you haven't missed, and I am come to remind you of it. It is Youth. You have used up nearly forty of your years, and at best you have only thirty left."

The idea had never presented itself to me before, but now I was conscious of a sinking, unpleasant sensation of dismay, almost of fright. I cast backward twenty years, and it seemed only the briefest interval. It was only yesterday that I was eighteen. To-morrow I should be twenty. Sixty! . . . By the noon afterward I should be seventy, and the violins would cease to play forever. It was difficult to sense the thing, coming of a sudden as it did, and I complained to myself, "But I have such a lot to do, so many plans to carry out and ambitions to realize. Only twenty years more won't do. . . . I will come to the end with nothing realized and no goal reached. In short, I shall vanish in failure."

So I became age-conscious for the first time, and have taken to observing the attitudes of other people toward me, particularly the attitudes of those wonderful persons who have not lost their youth—whose contemporary and equal I had actually been believing myself to be. I found out, and the discovery was not pleasant, that I did not belong. I was of another generation, congenial to their parents. Boys and girls of eighteen to twenty-five actually treated me with respect—a certain amount of it. They didn't want to play with me as they wanted to play with each other, and couldn't conceive how I should want to play with them. I discovered that the men whom *I* had been treating with the respect due to superior years were considering me as their equal—as one of themselves. Men of such advanced age as forty-five were so tactless as to include me in their class, and white-haired gentlemen dealt with me as fully grown and matured.

It was a shock and an awakening. I had reached the age of thirty-eight with the frame of mind of eighteen! It was absurd! Even now I cannot compel myself to feel that I am in the middle-aged class and not rightfully a companion of the twenty-year-olds. Logically, I realize that it is true, but I don't feel it. I try to bring back my sensations and desires as a boy of twenty, and I succeed, and then compare them with my sensations and desires of to-day. . . . They are the same! Identical! Yet I have a millstone of thirty-eight years about my neck. It seems to be visible to everybody but myself, and, fatuously enough, I cannot even feel its weight.

It has given me a consciousness that I must work to realize on the remaining twenty years I have to invest in living. Inevitably I throw my thoughts backward and try to visualize how long twenty years may be. Why, twenty years ago I was in my freshman year at law school!—and these boys I have been playing with are just entering college, or, maybe, just leaving it. The other day I had an invitation to the wedding of a girl whose birth I remember—and as I recall it I was about the same age then as I am to-day. I myself have been married eleven years and my eldest son is nine. Unmistakably *that* is middle age . . . and only twenty years left. Which are not enough. One spends years so quickly that twenty are not half enough to accomplish with. I have certain ambitions, and always believed subconsciously that I should realize them. Now I begin to doubt—because I won't have time . . . and I shall go out with them unrealized, perhaps, and hence be a failure.

That set to going another query: Will I be a failure? *Am* I a failure? What have I done with my eighteen working years since my graduation? And how have I done it?

Somehow, it seems as if those twenty years had been used up, not in accomplishing, but in fumbling about for something to accomplish. In them I can find no distinct failure, but equally no such success as I desire. I find that the ambitions I held at twenty have been more than reached, for they were the modest ambitions of a boy who did not know what was really great and worth-while in the world. I may even say that the ambitions I held at thirty have been accomplished. But they were scanty ambitions, and not altogether worthy of the name. . . . Perhaps it is that as one accomplishes, his ambitions develop; as he realizes what he can do he becomes conscious that he can do more—and so the old wish does not satisfy. Undoubtedly this has been true with me.

PHOTO BY CORA DALTON

CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND WITH HIS TWO BOYS

Kelland is one of the most successful story tellers in the United States. He was born at Portland, Michigan, July 11th, 1881, and was educated for the law. He preferred writing to law, however, and became a newspaper man in Detroit. From 1907 until 1915 he was editor of "The American Boy." He is the author of the Scattergood stories which have been running in "The American Magazine." More of these stories are coming

When I was twenty I looked forward to a success which would be achieved if I should write stories that would be accepted by the magazines and paid for at a very modest rate, and if I could write books of a more or less best-seller type. That was lack of appreciation of what success really is. A man has to learn how to be ambitious just as he has to learn anything else. You cultivate your ambition, just as you cultivate your taste for music or literature or art. It is something that grows with yourself or shrinks with yourself. . . . I am devoutly thankful that my ambition has grown as I have grown. It seems to be a fact that every accomplishment whets your appetite for an accomplishment just a little larger and more worthy of working for.

At eighteen I entered law school, a night law school, working as clerk in a law office during the daytime for the princely wage of five dollars a week. Even then, long before that I had the desire to write something. I wanted to be a poet who wrote blank verse, and then I wanted to be an individual who wrote humorous pieces in the paper, like Bill Nye or M. Quad. I used to write both and send them about the country to magazines, which were unanimous in returning them to me. All I knew about ambition then was that I wanted to write. But I wanted to write *hard*. That is absolutely all there is to success. At any rate that is the (*Continued on page 106*)

Sid Says:

It isn't your age that counts—it's what you can do

OUR good friend Kelland has reached the age of thirty-eight (see opposite page). He is somewhat shocked to find that the young no longer include him in their number. And he is more shocked to learn that the middle-aged now claim him as an equal.

What strange discoveries about age we make all through life!

When I was four or five years old a man with a deep bass voice and a thick black beard moved to our town. I used to sit in his lap and study him. To me he looked as old as Methuselah. But somebody gave him a razor for Christmas, after which I revised my opinion of his great age. However, he was twenty-one, which still seemed old to me.

I can see now that later on I was fooled again. That was when Bryan first ran for the Presidency. One of the most remarkable things about that campaign must have been Bryan's age. He was only thirty-six. Hundreds of thousands of older people no doubt worried about it. But I did not worry. I was so much younger than Bryan that his age (to me) was nothing against him. I can't even remember that objections to his age were raised. I suppose that I heard objections, but they made no impression on me.

In old age distrust of youth sets in. The other day an old man was complaining to me about the young men he has to do business with. He said that they lack the judgment of the more mature men with whom he used to deal in the good old days. Doesn't that sound familiar? Haven't you heard it before? Some old people get so they don't want to leave anything important to anybody less than fifty. A man of forty looks to them like a boy. Yet Roosevelt was President at forty-three, John Rockefeller founded the Standard Oil Company at thirty, Kipling was thrilling the whole world with his stories at twenty-five, and Cecil Rhodes was dead at forty-nine, having built and left an empire.

Of course the average age of all the people in the world remains about the same—perhaps somewhere in the neighborhood of thirty-five. It is the individual's age that increases, not that of the mass. The individual grows old and dies: the race remains eternally young. This results in the individual developing a sort of jealousy of the race. The individual sees the race constantly refreshed by young blood. He sees himself moving swiftly on.

And so, all the way to the grave, age to the individual is a terribly important matter—a subject of intense personal interest. As a part of the self-preserving instinct, the individual feels a strong impulse to defend his own age, no matter what it is. Therefore we have the young cruel in their judgments of the old, the old contemptuous of the abilities of the young, and the middle-aged skeptical of both!

Herein lies a danger, the danger of imagining the incapacities of others because their age differs from yours. As a matter of fact, human beings of all ages are performing miracles all the time. We have wonderful young doctors and wonderful old doctors, remarkable young lawyers and remarkable old lawyers, amazing young business men and amazing old business men. There is no confinement of talent to any special time of life.

A few weeks ago seven wonderful billiard players contended for the world's championship in New York City. They ranged in age from twenty-two to sixty-four. All played marvelously. The winner of the tournament, Willie Hoppe, is thirty-two. To the youngster of twenty-two who battled against him Hoppe probably looks like a middle-aged veteran about ready to slip off his throne. To the player of sixty-four it is a certainty that he looks like a boy. It was interesting to watch them, for they represented all ages. It was also interesting to note that one youngster of twenty-six got a good beating at the hands of a fifty-five-year-old.

So keep your eye on the ball and play hard. Don't under-estimate or over-estimate your opponents in life's game because of their age. If you do—they are likely to fool you.

The world is a shop in which we are all supposed to be working. Most of us work with one hand, keeping the other hand free to thumb our noses at our fellows. The young thumb their noses at the old, and the old thumb their noses at the young. A better use can be made of that hand. The old, because of their weaknesses, are a little less equal to the struggle, so they had better keep both hands employed at the job. The young can profitably move that hand away from the nose to an attentive position back of the ear—thus enabling them to hear a little more distinctly some of the experience and wisdom of the old.

Facts About Us Humans Discovered by a Great Retailer

An interview with George J. Whelan, who founded and built up a company that operates 1,300 stores in 400 cities

By Helen Christine Bennett

WHEN anyone asks George J. Whelan to account for his success in business, he invariably answers briefly, "Opportunity." If you press him further he adds with great earnestness:

"When a man starts out to make his fortune he is underestimated. When he has made it he is overestimated. There isn't as much difference between men as you are led to think."

Whelan believes this, and he wants you to believe it. Founder and controller of the United Cigar Stores Company, which at present handles more than sixty-five million dollars' worth of business yearly, and president of the new United Retail Stores Company, he sizes himself up with a good deal of personal modesty, and a clarity of analysis that has characterized his business deals. He has no notion of appearing as anything but an everyday man who has seen and grasped—what he calls opportunity.

Putting the same question to some of Whelan's business associates helped to clear up this matter of opportunity.

"That man succeeds," said one of his assistants, "because he always prepares for the seemingly impossible. About five years ago he said to me:

"In seven or eight years you won't be able to get a drink in this country. People will eat more candy. We'd better build up a candy business in our stores."

"I didn't believe him. I think hardly anyone believed him. But we built up the candy business, and the first chain of stores in the new organization, coming right on the heels of prohibition, is a chain of candy stores. The war brought prohibition a little sooner than he figured, but he was ready for it."

In the turmoil and chaos that followed in the wake of the world war Whelan saw clearly one thing—world markets brought closer than ever before because of world ties, world treaties and world interests unified by the war as they had not been before.

He had been "out of business" for three years. When he was fifty years old he publicly announced his retirement from business, saying that "After fifty a man's life should be play time." But the world was not playing; it was engaged in the serious business of making war, and Whelan was drawn into certain world war activities. Getting the world outlook, he began to scheme on a world plan of merchandising. Just as he had dreamed twenty years before, when he stood at his cigar stand, of the chain of cigar stores which now stretches over the country, so he dreamed of a world chain to be established when the war was over.

When the dream began to take tangible shape, he went to James B. Duke, the American tobacco king, who had been associated with him in the cigar business. Mr. Whelan presented his scheme. Mr. Duke shook his head.

"I'm sixty-four and you're fifty-four, George," he said. "There's no use starting anything that isn't going to live longer than we are. You get up a scheme that will perpetuate itself, and I'll go in with you."

Mr. Whelan went back to his desk and worked out the scheme. When he had perfected it, Mr. Duke agreed to act as a director and active adviser in the new company. Thus, under two big business geniuses, was formed the United Retail Stores Corporation, planned to operate a gigantic chain of retail stores throughout the world, and eventually to own its own factories, its own steamship lines, and its own sources of raw material.

"We are going to stick mainly to the necessaries of life," Mr. Whelan said to me. "We will have our first candy stores in operation long before you can get this article in print, and probably we will have some of our grocery stores going, too. We have in the new company ninety per cent of all the stockholders of the United Cigar Stores, which makes that company a part of our operations. And we are going to work our retail end on just the same principles as we worked the cigar stores."

There is hardly a man or woman in the United States who does not know the United Cigar Stores. In the big cities they appear to crop up on every corner. And one man who knows Whelan well credits the whole new scheme of the United Retail Stores Corporation as springing from the fact that prohibition is leaving vacant thousands of empty saloons with the best possible retail locations—the corners of busy streets in busy towns!

"G. J. couldn't resist," he said. "After years of trying to get corners for United Cigar Stores Company, these vacant corners just made an irresistible appeal."

Although his explanation could hardly account for a world scheme which includes selling organizations projected in Canada, Europe, South America, and Asia, it may have a grain of truth in it. For in the retail (*Continued on page 200*)

Which is the "Dollar Side" to Your Street?

"THERE are certain streets in cities where men walk," says Mr. Whelan. "Broadway, New York, is a man's street, primarily, just as Fifth Avenue is a woman's. Men and women create these streets; the merchants follow the men and women. There is a 'dollar side' to every street, the side that gets the bulk of the business, why, no one knows. Usually it is the side that is shady in the afternoon; but not always so; yet, sunny or shady, it is there and you have to find it. If you work on the other side you are working under a handicap.

"We located our stores on corners, because a corner is the nearest and easiest shopping point. If a corner is impossible, the store next to the corner is the best location, the middle of the block the weakest. People buy all small commodities where they get them the most readily; the shorter distance from a corner counts.

"We found out that people disliked steps, so we put all of our stores on a level with the street. One step can be counted on to lose just so much business a day, and every additional step to lose just that much more. People do not go up and down steps easily, and they must go into a store for a small purchase, easily.

"We have altered the construction of many a building because we knew it was going to pay us in the end.

"An incline is better than steps, but it must not be enough of an incline to present the appearance of a climb to the casual passer-by."

George J. Whelan

WHO started life as a cash boy in a drygoods house in Syracuse. At fifty he retired from business, on the theory that after half a century of constant hard work a man should have a long play-spell. Only three years later, however, he went back into business, convinced—as he says—that "every man should work, and needs to work." With James B. Duke he has organized and is operating the United Retail Stores Corporation, capitalized at $115,000,000, which has already taken over control of the United Cigar Stores—founded by Mr. Whelan himself—and is operating a new chain of stores. Mr. Whelan is fifty-four years old.

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Ina Claire

THE real name of this clever young actress is Ina Claire Fagan, and she was born in Washington, D. C. She went on the stage when only fourteen, and is in her early twenties now. Her first success was as a remarkably clever imitator; but later she became a star in "The Quaker Girl" and other musical comedies. After two seasons with the Ziegfeld Follies she was chosen by David Belasco for "Polly With a Past," which ran continuously for two years. Then came this season's production of "The Gold Diggers," with Miss Claire in the leading rôle. Her mother has been her constant companion throughout her stage career.

Ina Claire Describes People Who Are Easy to Imitate

She has learned how to judge them by the way they talk, the way they walk, and the gestures they use

By Keene Sumner

WHEN I went to see Ina Claire—off the stage, I mean—I expected to be amused; and I got what I expected. She has a spontaneous humor which comes out at every turn of the conversation like little sparkling rapids in the current of a stream.

But what I had not expected was that the current itself was deep and strong and steady. I had known Ina Claire as the demurely fascinating young dancer in "The Quaker Girl," as the two - years - triumphant Polly in "Polly with a Past," as the serio-comic Jerry in that riotous farce, "The Gold Diggers." But as for thinking of her as a sincere student and a keen and intelligent analyst—absurd!

So I went to be amused; but I remained to be interested; and I came away with a genuine admiration. One of these days, unless all signs fail, you and I will see Ina Claire in a really worth-while play. And we will say—you with surprise, and I with satisfaction:

"She is the real thing: an actress with insight, originality, and power."

The signs I am thinking of are not those which even now spell her name in letters of electric light in front of a New York theatre. I have just been reading two hundred and forty of the signs I mean, that being the number of minutes we talked together.

Four hours, sixty minutes each; and each minute giving a fresh revelation of a vivid personality, a surprising intelligence, and a profound interest in her work. You cannot defeat a combination like that, either on or off the stage.

Our talk was to the accompaniment of a purring motor, as the car sped out of New York into the country, where Miss Claire has bought a home for herself, her mother, and her books and pictures.

Just think over that combination, if you want to understand this girl whom the public knows as a dancer, imitator, and light comedy actress. A background of "mother, books, and pictures" is not exactly what you would have imagined for her, is it? Yet it is her real background.

"If I could have what I most want," she said as we ran through the lovely Westchester country, "it would be a little farmhouse, away off by itself. But I had to take a place close enough to town for me to run out for week-ends and for a night after the theatre. At least it will be a place where I can read and study."

"Oh," I said, inwardly a bit skeptical; "so you read and study, do you?"

She has rather extraordinary eyes; sometimes hazel, sometimes quite green with little flecks of gold-brown in them, and sometimes—when the pupil dilates with excitement—almost black. They are serious often; and again they are alight with her irrepressible humor. But the one thing that is never lacking in them is candor, a frank sincerity that is almost childlike. She looked at me now with this disarming directness.

"Why, yes!" she said. "There are so many things to know—and I know so few of them. You see, I left school when I was thirteen. So I have to finish my education as I go along. You'll never guess what I am studying now."

"Well, then, tell me!"

"Physics!" she said impressively. "I've got a regular schoolbook and I'm having the time of my young life reading it."

"But why physics?" I demanded.

"Why not? I'm learning a lot from it. And I am learning things I can use in my own work. If your whole interest is concentrated on some one purpose, then everything you read, or hear, or do, or see, suggests something you can turn to account in accomplishing that purpose.

"There isn't anything I have ever read or studied that, to me, doesn't offer some possibility of being used in my stage work. Take music, for instance. I can't sing; and I hope, for my own sake and out of consideration for my audiences, that I'll never be asked to sing again. But the more I know about rhythm and tempo and tone color and everything else in music, the more intelligently I can use those things in speaking. I learn from everything! Architecture, pictures, books—even a schoolbook about physics! I read about compressed air—and I think about breath control. I study (*Continued on page 207*)

Why Women Are Easier to Imitate Than Men

Here is Miss Claire's explanation of why it is easier to imitate women than men:

"WOMEN are easier to imitate than men because they are more expressive of themselves. They use more gestures and have more little mannerisms. Women are more individual than men—and more self-conscious. Self-conscious people are generally easy to imitate, because they are always trying to express themselves. The consequence is that they give you an exaggerated picture. They really caricature themselves.

"Take a man, for instance, who wants to impress everybody with the fact that he is a 'gentleman.' He overdoes it. He may do it by too much bowing and scraping, by always hopping around to wait on you, and by talking as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Or, if he wants you to think he is the blasé type, he affects a sublime indifference, a languid tone, a casual air about everything. You can imagine how easy it is to imitate people like that. You have your caricature ready made. They are simply imitators themselves."

He found the bush he wanted and began his work. He had stained her to the waist, a rich, dark-red color; he was all intent on his task, when he heard the rustle of leaves behind him

The Terrible Charge Against Jeff Potter

And the thrilling climax in court when he came to trial

By Samuel A. Derieux

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL MEYLAN

IT WAS Saturday night and raining hard when Frank Blainey pushed through the group of farmers gathered about Jeff Potter and ordered the old man out of the store. There were three indictments according to Frank's angry arraignment: First, that old Jeff hadn't spent twenty dollars in the store in the last two years; second, that he tracked in mud and whittled shavings on the floor; and, third, that women didn't like to come where he was.

As for the first, well, old Jeff didn't have much money to spend, and consequently didn't spend it; as for the second, having no women at home, and putting in a good share of his time in the river swamp, Jeff wasn't as careful about mud and shavings as he might have been; as for the third—that started him stuttering so he could hardly get the question out.

"W-w-what women?"

It was Frank Blainey who flushed now, but he went on. He was a lanky young fellow, his face a bit narrow, his eyes set a trifle close together. Having started the row he was just the kind of man to see it through, especially where Jeff was concerned, for who minded old Jeff Potter?

"It don't make any difference what women!" he cried, face white now, eyes blazing. "I don't want to argue this case and I don't propose to. This is my store, and I tell you to get out and stay out. That's all I've got to say, and all I'm going to say!"

THEN old Jeff went crazy, saw red. You see, it was all so sudden. For twenty years he had been loafing in here—ever since his wife died. This had been his place when Sam Blainey, father of Frank, was alive and ran the store. Here, with a twinkle in his eyes, he had slipped, secretly, many a stick of candy, yellow candy with red stripes, to the youngsters who stood about while parents shopped. Here, out of the soft pine of dry-goods boxes, he had carved many an Indian, while the children crowded about, then gone out in the woods, children following, and colored the Indians red with pokeberry juice. Here, at nights, he had told those bigger children, the fathers, about where fish were biting now in the river, about how wild turkeys were moving from one section of the swamp to another, about the best kind of caller to get them in range. For that was the only kind of thing old Jeff knew, except that children loved candy and carved Indians, and that in a general way folks ought to tote fair with one another.

But to come back—it was all sudden and Jeff saw red. Bill Carson, a farmer, burly and powerful, grabbed him and shoved him back. He wouldn't have had any show, anyway, with Frank Blainey. His old heart was far stouter than his biceps. All this Bill Carson knew.

"Come on, Jeff," he was saying. "Yes, that's all right now, you come with me. We'll talk about it out here in the road."

And so it was that Jeff found himself out in the road, with the rain beating in

his face, and Bill Carson towering above him.

"Let me go, Bill," he was pleading. "Let me go back an' smash his face. Just once, Bill, just once. That wife of hisn is the "women" he's talkin' about. I know, Bill. Once in the ol' days, when Sam Blainey was livin' an' runnin' the sto', befo' her an' Frank married, she come in. I didn't know there was any lady aroun', an' I said 'damn' or somethin'. She heered me an' went out, head high, an' said she never would come back agin. She tol' all the women about what I had said. She's pizen pious, Bill; you know her. She brought hit up in the ladies' missionary society—said there was heathens livin' right around 'em. Meanin' me. Bill, listen, let me go back!"

"No," said Carson, "you'd better go home now, Jeff. He'll be sorry he done it."

"He'll be enough sight sorrier if I smash his face! Who is he, anyhow? A scrub pup from his fine ol' daddy's breed! He was fired from college—for cheatin', too. He's a sneak now. You know as well as me that ever' Saturday he sends that wife of hisn to visit her folks across the river, then sneaks off to town hisself an' has a good time on the sly. Only las' Sunday, when that poker club in town was pulled, he was one of the men they caught. Oh, he hushed it up, him an' his town friends, but he was one. I know, Bill. Jim Ryan, he's my friend, he's one of the cops that done it. He come out here to hunt with me las' Tuesday, an' he tol' me about it. I never opened my mouth about it to nobody—I never would have, either. But let me go now, an' I'll face him with it. I'll tell him—"

"No, no," said Carson kindly, with the indulgence of the strong. "There's a woman in there, Sam Raines's wife. You don't want to raise a row befo' her, do you? You'll be justifyin' what Frank said. Go on home now, ol' man, an' go to bed."

AND in humiliation and sorrow old Jeff went—went because there wasn't anything else for him to do. Anger is a violent intoxicant: you forget your troubles while the rage lasts, you do not care for past or future. Old Jeff Potter would have been happier this night if he could have stayed angry.

But sitting late into the night by the smoky lamp on his table, he had forgotten his anger, he had forgotten everything except that he couldn't go to the store any more. He had loved it in the old days when Sam Blainey, dead now, ran it, and the lazier men of a lazier era gathered around the rusty, pot-bellied stove. Then he had come to love the new régime, after Frank painted the store all over inside and out; he had loved the bright acetylene lights and the shiny new base-burner, and the Saturday night crowds. He didn't ask much of life, he never had—just a roof over his head, a place to hunt, a store to loaf in, where he could see men and women and children and hear them talk. And now one of these, the one that was growing dearer as he grew older, had been taken away.

For a moment the old man's helpless anger flared up like an echo.

"I ought to have smashed his face!" he muttered.

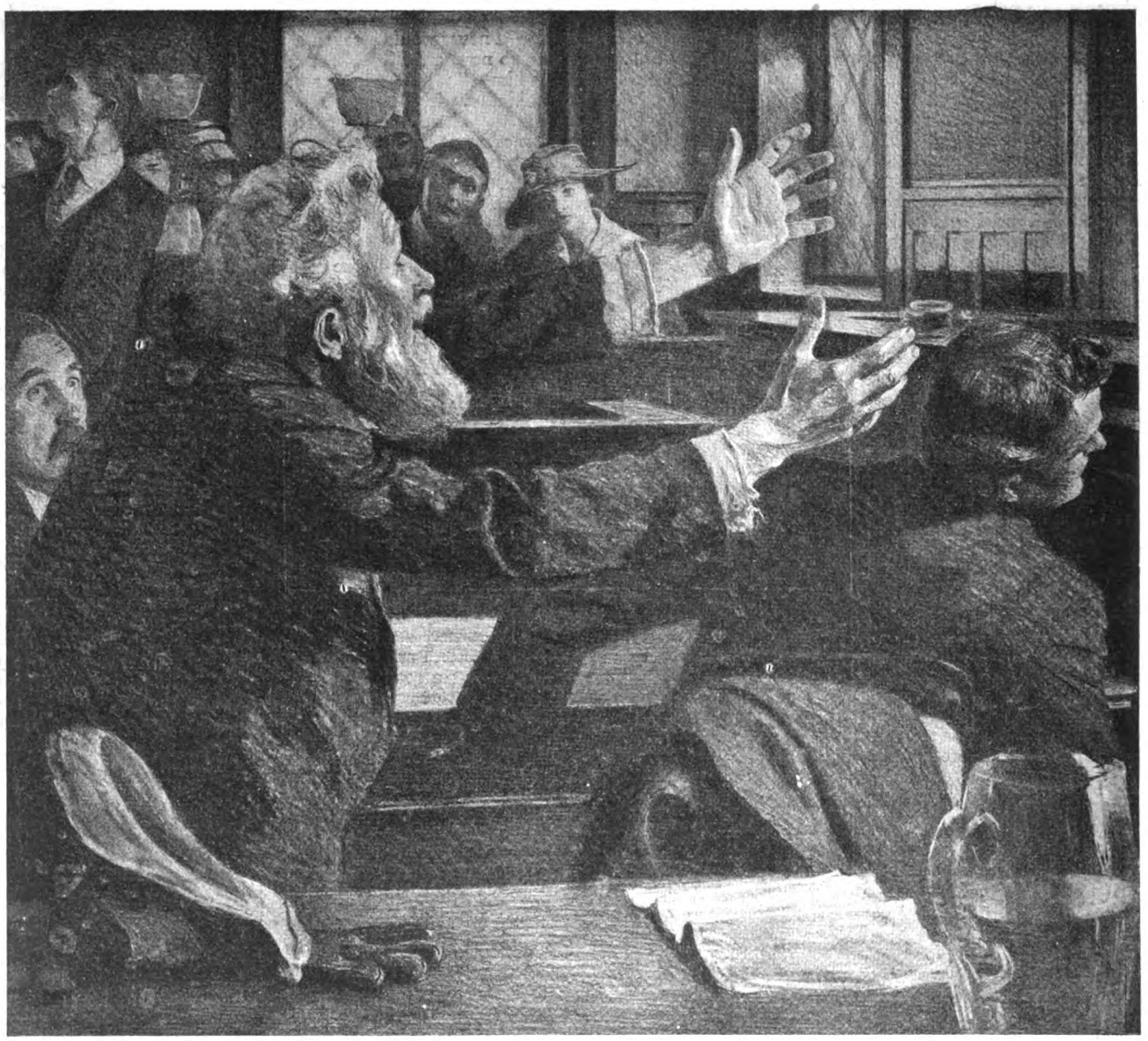
But when he rose and fumbled about on the mantelpiece, among bits of soft pine and half carved Indians, for his pipe, his hands were trembling, and so was the match he held to the bowl; while outside the rain, ever increasing, splashed from the eaves and dashed against the window, as if his cabin were some sub-sea shelter in the midst of a roaring ocean.

It was this continued deluge that waked him up two hours later with the thought that the river would rise and with the fear that the herd of blooded cattle ranging in the swamp—the cattle belonging to Squire Kirby, his landlord—would drown. It brought him thumping suddenly out of bed and made him light the lamp. Twelve, declared the hands of a gingerbread clock on the mantel.

"I better see about them cattle," he said.

Now, tending cattle wasn't part of his contract with Squire Kirby. A bale of cotton a year rent for the little farm he lived on *was*. But the bale was seldom forthcoming. It was such a long way to the end of a cotton row, and what excitement was there waiting for you when you got there? You just had to turn round and hoe to the end of another row.

"It don't make any difference what women!" he cried, face white now, eyes blazing. "I don't want to argue this case and I don't propose to. This is my store, and I tell you to get out and stay out"



And now he stopped; for from his seat, face

"All right," Kirby had said, over and over; "if you can't pay, you can't, Jeff. You just bring me an Injun or two to send to my grandchildren for Christmas an' we'll call it squar'."

So the Indian or two, or half a dozen of them, had come to be his rent. For the rest, he did look after the cattle whenever he happened to be in the swamp, and Kirby always had the pick of his string of fish and bag of game.

Now, listening shrewdly to the ever-increasing rain, he dressed and picked up his lantern. Then he blew out the lamp and plunged into the storm. Bent double against wind and rain, lantern unlighted, because he loved to find his way in the dark, he hurried across the field. Just before he reached the main road he stopped. Along that road splashed three or four negroes, a lantern between them.

"Dat you, Mr. Jeff Potter?" one of them called.

But he did not answer. They were Kirby's hands; they might want to go with him; they would be more trouble than they were worth; he would have to be pulling them, instead of cattle, out of the swamp before he got through. They hesitated a moment, then went on, mumbling to one another. Old Jeff grinned.

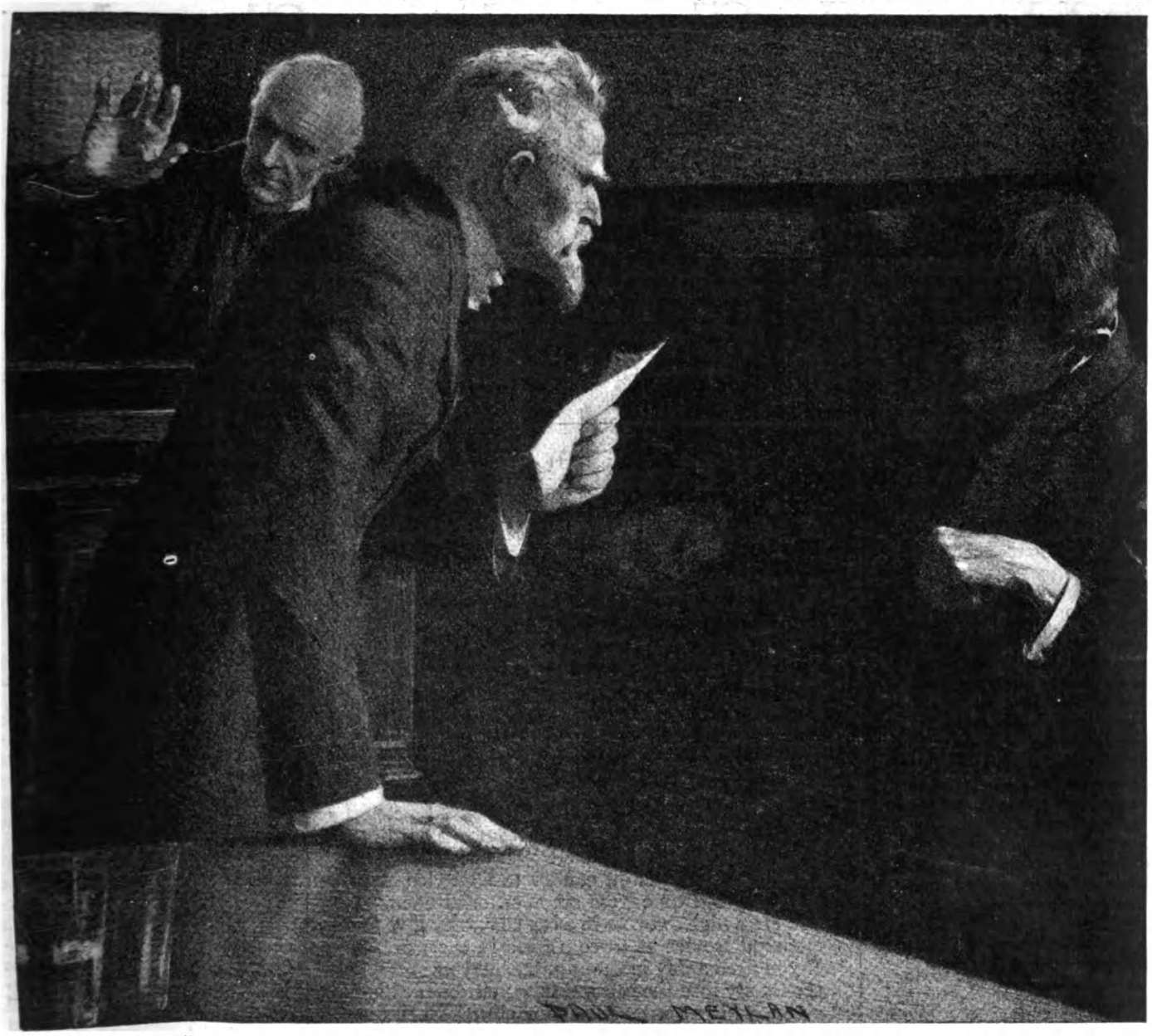
"When they git home," he chuckled, "they'll be tellin' folks they seen a ha'nt."

AN EIGHTH of a mile before he came to Blainey's store he turned off into a narrow wood road seldom used. He could see pretty well in the dark, old Jeff could, but he wasn't looking for anything like this—he almost ran into the car that stood there in the road!

He lit his lantern now and glanced all around. There was no one in the streaming woods. He went to the car, pulled aside the curtains that were fastened down, and peered in. The seats were empty. All excited, he went back to the rear and squatted down. The lantern light shone on the number and lettering of the license. It was a city car. He got out of his inside breastpocket a frazzled notebook, a sort of diary, in which he jotted down bits of wood lore and queer things he saw as he went about. From inside the leaves he took a stub pencil, and set down the number of that car, and the date on which he had seen it.

After he had gone away he looked back. There it was, big and long and silent. He hurried along through the thicket, across the field, and into the big woods of the swamp. Yes, the river was up. The lantern glistened on water where no water ought to be. Into it he splashed, up to his ankles, up to his knees, the trunks of trees coming forward toward him, then slipping back in silent procession, the shadows cast by the lantern darting here and there in the flooded woods, or moving about like enormous black clubs above his head.

He was thoroughly alarmed now—alarmed for Kirby's cattle. A mile ahead was a high bit of ground, which they would make for and be safe if they sensed the danger of rising waters and started in time. If they hadn't—well, he would just have to round up as many as he could and drive them that way. The water was up to his waist now; still he kept on, holding the lantern high. If he had not known by heart every inch of the ground he would have stepped off into water over his head. But he knew how to keep to the ridges; he could even feel his way across a footlog covered by water; and after a while, all out of breath, he made



quivering, old Jeff had sprung to his feet

out the high ground through the trees. The shine of the lantern long before he reached this haven showed the sleek sides and gleaming eyes of cattle huddled together.

"That's it, boys an' gals!" he yelled. "You knowed more'n I 'lowed you did! You still got some brains lef' in yo' thick flat heads!"

He was among them now, slapping their flanks, calling them by name, shoving them about familiarly to see if they were all here. Off to the side was a shed built by fishermen with a rough fireplace and chimney at one end. Here he built a fire, pulled off his wet trousers and socks and hung them up to dry. Then he raked together for a bed some straw which fishermen had used to sit on. His eyes in the firelight were bright now. This was the kind of thing he liked.

It was a deep sleep he fell into, so deep that he did not see through the forest an ever expanding glow in the sky; he did not hear the restless animals moving about as in vague terror; he did not hear out in the farm lands that bordered the swamp the excited crowing of cocks, as if some strange day had dawned.

It was four o'clock when he woke, got into his damp trousers and shoes and started back. It was pitch black. The waters had gone down somewhat, still he had to wade out. Clear of the swamp, he blew out the lantern.

When he came to the patch of woods where he had seen the car he stopped—there was no car here now! He struck a match and held it close to the ground to make sure it had not been a vision. There were the tracks where it had entered the woods, and others where it had been driven out again. He raised his head and sniffed the air. There was a strange smell abroad, as if the woods had been burned off in the night. Wondering what it could mean, he started on home.

DAY was dawning as he passed Squire Kirby's, and Jake, Kirby's negro hand who fed the mules and horses, was just entering the yard. In the dim light Jake looked quickly at him, then stopped.

"Dat you, Mr. Jeff Potter?" he demanded.

There was something strange in Jake's voice, and in his face too. Old Jeff thought about it as he splashed along the road home.

"Jake must 'a' thought I was a ha'nt too," he chuckled.

He did not hear the news until nearly midday. Worn out, he had fallen asleep across the bed on reaching home and had not waked until after nine. Then he had wound up the clock, got his lonely breakfast, and made a shift of tidying up his room. After that, he went outside. The weather had cleared; it was a bland winter day of the south, with the drenched straw fields and woods sparkling in the sun. He wandered aimlessly around his yard a while, and finally sat down on a bench in front of his cabin, and lit his pipe. He did not notice that the negroes in front of that other cabin across the field were looking curiously his way.

He was very lonely now. The excitement of the night had passed. Usually on Sunday mornings like this he went to Blainey's store, where others gathered—except when there was preaching—out in front and on the porch. They would be gathering there now, talking about him, and about the row last night. As for him, so long as he lived, he could never go there again.

And so he was (*Continued on page 140*)

How We Changed the Church in Our Town

By the author of "Finding God in Millersville"

AS I CONFESSED in the first of these personal narratives, my boyhood experiences left me with a profound dislike for the church and all connected with it. The memory of hot Sundays in hardbacked pews, of preaching whose principal appeal was to fear, and of hymns in which I was made to sing out that I was a worm—which I did not for one minute believe—all this created a prejudice which the years made only harder and more stubborn.

In Millersville, I took a sort of inverted pride in the fact that I had never entered a church there, except to attend a funeral or a wedding. On occasions, I contributed to all of them, but I did it rather out of pity for the families of the preachers than because the churches themselves seemed to me to have anything worth investing in.

Their problem was their own, not mine; I was content with the growing business and profits of the Millersville Cutlery Works.

Pastors came and went, and while I had little to do with most of them, there was now and then a live young fellow who made himself at home around the club and caused us to get to like him. One of them, who stayed two years, I liked particularly; and he was often at my house.

"You ought to be with us," he said one night. "Of course, you're a hardened old sinner and probably wouldn't get into heaven even if you had a certificate [illegible] in your [illegible] But I'm not thinking about you; I'm thinking about the young fellows in this town who look up to you because you're the most successful man in it. They're guided by your example; and because you boycott the church, they pass it by also. That's wrong. The church needs them, but they need it even more."

I turned it off with a laugh, just as I did later when an evangelist came into our midst and compared me to Pontius Pilate, or Herod, or some one of the other old-timers of unsavory memory. It seemed to me a bit of evidence that the church, which promised to fit men for another life later on, was ignorant of the first principles of gentlemanly living here and now.

Then came my new interest in religion through the experience which I have already described in this magazine. God ceased to be a far-off unreasonable Being dealing out severity to His people. He became to me an all-wise and all-patient Father, a Power making for righteousness in every human heart and enterprise. I discovered Jesus Christ as the Silent Partner in every honest business, and religion as nothing but life at its finest and happiest and best.

Even then, however, it did not occur to me that I ought to be brought into relationship with the churches. They had their revelation and I had mine. Let them continue with their creeds; I was interested in the problems of life. But they did not leave me long under this delusion; it was evident that, whether I wanted them or not, they were not willing to let me continue to ignore them.

One evening, a tall, dark, solemn-looking man, whom I recognized as pastor of one of the smallest churches in town, called at my house. He had heard of my new interest in religion, he said, and had come to congratulate me upon it. Why he should speak in such dolorous tones of religion, which is the happiest, most inspiriting force in life, was more than I could understand. I felt after five minutes of his conversation as though a great grief had visited our household, or as if he had come to tell me that I was to be shot at sunrise. He concluded what was obviously a prepared speech by inviting me to become a member of his church.

"But why should I join your church?" I demanded.

He looked shocked, as though I had asked why a man should provide for his own children, or refrain from petty larceny. He managed to explain at length that I should join because it was my duty.

"What is the good of your church?" I continued. "What function does it perform? What is its product? You say you're in debt; that's a fine argument with which to solicit new business."

"Solici[illegible] business?" he repeated vaguely. "[illegible] don't understand."

"I see you don't," I a[illegible]ered. "How many churches are ther[illegible] this town?"

Church Services *à la carte* and *table d'hôte*

WHEN some of the folks in the town described in this article were discussing their church problem, one man said:

"The Catholics have a good scheme I'd like to grab off. It hasn't anything to do with doctrines. It's just a feature of management. They run their Sunday services *à la carte*. We Protestants run ours on the *table d'hôte* plan.

"Take me, for instance. I work all week—never get out into the country or have any exercise. Sunday is my only chance. And yet if I go to church at eleven o'clock, it knocks out practically the whole day. But look at the way the Catholics fix it. You can go to a service at almost any old time from six A. M. until noon. If you are a night worker in a big city, they give you a special service at three o'clock in the morning. If you need a day in the country, and want to pile the family into the car and take your picnic lunch along, you can attend to your church duties before you start. And I admit that I'd go off feeling a lot better if I could do that."

"That sounds fine," said another man; "but who's going to run this *à la carte* arrangement? Most Protestant churches have one minister. Is he going to be on the job from six A. M. until past noon?"

"Small churches wouldn't need to begin so early, or to have so many services," the first man said. "But half the people in America live in cities, where church pastors have assistants. Two million men in New York City never see the trees, or set their feet on the grass, from Monday morning until Saturday night. It isn't any wonder they like to get up early on Sunday and hit the trail for the country. When the Pilgrim Fathers arranged our Sunday church program, nothing like our modern life existed or was dreamed of. It seems to me that after three hundred years, that program ought to be overhauled and fitted to the conditions of to-day. How do the rest of you feel about it?"

He said he didn't know; and at that I completely lost patience.

"You mean to say you've never made a survey of your territory?" I asked. "You don't even know what competition you have?"

He admitted that it was true; and with a look of sad reproach he arose and departed from me.

The conversation set me to thinking, however. I made some further inquiries and discovered that my solemn friend's degree of information regarding the church represented the general average. No one, apparently, had ever undertaken to find out just what the church's field was in our community; what it had done and failed to do, and what more might be expected of it. Everybody criticised but nobody took the trouble to get the facts. More as a matter of curiosity than anything else I set to work to see what I could learn.

TO SAY that I was entirely unprejudiced would be untrue. I confidently expected to find that the churches were rather a useless drain on the community, kept alive to provide jobs for men who might better be engaged in some more productive occupation. At the end of two weeks of inquiry I had learned enough to make me revise that prejudice considerably. I set down four conclusions as the result of that preliminary inquiry.

First, for some reason not altogether clear to me this institution possessed a marvelous capacity for surviving. When I remembered all the blows that had been delivered at it both from outside and in, I was amazed at its vitality. I have had my share of experience with run-down businesses, and I have discovered that it is the good in a business, not the bad, that keeps it alive. And no business ever survived criticism and mismanagement for nineteen hundred years, or even nineteen years, unless there was at its center something sound.

Second, while the success of the church services varied widely according to the drawing power of the individual pastors, all of the Sunday-schools seemed to be doing quite a thriving trade. Here was something to think about.

Third, the personal sacrifices of the pastors were really impressive. None of them was paid a decent wage; yet they clung on in a stern conviction that their calling was all-important. And a good many families among the poor spoke of them with pathetic affection. It struck me with something of a shock that if I were giving away money in the same proportionate amounts as they were, I should be passing out about twenty thousand dollars instead of fifteen hundred a year.

Fourth, while everybody had some criticism to offer of the church's failure to measure up to his demands, every man in town was at the same time profiting to some degree from the presence of the church. Real estate men, I discovered, always pointed to the churches as a reason why ours was a desirable town for a new family. All our property values were better because the churches were in town. And, in one way or another, men connected with the churches had had a large part in most of the progressive movements that had been undertaken for the betterment of the community.

In a word, I discovered just enough in those two weeks to whet my interest. What was needed, I decided, was a real scientific survey of the church situation; and after giving the matter some further thought I invited the pastors of the six larger churches to my house for dinner one night and laid the whole project before them.

The Millersville Cutlery Works would never think of attempting to market a new product without knowing just where its probable customers were located, I told them, and how much they might be expected to buy, what competition would be encountered, and what reasonable increase in the market could be counted on. The church was manifestly losing out in its hold on its market. I proposed to find out, with their help, how it was losing and why; and I offered to carry on the investigation through our sales promotion department at my own expense.

The proposal met with objections, as might have been expected. One conscientious brother protested against what he termed the interference of Big Business with ecclesiastical affairs. The church is a spiritual institution, he pointed out, and any effort to apply the methods of the material world to its problems would result in a sacrifice of its essential character. Two other members of the group rather sided with him; but the other three lined up with me.

One of them was outspoken in his approval. I watched him closely as he talked, and I have seldom met a man whose personality appealed to me so much. He was about thirty; big and broad-shouldered and clean-cut. In college he had been captain of the football team, as I learned later. His face was rugged but lit with a sort of prophetic fervor; and his voice had that rare quality of power combined with tenderness that is so effective in any public speaker. His name was Nickerson, and he had only just arrived in Millersville as pastor of the second largest church.

It was agreed finally that he and I should constitute a committee to supervise a religious census of Millersville. The three pastors who were against us promised to withhold any public expression on the matter until the results of the work were in hand.

IN THIS article I can give only the briefest sort of summary of what we found. We discovered forty-seven churches altogether in our little city of twenty-three thousand people, including some tiny sects that I had never heard of. Ten of the forty-seven were doing pretty well, fifteen others were holding their own, and the other twenty-two were either dying or dead.

Only thirty of the forty-seven were able to support a pastor on full time. Five of these were without pastors; fifteen paid their pastors less than $1,800 a year, and none paid as much as $3,500.

Roughly speaking, about half the population of the town claimed some church connection; and half of these, in turn, were more or less regular attendants. In other words, the church in Millersville retained a real hold on only about twenty-five per cent of the community.

The figures, taken alone and cold, were certainly not reassuring. But the further into the thing I went the more I realized that mere statistics will never measure the influence or value of the church. Our hidebound old friend had been right, in a sense, in protesting that there was a spiritual element which figures cannot portray. Reducing this element to its lowest terms, I came to these two conclusions:

First, that if the church did nothing more than conduct a Sunday-school it would still be worth all it cost to the community. Cardinal Newman once said that if he could have a child for the first seven years of life he cared little who had it afterward. In those seven years the seeds of character are sown. The sowing was not being very efficiently done, according to our observation of the local Sunday-schools; but even at its worst it was better than nothing. It did give the boys and girls some standards of right and wrong, and some rude understanding of the fact that, back of the universe, is a great Power working for righteousness in the hearts of men. Obviously the Sunday-school was an institution of public value; and there were tremendous opportunities for improving it.

In the second place, I was struck by the fact that most of the good things in town were dependent upon church members for their real support. The chief critics of the church were the same fellows who stood off and criticized everything else. They talked a lot, and ducked when the subscription blanks were passed around. On the other hand, the old pillars of the church were the mainstays of pretty nearly everything else. Ninety per cent of the members of our local hospital board were church men, and church members had given most of the money. Our civic improvement society was entirely officered by church members. Analyzing the Liberty Loan and Red Cross organizations I found that church members had carried the heavy end of the load.

In spite of all the criticism leveled against it, the church had somehow managed to put into the hearts of its members a conception of life as a matter of responsibility rather than as a matter of mere privilege.

By the time our survey was completed my prejudice had given way to a real enthusiasm. Here was an institution that was obviously worth saving; yet, operating as it was, it seemed doomed to failure. It was split into twenty sects, when it should have been united into one strong, efficient organization. It was maintaining more than forty plants, most of them in a run-down condition. It was employing thirty men, all shamefully underpaid, when it ought to have had four or five men of ten-thousand-dollar caliber.

NICKERSON and I discussed the problem night after night. We made no public report of our findings until we were sure that we had a definite program to suggest. You can't get anything very big accomplished in a mass meeting, anyway. Instead, we invited the most important men in town to meet with us at different times, sometimes one man alone, sometimes a group of two or three, until gradually we had about a hundred men who were thinking with us.

I say men, but I should say men and women, for we (*Continued on page 88*)

The Girl at the Switchboard

The first of a new series of stories

By H. C. Witwer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
IRMA DÉRÉMEAUX

My young friend came out of that booth with a face as red as a three-alarm fire, moppin' his fevered brow like he had just come from one

THAT little thing called ambition, which is the gas in the motor of life, has so many parents that prob'ly that's the reason it's often mistaken for somethin' else. Many a fellow which had never heard of the income tax has become the head of a trust, because the actions of a slave-drivin' boss kidnapped his goat. A uncalled-for bawl-out from the head shippin' clerk has made many a bank president, because the bawlee got so sore he made up his mind to battle-ax his way to a job where he could return the compliment. Supers have been turned into stars with their names in the incandescents, on account of some near-Edwin Booth handin' 'em a call in full view of the rest of the company. So leave the elevator man alone, and don't bawl him out too hard when he don't stop quick enough at your floor. You're playin' with dynamite for all you know, and if your call sinks *deep* enough you may be workin' for that baby within the next five years. I've seen it done!

Bein' a telephone chauffeur in a big hotel ain't exactly a ideal job for a perfectly good young lady which once won a beauty prize in Warren County, O.; and would finish no worse than second in New York, if I do say it myself. We don't make as much money as Rockefeller does, but we do see a lot of this continuous vaudeville called life in the course of a day's labor. I've only been a year at the Fitz-Harlton, but in that time I've told a million people that the wires was busy—from well-to-do millionaires which tried to kid me, to gents' furnishin' clerks which slipped me a quarter tip. Quite a few times the wires *was* busy, too. I've had 'em hang around all day and call more numbers than a checker at a Marathon race just so's they could stand around and talk to me. I've turned down more lunch invitations than Wilson got on his tour of the old country, and I went to the auto show to see them two thousand or more cars simply because I guess I been offered a ride in every one of 'em! It don't do no harm, and I'm still eatin' now and then with no more company than the wheat cakes. These Johns hangin' around help the 'phone company over a tough year and help break up the afternoon for me, and a girl which has frequently been compared to various stars in the Follies and still is in dreamland at ten every night is entitled to *some* pleasure. Callin' up wives from the switchboard and sayin' this is the office, and I am Mister Whosthis' stenographer, and he'll be in a conference till midnight, gets awful monotonous—whatever that is—at times.

I suppose some day *I'll* get wed, and some telephone operator will be callin' *me* up and handin' me the same thing. I don't know about that part of it, though. I've seen more married life than King Solomon by listenin' in to some of these 'phone debates between friend husband and the wife. Some of them are great and make me think I've missed a lot, especially when the child wonder is held up to the 'phone on the other end to talk to Daddy. I've heard some others, though! Anyhow, I'm young and there's no mad rush."

THE nearest I've ever come to exclaimin' "I do!" in a muffled voice since I turned down the youth and chivalry of Warren County, took place last month. About eight o'clock one mornin' I have just come on the job and clamped the head harness over my silken tresses when I am startled by a pleasant voice sayin':

"I've got to have Worth 7539 at once!"

"Try and get it!" I snaps, kinda peeved at gettin' this rush stuff so early in the mornin'. "My wires is all busy."

With that I look up, expectin' the usual call and gettin' all set to come back strong if such is the case. I figure I am about to gaze into the face of one of them Wall Street birds which has been stayin' up all night tryin' to get four aces, and never got nearer than one, and is pleasant accordin'ly. Well, I got considerable surprise. I find myself frownin' up at a tall, good-lookin' kid of about the legal votin' age, which is neatly dressed but could have stood a trifle more snap without bein' mistook for a wealthy college boy or a boxin' champ. His eyes is navy blue, and they get as wide as the Hudson when he takes me in with one glance that misses nothin', and at the same minute I'll be darned if he don't blush! On the level, I began to feel a motherly interest in him already, havin' passed my twenty-second and last public birthday myself, when he let forth a gasp and says:

"My—but you're a pretty girl!"

Well, that was the old stuff and it broke the spell, so I adjusted my head gear and prepared to resume givin' out wrong numbers. I couldn't resist a little peek over my shoulder, though, because, as I say, he was a nice-lookin' kid and seemed harmless enough at that. The minute I looked around I got a flash at a set of the handsomest white teeth in captivity.

"I think you must be about the prettiest girl I've ever seen in my life!" he says, without takin' a breath.

The first time I ever heard that I blushed right out loud and dropped my eyes and prob'ly said, "Yes, yes—go on!" but it gets terrible monotonous when you get it every hour on the hour all day long. I plugged in a coupla wires and swept him with a gaze about as chilly as a dollar's worth of ice.

"Listen!" I says; "don't try to kid me, it can't be done. Experts has failed at it. Hurry along now or you'll be late for the mill. You'll find Worth 7539 in booth number two."

"Thanks," he says. "I wonder if you'd get Mr. Phineas Smith on the wire for me."

"Say, Helpless," I says when I could get my breath, "this here's a telephone station, not a Y. M. C. A. hut! I suppose in a minute you'll want me to make you a coupla doughnuts or somethin', hey? What d'ye mean get Mr. Smith? The number's waitin' in the booth—take it or leave it!"

"Please!" he says, "like a good girl. Just say DuKane Vandergrift wants to speak to Mr. Smith. He's my boss and I'm not going in to-day. I've got to let him know or I'll get fired."

"H'mph!" I says. "If my name was Vandergrift I'd never work for no man named *Smith*, I'll tell the world! Crawl in that booth and I'll get him for you. Why I'm doin' this I don't know—you must have me hypnotized or somethin'."

He turned that toothpowder ad grin on me again and disappeared into the booth.

Havin' nothin' sensational to do for the minute, I treated myself to a earful of this debate between Mr. Vandergrift and Mr. Smith. It was very entertainin'. I have heard a lot of bawl-outs in my time, but never any that approached the call this handsome stranger drew from his boss, simply because he wanted to declare this particular day a legal holiday and go to the dentist or somethin' for a little innocent enjoyment. Mr. Smith wound up only because his wind give out on him by yellin' that if it happened again Mr. Vandergrift would be presented with a absolute divorce from the pay roll.

MY YOUNG friend come out of that booth with a face as red as a three-alarm fire, moppin' his fevered brow like he had just come from one. He looked at me with the same kind of a grin as a man wears which has just slipped on a banana peel durin' the rush hour on Fifth Avenue.

"How much is that?" he says.

"We been gettin' a nickel a call right along," I says; "but if I was you I'd have the charges reversed on friend Mr. Smith, just to get even with him."

"You listened to him, eh?" he says.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I cut in on your wire?" I says, drawin' myself up with the dignity of a new traffic cop the first day he's on the job.

"No—do *you?*" he comes back, with that kid grin of his.

Well, we both laughed. Occasionally I *will* forget myself.

"Ah—humph!" he says, lookin' around like he was afraid of spies or the like. "When—what time do you go to lunch?"

"What do you care?" I says, givin' Beekman 2318 to a man which wanted Mornin'side 9854, in the excitement.

"I thought maybe we might go together," he says.

"As a thinker," I returns, "you'll never set the world on fire. And now, run along. I never go to lunch with no one; I find it distracts me from the food. You've had all the fun your nickel calls for, and I'm gonna be terrible busy from now on. Close the door from the outside."

"Won't you take lunch with me?" he says.

"No!" I remarks. "You've got the wrong number—ring off!"

"Please," he says, "I can't see anything wrong in that—just lunch; and you have to eat anyhow, why not with me?"

"No!" I says.

He leans over the switchboard.

"Listen!" he says, very low and steady. "I'm comin' back here every day on my lunch hour—which is around noon—and ask you to take lunch with me until you say "Yes." I don't care how long it takes before you do; whether it's a week or a hundred years makes no difference to me. I won't bother you, I'll just come in and ask, and either I go out at once alone, or we both go out together. I haven't the slightest doubt but what I'm making an ass of myself and you think I'm some sort of an escaped lunatic, but—I can't help it. Thanks awfully for your trouble in getting me that number. I'll be here tomorrow. Good-by!"

With that he bows and raises his hat—and he *did* look frightfully handsome with it off—and starts out the lobby.

Well, I *will* say this was a little new. He seemed so earnest and he was such a kid and I don't know—just goin' to lunch ain't so bad, and he acted so amateurish about the thing, which was a point in his favor, I thought maybe I *would* go if only to get a laugh. For a minute I wondered how anybody which could be so firm about *anything* would allow himself to be bawled out by his boss, simply because he was stakin' himself to a day off. Funny, eh?

He was at the cigar stand when I called after him. My—how he covered that ten yards back! I thought he'd skid all over the place if he ever tried to stop quick at my desk. His face was all lit up like a church and that grin was workin' overtime.

"Gee!" he gasps, "you'll go with me?"

Well—why do we like to see 'em suffer? I don't know.

"No!" I says. "There's been no change so far in the official count. I do not go to lunch with strangers and your face brings back no memories to me. It seems to me I told you that before."

Honestly, the way his face fell put me right on the brink of bein' sorry.

"But—you—but," he stammers; "then why did you call me back?"

"That one's easy," I says. "You forgot to slip me the nickel for that call!"

I'll remember the look he give me to my dyin' day!

WELL, twelve o'clock and Mr. Vandergrift both arrived at the same time every day for a week at my switchboard. He must have blowed a fortune in nickels callin' up numbers as a excuse to hang around, and every other day I got a chance to try out a pound of candy; in between I got flowers. When he come around at the beginnin' of the next week and tried to present me with a trick signet ring which must have set him back at least seven dollars, I thought it was about time to call him off.

"Listen!" I says. "Take back your

Well, after the show, which we didn't know was over till we see 'em all goin' out, on account of bein' interested in each other as people will, we sit still in our seats and DuKane says, "Where will we go?"

gold. If you get that ring to the place where you bought it by to-night they will no doubt return your money, less a slight percentage for wear and tear. I never take rings from nobody—I get all the rings I want here at the switchboard. This stuff of comin' here every day and askin' me over and over again to go to lunch with you might make a terrible hit with a starvin' Armenian or the like, but it gets awful monotonous to me. I've told you a million times I don't go out to lunch with nobody, and that ends it! There ain't a chance—I ain't even open to argument on the thing. You're a nice little boy, and I don't wanna appear rude, but you're simply wastin' a coupla people's time, mine and yours, by comin' up here every day and askin' for somethin' you can't get. Is there anything else I can do for you before you say good-by forever?"

"Yes," he grins. "Will you go out to lunch with me?"

Well, after I got my breath I looked him over and he had such a nice, open, clean kid face that—

"Yes!" I says.

And I did!

THAT began my first romance in the large city. DuKane Vandergrift became a regular caller at the switchboard, and I must say he made himself exceedin'ly easy to like. They wasn't a day that I didn't have fresh flowers, a thing I'm crazy about, or fresh chocolates, which also agree with me, right on top of the board, and we went to lunch together so often that the waiter must have thought we was a vaudeville team. I let him call for the first time on my birthday. He was all dolled up, and he brought me a book and a ton of candy. . . . I'll say he looked too cute for anything. Personally, *I* had frittered away the best part of two hours makin' *myself* pleasin' to the eye, and the result must have been a success, because he gave me one look when he saw me that I will recall for many a day!

We went to the theatre that night, but what the show was all about, I don't know. I was busy thinkin' about other things and I guess DuKane was doin' the same. Durin' the first act he whispered to me about his work, his prospects, and what he trusted to do some day, and continued to go on record that I was the most beautiful girl he'd ever seen, likewise the most sensible. When he pulled that combination of "pretty and sensible" I thought for a minute that I had been mistaken about him bein' a amateur, but one sidelong glance at his flushed, open, kid face convinced me that I hadn't been—he'd just been fortunate enough to say the right thing. He did not go out at intermissions and come back with a cocktail breath, and that didn't hurt him none with me, either.

Before the second act was half over, I discovered that one of my lily-white hands was restin' comfortably in his. This must of happened whilst I wasn't lookin', and I suppose I should of retained my girlish dignity and drew it away, for I had never allowed any of *this* stuff before, but—I didn't move it at all! He *was* so different and—

All right, go ahead and laugh!

Well, after the show, which we didn't know was over till we see 'em all goin' out, on account of bein' interested in *each other* as people will, we sit still in our seats and DuKane says.

"Where will we go?"

I thought for a minute. There was Hector's with their famous jazz band, the Golden Palace or Petrelli's, which is supposed to have the best cabaret in New York, and then again there was the Boulin Rouge, where they have skatin' on the ice and—oh, well, where *ain't* there in New York? It was a nice, warm, summery night, with just enough breeze to make it comfortable. DuKane was callin' for a taxi when I grabbed his arm.

"No," I says, lookin' at him, "let's walk. I don't particularly feel like listenin' to any of this jazz thing to-night. You've blown enough money already, and *I* can't afford to take us both to one of them lobster auditoriums, so we'll forget about it. D'ye know what I'd *like* to do?"

He shook his head, kinda puzzled.

"Well," I says, "I'll tell you. I'd like to go over on Riverside Drive and sit there for about a hour. I love to watch the gloomy Hudson ripple past, with the little yellow dots of the ferry-boat lights movin' across quiet and mysterious, and the big Albany boats shootin' them searchlights around here and there like they was tryin' to find somethin' they lost, and the big Palisades on the other side lookin' down and prob'ly sneerin' at the Big Town across the way and—well, all of that."

"Why—I—I—" he stammers, lookin' surprised.

"What's the matter?" I says. "Don't you wanna go?"

"Don't I?" he almost yells. "I'd go to—anywhere with you! And I'd rather go over and sit there," he went on, lowerin' his voice, "than anything I can think of. I like to do that very same thing myself; in fact, I often do—just sit there for hours and think and plan of what I *would* do if I only had a chance. Why—"

"Wait!" I butts in. "That's where you're wrong. It's all right for a *woman* to sit and dream—and very natural. I do lots of it myself, when I get time. But for a man, absotively not! Don't mope around *wishin'*, get up and go to it! And what d'ye mean by sayin' 'if you only had a chance'? You're young and healthy, ain't you?"

"Yes," he grins; "but that isn't what I mean. Of course I've got a fairly good job, but I want more than that." He stops and gives me a look that a child could understand. "I've *got* to do more than that now!"

"Why not get at it then?" I asks.

He heaved a sigh that stirred up quite a breeze around us.

"My dear child," he says (he looks at least a year younger than me), "this is a tremendously big city and—"

"Enough!" I cuts in. "Nix on the whine! I see I've been mistaken in you. Let's talk about somethin' else. The Giants is goin' like a house on fire this season, ain't they?"

"What do you know about baseball?" he says, stoppin' dead in the street.

"Huh!" I says. "What *don't* I? I don't believe a bigger fan than me ever hollered 'Take him out!' Last year I went to the Polo Grounds at least twice a week."

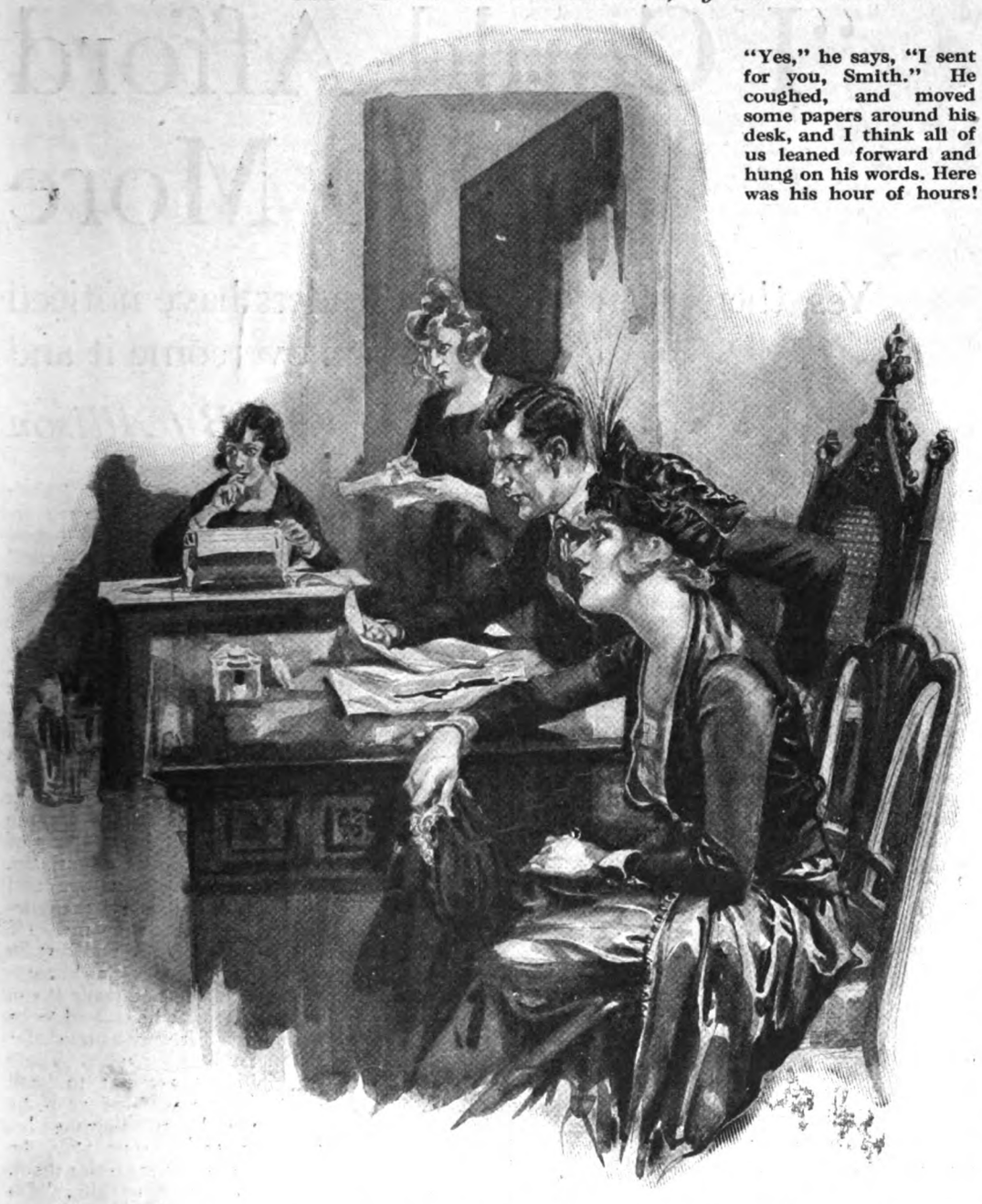
HE SHOOK his head and pulled that kid grin again.

"You're certainly one remarkable girl!" he murmurs.

"Well, I can't help it," I says, and we crossed over to the Drive.

I felt a proposal hoverin' in the offin'; and honestly, for the first time in my life I felt nervous about it. I wasn't quite sure *what* I'd say.

We must have walked further than either of us noticed, because I grew tired and mentioned it. Instantly DuKane was all apologies, comin' to with a start like a man just woke up from a deep sleep. He wanted to call a taxi and bawled himself out for allowin' me to walk at all; but I shut him off, and we sa[illegible] on a bench



"Yes," he says, "I sent for you, Smith." He coughed, and moved some papers around his desk, and I think all of us leaned forward and hung on his words. Here was his hour of hours!

right on the bank of the river—a thing I can posolutely tell the waitin' world I have never done, except alone, since I left the dear old farm—not that I have ever been shy of invitations. DuKane took off his hat and sighed, lit a cigarette and, droppin' his elbows on his knees, commenced to gaze most mournfully across the river. I looked at him for a minute and he irritated me.

"Snap out of it!" I says. "Don't take it so to heart. To look at you anyone would think you had bet your bank roll that the Kaiser'd get his throne back. I didn't come up here to be all gloomed up. Let's talk about your work or somethin'—just what are you doin' these summery days, and why?"

Where is the man which *won't* talk about himself?

He told me lots, and I'll say it wasn't a very sensational or excitin' yarn. He had come to New York from some burg where the fare one way was bigger than the population, with a brand-new, first-class A No. 6 college education, and a fairly good bank roll from dear old Father. Findin' that they already had a mayor of New York, and that most of the banks was usin' the same old presidents year in and year out, DuKane grabbed himself off a job with a automobile tire concern, acceptin' a portfolio as trainer of a set of books which show profit and loss when the examiners come around. He'd been doin' the same ever since without gettin' nowheres, except one five-dollar raise, which brung his total weekly receipts up to about what a chorus man drags down. He'd been with his present masters about three years, and liked his job and arsenic the same way.

"Why?" I says, at this critical point.

"THE infernal petty detail that I have to go through with every day is driving me insane!" he says, gettin' all warmed up. "I wasn't meant to add up figures and work out idiotic percentages for any man. I loathe everything connected with that sort of thing. I'm not in the habit of decorating my brow with laurel leaves, but I was meant for big things, and I know it! Why, I have worked out schemes that—" He stops and slaps his hands together with a bang. "What's the use?" he says. "I'll never get anywhere in this town. Good heavens, I hate the sight of a pot of ink, and I eat and sleep decimals day and night!"

"Let me make you a present of my sympathy," I says. "But why don't you get out then and do somethin' else? Why stick at a job where you claim you got no chance and which you don't like?"

"I've got to stick to it," he says. "I can't do anything else right now, and I can't afford to be out of work. I happen to have a fatal gift of being expert at readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic—and that's all. Suppose I got out of this place and went with another; it would be the same story, except that I'd have to begin at the bottom and work up to where I am now, which is nowhere."

"Don't they ever promote nobody in your office?" I says.

He let forth a bitter laugh.

"Sure," he says; "after you've worked there about a million years. Why, you don't understand what we're up against. There's fifty of us—all simply names on the pay roll—employed in this one office. We have no personality, no future, nothing. We're just there to do a certain amount of work each day, and if we fall an inch short in the opinion of one Phineas R. Smith, the head clerk, we're fired out of hand, and some other poor boob comes along and takes our place, to bury himself along with the rest. If any of us had a new idea and suggested it to the czar of the office, he'd appropriate it to himself, as he has frequently done, get the credit, and that ends us. The office of a big corporation is the greatest ambition killer in the world—believe me, I know!"

"Ssh!" I says. "You *can't* kill ambition, you've got the thing confused with somethin' else. Maybe you're simply jealous of this office demon, and because you envy him you *think* it's ambition. What kind of a bird is he? I'm interested in him."

"What kind is he?" snarls DuKane. "He's the most cold-blooded, inhuman brute that ever lived! Had he been living at the time of the Spanish Inquisition he would undoubtedly have been one of the torturers. Old and crabbed, the personification of petty meanness, he rules the office as no tyrant ever ruled his serfs. He's been thirty-odd years (*Continued on page 176*)

"I Could Afford $5,000 More

Yes, there is an "if." You readers have noticed salesmen overcome it and

By Allison

NOT long ago, I happened to be in Washington—and I also happened to want to buy a pin, or brooch, with a lapis-lazuli setting. In the course of my search, I went into a store, where I found not only a pin that pleased me but also a man with remarkably definite and interesting ideas about retail salesmanship.

This man was W. C. Shaw, the head of the firm, and it was he that made the remark which is printed at the top of this page. Mr. Shaw, however, did not stop with that all-important "if." He finished the sentence; and the way in which he did it, the ideas he has about retail selling, will interest every clerk in a store, and every person that buys goods from these clerks.

This is how it came about: I was hesitating over the pin, for it was rather expensive, when a man somewhat older than the salesman who was waiting on me came up, smiled courteously, and asked if there was something special I wanted. I did not know that the man was Mr. Shaw himself, nor that I was about to see a fine example of retail salesmanship. That came later.

"Yes," I said, in reply to his question, "I want a pin with a lapis setting, and it isn't easy to find."

"No, it is not," he agreed. "But I am fond of the stone myself, so I have an unusual number of them. If you will allow me—"

Putting on a jeweler's magnifying glass, he carefully examined the pin I had been looking at. Already, you see, he had done three things that registered favorably with me. He had approached me courteously, he had said he was particularly interested in the thing that interested *me*, and his careful examination of it implied that it was worth special attention. After scrutinizing it through his glass, he said:

"As you are fond of the stone, perhaps you know that there is a great difference in the quality of various specimens. If you can manage to use this glass of mine, you will see that this is a particularly fine piece. The color is right, the texture is good, and there are no white blotches. The mounting is hand-wrought, too. It is perfectly finished at the back. People who really care for beautiful things are sensitive to such details."

© G. V. BUCK, WASH., D. C.

W. C. SHAW

Who is at the head of the Shaw and Brown Company of Washington, D. C.—dealers in jewelry. Mr. Shaw was born in Canada. He came to this country at the age of seventeen. His parents put him in the jewelry business because they had friends in it. At the time he knew nothing whatever about it. He became keenly interested in it, and now finds the study and sale of gems the most fascinating pursuit in the world

"Yes," I said; "but isn't the stone a trifle ragged along the edge?"

Again he examined it.

"You're right," he admitted. "Your eyes were keener than mine. If you are not in a hurry for it, however, I'll send it to a lapidary and have the stone recut."

I agreed to this, the details were settled, and the transaction was ended. But not his interest! Although, as I had found out by this time, he was the proprietor of the store, he did not bow me out as soon as I had made my purchase.

"If you care for beautiful things," he said, "perhaps you will let me show you some."

And for half an hour he took me about the place, showing me rare and lovely things, talking of them with so much enthusiasm, and with such knowledge and appreciation, that it was a delightful experience for me. He told where he had found certain pieces, of their interesting history, of the men who had made them. And all the time he seemed to be doing it as if it were as much for his pleasure as for mine. There was in it no attempt to "sell goods." It was more as if he were a collector, showing his treasures to someone who, he thought, would enjoy seeing them.

Finally I said to him, "Do your clerks feel the same interest in these things that you do?"

He shook his head.

"Not often," he said. "I could afford to pay a salesman five thousand dollars *more* a year if he felt as I do about the things he has to sell. You see, a salesman's value to his employer is perfectly easy to compute. It is a simple matter of arithmetic. Take it in the jewelry business, for example. A man who can sell three hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods a year is worth a salary of fifteen thousand dollars a year. That is the percentage basis on which salaries are adjusted—at least, in this particular business.

"But the thing which most salesmen do not realize is that the amount of goods a man sells depends to a very great extent on his *interest* in them, his *knowledge* about them, and his *imagination* concerning them and the customer.

"Of course, there are some phenomenal

to Pay a Salesman Every Year"

it in the clerks who wait on you; but the best vastly increase their incomes

Gray

salesmen, who are born with a sort of genius for it. They can sell anything—rubies, real estate, hats, shoes, chairs, or anything else. But I believe that even an average salesman, or a poor one, could easily double his value to his employer if he would put two things into his work.

"Those two things are his mind and his heart. Take the case of this pin you have bought. I really care for the stone and I know a great deal about it. You see, we almost always do learn things about what we care for. And that pin isn't just one of a million others to me, any more than it is to you. Because of my knowledge, I am able to point out the quality of the stone and of the workmanship. And because of my *interest*, I like to do it.

"All this goes to make a community of feeling between you and me. It is almost as if we were choosing it together, not as if I were simply selling it to you. And that, I think, gives you confidence in me. It is as if I were on *your* side of the counter, as, in feeling, I really am. And then, the fact that you especially wanted that certain kind of pin appealed to my imagination. I tried to put myself in your place. I guessed that it was to be a gift, and, like you, I wanted it to be one that would give pleasure and satisfaction.

"TOO often the selling of an article is conducted by the salesman as if it were *a struggle between two opponents:* one trying to force the other to take something he isn't sure he wants. That kind of a salesman will use almost anything as a 'weapon.' He will be insincere, sometimes downright untruthful, about the goods he is showing. He will flatter the customer, if he thinks that will win. Or he will resort to covert ridicule, if he hopes to gain an advantage in that way. All he wants is to make a sale, regardless of the purchaser's interest.

"But the moment a customer feels that the salesman is thinking of *him*, and that the salesman also knows the goods, that moment there is created a feeling of confidence. Mere knowledge of the goods is not enough, although it is an essential to the best results. But there are salesmen who know their merchandise perfectly—and yet it is *only* merchandise to them.

"That kind of salesman is too likely to be one of those whose only idea is to sell something! He may know that what you are looking at isn't what you really want, nor even what you think it is. But he doesn't regard that as any concern of *his*. If he can get you to take it, thereby 'working off' a piece of 'merchandise,' he feels that he has scored.

"The man who has a genuine interest in his customers doesn't do that. It goes against the grain. He feels absolutely dishonest in selling you something you are not going to be satisfied with. He will try to find what *will* satisfy you. And *that* kind of salesman is the one that builds up a clientele for the store and for himself. He is the kind that has 'regular customers,' people who come in and stand around waiting until he is free to serve them.

"The best salesmen have that quality of imagination I spoke of just now. They see beyond their counters, or their showrooms. They want to know where the things came from; and they like to speculate as to where the things are going.

"All these ornaments should not be just so many pieces of merchandise to my clerks. To me, they are almost like individuals, with qualities of their own. It is like the difference between being the superintendent of an orphan asylum and the father of a family," he said, with a little laugh, as he looked around him at the counters and showcases.

"To the superintendent of the asylum," he went on, "the children in his institution are probably just 'inmates.' But to the father of a family, the children in his home are Tom and Jack and Mary and Helen; he knows all their little peculiarities, and is immensely interested in what happens to them. He studies them and has a real affection for them.

"To the average salesman, these rings and pins and necklaces are just so many 'inmates' of the cases. But to me they are individually beautiful and interesting. I study them and learn all I can about them. And when I sell one of them, perhaps I involuntarily communicate some of my interest to my customer.

"I HAVE watched many, many salesmen; in my own store and in other establishments of all kinds. And it is a curious fact that those who are the most interested in the goods they are selling are the ones who have the most—let me see, what shall I call it?—the most conscience, I guess, about their sales. And in the long run that is the quality which builds up your standing as a salesman.

"Of course, it is common, at least it should be, for the salesman to know more about the quality of his goods than the average customer knows. When he does, it is right for him to guide the purchaser in making a choice. It is a delicate problem just how far to go in this respect. If a customer really *wants* something which in your judgment isn't suited to him, or to the purpose you think he has in mind, naturally you must let him have it. But when the customer is passive, has no particular preference—and still less knowledge—of the goods, a salesman who does have expert knowledge should try to make it serve the buyer's interest. It should be a matter of 'selling conscience' with him.

"BUT you cannot have this 'selling conscience' unless you are deeply interested in your goods and in your customer. This doesn't apply to jewelry only, by any means. It would be just the same if a man were selling food, or furniture, or motor cars, or shoes. Why, just think of the things worth knowing about shoes themselves as well as about the customer as a wearer of shoes! I think I could give a whole lecture on 'How to Sell Shoes.'

"And suppose a man was dealing in houses. He would make a far better salesman of them if he studied materials and designs, and if he went even further and thought of them as 'homes,' instead of as mere combinations of brick and wood and stone.

"That is where imagination comes in. The real estate salesman ought to think about his customer in relation to a house. If he does, he wants to know about the family, how many children there are, what tastes the family has. Then he will have a picture of that family as it would be in the various houses he has to sell.

"Immediately he is, so to speak, on their side of the counter. He is house-hunting *with* them. He enters into the discussion of their problems. It appeals to his imagination. He puts his expert knowledge sincerely at their service. And that man will sell a house twice as easily, and ten times as satisfactorily, as the man who is simply bent on working off something, or anything, on a purchaser. No matter what a man has to sell, he will do it better if he tries to think *with* his customer.

"Of course, to be that kind of a salesman, one should (*Continued on page 82*)

She whirled from him, running with light steps, her arms weaving a spell, leaping lightly into the air, where she half seemed to float as if on wings

Does Marriage Clip the Wings of Youth?

A story of love and adventure

By Winona Godfrey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH

PAUL FAXON'S mother was a faded, overworked, complaining woman. His father was a mild, overworked, uncomplaining man, with some definite, if submerged, gifts of mind and heart, whose tenderness and love of beauty had betrayed him into marrying, at the age of twenty-two, a pretty and inconsequent little blonde aged eighteen. By this cunning device does nature put the noses of many star-gazers to the grindstone. Edwin Faxon's bent toward scholar, poet, dreamer, traveler, was thus ironically tied neck and heels into a mere husband and father.

Paul, the observing son, had seen much before he began to *think*. He had seen the expression on his father's face when his wife complained of the stubborn determination of ends not to meet, when the girls pouted for new clothes, when Tom talked rebelliously of the advantages of a college education, when little Eddie wailed for circus money.

What Paul saw was weariness, regret, affection, placation, bewilderment. Paul, too, had the flair of poet, dreamer, and traveler. While he carried papers, and mowed lawns, and helped in the shop, he thought of white mountains and far-flung seas and opal beaches, of strange city streets and dim temples, of himself as a picturesque gentleman, quiet, very wise, elegant, with a pocket full of money, a ruby-set cigarette holder, and a salaaming servant. When he occasionally talked about Mars and the Amazon and the City of Dreadful Night, what is a geisha and why stars are red or blue, he was half puzzled by his father's some way wistful understanding.

"Didn't you want to see Rome when you were a kid, Dad?"

"Yes, I did, Paul, and I intended to, but—"

"And the stars are awful interesting, Dad, and you like 'em so well. Didn't you ever think of being an astronomer?"

"Once I half intended to be, but—"

"And India! Wouldn't you like to see it, just! Elephants and things! Why didn't you go, Dad, when you were young?"

"I wanted to," said Dad, "but—"

"But what?"

"Well, you see," said Dad slowly, "I—got married."

"Oh," said Paul very thoughtfully. "And that—stopped you?"

"Yes." His father smiled. "All you kids came along, and I just had to—to hustle."

Paul often, too, heard their neighbors talking to his mother: "Genevieve's crazy for music lessons, but I says to Will, now what's the use spending a lot of good money on *music*. She'll get married and spend her time playing on a cook stove. *I* used to practice every day, and then I got married and there was the babies and all, and you know yourself, Mrs. Faxon, marriage ends everything of that sort for a girl that marries a poor man."

"It's true," Mrs. Faxon would sigh. "And still, I'd like to give my young ones a glimpse of something besides babies and drudgery. But it's hard to get on at all, let alone get ahead any, and I don't know as Ed's a real practical business man. Of course, we were married young, before he'd really got into *anything*. . . . I had a real good voice myself—such a little idiot to get married at eighteen."

"That's the way it goes," agreed the other. "I says to Will the other day, it'd be a fine pickle for our Ben to marry Sally Bronson, that's settin' her cap for him so. You know how it'd be, I says, him bringin' her home here, and a baby right off the reel, like as not, I says— Well, we got a little pitcher here, I see. How you gettin' on with the new teacher, Paul?"

The observant Paul pondered much thereafter on this clue. It looked very much as if the whole trouble with things was this getting married! It had kept his father from being a fine, care-free rover. It couldn't be really fun to spend your life in a smelly little hardware store where business was never more than "Well, it's been fair this spring, Will, just fair." Going home to a shabby little house full of noisy, wishful children, where the conversation was of bills and croup and toothbrushes and tough round steaks, and the washwoman didn't come to-day, and Marcia wanted a new dress for Tilly's party, and Eddie's shoes ought to be half-soled or were they worth it, and where, for heaven's sake, did the baby pick up that pin and—and—and—

Getting married, that's what starts things—and stops them. "Paul, you do need a new suit, but so does your father, and I can't remember when I had one. With eight in family it sure takes scrimping to get along. Run down to the shop, dear, and see if you can't help Father."

PAUL started cheerfully—and saw in the next yard the little orphan niece who had come to live with the Landers, who already had three besides the twins, and Landers the carpenter had fallen off a roof last month and was just hobbling about again. The little girl was skipping rope, and her brown curls bobbed furiously and her little feet flew with extraordinary nimbleness. And she hadn't any stockings, and her shoes were—well, they were certainly scraggy shoes.

"Hello!" said Paul. "I live next door. Do you like it here?"

"How do you do?" the little girl spoke with much poise. "It seems a very nice town," she added politely. "But my aunt has a lot of children already."

"Yep, she has," Paul agreed. "My name's Paul Faxon."

"Mine's Julien Landers."

"Why, that's a boy's name!"

"No, it is not, no such a thing. I'm named after my grandfather. He spelled his with an *a* and I spell mine with an *e*, and that makes it girl."

"Oh," said Paul. "Well, I've got to go." She was in some way a quite different little girl.

"MY BOY," said Edwin Faxon, "I want to talk to you about your future. I don't want you to drift along. I don't want you to make the mistakes I did. Now, Paul, a young man has certain problems to face—his education, his choice of a profession, and—"

"Problem III," Paul grinned. "How *not* to marry."

Father didn't understand. "Of course we don't need to go into that, yet. Don't be in a hurry about getting married, though, Paul."

"Don't worry!" cried Paul vehemently. "I couldn't settle down here without seeing anything of the world! I've got to *go*, Father. Don't you see? I think I'm like you used to be. I want to see things. I want to *live* a little. You understand, Father, don't you?"

Faxon's tired eyes kindled. "I do understand; yes, Paul, better than you. I'll write to Arnold Quarles." He uttered the name as if it were an incantation. Quarles was a friend of his youth with whom he kept up a desultory correspondence. Quarles and he had made great plans, to do things, to see the world, to be rich, but—Faxon had married. . . . Quarles had adventured alone.

Suddenly all the seven seas were calling Paul with visions of high adventure. *He was going*. He told it to himself incredulously. He had not really believed that he could go like this. Sometimes queer throes of —duty, inertia, something—seized him, and he had a panicky feeling that maybe he was going to be tied with everyday things—like his father. . . .

He went out into the cool summer night. A wisp of moon hung low in the

sky and there was a scent of honeysuckle. Life is so wonderful. He thought of hills, of blue waves breaking lazily, of a white sloop in a deep blue bay, of himself strolling across the world. He opened the gate and took it for a symbol—so, he stepped out to the whole panorama of earth.

"Oh, Paul!" called a merry voice, and again softly, with a peculiar vibrant quality that seemed oddly to tingle past his ears into his veins. "*Paul!*" Julien Landers was leaning against the fence, and he stopped and leaned against his side of it.

"I didn't see you. Been here long?"

She did not answer that. "What are you stalking around that way for?"

"Was I? Making my salaams to India. I'm going there."

"India!"

"Everywhere. Think of it! Dad agrees I ought to see the world. He's written to Quarles about it."

"Who's Quarles?"

"Old friend of Dad's. Rich, I guess, now. Traveler and trader and hunter and everything. Won't it be great?"

"I should say it will." She pulled thoughtfully at a splinter on a picket. "How long will you be gone?"

"Oh, I don't know. Don't suppose I'll ever come back here—to live, you know. I'll likely get into something big, somewhere, you know. After all the world, expect I'd feel cramped in a little town like this."

SHE did not reply to that. Her head was turned so that he looked at her clear profile, straight little nose, delicate curve of lips, dark brown curls wind-stirred on her forehead. She was about seventeen now. There was something dryad-like in the gracefully relaxed posture of her lithe body, he thought. He had always been rather careful not to think much about Julien—saw her, most every day—merry sort of girl—and she didn't have it so easy, either, always laughing, hop-skip-and-jumping, though she was seventeen now. Used to her, but still—she was sweet; there was something about her being near like this—

"I don't know when I'll be back," he said with an awkward little laugh. "Expect you'll be—married, eh, by that time?"

"Me? I guess not! What'd I get married for? I'm sick of washing dishes, frying potatoes and tending—" She bit her lip. "Paul, I've a notion to tell you. You won't tell, will you? It's a secret. I'd not tell about your going if you say not."

"Oh, that's no secret. I'll tell everybody. But I won't tell yours. What is it?"

"I'm going away, too."

"No!" He didn't believe her; she just wanted to match him.

"Yes. Maybe I'll run off some day. I'm going to be a—*dancer!*"

"A dancer?"

"Yes. See—like this." She whirled from him, running with light steps, her arms weaving a spell, leaping lightly into the air where she half seemed to float as if on wings. Her face gleamed white in the moonlight, rapt, and yet merry, at once elfin and warmly human. He stared. After all, he did not know Julien very well, although they often talked about things. . . . She was back, breathing quickly. "You see, when you come back I'll not be here, either. I shall be a great dancer. Don't you think I can dance?"

"Yes, you can. You mean—on the stage?"

"Yes."

"Oh—I wouldn't, if I were you." He groped for some definite phrase to put his vague impression of stage wickedness. "Nice girls—the stage isn't any place for nice girls."

"Everybody says that," she scoffed. "Aunt Jen would have a fit if I told her. You think you have a right to go anywhere because you're a boy. Do you think I don't want to see and have things, too? No, I shall be a great dancer, and make heaps of money, and some day you can bring your wife to see me, and I'll give her a diamond bracelet!" She laughed and tossed her willful little head. She was a tantalizing little minx, this Julien. Bet her Aunt Jen would be led a merry chase before she was done. But she was sweet—awfully fresh and sweet—like apple-blossoms or—or lilacs in the moonlight like this. Unconsciously he bent to her where she leaned again against the fence between them—felt her breath on his cheek, her eyes lifted wonderingly. He kissed her. A tender little boyish kiss on her soft fresh lips. . . . "You—you're awful sweet, Julien," he whispered chokingly. She had not known he was going to do that—there was just a tiny little pause, and then she turned to fly. He tried to hold her. "Wait, darling. Don't go—I want—" But she was gone.

He turned di[illegible]ily, for his feet trod air, his heart pou[illegible]. Who would have thought just [illegible]ss could be so sweet! And then of a s[illegible]en a childish wail from his own house, [illegible]reen door slammed, his

His good-natured face was rather white

and his hat was over his eyes, but he stopped and held out his hand to Paul

father came out on the porch in his shirt sleeves:

"Paul, is that you?"

Paul struck earth with a jar, and there was writ, as in lightning across the sky, PROBLEM III: *How not to marry!* My gosh! He understood it now. How it *happened*. Before you knew it, someone got so sweet to you you couldn't bear not to have her always near. And the first thing you knew you woke up—*married*. And then—shabby little houses and drudgery, and tears, and soapsuds, and milk bottles, and anxiety, and baby carriages, and the rent, and your last year's suit, and—all of it. He understood now all the connotations of his father's explanatory little sentence "But—I got married."

And the horrid irony of it was that you didn't care, you thought you'd love it all—anything—with *her!* Why, he could see as plain as day how it would end for him: if he didn't get away quick, he'd be married to *Julien*. If it was the same with her. Probably it was the same with girls. And *she* didn't want to be married, either. Seemed as if she sort of knew, too, what marriage did to you. He would have to be *very careful* until they heard from Quarles.

THEY heard promptly. Faxon's letter had caught Quarles just as he was off to Java. He was much interested in Paul, he quite understood. He'd watch out for him in every way, give him a chance, too, to do things . . . meet him in San Francisco. . . .

The family was not so jubilant as Paul. His mother wept and never expected to see him again, what with typhoons and beri—whatever it is. She couldn't see why men must always go tearing off somewhere to get themselves killed. Tom sulked—some people have all the luck. Marcia was persecuted, nothing nice ever happened to *her*, and heaven knows she would like things.

Paul was seeing Julien only from a studied distance; but it would be rude not to say good-by. Maybe she was mad. He ran over at the last minute.

"Well, I'm off, Julien. Thought I'd say—good-by." He tried to be matter of fact.

A little warm flush crept over her face. "Well, I hope you have a good time. It'll all be awfully interesting. It's really wonderful for you."

"Yes. Well—take care of yourself." He put out an awkward hand, felt hers slip into it. "Well—good-by. I—" He gulped.

"Good-by," she said steadily. "Good luck!" (*Continued on page 218*)

Why So Many Folks Have to Eat Their Own Words

It is because they won't take the time to get all the facts. Then they begin to talk, and to give decisions which they have to take back

By Julius H. Barnes

A Word About Mr. Barnes:

OCCASIONALLY we hear it said that some man's word is as good as his bond," Herbert Hoover once remarked; "but I have never known a man of whom it is so literally true as of Julius H. Barnes. In the grain industry the reputation of Mr. Barnes has always assayed exactly one hundred per cent. That was one of the reasons why, when the Grain Corporation was organized and given its unprecedented powers, no one except Mr. Barnes was ever thought of for president."

In the capacity of United States Wheat Director, Mr. Barnes is directing the handling of the 1919 wheat crop of the country, and administering the billion-dollar fund appropriated by Congress to take care of that crop under the Government's guaranteed price. He is responsible directly to President Wilson.

As president of the Barnes-Ames Company, of Duluth, Mr. Barnes was the biggest exporter of wheat in the United States at the time we entered the war. When called to the government service he immediately gave up his private interests and closed out his business. The Barnes-Ames Company stopped making contracts in April, 1917, and three months later had closed out all its old contracts and shut up shop.

"No one can ever say that by virtue of the high powers placed in my hands I am able to profit personally one cent, either directly or indirectly," remarked Mr. Barnes, as he took his unsalaried Federal job.

When twenty of the leading grain men of the country were recruited to assist Mr. Barnes in the grain corporation, he insisted that each man give up all interests in his own firm for the period of the war, which, to the credit of the business community, was cheerfully done by all of them.

"The best loved man in Duluth," Mr. Barnes is often called. He is said to have distributed quietly a generous fortune in unheralded charities and private loans. Scores of men who have met financial reverses owe their rehabilitation to him. Among his public gifts are one hundred thousand dollars to the Boat Club of Duluth for a club natatorium and a similar amount to the Young Men's Christian Association for a new building in the heart of the city.

The Wheat Director is forty-six years old, tall, muscular, everlastingly energetic—and he has one of the kindest voices with which a human being was ever blessed. He loves work and has an infinite capacity for it. Seldom does he leave the New York offices of the Grain Corporation before nine-thirty o'clock in the evening, and he frequently works until midnight or later.

Although he has sold out his interests in the grain industry, Mr. Barnes is still president of the McDougal Ship Building Company, the largest concern of its kind on the Great Lakes. This firm—which turns out more vessels than any other single yard not on the Atlantic seaboard—has built a new city within the limits of Duluth for its employees, with model homes costing five and six thousand dollars each. THE EDITOR

FIVE years ago, in common with many other exporters of wheat, I thought I was headed straight for financial ruin. The European holocaust of 1914 had caught us in its back-draft. If there were any way to dodge failure it missed my eye for the moment.

"How in the world, man, do you keep so cheerful?" asked one of my friends.

This was something I had not thought about; but after my friend left the office I leaned back in my chair to consider it. Why *was* it, anyway, that I did not feel panicky or agitated or deeply depressed? This was the answer I found: The war might wreck my business, but it had no power in the world to touch the two things that had mainly helped me to build up that business, and that would help me, if need be, to rebuild it. One was my confidence in myself; the second, my confidence in other people.

I have always avoided attempting to give any formula for success. There are too many different kinds of success, and too many different types of people seeking one brand or another. Human beings, however, have always interested me tremendously. I have watched many men in their struggle toward achievement, and I have been continually impressed by the fact that the two qualities I have named (self-confidence and trust in other people) are written in larger letters across the careers of more successful and happy men than any other two qualities I could name.

When a young man reaches the point where he can trust his own judgment and still respect the opinions of others, he has learned a big secret of progress. To feel that no set of circumstances is big enough to master him, no problem too hard to solve, gives a confidence that will move mountains.

MANY people never have self-confidence—and do not deserve to have it—because they are never quite sure of their ground. They do not take the trouble to get *all* the facts about anything. I shall never forget a particularly fine thing that Herbert Hoover said to me one day after I had become head of the Grain Corporation, with the complicated and momentous problems of the distribution of the country's wheat on my hands.

"Any problem can be solved," declared Mr. Hoover emphatically, "if you have the correct data. *Make sure you have the facts;* then you can handle any situation, if you work at it hard enough and long enough."

I suppose I had realized this for many years; indeed, I had long been guided by the general principle. But I had never heard it expressed in that clear-cut way before. In the past two and one-half years I have successfully fitted Mr. Hoover's key into countless balky locks.

We often hear of the tendency of men to "go off half-cocked." Such men have to eat many of their own words. That is because they have not had the time or the patience to collect the clear facts in the case. They deliver the verdict before they have gathered and sifted the evidence. Then they probably have to reverse themselves, a practice which undermines the confidence of other folks in their judgment and, sooner or later, undermines their own self-confidence. The reluctance of human beings to think for themselves, their readiness to take some other person's "say-so," is the psychological fact back of the billions of dollars which credulous investors lose in "wildcat" promotion schemes.

Another point to bear in mind is this: As soon as you have *all* the facts at hand and have analyzed them—*decide quickly, and forget it.* Too many people waste their time and energies by holding post mortems. We often hear men worrying, "I wonder if I should have done that," or, "I'm afraid the other course would have been the better one." Let speculation end with your decision; you need an unencumbered mind for the next problem.

The time to develop self-confidence is in youth, and the only way to do it is to try yourself out, to put yourself up against difficult propositions and see how well you can handle them. Young men are too prone to "play safe," to hold onto

the sure, small job, rather than risk defeat in an untried field.

I have always believed that the boy should take his falls and risk all while he is still young and able to bear the brunt of reverses and disappointments. This is the only method by which he will come to know himself. He will be able to learn his strong points, and develop them; to learn his weak points, and watch them. If youth took this course more readily we should have fewer middle-aged bank clerks embittered by the belief that they would have been successful mining engineers, and fewer telegraph operators with convictions that they would have won success if they had only become salesmen or promoters.

I have known dozens of men who refused to give up subordinate positions to take chances on promising openings where they would be put on their own resources—to rise or fall. They feared the specter of failure. There is some excuse for this in the case of middle-aged men with family responsibilities. That is why I have always advocated the taking of chances while one is still young.

Failure, however, is a much magnified bugaboo. To small men it is black night settling down, while to the big man, the man with confidence in himself, it is only an incident in the journey.

While I believe in taking chances, I do not believe in taking unnecessary or foolish chances. Again we come back to the proposition of *getting all the facts* before reaching a decision. The man who is forced to "eat his own words" too frequently will sooner or later develop an intellectual colic that is bound to paralyze his efforts. There is no reason, however, to throw up one's hands and quit as the result of a single misjudgment.

I know a man in Duluth who went into the real estate business many years ago. Most of his early ventures were profitable, and he began making deals more and more rapidly and heavily. Money was coming in such an easy fashion that he became careless about weighing all the facts in his operations, and keeping his eyes open to the signs of the times. As a result he was caught in a sudden collapse of real estate values, his business was wiped out, and he was thrown heavily in debt.

For twenty years that man worked on a salary—living simply and applying all his savings toward paying the debt that a court of bankruptcy would have wiped out with a stroke of the pen. It was one of the bravest fights I have ever watched. At the end of this time, when he was finally square with the world, an opportunity came to him to invest in a promising mining operation in Arizona. Should he take the chance?

He gathered all the facts in the case and spent days analyzing them. He found that the mine was already developed and as safe as any mining proposition could possibly be. Its management was sound and conservative. Men of judgment assured him of their confidence in the investment. Twenty years in the treadmill had taught him wisdom, but it had not broken his spirit. He borrowed ten thousand dollars and put it into the mine. To-day he is a wealthy man.

How did it happen, one may further ask, that this man, after one failure, was able to borrow ten thousand dollars to invest in a *mining venture*. It was because in his magnificent up-hill fight he had established a reputation for *character*, for sterling honesty. Everyone who knew him had confidence in him, and he had never lost his confidence in himself.

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JULIUS H. BARNES

One of the greatest business men of the Northwest. President of the McDougal Ship Building Company, the largest concern of its kind on the Great Lakes. President of the Barnes-Ames Company of Duluth until the United States entered the war. At present Mr. Barnes is at the head of the Grain Corporation

TO MY mind, character is the most valuable single asset a business man can have. I had rather wreck my whole business than break a contract or fail to keep my word, for I know it is easier to rebuild a business than to reconstruct a reputation.

Occasionally we see unprincipled men have more or less material success; but they are the marked exception to the general rule. Credit is one of the most important factors in modern industry. When a man has established a reputation for fundamental honesty his word is recognized as his pledge, and it is pretty certain that he can always get credit to expand his business at opportune times.

Several years ago a Duluth wheat operator was an innocent victim of one of the most spectacular wheat corners ever engineered. His assets were wiped out overnight, and he faced a deficit of $60,000. But no disaster could take from him the character he had built up, his reputation for honesty and sound business principles. It stood him in good stead. Immediately four of his *competitors* advanced him $100,000, and his business was reëstablished within forty-eight hours. Remember that all four (of whom I was one) were the heads of *rival firms*.

With characteristic honesty the man came to me, laid bare all the facts of his business and asked my advice about future policies. My faith in him was implicit. He found some rather rough sailing ahead, and I was happy to furnish him further financial ballast against the storm's abatement. . . .

By his character alone this man was able to avert business disaster, to save his investments in certain outside properties that later increased greatly in value, as well as to repay, in the day of final prosperity, an accumulated debt of $400,000. And not the least important item in this summing up is the $200,000 he has since given to humanitarian projects.

To be a good executive one must necessarily have confidence in one's associates. There is nothing more warming to the heart and quickening to the soul than faith in one's fellow men. If I ever lost mine, I think I should want to give up business altogether. I always take it for granted (*Continued on page 196*)

Egan Comes Down to Earth—*A Serial Novel*

By Holworthy Hall

A Surprising Turn in Egan's Affairs

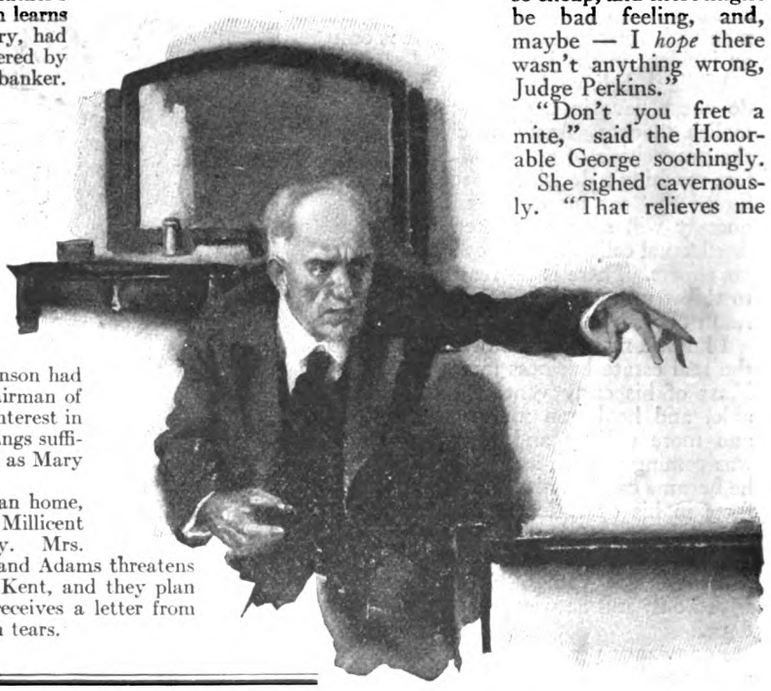
ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESLIE L. BENSON

What Has Happened So Far in This Story

BRONSON EGAN, after four years in the French and American air services, arrives home at Plainfield, and near the railway station meets Mary Kent, to whom he was virtually engaged before the war. With Mary are her mother and a girl visitor, Martha Henderson, daughter of Martin Henderson, a Dayton manufacturer. After promising to come to the Kent home that evening, young Egan is turning away when he is grabbed by a drunken man, whom he recognizes as Stanley Adams, his adopted "uncle" and boyhood idol. As he leads him away the Kents look on scornfully, but Martha's eyes approve.

At the office of Judge George Perkins, an old friend of his father's (who had died while Bronson was in foreign service), Bronson learns that the Egan Company, his father's manufacturing industry, had been wiped out through a series of deals apparently engineered by Eddie Macklin, city counsel, and Mary Kent's father, a banker. That evening at the Kent home, Bronson is told by Mary of her unannounced engagement to Eddie Macklin. He vows he will never give her up. Macklin appears and tries to make friends with Egan, who rebuffs him. Bronson has a heart-to-heart talk with Martha Henderson, who shows extraordinary understanding and sympathy. The following day Bronson announces to Judge Perkins his plan for establishing an aërial interurban express. By taking up visitors at the county fair for aëroplane flights, he expects to raise money to get his new project under way. Both plans are balked. Eddie Macklin, in charge of the concessions committee for the fair, makes an exclusive contract with another flier. This is followed by the announcement that an air traffic company, to carry passengers and freight over the route Bronson had in mind, has been organized, with Martin Henderson as chairman of the board of directors. Meanwhile, Bronson has found his interest in Martha Henderson rapidly increasing, and he reveals his feelings sufficiently to cause Martha to feel that she can no longer remain as Mary Kent's guest.

Stanley Adams, who rooms with Bronson at the old Egan home, now rented, comes upon Eddie Macklin with his arm around Millicent McCain, the young, good-looking daughter of the landlady. Mrs. McCain, who enters the room at the same time, is furious, and Adams threatens Macklin with exposure. Macklin admits the facts to Mr. Kent, and they plan to silence Adams and the McCains. Martha Henderson receives a letter from Mary Kent, after the reading of which her father finds her in tears.



FOR many days of high compression, Mrs. McCain had kept her lips tight shut on a subject very near to her, but presently, and very naturally, she began to worry. Macklin had been her counsellor. Her distrust of him, now too well grounded to be shaken, extended even to the philanthropy which he had so unexpectedly offered her.

The loss of her counsellor made her doubly dependent upon counsel. She needed to pour out to someone the tale of all her relations with him, before she could sleep of nights. She was afraid of him. And when she began also to be afraid of herself, she cast about her for a substitute for Macklin, and chose the Honorable George Perkins.

Once seated beside his desk, however, she felt her initiative oozing away from her. She wanted to run away. She fancied that already there was accusation in the judge's eyes. Palpitant, she was suddenly struggling for an excuse to flee.

"Well, now," said the judge kindly, "let's see what this trouble of yours is about."

Mrs. McCain's fingers were weaving ceaselessly.

"I don't know what to do, Judge.... I don't know *what* to do. It isn't for me—I'm thinking of Milly. What that girl's had to suffer! I don't know anything about these things. . . . I—I hope that there's nothing wrong." Her little laugh of deprecation was hollow. "You see, Mr. Macklin isn't advising me any more, since—well, for quite some time. It's so hard to understand these things alone."

The judge waited patiently.

"It's about this—one day a year ago Mr. Macklin came to me. He knew I had some money in the savings bank. He told me there was some stock in the Egan Company for sale, very cheap. It would pay four or five times as much as the bank would, he said. He said— Well, we all know what the Egan Company *was*. He said he was buying some himself. So I gave him fifty thousand dollars—all I had. He told me over and over I shouldn't mention it to a soul—it was some sort of influence that let him get it so cheap, and there might be bad feeling, and, maybe — I *hope* there wasn't anything wrong, Judge Perkins."

"Don't you fret a mite," said the Honorable George soothingly.

She sighed cavernously. "That relieves me so! Well—then I saw in the papers the Egan Company was in trouble. I said to Mr. Macklin, '*What* shall I do?' He said to wait. And the next thing I knew the company had failed. . . . " She clenched her hands. "I asked him how much I could get for my stock. He said I couldn't get anything. He said he was ruined, too. He said it was more important than ever I shouldn't tell. I might even have to pay something. He got me the house, from the hospital, and he said the time might come when he'd do something else for me, if I'd just keep quiet. I'm only just hardly getting a living out of the house now. I'd have lost money if it hadn't been for the boarders Mr. Macklin sent me. I couldn't pay the March rent, and he loaned me the money. When I thought of maybe having to pay something on that stock I was simply *crazy*. I didn't

know *what* they could do to me. You see, I don't understand these things very well. Then—then Mr. Macklin. . . . You see, I caught him . . . he was philandering with Milly. And we had a scene. And—and then he came back the other day, and he said if I wouldn't say anything about it, he'd pay back the money I lost, and forgive me the money he lent me in March, and send Milly to boarding school for two years, and I was frightened, Judge Perkins. So—I thought I'd better come and tell you everything."

"Don't you fret a mite," said the Honorable George gently. "There's nothing in the world anybody's going to do to you. Did you get any money from him?"

"Not yet."

"Agree to take any?"

"He—he may have thought so."

"H'm! Did you go to the auction? . . . I mean, how did you actually buy that stock?"

"I gave Mr. Macklin the money. He sent me a certificate for it. A hundred and seventy shares. He said it was worth three times what I paid for it."

"Just one thing more: Did you ever sign any paper of any kind in connection with this stock?"

"I don't—know— Wait." She thought hard. "Yes, I think I did. A little piece of paper about some kind of a meeting. He asked me to sign it. I think it just said Mr. Macklin was going to represent me at a meeting, or something. Yes, I remember it quite well."

"A proxy?"

"*That* was it—a proxy!"

The judge's smile of encouragement was more than paternal—it was patriarchal.

"There wasn't anything wrong about *that*, was there?" she asked apprehensively.

"Not a thing." He leaned back in his chair, and made a tent of his hands. "I'm awful sorry you didn't come to me with this, first thing. You'd have saved yourself a lot of worry. If you've told me all there is to tell, you can just put it out of your mind for good. Suppose you write me a little letter, though, and say you want me to be your lawyer, and that you haven't any other. I'd sort of like to have it with me when I go see Eddie. And one more thing—if I were you, I wouldn't let Kent pay Milly's way through boarding school. If you want her to go—"

"Oh, Judge Perkins!"

"And she wants to go . . . I shouldn't wonder if we could fix it up, somehow. Let's try."

XV

IT WAS with swaying sentiments that Martha Henderson accompanied her father to Plainfield. Her own assignment was to select a house which could be bought, or rented, for occupancy early in the year; and ordinarily she would have had all a normal woman's pleasure in the hunt. Under the present circumstances, she was apathetic, for she didn't know that she cared to live in Plainfield at all. There were too many old acquaintances she would be embarrassed to meet.

Henderson brought her, however, to the best suite in the Plainfield House, and for two days fancied that she was happy. On the third, he had leisure enough to see through her workmanlike pretensions.

"What's biting you, Martie?" he demanded. "You act as if somebody'd run off with your smile."

"When was it," she asked, "that you decided to go into the air business?"

"Oh, a couple of months ago. What's that got to do with it?"

"I wish you'd told me then, instead of letting me find it out from the newspapers."

Henderson shook his head good-naturedly.

"In the first place you ought to know by this time that I don't bring my business home with me; and, in the second place, I don't generally tell what I'm going to do until after I've done it."

"Was it your own idea?"

"Law, no! I don't know *whose* it was. Richards was the man who sold me on it."

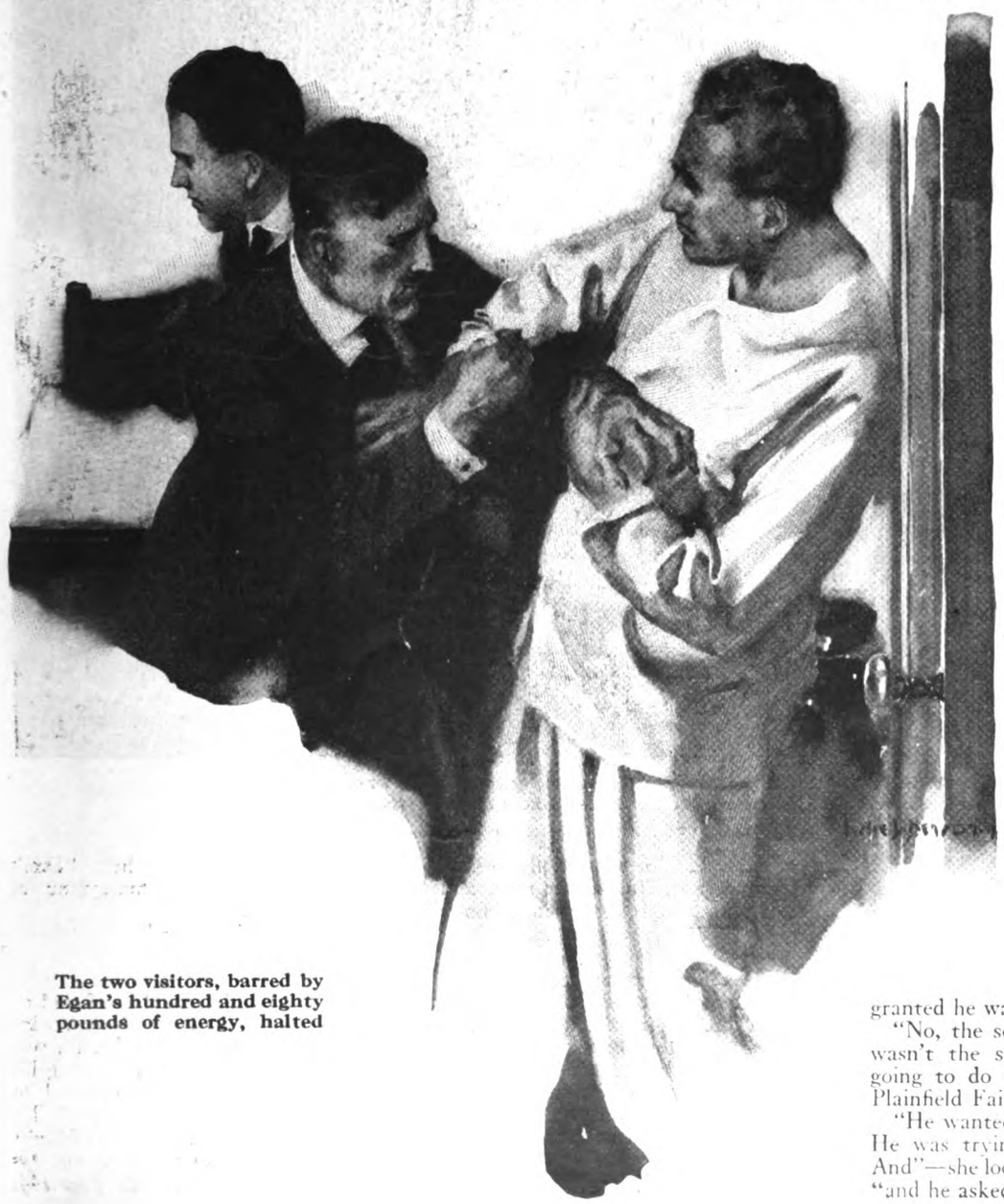
"Is Mr. Egan in it anyhow? I know he isn't *now*, but is he going to be?"

"That's one too many for me, Martie. I haven't anything to do with the personnel. But I don't seem to remember anybody mentioning him. Why?"

Martha looked down. "He wanted to do something of the same sort, himself. I took it for granted he was in this somewhere."

"No, the scheme he was mixed up in wasn't the same sort at all. He was going to do something or other at the Plainfield Fair, but—"

"He wanted an express company, too. He was trying to raise money for it. And"—she looked up, none too cheerily—"and he asked me especially not to men-



The two visitors, barred by Egan's hundred and eighty pounds of energy, halted

Miss McCain was frequently passed on the stairs, or in the hallway, and her behavior was irritating. She crowded the wall, like a timid fawn, and sniffed

tion it to you. I saw Mary Kent this afternoon; *she* thinks you were the man who began it. If *she* does, other people do. Probably *he* does. And you can see what position that puts *me* in, can't you?"

"You're afraid he'll feel as though you gave away his bright idea? I wouldn't. Anybody on earth could have started that company—or any other. He's got more sense than to feel that way."

"It isn't only that," she said; "but he oughtn't to have *been* left out. He'd collected the most wonderful information you ever saw, and he had costs and everything all figured out, and he's a splendid sort of man besides—and a flyer—and he's used to controlling other men, and he's from Plainfield and everybody knows him—why, you've just *got* to have him!"

HENDERSON was as serious as his daughter. "It does look as though he'd be valuable. But Old Man Egan and I were as friendly as two strange bulldogs. Nobody's fault—we simply didn't get along. The boy inherited the idea that I'm a bad actor. If I should make him any proposition, it might have exactly the wrong effect."

"Well?"

He gazed searchingly at her. "Don't care whether you make a martyr out of your dad or not, do you?"

"We owe him *some*thing."

"*I?* How's that?"

"Not you."

"Oh!" said Henderson. "Confound it! Just as soon as you let a woman edge into a business proposition . . . I never knew it to fail. Oh, well! I suppose I'll have to see whether they planned to hire him or not. If they didn't—" He paused. "Here's something else: Maybe the directors don't want him—at his price. In that (*Continued on page 164*)

The Greatest Delusion in the World

Millions suffer from it. Are you one of the number? I refer to the fool idea that work is an affliction

By Dr. Frank Crane

I AM going to write a few thoughts on the Labor Problem.

Wait a minute! Don't be hasty! For I shall not say a word about Labor Unions, nor Capital, nor Collective Bargaining, nor the Rights of Man, nor any such thing.

Oh, no! I shall talk about YOU! Which is more to the point.

I don't know much about the labor problem in its political and economic phases. Of course I have some opinions, but whether they are right or not I haven't any idea. Let the Socialists, and the Syndicalists, and the I. W. W. and the Federation of Labor, and Congress, and the high-school graduates, and all the public-minded folk go to it, and more power to their arms!

But—as for Me and You, friend reader, there is another side to the issue, which more nearly, as Bacon says, "comes home to men's business and bosoms."

I have the feeling that all of us, in our consideration of this matter of work, are on the wrong track. For we seem to regard work as *an affliction!* Pardon my German, but we label work as "zum Davonlaufen," which means "to be run away from."

This spirit permeates our literature. The novelist is sure of our tears when he describes the farm hand that has to pitch hay in the hot sun, or the woman compelled to mend her children's clothes and wash dishes and make beds, or the wretched clerk that has to wait on customers all day and come home to his boarding-house at eve, with nothing to eat but food, and has to sharpen the wrong end of a match wherewith to pick his teeth, and never has the price of a manicure séance, and cannot go to cabarets, nor buy orchids, nor own an automobile, nor anything.

But when we turn to facts, they are different. For the fact is that the happiest people in the country are those that get up and go to work. The people that eat breakfast in bed, and work when they feel like it, or not at all, are mostly seekers for trouble; yea, and finders thereof.

For every one house of the idle where there is peace, contentment and love, where things go smoothly and the family are not sitting around hating each other, or devising new forms of devilment, you can find one hundred houses where Papa works at his job every day, Mama is busy as a bee, looking after the children and keeping everybody fed, clothed and decent, and the children work in school by day and study their arithmetic at night.

For happiness is a by-product of work. Contentment is a plant that grows low along the ground. It does not bloom far up in the delectable mountains, but right at our feet—although too often the paunch of our pride is so distended that we cannot see it.

Those who are surely having a good time are the motormen, engineers, bricklayers, longshoremen, dry-goods clerks, grocery boys, housewives, bankers, lawyers, storekeepers, manufacturers, editors, and all the rest that are busy about the world's work. They get a lot more out of life than stage Johnnies and lounge lizards get.

I do not mean to insult you with threadbare homilies about "the deceitfulness of riches" and "the advantages of poverty," for I don't believe them. I hate poverty. I like money and what it brings. And everybody certainly ought to do his best to get on in the world.

But the point is that the good of money lies in the earning of it. The happiness of mankind, says R. L. Stevenson, consists not in arriving, but in traveling. And the only reason the entire population of the earth does not go mad, fly at one another's throats, and wind up in a mutual extermination bee, is because, with few exceptions, they have to work for a living.

As a matter of actual fact, it is a lot more fun to earn a dollar than to spend it. Yet most of us talk as if we believed the contrary.

A man who employs many people, pays them good wages, enables them to be self-supporting and self-respecting, provides sanitary and pleasant conditions in which they can work, and altogether manages his business with respect first of all to the human beings in it, does good to them and to the world.

The "dangerous classes" are the idle endowed at the top, and the idle loafers at the bottom. The great mass of humanity is sound and sweet because it works.

Work is better than play, but we hate to admit it. The average Bolshevik is not yapping because he has no bread, but because the other fellow has cake. Yet the bread eaters are happier and healthier than the cake eaters.

It is *fun* to lay shingles, carry letters, run a locomotive, follow a plow, write books, swing a scythe, make dresses and cook meals. Also, almost any kind of work tastes better to a he-man than attending Mrs. Dingbat's reception, and standing around first on one leg and then on the other, and trying to keep your dress shirt from creeping up, and eating icy slush until your insides are paralyzed and the silly grin (*Continued on page 155*)

A Leaf Out of Doctor Crane's Own Experience

"AT THE age of forty-eight I started out without a cent, except some money borrowed on my life insurance, to get work on a newspaper, being bitten by the notion that I could write. After six months I landed a job at a dollar a day. I kept at it. I am making more money now, but I am still a wage earner. For some ten years I have written an editorial for every week day, without missing one; and this has been the happiest period of my life. It has been so because I love my work better than anything else on earth. I can think of no kind of play or vacation half so pleasant as this work. Through comedy and tragedy, whether depressed or elated, sometimes feeling fit and at other times sick-a-bed in the hospital, I have clung to my work. And God bless it for it is the immediate jewel of my soul.

"That is why I write sincerely and urge you to wean yourself, if you are not too old and stubborn, from the delusion that labor is a misfortune, along with mumps and a clubfoot."

"Two Down in Front for This Evening"

The whims and caprices of human beings when they buy theatre tickets—where they like to sit, what they will pay, when they prefer to go, whom they most enjoy going with, and so on

By John McBride

SEVERAL hundred thousand times every year our door is opened or our telephones ring, and a voice says: "Give me a couple of tickets for such and such a show," or, "Please leave a couple of tickets at the box office in my name."

Sometimes, of course, the order is for a box, or for seats for a party of ten or a dozen in the orchestra. Occasionally a lonesome individual buys a single seat. But the bulk of our business is in "couples:" for theatregoing is preëminently a pleasure that a man and a woman together enjoy more than either men or women do alone.

We have been receiving and filling those orders for more than forty years; in a sense, they are as much a commonplace with us as an order for a cake of soap is in a grocery store. But in another sense, each single order is new and interesting, a whole romance in itself.

If one could read the story behind a single day's business in our office, what a thrilling novel he might write! A young man steps up to the counter, a trifle flushed and hurried, and says he must have the "two best seats in the house," it is "very important." And as we pick them out for him we can't help wondering *why* it is so important. Is this to be the great evening of his life? Is there in his heart the hope that on the way home *she* may promise to keep on going to the theatre with him for the rest of their lives?

The telephone rings; a man's voice again. He wants seats 1 and 2 in G at the Blank Theatre for a week from Friday night. No other seats will do. And as we tuck them into an envelope for him, and write his name across it, we wonder what anniversary it is that falls on a week from Friday night; and what happened on some other evening when they sat in "seats 1 and 2 in G."

Or the customer may be an elderly man, perhaps an elderly man and a woman together, a gray-haired, pleasant-faced couple. And looking at them we know that the children, grown up and married now, have gone away to establish homes of their own; and Father and Mother have come down to New York to have a second honeymoon, eating in expensive hotels, going to the theatre every evening, and doing all the extravagant things they couldn't afford to do on that first honeymoon, thirty or forty or fifty years ago.

We do far more business with those elderly couples than you might suppose. It is sometimes assumed that the theatre is particularly a young people's amusement; but one need only glance about the house any night to discover the mistake in that idea.

Every man, I suppose, thinks that his own business is the most interesting; but ours has some special differences that keep it from ever becoming monotonous. For one thing, we turn over most of our stock every day: the tickets for to-night's performance are as dead to-morrow as last year's leaves. Each day opens with a fresh supply of stock, and a new group of customers. The man who bought yesterday is not likely to want to go to the theatre again this week; every morning brings its new quota of anniversaries and of celebrations and of achievements that require a special festival, or of memories and defeats, which the theatre helps us to forget.

It was down in the "Arcade," the corridor of the building at 71 Broadway, that my father started the business. Coming to this country a poor boy, he had drifted first to Chicago, and then worked his way back by stages to Buffalo, then to Kingston, where he married, and finally to New York. He was successively a watchmaker, a stone-cutter, and a telegraph operator; but his first real business experience came as manager of the news-stand in the old Union Square Hotel.

It was a famous hostelry in those days; for Fourteenth Street was the Forty-second Street of that period, with its lights and theatres and restaurants. Handsome coaches drove down at night, and stood in Union Square; the busses from up-town and down-town met there, and in the lobby of the hotel one might find the men whose names were famous both in finance and statesmanship.

Little by little my father began to dabble in theatre tickets, his first great opportunity coming with Henry Irving's visit to New York, when he hired men and boys to stand in line literally for days and succeeded in buying up a very considerable section of the house. This so impressed Irving as a striking evidence of American ingenuity, that he referred to it in his "Memoirs." These tickets my father sold for fifty cents above the box-office cost; and on that one-price idea the business has continued to operate through the succeeding years.

To the little stand at 71 Broadway many of the famous characters of that period made their way. General Grant used to drop in for his tickets, as did also

Rain To-day—"Sick Wives" To-night

Mr. McBride "gives the men away" as follows:

"WHENEVER the clouds begin to gather about noon, we say to ourselves, 'Now, get ready for the epidemic of sick wives.' And, sure enough, the telephone begins to jingle, and strong men's voices will say, 'Awfully sorry I can't use those tickets to-night, McBride; my wife has just 'phoned me that she is not feeling very well.' So we cancel the sale, and the men who don't like to get their feet wet go home to their apartments and light their pipes and settle down, often to bear the reproaches of wives who probably don't give a rap about the rain and secretly have a good-natured contempt for the little subterfuges of the alleged stronger sex."

General Sherman and Jay Gould; and every President of the United States since Grant, with the single exception of Rutherford B. Hayes, has been at one time or another among my father's customers.

Gradually the size and reputation of the business extended until my father needed the services of my brother and myself. And finally the day came when, with considerable trepidation, we signed the lease for a stand in one of the up-town hotels. Later, though it seemed a real risk, we even opened a store on Broadway in the heart of the theatre district.

I can well remember, years ago, the first day on which we did a thousand-dollar business. It seemed to my father as if we had reached then the final realization of our hopes. He went home in high spirits.

But New York grows by bounds, and the habit of theatre attendance increases even faster; our annual business now runs into millions; and more than two hundred thousand envelopes a year are left at the box offices for customers who have charge accounts in our offices.

Our whole success depends, of course, upon our ability to understand and satisfy people's whims and caprices. Even in selection of a location for our store we had to bear in mind that the human animal is a creature of habit; and that no business can succeed which runs counter to that trait. When we picked our present location we had plenty of chances to rent stores on the east side of Broadway; but we knew that we must be on the west side and somewhere above Forty-second Street. The reason is that, as the new subways, instead of turning east on Forty-second Street, were being planned to run straight down Seventh Avenue the current of traffic would be *down* the west side of Broadway—and most theatre tickets are bought when people are on the way down-town. Men buy them on their way to business, or women on their way to shop; and even the little effort required to cross the street is often enough to change the plan or cause it to be forgotten.

By the same token we did not want to be on the corner of Forty-second Street, or of any other street. That corner location is one of the highest priced in the world; it is an excellent location for a cigar store, for a man will dodge across the street into a cigar store without stopping. But a man piloting a woman across a crowded street has no thought but to avoid the traffic dangers, and to carry her through and out of the crowd. They do not want to stop at the corner, but to get by as soon as possible. So we wait for them a few steps farther along, when they have had time to catch their breath and are ready for the pleasant and leisurely business of planning the evening's entertainment.

The fundamental principle of human nature on which we build is the one on which every successful business is erected—the fact that folks like attention, and are perfectly willing to pay for it.

By going a few blocks out of the way, and patronizing the theatre box office, the men and women who deal with us could save themselves something on each ticket; and in many cases the seats would be almost, if not quite, as good as those they buy from us. Yet they will not put themselves to that added inconvenience.

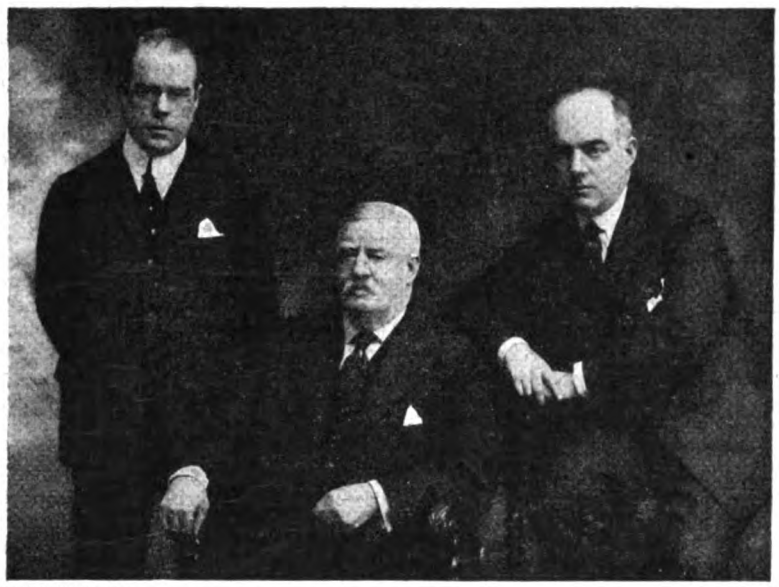


PHOTO BY PACH, N. Y.

JOHN McBRIDE, THOMAS J. McBRIDE, AND WILL McBRIDE

Who sell hundreds of thousands of theatre tickets every year in New York. Thomas J. McBride started the business in 1873, and is still on the job every day—although he is seventy-three years old. Will McBride attends to the buying of the tickets for the various theatrical productions, while his brother John looks after the sales and supervises the accounting

Thrift campaigns come and go and leave us unaffected; people will economize on something else, but they will *not economize on service.*

IT SEEMS to me there is something in that feature of our experience that ought to provide food for thought for other business men. So many men assume that if only they can reduce costs, so as to undersell their competitors, they have solved their problem. Personally I think that there is no more precarious ground on which to found a business. I would rather increase prices, if I were selling any article of popular consumption, and invest the added margin in better service, and in adding to the convenience of purchase; for every dollar invested in service, I am convinced, is invested in the safest security in the world.

To that belief we have pinned our faith. A few months ago a man telephoned me from Philadelphia. He had promised his little daughter that she should have a box at the circus that afternoon, but in his hurry to catch a train he had forgotten his promise. It was her birthday, and she must never suspect that her daddy had allowed business to crowd her out of his thoughts, even for a moment, on that particular day. Was there anything I could do about it?

I told him to give himself no concern, the little girl should have the box and she would never suspect that he had forgotten it. I was in our down-town office when the call arrived; I got the up-town office on the 'phone, and eight minutes from the time the Philadelphia call arrived the tickets were in the young lady's hands. Since then that man has sent dozens of people to us.

We have on our books to-day more than fourteen thousand accounts with people who buy tickets over the 'phone just as they buy food or flowers. We have never solicited one of those accounts; they are a monument to the fact that price is no selling argument compared with attention and service.

Most businesses have their good and their bad years; ours is singularly free from such fluctuations. The war, to be sure, affected it. More than a thousand of our accounts were closed almost automatically on the day when the boys began to leave for camp. Fathers and mothers had no interest in amusement when the thought of their boys was in their minds every minute of the day. But those accounts were opened with the same promptness on the day that the Armistice was signed. In ordinary times they are about equally active, whether other kinds of business are good or bad.

If the market goes to pieces in Wall Street, men say, "Come on! Let's go to the theatre and forget our troubles." If it booms, they want to celebrate. In either mood, the theatre is the answer.

There are agencies similar to ours in Boston and Philadelphia and Chicago, and perhaps in other cities; but only in New York is such a business possible on a really large scale. New York is more and more the playground, not merely of the nation, but of the world. There was a time when ninety per cent of our business was with residents of the city; now frequently sixty per cent is done with transients. And these people are in town in a wholly different mood from that in which they carry on their lives at home.

Literally millions of men and women come to New York for a few days, or a week, or a month, each year. And they come on this basis: they put $100 or $500 or $1,000 or $5,000 in their pockets; and they consider it a positive disgrace to go home with any of that money left. Every day some elderly couple will drop in who have come to town for a week, and we will fix up a schedule for them that will fill every afternoon and evening: a comedy in the afternoon, and a musical show in the evening; a more serious play for the next afternoon, and so on.

Folks who, at home, will argue with the butcher over a penny a pound on the cost of a steak, or will sit in perfect contentment in the rear (*Continued on page 118*)

Blunt Nose

The story of a great snake that met his match

By Earl Wayland Bowman

PABLO SANTOYEZ, tending goats on the slopes of San Miguel, saw the murder of Blunt Nose, the mighty serpent with the deadly fangs, and he grunted his wonder and admiration in velvety Mexican phrases—but did not know or understand how such a thing could be.

He did not know that Quick Foot, the chaparral cock, called by the Gringos the "road runner" and no larger than a small chicken, had in his heart such courage, or dared so cunningly to kill a King!

It happened on those slopes, sun-beaten and dry, where tufts of wire grass grow among the masses of slivered rock which join with the flat-leaved prickly-pear cactus in a mutual effort to render the hillsides barren of feed and useless for creatures that roam the range.

It was there that Pablo saw and marveled that Blunt Nose, King of Rattlers of San Miguel, should be mastered by one so frail, so small, and yet so wholly unafraid as Quick Foot—*Paisano*, the road runner.

Blunt Nose, the King, himself, when he spread his glistening coils, relaxed, and lazily stretched his beautiful diamond-marked body across the warm pebbles of the little beach of gravel between the Black Boulder and the bed of cacti growing five short yards away, had no thought that fate had willed him but one brief hour of blessed, sun-bathed sleep—and then sudden, flaming, death!

Perhaps it was not truly a "killing."

Some there be who will say it was suicide. So let them say.

Certain it is, Blunt Nose, the Great Rattler, was brought to his death that day, and Quick Foot, Pablo declares, was he who slyly and cleverly committed the marvelous deed.

Marvelous, in truth! For who shall say it is not a wonderful cunning that Quick Foot, a mere bird, scarce a pound in weight, with neither tooth nor fang, and standing no more than a foot and some few inches in height, could circumvent and bring about the death of one so mighty as Blunt Nose—he with the sinewy, stocky, four-foot length of flexible muscle and ferocious strength, and the fourteen rattles, and the needle-pointed fangs folded away in the roof of his bulldog mouth?

"The bird, 'Paisano' the road runner, the chaparral cock," Pablo said, "I see him that day make Blunt Nose, the big serpent with many rattles—even these, count them, fourteen there are and the button—in his agony die! It is the wonder, the grand, the beautiful murder!"

Then the rattles he took and carried, a present, to dark-eyed Rena, daughter of Señor Osseo, he who kept the *fonda* in far-away Soccorro.

It was fascination, that grim, shining Black Boulder, lodged on the shoulder of the western slope of hoary old San Miguel. Pablo loved to lie on its top and look down over the great Llano de Gato, stretching away to Soccorro, the city of many enticements—ah, the *mescal*, the *monte*, the *señoritas*, the *fandangos*, the gay, laughing *ranchito*, with its music and sparkling lights awaiting Pablo when the season for taking the goats to market should come and old Don Pancho Torreyo gave him the *dinerro* compensating these long, slow, dragging days with the flocks on the slopes of San Miguel!

IT WAS a dream place, that boulder. Past it, down the slopes, no goat or sheep creature wearing wool should go. It was the law, written in blood. To the cattle belonged the plains. On the tough, dry feed of the rock-strewn hillsides the goats must live. Once—it was bad to remember—Pablo, behind this same great boulder, fought with the Gringo cowmen, those hard men who rode with the cattle and despised the tenders of sheep and those who wandered afoot with the goat herds.

Then it was Old Pancho had ordered the flocks taken to the flat lands, and it had cost Pedro Garcia and Juan Martinez, hired fighters and brave *hombres* the two of them, their lives before Don Pancho, himself with a bullet lodged deep in his side, made truce and agreed to keep the goats forever above the Black Boulder.

From that day Pablo was cautious and wise. Never again did he let the flocks wander down the slopes of San Miguel. But many times, when the goats, having fed, were quiet and rested beneath the stunted piñon trees or lay in the shadows of the jutting crags, he would slip down to the great rock and, stretched full length on its level top, strain his eyes toward Soccorro and dream. . . . For was She not there? Even Rena, with the wonderful eyes, the body graceful and light as the antelope fawn and—ah, the lips!

Pablo did not know, lying there on the Black Boulder, that he rested above the throne-room of a King, that Blunt Nose, greater than any of his kind on San Miguel slopes, dwelt in the dark and beautifully arched cavern beneath the black rock. But it was so.

Blunt Nose long ago won from Brown Quill, the groundchuck, the marvelous home. By the lithe spring of his body, the quick flash of the massive wedge-shaped head—by these and the keen stab of his gleaming fangs, Blunt Nose mastered Brown Quill and took for his own the cool, dark retreat under the black rock. On the new-born litter of squirming, faintly squealing groundchucks—orphaned by the flaming venom shot from his own fangs into the veins of their parent—one by one, he feasted. Fit morsels were they, and dainty, for a King after the appetite-stirring battle for this best of all dens on the sun-swept slopes of San Miguel.

With the same sure weapons by which he had fought Brown Quill, Blunt Nose held that which he took, even as the hard, swift riders of the open range, by the might of their arms, the courage of their hearts, their clear eyes and the leap of the lead from their forty-fours took and held for their cattle the long grass pasture of the level plains.

Many excursions Blunt Nose made.

Sometimes he went to the smooth llano below. There, where the worn craters of the prairie-dog town dotted the flat, was invitation always when he longed for a meal of tender, delightfully juicy young flesh; owls, also, there were in some of the holes, which Blunt Nose at other times had despoiled and left desolate, and in which, later, the birds had dared to nest. To these, on occasion, would the King return and coolly devour the nestlings; while the parent birds, driven out, fluttered about the door of their ravished home and in foolish, impotent rage and fear, clicked their harmless bills. In the grass—silly things—ground larks and road runners would lay their eggs. Sometimes he hunted a whole night through for these.

ONCE, he would never forget, Blunt Nose started a mad stampede.

A mighty thing he did that night: It was the season for eggs and new-hatched birds. Since dusk Blunt Nose had been carefully, silently, creeping over the plain. Just the faintest rustle did he make as he moved among the grass tufts, deftly writhed in and out through cactus beds—how he hated the cacti, its sharp, cruel spines, the agony they brought—winding his way over the sleeping earth, his eyes always alert, searching for the crouching mother bird hovering the jewels of her nest. He was far from the black rock, far out on the llano. He paused a moment beside a thing he thought was but a mound—perhaps a new, strange rock, queer and ungainly. He stopped to rest and listen. Something reached out and struck his quivering coils—it was the hoof of a stretching steer! Instantly Blunt Nose threw himself into position for attack, his rattles sung wickedly a shrill defiant warning, their sound cutting sharply the silent moonlit night.

With a convulsive spring the steer leaped to his feet, and with him, as one, like a cloud of death, the whole herd—five thousand head! Frantic with blind, unreasoning fear they dashed away, eager only to leave behind that awful terror they did not understand. Waves of cattle

swept over the King. Coiled, his head darting, he faced the avalanche of living flesh, the whir of his rattles warning each mad brute and sending him high in a mighty spring, striving to clear the tense, tightly-wrapped body. The earth trembled and shook beneath the roar and rush of the herd, and Blunt Nose feared as he had never feared before. Well he knew that a single blow from one iron-like hoof on his sinewy coils, silencing for even the fraction of a second the shrill sing of his rattles, meant horrible crunching death!

Eternity it seemed. Then the cattle were gone. A dull rumble came from the south, the direction whither they had run, and after a time the range was silent.

BLUNT NOSE crept through the rose-tinted dawn back to the snug security of his cave beneath the great boulder on the side of San Miguel. He did not know, as he slipped eagerly into its safe and consoling gloom how great a thing he had done that night. He did not dream of the steers swept over the rim of the Arroya Grande and piled, broken and dead in its rocky depths; nor yet of the white-faced, mangled young Rider of the Night—who would never again mount guard over the resting herd—lying beneath his horse, its own legs broken in the treacherous badger hole, both man and broncho beaten to death under the hoofs of the cattle Blunt Nose had startled from their bed ground by that one quick whir of his rattles.

Again, fresh and wonderful, his diamonds glistening under the yellow sun glare of August like cubes of polished onyx, Blunt Nose writhed out of his dingy, year-old coat and emerged a Beau Brummel of the rattlesnake world.

Something thrilled him with an unbelievably delicious restlessness. This time he turned from the level plain and sought, instead, the higher slopes above the great boulder. It was not food that drew him Up and up he weaved his way to the crevices at the very base of the crown of San Miguel and from whence came odors—those subtle musky perfumes only the feminine of his own kind send out.

He found her resting on a ledge of rock. In the midst of admirers she was, as it is fitting a Queen should always be.

Slowly, his body undulating with repressed strength and grace, he worked his way among the lesser ones who sought her favors, pausing only to fix on this or that presumptuous one a look none dared to answer or resent. Each in turn drew sluggishly, sullenly, back and let him pass. Unchallenged he crept to her side. She watched as he came near, and made no move. Long they lay, these two, his rattles softly purring—she motionless and silent, save for the thing spoken as her eyes looked, unshrinkingly, into his. At last timidly she nosed her glossy head under his quivering folds. With a whir of rapture he coiled himself about her and thus entwined they rested in the warm, seductive sunshine.

At evening they hunted side by side. Together they feasted on half-grown prairie dogs in the little village at the foot of San Miguel.

With his Queen, Blunt Nose shared the vaulted den beneath the Black Boulder.

Happy months were these. Until at last, one time, she alone went out to hunt. Twilight came and she did not return. Dawn flung the flaming lances of day across the heavens, light sifted into the den, and Blunt Nose crept out to search. Led by the subtle odor that told the path his Queen had gone, he followed down the slope and out, far out, on to the open plain.

There he found her. The beautiful head, with its wonderful, fire-gleaming eyes, was torn from the graceful body. Mystery filled the soul of Blunt Nose.

How could he know? Yet something seemed to tell him. He saw her out on the vast llano, alone, weaving her way in and out among the grass tufts, past the Spanish daggers, shunning the cacti beds. Then, the Man on the Horse coming suddenly upon her; the mutual start of surprise—her quick attitude of hate and defiance—the flash of the gun—and the writhing folds lashing the grass and gravel!

Three days, three nights, Blunt Nose waited, watched, passionately eager beside her body, longing that the Man might come again, hoping that vengeance would be his.

After that Blunt Nose lived alone beneath the great boulder, hunted alone, became mightier and wiser as the years went by. Long hours he would lie on the smooth bit of gravel, on the level shoulder of the slope of San Miguel, between the Black Boulder and the great bed of prickly-pear cacti scarce five yards away.

There it was Pablo saw him die.

QUICK FOOT, the road runner, the little bird, began the day with a joke. He had no thought that before night he would be hero of San Miguel slopes and cause Pablo Santoyez, the goat-herd, to swear fervent, melodious oaths of admiration and wonder.

Indeed, Quick Foot was many miles from the Black Boulder when the red sun hurdled his scintillating streamers of gold and old-rose over the peaks of Del Christo range and spread light and life across the Llano de Gato.

It was the joke of early morning that led Quick Foot to the psychological spot at the instant most auspicious for the more magnificent trick of the afternoon.

So does circumstance add itself to circumstance, trivial though each may be, until the culmination is tragedy, or perhaps—who will say?—comedy, grand, supreme.

Had one asked Quick Foot that morning, as he slipped from under the cluster of mesquite where he had spent the dreamy, desert-chilled night, to name the thing counted by him greatest of life's true joys he would have answered, had he replied at all:

"Tu-run! Tu-run—cl-ll-lk! Tu-r-rr-run!"

So would he have made reply, cocking to one side his dainty head, the little crest of feathers that crowned it raised straight and rigid as a flag of defiance, his short strong bill clicking, while he ruffled his glossy reddish-brown and white mottled coat, flirted his pointed tail, and his alert, jet-black eyes looked their astonishment that any creature could ask questions so foolish and impudent!

Better even than catching lizards, those brown little swifts that dart among the rocks or hide on the stems of Spanish daggers or beneath the sprangling cactus wood, and are such delicious and juicy morsels; better than clipping centipedes with his razor-edged (*Continued on page 121*)

The Most Wonderful Thing I Ever Knew an Animal to Do

Prize Contest Announcement

READ Mr. Bowman's story and then write us about the most wonderful thing you ever knew an animal to do. Don't fake. Don't get up a wild tale. Stick to facts. Just think back over the many strange things you have seen animals do and tell us about the one that interested you most. A very simple story is likely to be the best. You don't have to exaggerate in order to write entertainingly about animals.

For the best letters of about 500 words we offer these prizes: $20, first prize; $10, second prize; $5, third prize. Competition closes February 15th. Winning letters will appear in the May number. Contributions to these contests will not be returned unless especially requested and if postage is enclosed. Address Contest Editor, The American Magazine, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

The Advertising Manager of the Great Lakes

THE man who discovered the Great Lakes for America."

That is the way the Great Lakes enthusiasts describe A. A. (Mac) Schantz, probably the best known and one of the most remarkable figures of the inland seas. Unofficially, A. A. Schantz is advertising manager of the Great Lakes. The Great Lakes have made him, and he has helped to make them, and those who know the man and his work declare that he has done much more for the Great Lakes than the Great Lakes can ever do for him. Officially, Mr. Schantz is president and general manager of the largest passenger and package freight boat line on fresh water and the largest side-wheel or steamboat company in the world.

Yet when A. A. Schantz started as an employee of the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Company, thirty-seven years ago, he was a poor boy. His first job was a small one, although the work was along lines that to-day would give one the title of "advertising manager." Young Schantz developed a genius for publicity. He originated the first bill-board advertising, and not only wrote the bills himself and supervised the printing, but also, when occasion required, acted the part of bill poster.

He also had the job of traveling passenger agent. His task was to distribute circulars he had written describing the pleasures and advantages of traveling via his line. He would go into a town, manage and sometimes take an active part in posting D. & C. bills, and then don a soft shirt and a seersucker coat and make the rounds of the office buildings with his literature. It was hard work. Elevators in those days were a negligible factor, and young Schantz had to tramp up and down office buildings from two to five stories high. Yet he did it with a dash and vigor that brought in the orders for transportation—to such an extent, in fact, that the general passenger agent of the D. & C. line informed his superiors that he never had to hear from Schantz, because he could always tell where he was by the way the inquiries came in.

In the winter time, when business slowed down, Schantz made himself useful about the office. No task was too onerous. He asked various employees, as a special favor, to allow him to assist them when they wanted to get off for a day or when they were overburdened with work. His ambition was to know more about the business workings of his company than any other one man.

Some of his fellow employees thought the youth was foolish for giving his employers so much more than he received. They told him so. Schantz replied, "I figure that the D. & C. is getting a good deal more than its money's worth out of me; but I also figure that every hour of overtime I put in will bring me bigger dividends in the future than it will bring anyone else."

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A. A. SCHANTZ

President and general manager of the Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Company. He is one of the greatest living enthusiasts on the value of the Great Lakes to America

One day, Dick Collins, one of the best known stewards on the great Lakes, asked Schantz, who happened at the moment to be engaged in shifting baggage—the nearest task that came to his hand—what he meant by all his hard work.

"It won't get you anywhere; why don't you take things reasonably easy, like the rest of us?" queried Collins.

"Collins, some day I'm going to be general manager of this line," returned nineteen-year-old Schantz. "I mean that with all my heart and soul. And I can't be general manager without hard work—that's why I work sixteen hours a day instead of ten."

"You haven't the chance of a snowball!" declared Collins. "Your name hasn't a 'Mac' in front of it, and Scotchmen are the most clannish people in the world. It's impossible for an 'outsider' to win their confidence," he continued, referring to the McMillians, who control the D. & C. line.

"But Scotchmen are the most loyal people in the world when you do win their confidence—and that's what I'm going to do in this case," replied Schantz, whose blood is half English.

"Schantz had forgotten the incident, when on the day he was made general manager of the D. & C. in 1907 the now gray-haired steward asked for an audience with him.

"I want to congratulate you, Mr. Schantz, and call to your mind an incident of many years ago," said Collins, and he detailed the incident. "The moral is that hard work does pay, as many of us discover too late. You said you would be general manager and you are. I said it was no use trying—I am still a steward. But you have proved yourself a good Scotchman, and I hereby christen you 'Mac' Schantz." And "Mac" Schantz is the name by which Mr. Schantz is known to a host of friends today.

Dick Collins is still a steward—the oldest steward on the Great Lakes and, they say, the best—but "Mac" Schantz signs his pay checks.

For thirty-seven years A. A. Schantz has preached the gospel of the dominance of the Great Lakes. "Nearly all basic fortunes in the United States were made in the vicinity of the Great Lakes," says Mr. Schantz. "The Carnegie and other steel fortunes, the Rockefeller fortune, the copper millions, the millions filed up by the packers and the grain men, yes, even the Astor wealth, which was brought down from Mackinac Island; and later the Henry Ford and other motor-vehicle fortunes, were the fruit of the Great Lakes territory."

Mr. Schantz believes that without this great highway of fresh water the Allies could not have got in time the wheat, copper, iron, and other products from northwestern America, without which they would have been forced to surrender before America got in.

J. P. DERUM

Don't Be Afraid to Make Mistakes

ALTHOUGH he looks like a college student, and numbers older men than himself among his employees, Joseph Laronge has found out a good deal about life. He began seventeen years ago selling real estate on commission, and now, together with his associates in Cleveland, he owns and controls property worth over ten millions. His gross sales are over four millions a year.

"What is one of the big things you have learned out of your experience?" I asked Mr. Laronge recently.

"Willingness to make mistakes," was the prompt reply. "You should have a purpose; but in carrying out your purpose you will make mistakes. And these mistakes will cost you something. But don't let them bother you. Make some more. When a man quits making mistakes he quits making anything. Through mistakes you have learned something—learned it better than you could otherwise have done. The important thing to bear in mind is to keep going."

As a youth of seventeen, Laronge worked in a jewelry store nine hours a day at a salary of twelve dollars a week. Next him sat a much older man who had "learned the trade." This man drew seventeen dollars a week—as much as he would ever get—and had resigned himself to his lot.

Laronge sized up the situation, and made up his mind to find a way out. He saw an advertisement in the paper for salesmen, and he answered it. He did not even know it was to sell real estate, for the advertiser had carefully concealed the nature of the business. An attractive commission was offered, and Laronge took the job.

For three long weary weeks Laronge pegged away without making a single sale. It took all the grit he could muster to keep going, but he never wavered for a moment. In the fourth week he made several sales, and from that time advanced steadily. Shortly he opened an office and started an agency. One by one he added to his force, until now he has one of the best real estate selling organizations in the United States.

"What are the opportunities for getting into the real estate business, now?" I asked. "Does it require any special talent?"

"The opportunities were never better," he replied. "Since all the selling is on a commission basis, no capital is required except a presentable appearance, a smile and a good supply of nerve.

"People join our force every day, without experience and nevertheless win success. A striking instance is that of a woman who was making $1,200 a year as bookkeeper in a bank. One of our men tried to sell her a lot, and she became so interested that she offered to help him make some sales. Her next move was to try it herself. In a short time she sold a lot to the assistant cashier of the bank where she was employed.

"After she got a taste of it, she went after bigger game. In four months she made over $1,100, which makes her salary for that period nearly $300 a month.

"The highest record ever made for selling real estate in this organization belongs to two young sisters under twenty who had been working in a canning factory for nine dollars a week. I started them going, and when we settled up for a month's sales I paid them $2,100 in commissions. My associates thought a mistake had been made, and we took turns at figuring to find the error, but we could not find any. The girls had brought in the contracts and the "down" payments.

"It is not all plain sailing, however. One man worked for five weeks before he made his first sale, but after that he went right along. During the first year he made $4,000. He had previously earned $2,400 as a store manager.

"The big thing in the real estate business is to find the customer who wants the property and is able to make the necessary "down" payment. Some find their customers right among their friends, and others do equally well among total strangers. A clientele is the basis of permanent success.

"Success in salesmanship depends on self-confidence — a deep-set conviction that if one fails at one point he will make good at another point. Self-confidence results from knowledge and experience. If, for instance, I know I have a pleasing appearance, that consciousness helps to establish self-confidence. I must also know something about human nature. The more I can learn about a man in advance the better equipped I am to deal with him.

"Here is a big point I want to make emphatic: A person should never sell that in which he does not believe. Before a man can make a success in selling real estate he must believe firmly and fully in the safety and profitableness of such an investment." ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

JOSEPH LARONGE

Who has made a big name for himself in the real estate business. He believes in action. "Make mistakes and learn by them," he says. "When a man quits making mistakes he quits making anything"

A Girl Who Knows How to Boss a Paving Job

HER light brown hair ruffled by the summer breeze, a nineteen-year-old girl was standing in the middle of the Pacific Highway, a paved thoroughfare running between Tacoma, Washington, and Camp Lewis—at that time the largest and one of the busiest military reservations in the United States. Her blue eyes were following the movements of a gang of men, who were working industriously at the job of widening the highway. Two army officers, a colonel and a major, had just stopped to look on.

"Who's that good-looking little girl?" asked the colonel suddenly. "She seems mighty interested in what those men are doing."

The major smiled.

"I reckon she has a right to be," he said, "for she's the boss of this whole big paving job. You are looking at Miss Verona Morgan, the only girl superintendent of concrete paving in the United States."

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Morgan, of Everett, Verona Morgan was born near that city on February 4th, 1900. Her father is known throughout Washington as "Honest Tom." He himself is president of a paving and concrete company.

As early as her first year in high school Miss Morgan began assisting her father in figuring up specifications and all other paper work connected with his business. In May, 1917, when early war demands had greatly cut down man power, "Honest Tom" was obliged to get out himself and boss one of the company's contracts. He took over the one on the Monroe Taulco road, which was nearest home. After he had been on the job ten days he was taken seriously ill, and was forced to go to the hospital for an indefinite stay.

Unwilling to see her father fall down on this contract, Miss Morgan packed up and moved out to the construction camp. Instant in decision, sound in sense, and with a thorough knowledge of concrete paving, Miss Morgan had no difficulty in handling the men or directing the job.

Records, time cards, materials, and specifications were an old story to the girl, but many of the other problems were new. Her job made it necessary for her to live in a construction camp with fifty men, sit at the table with them, and hire and fire them. She had to buy the materials for six miles of paved highway, to direct three foremen and two engineers, and to be always prepared for inspections by highway commissioners, county commissioners and representatives of the Cement Association. Seldom has a seventeen-year-old girl had to face a situation with such complexities; but she came through with flying colors.

Unfortunately, Monroe had no shop where Miss Morgan could get machinery parts repaired; so frequently, after the men were through with their work and she had finished her day's bookkeeping, she would load the broken sections of plows and concrete mixers into her small automobile and drive fifteen miles into Everett, where she would have to use moral suasion and good nature to win over a tired blacksmith, who felt that night was not the time to repair anything except the tissues wearied by the day's work.

Miss Morgan finished this job in September, just in time to commence her last year in high school. The work was well done. No one could say she had failed to earn her man's salary of $225 a month. Two days after she was graduated from high school, Miss Morgan was put in charge of the important work of widening the Pacific Highway.

This road was completed in four and one-half months. In accepting it, the county engineer pronounced it the best piece of road in his territory.

When asked about the French leave-taking of the Irish cook on this job, Miss Morgan replied quietly!

"Oh, yes, that was the only labor trouble I had. That was almost a calamity, however, for I couldn't make pies! Of course, Mother had taught me to cook, but she always made such good pies that I never wanted to spoil one. So for that awful nightmare of three days I had to call on the neighboring farmhouses for pies."

"And why pies?"

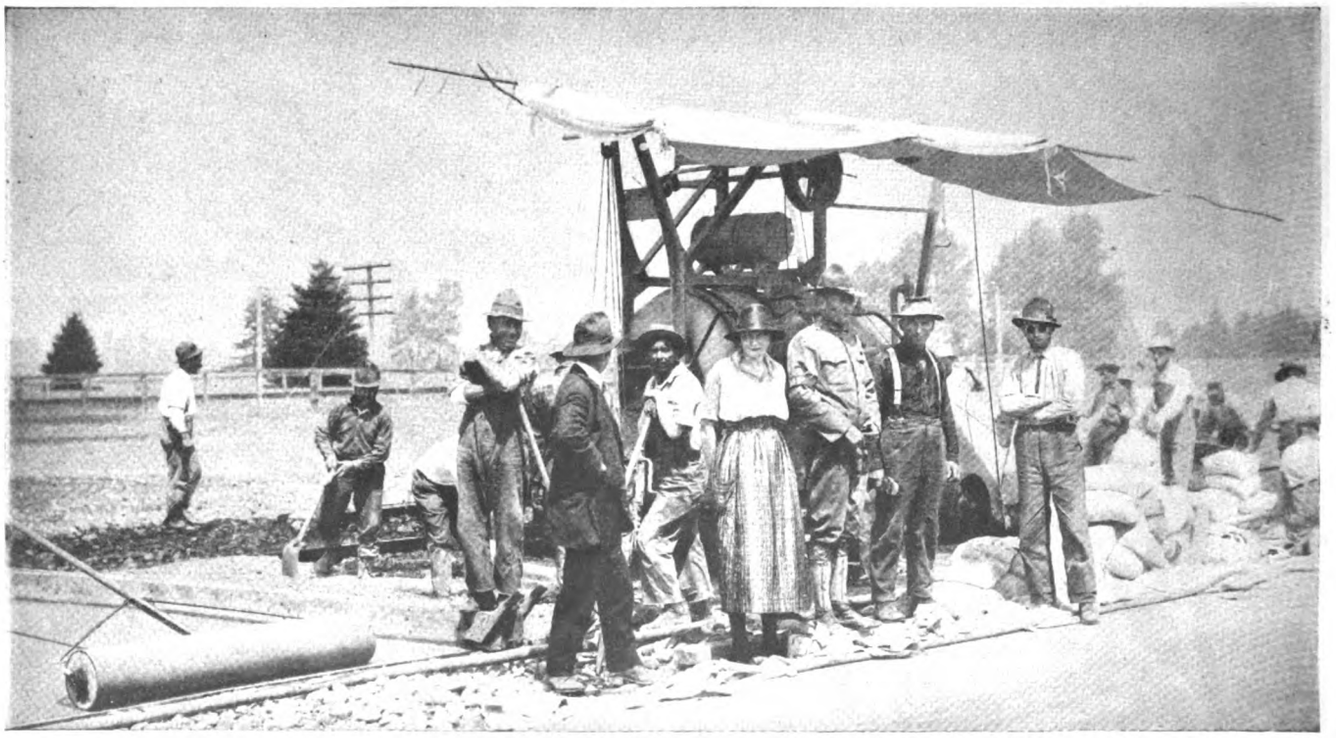
"They *must* have pies—they won't work without *pie!*" replied Miss Morgan with a smile.

Miss Morgan's daily menu—and she did all the cooking required (except *pies*)—included fruits, cereals, hot cakes, eggs, coffee and milk for breakfast; meat, three vegetables, milk, coffee and pie for dinner; and for supper a fare similar to that of dinner, with the substitution of tea for coffee.

Her last school year Miss Morgan spent in Corvallis, Oregon, where she took the commerce course in the Oregon Agricultural College.

Last summer while her college friends were dancing, golfing, and motoring, Miss Verona was taking her vacation on the road. She was home from college only two days when she accepted the job of superintending a paving contract in Auburn, Washington. It is finished now, and Miss Morgan is in college. She expects to resume contract work in June.

HOPE HARRISON



MISS VERONA MORGAN

The only girl superintendent of concrete paving in the United States. She will be 20 years old on February 4th. She lives with her father and mother at Everett, Washington, where her father is in the paving business

Was Amazed!

(From The Pittsburgh Leader)

Rappold and Laurenti Entertain Big Audience At Carnegie Music Hall

The tones which came from the New Edison phonograph matched those from the living artist so perfectly that it was impossible to detect any difference. The instrument produced not an echo, or copy, but the real thing—the voices of Mme. Rappold and Mr. Mario Laurenti, untainted by any mechanical transformations, unspoiled by any metallic ring.

(From The Pittsburgh Dispatch)

Miracle Songs Create Furore

Concert in Carnegie Music Hall Astonished Big Pittsburg Audience

This proof was convincing. If it were not, another proof was offered. After Mme. Rappold had commenced to sing one number the lights were turned out—ostensibly so that the audience could not watch the singer's lips.

It did not seem difficult to determine in the dark when the singer sang and when she did not. The writer himself was pretty sure about it until the lights were turned on again and it was discovered that Mme. Rappold was not on the stage at all and that the New Edison alone had been heard.

(From The Pittsburgh Gazette-Times)

Record Reproduces Voice Accurately

Demonstration Given in Carnegie Music Hall with Edison Phonograph

A demonstration of the exactness with which the human voice may be reproduced on a phonograph record was given last night in Carnegie Music Hall with the new Edison machine.

Several selections were sung personally by Mme. Marie Rappold, celebrated soprano, and Mario Laurenti, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Co. Simultaneously the same selections were produced on the phonograph, and with a subdued lighting effect, it was impossible to distinguish the actual voices from the reproduction.

(From The Pittsburg Sun)

Singers and Music Boxes in Concert

Vocal and Metallic Tones Unable to Be Distinguished

A unique concert was given last evening in Carnegie Music Hall in which Mme. Marie Rappold, well-known American soprano, and Mario Laurenti, noted young Italian baritone, took part. The audience heard not one Mme. Rappold and one Mr. Laurenti, but two, the phenomenon being accomplished by means of a cabinet which stood on the stage beside the performers and matched their performance, note for note and tone for tone.

(From The Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph)

Phonograph Reproduction Rivals Voice[illegible] ingers

(From The Pittsburgh Post)

RECORDS VIE WITH SINGERS IN OWN SONGS

Madame Rappold and Laurenti in "Miracle Concert."

Madame Rappold sang the initial number on the program. In the midst of it her lips ceased to move but the song went on. Slowly it dawned on the astonished audience that the artist was no longer singing, though her voice came forth to them as clearly and sweetly as before. Again she sang, and the audience only knew it was the living Madame Rappold, because of the motion of her lips. Her lips ceased to move—but her voice continued. The same magical effect was obtained when Mr. Laurenti sang.

CARNEGIE HALL, Pittsburgh, was jammed to its exits on the night of September 30, 1919. The audience was made up of 2600 music-lovers and music-critics They came to hear Marie Rappold and Mario Laurenti make a remarkable comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of their voices. Read what the Pittsburgh newspapers said—see what happened. All Pittsburgh was amazed. There was no difference between the voice of the living artist and its RE-CREATION by the New Edison

3000 such audiences have heard similiar tone-tests given by forty different artists of international fame. Always the result has been a triumph for the New Edison.

The story of Edison's RE-CREATION of Music is told in an interesting new book, "Edison and Music." Write for it. Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

Illustration from an actual photograph taken in Carnegie Hall, Pittsburgh, Sept. 30, 1919.

Are You Ready in Case of Fire?

(*Continued from page 26*)

thieves" whom detectives in the neighborhood had been trying to trace. The two had been climbing rain gutters, entering second-story windows, and stealing silver-backed hair brushes and mirrors, which they concealed. These monkeys were turned over to the Zoo.

Many engine houses have dogs for pets. Dalmatian or coach dogs as a rule. Especially in the days of the fire horse, these dogs were useful in running out of the house when the alarm sounded and giving notice by barks that the engine was coming. Then, according to the purpose they were intended for, they should have gone back to the engine house and guarded the premises while the firemen were away, a precaution made desirable from the fact that thieves in some cases seize the opportunity of the men being gone to pilfer the engine house.

Some of the dogs will go back and keep guard; but most of them soon develop into what the firemen call "smoke eaters." I remember one case when a dog even climbed a ladder after the firemen. Sometimes they become nauseated, as the men do, from swallowing much smoke.

MANY firemen spend a good deal of time studying for promotion, and preparing for lectures and classes, which they attend much as men attend courses at a college or university. At the end of the course they are examined on their knowledge of city ordinances, and particularly on their concrete information about fire fighting. Here is a specimen question put to men trying to qualify for the position of lieutenant:

QUES. There is a fire on the seventh floor of a twelve-story apartment house. The apartment on fire is connected with rooms on the eighth floor, making a duplex apartment. There is a dangerous outside exposure from this apartment, the building so exposed being separated from the building on fire by a side court eight feet wide. There are fire escapes on this court, on the building in which the fire has broken out. Assume that you are the officer in charge and have two engine companies and two hook and ladder companies. Explain in detail what you would do to extinguish the fire, how you would ventilate the building on fire, and what you would do to protect the building exposed.

Of course the question above is a test of experience and judgment. Other examinations for engineers particularly test knowledge of the laws of physics, and mathematical skill.

Most people lose their heads when a fire occurs in the building where they are. Especially is this true of our foreign population, who run out screaming and tearing their hair, when, perhaps, the danger is negligible, or even when the fire has already been put out. They, and others as well, do queer things, such as throwing vases and pots out of windows, then running down themselves with quilts and pillows under their arms.

It is sometimes hard to rescue people from a burning building just as it is hard to rescue a drowning person. Many times a fireman, struggling with a helpless human burden down a ladder feels very much like striking him a blow behind the ear, thereby rendering him unconscious—for unconscious people, as a rule, are more easily brought down than conscious ones.

Men are as panicky as women. In fact, I don't know but that the "edge," if there be any, should be given to women. The coolest people I ever saw were a mother and daughter whom we brought down ladders from the seventh story of an apartment hotel. The building was burning badly underneath them, and all exit by stairs, elevators, or even fire escapes had been cut off. When we clambered in the window of the smoke-filled room they had dressed, got together a few of their valuables, and were waiting for us as calmly as they might wait for a taxicab.

Children are easily rescued, not only because as a burden they are light, but because they are also passive and obedient. They will try to hide sometimes. Firemen hurrying from room to room in a dangerously threatened and smoke-filled tenement always look under the beds, for it is there that children will try to hide from the terror that has awakened them.

WOMEN sometimes create a tense and dangerous situation by refusing to be brought down the ladder because they are not properly clad, when there is not time for them to get their clothing. I have seen some humorous and some pathetic examples of this modesty. Sometimes after they have been brought down to safety they remember a dog, cat, or canary, and plead with the firemen to go back after these pets. Again, they cling frantically to a hand bag or reticule, refusing to part with it, though its presence seriously handicaps the firemen.

At the Windsor Hotel fire, after it was thought that everyone still alive had been got out of the building, up in a seventh-story window a woman appeared. An aërial ladder was run up, but as it reached only to the fifth story, two firemen hurried up with two scaling ladders. While one stood on the top of the aërial ladder, the other climbed the two remaining stories, jamming the first scaling ladder into the sixth-story window, climbing to it, then jamming the other into the seventh-story window and reaching the woman, whom he drew out of the window. Then began the slow and perilous descent.

It was a spectacle which made the crowd below hold its breath, while more than one face turned away. The woman was doing nothing to help, and the solitary fireman, holding her against himself, had to work his way down the two scaling ladders, that swung back and forth. He had almost reached his brother fireman, waiting for him at the top of the aërial ladder, when one rung of the scaling ladder broke. Only the strength and alertness of the fireman on the aërial ladder, who reached up and steadied them, saved the two lives, and for what seemed an entire minute the three of them swayed back and forth up there in the air.

Gradually the two men got her balanced on the aërial ladder, and, passing her from one to another, brought her to the ground. It was not until then that the other fireman knew how she had acted. She had in one hand a bag of jewels, and in the other a large pendulous purse. Throughout the perilous trip, though these two bags handicapped the firemen, who begged her to give them up or let them drop, she stoutly refused to do so. Also, while they were swaying in midair, she had been begging them to go back and save her dog.

She continued this pleading after she reached the ground, and at the suggestion of the captain one of the men went back after the dog. The ladders had already been set, the dog was small, and everybody else had been brought down. Out of sheer good nature the fireman made another trip and brought down the dog.

And now, to balance the case against the woman, and to show how men sometimes act also, comes the case of the man who was rescued under pretty much the same circumstances, and who, before the fireman, toiling up the ladder, got to him, jumped suddenly out of the window, grabbing his would-be rescuer around the neck. Again, only the strength of back and arms of the fireman below saved them, and again for a moment the three swayed in the air.

Much loss of life from fire—most of it, perhaps—could be averted if people would only look about them. Perhaps because I have seen men die in fires, I do not want to die that way myself, and never expect to. If I go to a hotel and am shown a room above the second or third story, I wait until the porter who has brought up my grips goes out, then I leave the room and scout around, locating fire escapes and exits. Whether many other people do this or not I do not know. Lives would be saved every year if they did.

And so all the way through. If people in apartment houses and offices knew where the exits were, knew how to get to the roof if need be, and then, perhaps, to the next building, knew where rear fire escapes are, in case they are cut off from the front ones, lives would be saved every year. Of course the chances are slight that you will ever be caught in a dangerous fire, but the trouble of finding out these things is slight, also. Look about the place where you and your family spend your time, locate the exits, imagine what you would do in case of fire, impress it on your mind, then forget it until, perchance, the critical time comes.

WHERE men's occupation is more or less hazardous, they think little of danger. If you are looking for hairbreadth stories of danger, go elsewhere than to engine houses. Go to newspapers, or perhaps to the "buffs," who are an interesting by-product of the fire department, and sometimes the best friends of the fire fighters. They are the metropolitan species of the small-town citizens who "run to every fire." Some men never get

How Federals Help to Build Up Business

THIS is the story of how tireless energy—a new conception of on-the-job service—and Federal motor trucks built a business.

Four years ago, 1915, James Riha entered the cartage business in Chicago—securing several contracts which enabled him to purchase a motor truck. The motor truck was a Federal, of 1½ tons capacity.

Hard work and long hours followed—plus a haulage service which always managed to exceed the expectations of Riha's clients.

James Riha's first Federal—purchased August 8, 1915.

He Buys His Second Federal

Riha's reputation grew. More contracts rolled in. Another truck became necessary. And with Riha "another truck" meant only "another Federal." So a 2-ton Federal was purchased on March 16, 1917.

And now the business grew by leaps and bounds. His third truck—also "another Federal"—was delivered on May 24, 1917. Among his clients were now listed the Sears-Roebuck Co., A. Brandewine, the Englander Bed Co., Hibbard, Spencer & Bartlett, and the National Analine and Chemical Company.

His fleet of trucks—for it is now a real "fleet"—numbers thirteen Federals today. In four years, Mr. Riha has risen from obscurity to a position of importance in the cartage business of Chicago.

Here's What He Writes Us

Writing us of his success, he says: "The Federal truck, above all others, regardless of price, is one of the best trucks on the market today."

What Federals have done for James Riha in business building, they can do for others—for *you*. "Traffic News," a monthly magazine of motor haulage, will be sent on request to business executives.

Increasing volume of business required the purchase of a second Federal on Mar. 16, '17.

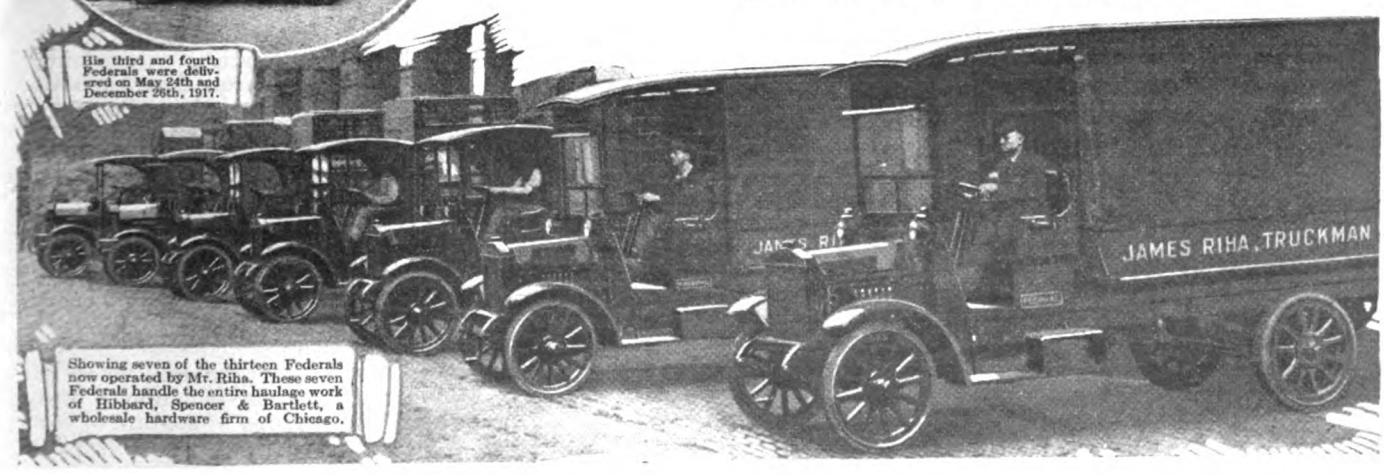
"Shorten the miles to market—build better roads"

Federal Motor Truck Company
Detroit, Michigan

FEDERAL

One to Five Ton Capacities

His third and fourth Federals were delivered on May 24th and December 26th, 1917.



Showing seven of the thirteen Federals now operated by Mr. Riha. These seven Federals handle the entire haulage work of Hibbard, Spencer & Bartlett, a wholesale hardware firm of Chicago.

Surprises

You Can Serve With Bubble Grains

Some morning serve Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs in this way:

After crisping, douse with melted butter. Then add your cream and sugar.

It will taste like a dish of confections. And men enjoy it just as much as children.

Add Puffed Rice to your fruit dish—any fruit. Fruit tastes best with some flimsy crust. That's why we have pies, tarts and shortcakes.

These fragile, nut-like bubbles add that crust. After a test you will never omit them.

For supper, float Puffed Wheat in milk. These are whole-wheat bubbles toasted. They are four times as porous as bread.

Children need whole wheat. They need the minerals in the outer coats. Served in this way they will revel in it.

After school surprise the children with these tidbits:

Douse Corn Puffs or Puffed Rice with melted butter. Let them eat like popcorn. Children can eat these grain dainties to their hearts' content — they so easily digest.

Scatter Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs like nut-meats on ice cream. A famous restaurant in Chicago first suggested this.

Puffed Rice is also used like nut-meats in home candy making—to make the candy porous, light and nutty.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

All steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Every food cell blasted by Prof. Anderson's process, so digestion is easy and complete.

These are the greatest grain foods in existence and you should know them all.

Like Pancakes Made With Nuts

Now we make a pancake flour containing ground Puffed Rice. It makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like flavor. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water. You never tasted pancakes such as folks make with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

3290

over the desire to follow a fire engine and to hang around engine houses. This type of man is likely to develop into a buff.

A buff has been officially defined as "one who will follow fire apparatus every time he runs across it. He will go to the fire, and if it is a big one he will stay and help the men, assisting them in stretching hose, carrying messages to the engineer, and giving what aid he can to the men who are injured, pending the arrival of a surgeon. In cold weather he will buy hot sandwiches and coffee and serve them to the men. If a buff can't go to the fire, and happens to be near the engine house when the apparatus rolls out after the alarm, he will take care of the house until the return of the company."

Some helpful buffs are allowed to purchase badges which give them permission to go past the fire lines. Men in all walks of life are among these buffs—millionaire bankers and brokers, lawyers who are leaders at the bar, merchants, clerks, students, schoolboys. A few well-known women of the city, who have proved themselves loyal friends, are entitled to be called buffs. One of the most consistent of buffs is a very distinguished physician.

Firemen have some unusual adventures, of course. One was buried for thirty-six hours under tons of débris from the cave-in of a huge paper warehouse, on the third story of which he and others had been fighting a fire. Two companions were killed; he was carried down three plunging flights and buried in the cellar. The hearse was waiting around the corner; his wife had been notified of his death. Then a group of "wreckers," men who demolish dangerous walls after a fire has cooled off, thought they heard from under the mass of soaked débris a faint tapping sound and a faint call.

"Thirty-two! Thirty-two!"—the number of the buried man's company.

For hours a detail of men worked their slow way toward that faint voice, fearful that every half burned rafter they cut away would let the tons of débris down on the man who was still alive.

After the rescue the man was gradually induced to tell his story; how, wedged between two bales of paper, with water half covering him, he propped sticks against the narrow walls of his temporary tomb; how he could not sit up straight, and had to watch the water gradually rise; how during the thirty-six hours he never lost consciousness; how he could hear the voices of men, and in his desperation conceived the mad idea that they knew he was calling them, but wanted him to die.

But in the main, as I have said, a fireman's life is one of routine. Fire fighting is a business; and men talk about the business part of it rather than about the thrills; they remember the devilish cold on the morning of some big fire, rather than the rescues that were made.

"YOU Cannot Bluff the Camera" is the text taken by one of the oldest and most famous photographers in New York for an article next month. Have you ever wondered what a photographer finds out about the hundreds of persons who come to his studio each year? This article will tell you.

WHEN you stop to ask yourself if the Hupmobile literally *is* the best car of its class in the world, you must not overlook the *really wonderful* character of the service it gives.

By service, we mean more than long life and Hupmobile economy—which are proverbial.

We mean the faithfulness and the dependability of *The Comfort Car*—a willingness of response and steadiness of performance which warm a driver's heart.

It is the positively *unusual* things which the Hupmobile does—not now and then, but habitually—which make people believe it is the best car of its class in the world.

Perhaps your Scalp needs more "exercise"!

PLEASE don't smile—the scalp, to do its work efficiently, requires *regular exercise*.

Working thick pine-tar lather into the scalp with the finger-tips, quickens the blood flow and invigorates the scalp, making it more pliant and more responsive. More and more improvement comes as you continue this beneficial form of scalp exercise with clean-smelling Packer's Tar Soap.

The improvement in appearance of the hair is soon observable, too. Its healthy gloss and lustre become increasingly evident.

Without systematic (preferably daily) massage, scalp circulation becomes sluggish and slow, and the hair-roots are under-nourished.

Write for our Manual, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment." 36 pages of practical information. Sent free on request.

For sample half cake of Packer's Tar Soap send ten cents.

Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately perfumed, cleanses delightfully and refreshes the scalp—keeping the hair soft and attractive. Liberal sample bottle ten cents.

THE PACKER MFG. COMPANY
Dept. 86B, 120 West 32nd St., New York City

Packer's Tar Soap

"PURE AS THE PINES"

PACKER PRODUCTS ARE SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Transplanting Mother

(*Continued from page 23*)

his brother and sister-in-law. "You say the Jameson Carleys bought it?"

Clarence carefully flicked the ashes from his cigar. "*Mrs.* Jameson Carley bought it, and a mighty good deal it was, too."

Bob glanced down pensively at the thick velvet rug. "You don't think Mother would rather have stayed on there? Fifty years! Like uprooting an oak!"

"She *couldn't* have stayed on there," Clarence said sharply.

"Yes," interrupted Beatrice, "it meant hiring someone to go there and stay with her, besides paying for keeping up the place—"

"Oh! A question of—money?"

Clarence nodded. "Father didn't leave anything. This selling of the place gives Mother enough to live comfortably all the rest of her days."

"Oh, of course," agreed Bob, "her expenses can't be very heavy. Clothes and —board."

His brother flushed slightly. "Beatrice attends to all of that. I have felt it a fine thing of Beatrice to be willing to have Mother come here to live."

"Yes, indeed, old people are a problem and, unfortunately, if we live, we all grow old." He looked at his watch. "Well, I think I'll go down to the hotel and turn in. It's been a strenuous day."

In the hall Clarence spoke apologetically: "Sorry we can't put you up, old man."

"Oh, that's all right. By the way, I'm going to 'phone the doctor to send up a nurse. Good night."

He chuckled as he went down the steps, "Guess that'll hold 'em!" But his lips curled scornfully as he lighted his cigar.

He sighed and looked up at the starlit sky, "Oh, Mary, Mary, we've got some work to do, believe me!"

CAME a wonderfully bright and glorious Christmas morning.

Leaning on Bob's arm, Abby Renshaw had left the attic room and was comfortably settled in a big leather chair in the library. The old lady's face beamed with happiness. She had just finished opening her Christmas gifts.

"You shouldn't have done it," looking up at Bob in loving reproach, as she fingered caressingly the beautiful fur coat in her lap.

Beatrice glanced down a bit enviously. "I'll have to borrow it, Mother, when I go to the opera. It makes mine look positively shabby." She went over to Clarence. He was frowning angrily:

"You ought to have given Mother something better than that gray kimono. Beside Bob's gift it looks cheaper than dirt."

Beatrice tossed her head: "I guess he can afford to give her a fur coat. He hasn't given her anything in thirty years."

Bob bent over his mother's chair. "You are going to christen that coat to-day. I

How Big Should a Business Be?

Abraham Lincoln, when asked how long a six-foot man's leg should be, replied, "Long enough to reach the ground."

THE big idea behind his droll answer is, that legs and arms and hands and feet, and intellects as well, must at all times be adequate to their purposes and to the demands placed upon them.

And what is true of an individual is true of a business. Its size, its reach, its activity are measurable and limitable only by the service required of it.

Why Armour and Company Must Be Big

Fifty years ago Philip D. Armour started in the packing business to supply the apparent demand for salted, pickled and smoked pork products. From this beginning the business was expanded from time to time to meet the constantly growing and more exacting *real* consumer demands. To-day Armour and Company operate many packing plants in producing centers, 400 branch houses and hundreds of refrigerator cars are required to serve the world markets with fresh meats and scores of other food products.

Refrigerator Cars a Necessity

This service is made possible by the operation of privately owned refrigerator cars, available every minute, every day, for transporting foods from packing plants to consuming centers.

In developing this great organization, Armour and Company have not stopped to ask themselves how big it should be, they have been concerned in the more urgent and practical question, "What does the need of producers and consumers demand?"

Who Wants to Know?

The extension of the company's service to other than meat products has recently aroused the opposition of other distributors, and from them has arisen the question, "How big should a business be?" Not their own business, of course, but Armour's business.

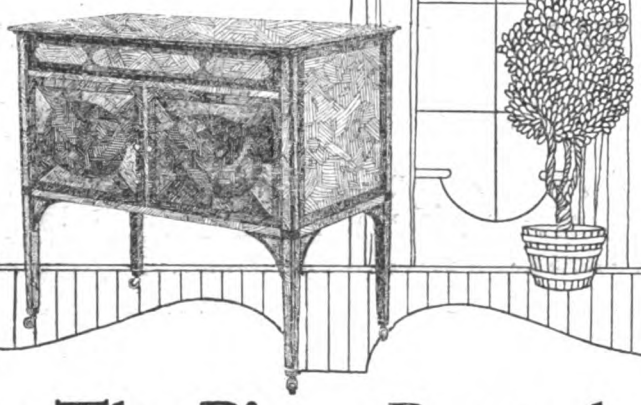
Armour and Company have always proceeded on the assumption that there could be no limit to the expansion of a business and the extension of service, so long as the product and the service were superior.

They believe that both the producing and consuming public agree with that idea. For upon the completeness, efficiency and undisturbed continuance of such service depend the stability of markets for livestock and farm products, and a fit, sufficient and constant food supply for the nation.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

Armour's QUALITY PRODUCTS

4956



The Piano Record is a Critical Test

TO REPRODUCE the music of a piano is the severest task you can put to a phonograph. The result is usually tinkly and weak. *That is why we advise you to insist on hearing a piano record as well as other records.*

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

Sonora

CLEAR AS A BELL

The Highest Class Talking Machine in the World

welcomes this test because it fully reveals the greater beauty of the Sonora. Playing ALL MAKES of disc records perfectly without extra attachments and having the tone which won highest score for quality at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, Sonora is so clear, true and expressive that you visualize the artist who actually seems to be in the room.

A superb collection of upright and period models is available. Prices $60 to $1,000. Today send for Catalog M.

Sonora is licensed and operates under BASIC PATENTS of the phonograph industry.

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GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, President
NEW YORK CITY: 279 Broadway, Fifth Avenue at 53d Street
CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS: I. Montagnes & Co., Toronto
DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Use Sonora Semi-Permanent Silvered Needles, they play many times—give a sweeter tone—increase the records' life.

have a car coming at eleven o'clock to take you for a little ride."

This is a real pleasure!" Abby Renshaw leaned back in a corner of the limousine and beamed at her son. "I feel *rich!*"

"You *are* rich, Mother."

She glanced out of the window. "Why, we're 'most out to the old place! Good land! If there ain't Abe Parker." She waved frantically.

The old man dropped his cane, took off his cap and waved back.

"Bobby! how *did* you know I'd rather ride out here than any place in the world?" She craned forward. "There's the house, and, why, there's smoke coming out of the chimney!" She turned tremulously. "I didn't know those people were going to move in so soon."

The car stopped at the gate, and Bob sprang out and opened the door.

Abby drew back. "I don't believe I want to stop, Bobby. You see, we don't own it any more."

THEN something happened. The door of the house flew open and out ran Phœbe Shorter, Jennie Holcomb, Fanny Reed, and all the neighbors round about. The yard was quite filled.

"Merry Christmas!" "Welcome home, Abby!" "Glad to see ye back, Abby Renshaw!" "Should think 'twas time you came home."

They pulled the bewildered old lady up the walk and into the sitting-room.

The same sitting-room, with the coal fire glowing redly; and from the kitchen came the delicious odor of cooking turkey and onions and turnips.

They placed Abby in the old red rocker. Bob came forward with a tall woman, a stranger. "This is Mary, Mother."

"Mary?"

The tall woman stooped and took Abby's face between white, strong, capable hands. "Dear Mother Renshaw!"

"There's something in your lap, Mother," Bob said gently.

A folded white paper. With trembling fingers Abby opened it.

Kathryn Carley to Abby Renshaw

Abby raised tear-wet eyes. "I don't understand," she whispered brokenly.

Mary caught her trembling hand. "The old place is yours, Mother, for always. Bob bought it back from Mrs. Carley. She was very lovely about it when she understood. Then he sent for me, and I'm going to stay with you till you're well and strong, and Phœbe is going to live with you. Hear how happy she is! Then next summer, Bob and I will come for several weeks, and always at Christmas.

"My goodness! I'll bet Phœbe is letting that turkey burn. Come and sit in the kitchen, Mother, and boss things. And do tell me where to find the best tablecloth; I've hunted everywhere."

That night Abby Renshaw, stretched out in her feather bed under her old patchwork quilts, couldn't sleep for happiness.

"O Lord, you know what's in my heart. 'Tain't any use trying to thank you; I don't know how to say it."

At length the eyelids drooped. The old kitchen clock slowly chimed twelve. It was the close of Christmas Day.

Jilted—Because of Her Clothes

(*Continued from page 31*)

"Milly's not herself," said Aunt Susan after a long silence. Her voice was hushed, as if there were sickness in the house. "Last night I heard her crying. I don't believe she's afraid of life, like some girls. Milly's not that kind; and she's not flighty. I'd think you'd quarreled, only you've had no chance since you arrived."

"No—we haven't quarreled," Dan reassured her, thankful that he spoke the truth. There had been no semblance of a quarrel in his break with Miriam.

"I tell you what I'd do," advised Aunt Susan. "I'd marry her right off, and take her back with you. To be sure, her aunt Esther is away, but I'll make it right with her. I'm as much guardian as she is. You just talk with Milly—"

"But she won't let me!" broke in the young man miserably, "and I have to be in the city to-morrow morning. If I could just tell her—"

Aunt Susan moved her chair nearer and spoke very low, because Miriam's open window was just above them. "You get up early," she whispered, "and catch her in the kitchen when she's getting breakfast. She isn't happy, and I want things straightened out. Maybe you've done something that hurt her, without meaning to. Let's walk down in the orchard before we go to bed. I want to show you where Milly used to have her little doll tea parties."

AT SIX-THIRTY next morning, as Miriam closed the oven door on a pan of her famous biscuit, she looked up to see Dan in the doorway.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully. "This may not be the conventional hour to interview the cook, but since she seems to have no other time to give me my hostess suggested that I tackle her before breakfast."

"That wasn't kind of Aunt Susan," said Miriam, her color rising.

"On the contrary it was *very* kind of her," said Dan, "because I was too unhappy to think of it myself. I wanted to tell you, Miriam, that I'm going back to Colorado on Saturday."

"Oh, *no!*"

The exclamation escaped the girl against her will. Then she said coldly, "I thought you had made no plans."

"I hadn't. Aunt Susan made them. She told me to go at once and take you with me."

Miriam smiled, but it was a smile that hurt her companion.

"And you hadn't the courage to tell her that you had no use for a—butterfly?"

Dan came nearer. "Please," he said gently, "let's not say things we'll regret. How could I know that you liked housework? You never told me. I didn't suppose you possessed any clothes like these. Oh, my dear, I wasn't thinking only of myself! I thought you'd be unhappy. I thought—"

"You thought too much!" flashed the

ESTABLISHED 1869
FIFTY—YEARS—OF—PROGRESS

HEINZ
OVEN BAKED BEANS

VIGOROUS, growing boys need nutritive, body building food. But boys want that food to taste good. Both boys and their fathers always welcome Heinz Baked Beans.

The baking in ovens brings out just the right taste and the Heinz tomato sauce adds a delicious flavor. They cannot be served too often.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Cream Soups
Tomato Ketchup

four kinds

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

Making a ton of coal do the work of two

Engineers for years now have coaxed, petted and fought coal, to make it give up its valuable energy—heat power.

It is a tantalizing problem because there is enough energy in a pound of good coal to lift up a ton weight a little over a mile.

Fire your cellar furnace as carefully as you will. Sift ashes and wet the coal. Try every means you know to get the most heat out of it. Still your best record will be beaten two to one by the central station in your town.

One of our biggest of public servants, the central station, exists purely in its ability to sell coal to you—in the shape of electricity—at a few cents a horse-power.

They have been forced by necessity to burn coal economically, because their slim profit must come from the narrow margin between the cost of coal and the selling price of current which is regulated by public commission.

And the record of their success is inspiring.

When one also considers the millions they have had to spend to achieve this position as the world's most economical coal users, their frugality becomes commendable.

If fuel conservation was practiced in every business as it is in Electric Light and Power Companies, the layman's dollar would go further than it does today.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 2. *In Florida as in Oregon, in Maine and in Texas, Western Electric serves in every branch of electrical achievement—from washing machines to telephones, from power and lighting outfits to electrical equipment for railroads.*

girl suddenly. "I suppose you think I asked you here just to show what I could do! Well, I did, partly; but it wasn't a plea to take me back. I wouldn't go to Colorado with you if you were the last man left in the world! I—I—"

Her voice gave out, and she sank into a chair by the table, burying her face in her outstretched arms. Dan looked at her a moment, then two quick steps took him to her side. He bent down until his face was close to her bright hair.

"Stop crying!" he commanded sternly. "You've got to listen. Do you know what I meant to say when I got off the train? I meant to tell you that I'd swallow the city, or anything—to keep you with me. Now, Miriam, will you forgive me?"

SHE made no answer, and after a moment he said more gently, "It was the way you looked, darling, that made me dumb. I kept seeing you in my little shack. And—and you acted so cool and calm that you—chilled me. I loved you, Miriam, in all your chiffons, but I *adore* you this way, and you've never shown me this side before. For ten days we've just gone to shows and restaurants, and your clothes—they were lovely, Miriam, but they scared me. I—"

He stopped abruptly because Miriam had raised her head. She wiped her eyes, then stood up, facing him quiveringly.

"I—I seem to have misunderstood you," she said shakily. "I thought you'd been away from things so long that you'd be hungry for them. I got—the prettiest clothes I could—for *you*. I thought theatres, and lights, and everything like that would seem like the breath of life to you—for a while.

"But what I really wanted was to come straight here with you and . . . get acquainted. Letters are something, but they're not like being together every day. And we had so little time, Dan, to know each other. I was always imagining what you wanted me to be, and trying to learn things I thought might help you, but . . . it seems I'm a disappointment. I suppose you're lucky to have found me out before it was too late."

"Yes," said Dan soberly, "I am."

He put his two hands on her shoulders, forcing her to meet his eyes.

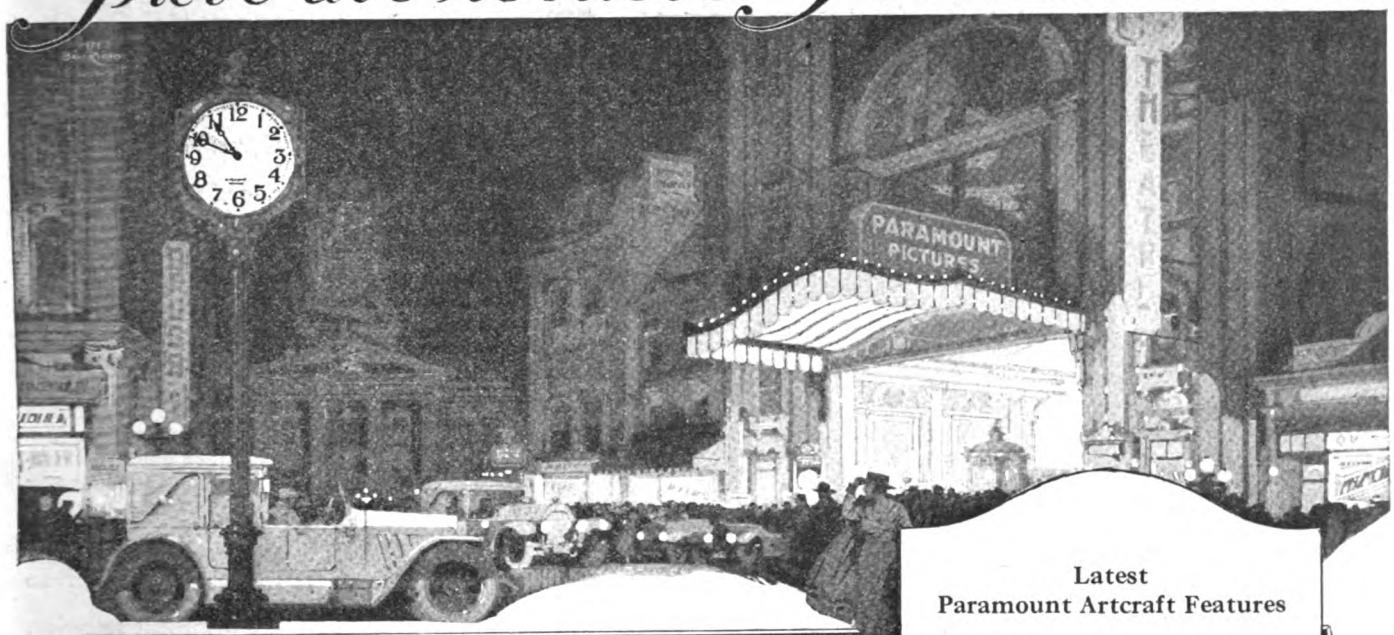
"We'll be married Wednesday," he announced calmly, "so we can have a few days' honeymoon before starting West. But the real honeymoon, dear girl, will be in our own little cabin, with the moon shining down upon us, and the wind rustling through the tree tops, and the brooks singing a lullaby—"

He drew her close, and kissed her, very gently. It was Aunt Susan who brought them back to earth.

"Children," she called to them gayly from the stairway, "aren't those biscuits burning?"

"I NEVER Could Have Married Anybody Else" is the title of another charming story by Christine Whiting Parmenter which will appear next month. Mrs. Parmenter gives a warm and true portrayal of a situation that developed in a typical American home.

There are no more 9 o'clock towns



MOTION pictures have changed all that. The nine o'clock towns that were, are now part of the big world outside.

They are all on the Paramount Artcraft circuit, and they are all centres of metropolitan animation during the hours that used to yawn.

What! Go to bed when all the world's on show down yonder in the theatre! Fine chance!

Paramount Artcraft flings wide the windows of your imagination, sets a stream of exciting events thrilling through your evening.

No more nine o'clock towns, and no more nine o'clock *people!*

For nine o'clock is more than a right angle on the clock.

It's Paramount Artcraft time.

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

ARTCRAFT PICTURES

Latest Paramount Artcraft Features

Released to February 1st

Billie Burke *in* "Wanted a Husband"
Irene Castle *in* "The Invisible Bond"
Marguerite Clark *in* "A Girl Named Mary"
Ethel Clayton *in* "The Thirteenth Commandment"
Cecil deMille's Production "Male and Female"
"Everywoman" With All Star Cast
Elsie Ferguson *in* "Counterfeit"
George Fitzmaurice Production "On with the Dance"
Dorothy Gish *in* "Mary Ellen Comes to Town"
D. W. Griffith Production "Scarlet Days"
Wm. S. Hart *in* "Sand"
Houdini *in* "The Grim Game"
"Huckleberry Finn" With a Star Cast
Vivian Martin *in* "His Official Fiancee"
Wallace Reid *in* "Hawthorne of the U. S. A."
Maurice Tourneur's Production "Victory"
George Loane Tucker's Production "The Miracle Man"
Robert Warwick *in* "The Tree of Knowledge"
Bryant Washburn *in* "Too Much Johnson"
"The Teeth of the Tiger" With David Powell
"The Cinema Murder" A Cosmopolitan Production

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett *in* "The Woman in the Suitcase"
Dorothy Dalton *in* "His Wife's Friend"
Ince Special "Behind the Door"
Ince Super-Special "Dangerous Hours"
Douglas MacLean & Doris May *in* "What's Your Husband Doing?"
Charles Ray *in* "Red Hot Dollars"

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Paramount-Arbuckle Comedies *One every other month*
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Paramount-Al St. John Comedies *One each month*
Paramount-Carter De Haven Comedies *One each month*

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine *Issued weekly*
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures *One each week*

"Hanes"—greatest underwear value ever sold at the price!

***GUARANTEE**—We guarantee Hanes Underwear absolutely—every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.*

GET the big *extra*-long-service features of Hanes winter men's Union Suits and Shirts and Drawers fixed in your mind! Go over the *extra*-wear-points brought out in the diagram circles shown in the Union Suit above—*guaranteed* unbreakable seams; *guaranteed* tailored collarette that cannot gap; *guaranteed* elastic knit wrists and ankles; *guaranteed* closed crotch; *guaranteed* pearl buttons sewed on to stay; *guaranteed* buttonholes that last as long as the garment!

Such a wealth of underwear value to spread before any man at the price! If comfort, warmth, wear and economy mean much to you in winter underwear, then buy "Hanes!" *Every thread, stitch and button is guaranteed!*

Hanes winter weight Union Suits are standard throughout America—*standard* because of extra wear and *standard* because their extra comfort, fit and perfect workmanship make them exceed in real worth any underwear you ever bought at the price!

Your confidence in Hanes Underwear should be based on the fact that every process of manufacture from raw long-staple cotton to the perfected garment is *under direct Hanes supervision in Hanes factories!*

"Hanes" Union Suits for Boys

All the quality, extra features and perfect workmanship that make Hanes men's Union Suits so universally popular *go right into Hanes Union Suits for Boys!* We have never laid hands on such value in boys' underwear. Fleeciness and warmth, in particular, meet parents' most exacting wishes, plus *reinforced buttonholes* that will not stretch. Made in sizes to meet ages between two and sixteen years. Two- to four-year sizes have the drop seat.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us immediately.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C. New York Office 366 Broadway

Warning to the Trade—Any garment offered as "Hanes" is a substitute unless it bears the Hanes label.

"I Could Afford to Pay a Salesman $5,000 More Every Year"

(*Continued from page 49*)

choose the right kind of firm to work for. Some firms follow methods which can only be described as 'shoveling in and shoveling out.' Anything to get the stuff sold! But a man who has ideas, and ideals, about salesmanship can find plenty of firms who believe in 'playing the long game,' firms which know that one injudicious sale may cost them a customer.

"To be a good salesman one should have the gift of knowing how to approach people. Some men have this naturally; but it can be acquired to an extent that will make things easy. Courtesy, interest, sincerity, and knowledge of what one is selling, that is what is needed; and anyone can have these qualities if he tries.

"A show of interest, without sincerity, rings false. You know instinctively that it is only assumed. Everyone detests the over-anxious salesman who fastens on you like a leech and won't let go.

"But the man who approaches you with a smile and who listens, really listens, with interest and understanding—to your statement of what you want, has made the first step into your confidence.

"It is amazing, though, how often the retail salesman, or saleswoman, does not even listen with understanding to what the customer says. I have gone into stores hundreds of times, told a clerk clearly and concisely what I was looking for, and been shown something absolutely different. If I said, 'No, I want such and such a thing,' he would bring something else just as far removed from what I described.

"I HAVE studied this matter of retail salesmanship pretty carefully, and I have figured that in actual selling power the appearance of the goods, their attractiveness, counts one quarter. The salesman's ability counts three quarters. I have based this conclusion on the results got from different ways of displaying goods and the handling of them by salesmen of varying ability.

"For instance, you can see that with a certain group of goods, not especially attractive in themselves and not well displayed, I could gauge pretty accurately the different salesmen who handled them. By comparing the results obtained by the same salesmen with different departments of the stock, I could arrive not only at the relative selling ability of the men themselves but also at the relation between the selling power of the goods and of the men handling them.

"It is only recently that salesmanship has had anything like the standing it should have in business. And even now much retail selling is about on a par with day labor, so far as the interest of the people engaged in it is concerned.

"But there is a great deal of retail salesmanship which should rank with the best professions. It requires study,

SPRUNG WEIGHT

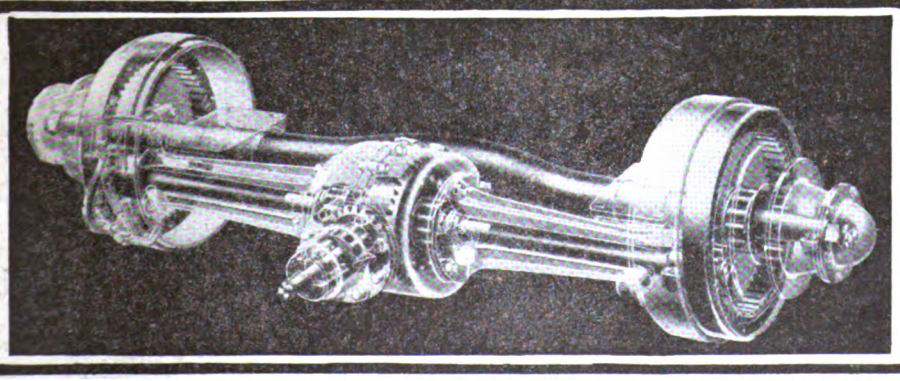
All the weight above the toes is *sprung weight*—nature made it so. In truck construction sprung weight is a prime consideration as one pound under the springs is as ten pounds above the springs. A five-ton Clark Axle is 700 lbs. lighter than other type axles of similar capacity—a saving of 7,000 lbs. on the pay load.

Clark Steel Disc Wheels make good motor trucks better—for solid or pneumatic tires

CLARK EQUIPMENT COMPANY
BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN

DIANA: Light of foot, lithe of limb, clear of eye, Diana the huntress typified to the Greeks, speed, accuracy, lightness, and agile strength in contrast to the heavy-muscled Hercules whose powerful form was built to lift and hold but not to carry — Diana exemplified the co-ordination of sprung weight and enduring strength.

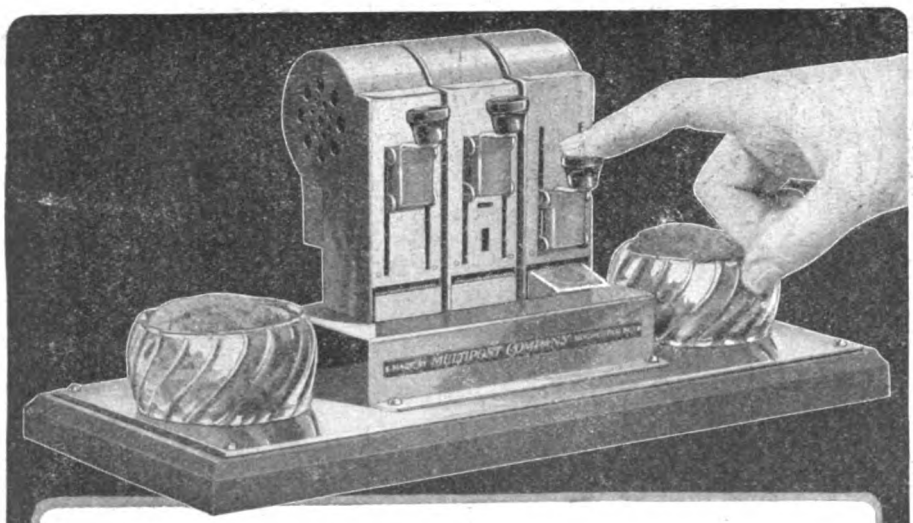
JAMES CADY EWELL



Exhibiting at
Chicago Motor Truck Show
January 24 to 31, 1920
Boston Motor Truck Show
March 13 to 20, 1920

CLARK
Rear Axles Steel Wheels Locking Differentials for Motor Trucks
EQUIPMENT

CLARK INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE MOTOR TRUCK AXLES



A Parcel Post Stamp Machine

For Your Office

Does away with the accumulation of loose stamps in a box or drawer and the resultant confusion and exposure to loss, spoilage, misuse and theft. Keeps stamps of three denominations (or more, if desired) *locked* separately in *one place* in coils—no loose stamps ever. Provides a *convenient* and *rapid* way of selecting the exact amount of postage required, by means of a simple pressure of the keys, and a quick, sanitary way of moistening and affixing the stamps.

Can be had with counters for *recording all stamps* used, each denomination separately. Can also be used with

The MULTIPOST

Stamp Affixer and Recorder

as the stamp containers (with or without counters) of the Parcel Post Machine can be made interchangeable with stamp container of the Multipost. With such dual equipment the denomination of stamps in your Multipost can be quickly changed to take care of different kinds of mail by simply changing containers. Switching from first-class mail to advertising matter takes half a minute.

Free Trial

You will never know how much you *really need* this equipment until you have actually used it. We are willing to send to any office a Parcel Post Machine (shown above) or Multipost Stamp Affixer (shown at right) or both, on *absolutely Free Trial.* You send no money in advance; simply ask on your letterhead for Free Trial and then try the machine in your *own* office on your *own* mail.

Write us now for either a Free Trial or Booklet

MULTIPOST COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y.

Some good territory open for Salesmen

training, the best qualities of mind and character. And its rewards are as great as in some careers which are more highly thought of.

"The trouble with most retail salesmen is they never have thought of it as a real career. They probably drifted into it without any particular ambition, not realizing that there were opportunities in it for reaching something big.

"And yet the opportunity is there. A first-class salesman is sure to attract the notice of people above him. The record is too plain to be overlooked. In that respect he is different from a bookkeeper.

"Some men build a stone wall around themselves by their choice of an occupation. And the bookkeeper, it seems to me, is one of these. But the salesman is different. The boy who begins by selling tacks may end by owning the store. Or he may climb in the selling game until he is dealing in diamond necklaces or skyscrapers. With imagination and ambition he is pretty sure to succeed.

"WHAT I want is to have courses in salesmanship introduced into our high schools. Do you realize the enormous number of boys and girls whose first step on leaving school is to 'get a job in a store'? They want to begin earning money, and that seems the easiest way.

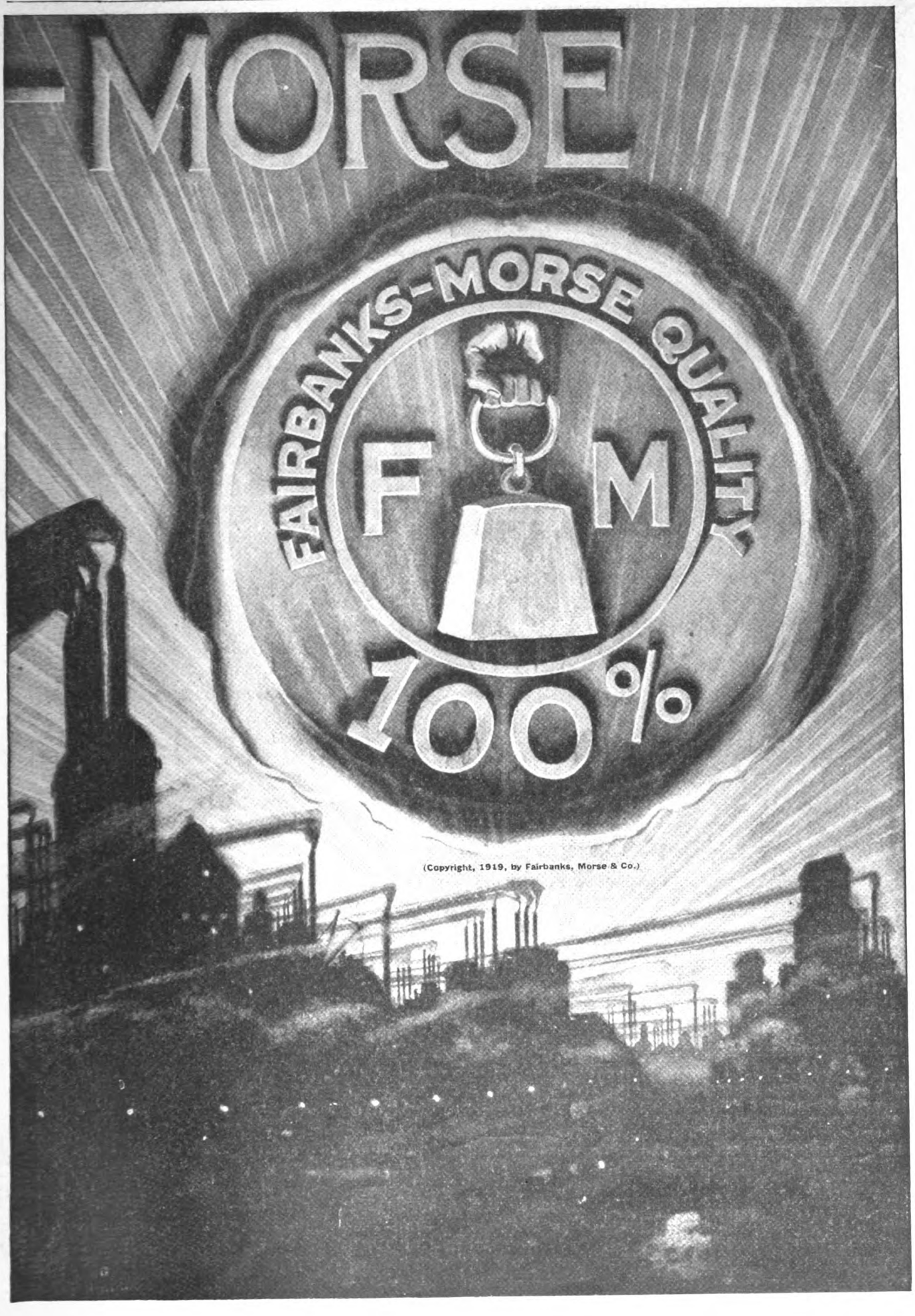
"If they had been taught that salesmanship was an art and a science, if they had heard lectures on it by men who have made a success as salesmen, if they had been trained in the best ideals and practice of selling, the whole thing would be put on a higher plane.

"Why, just think of the thousands of boys who go into grocery stores every year! How many of them think of their 'job' as something on which to use their imagination? And yet there is a wonderful field for that very quality in every grocery store in the world. There isn't a place where you can come closer to human nature.

"Interest in your customer? Why, there are a hundred chances a day to be interested! Mrs. A. comes in with her list, and before she is half way through, you know she's going to have a party of some kind. At once you are interested and eager. At any rate, you should be—and she likes it! The next day you ask her how the party went off, or you tell her that you read the account of it in the paper. *Were* those grapefruit all right? You picked them out yourself. And did she have those little caviar sandwiches? Were they good? You've never had any yourself, and you've always wondered what they tasted like.

"It is just the same in any retail business. Study your goods, and study the people you deal with. Learn their tastes. Try to be of real service to them. Feel as if you were on their side of the counter.

"I have given talks in schools on this subject of retail salesmanship, and I have seen how the boys and girls opened their eyes in surprise and interest. I admit that I am enthusiastic on the subject. I want to see retail selling have both a higher standard and a higher standing. It ought to be regarded as a genuine career; for there are the same opportunities in it for the display of intelligence, honor, culture, and ability as there are in any other occupation."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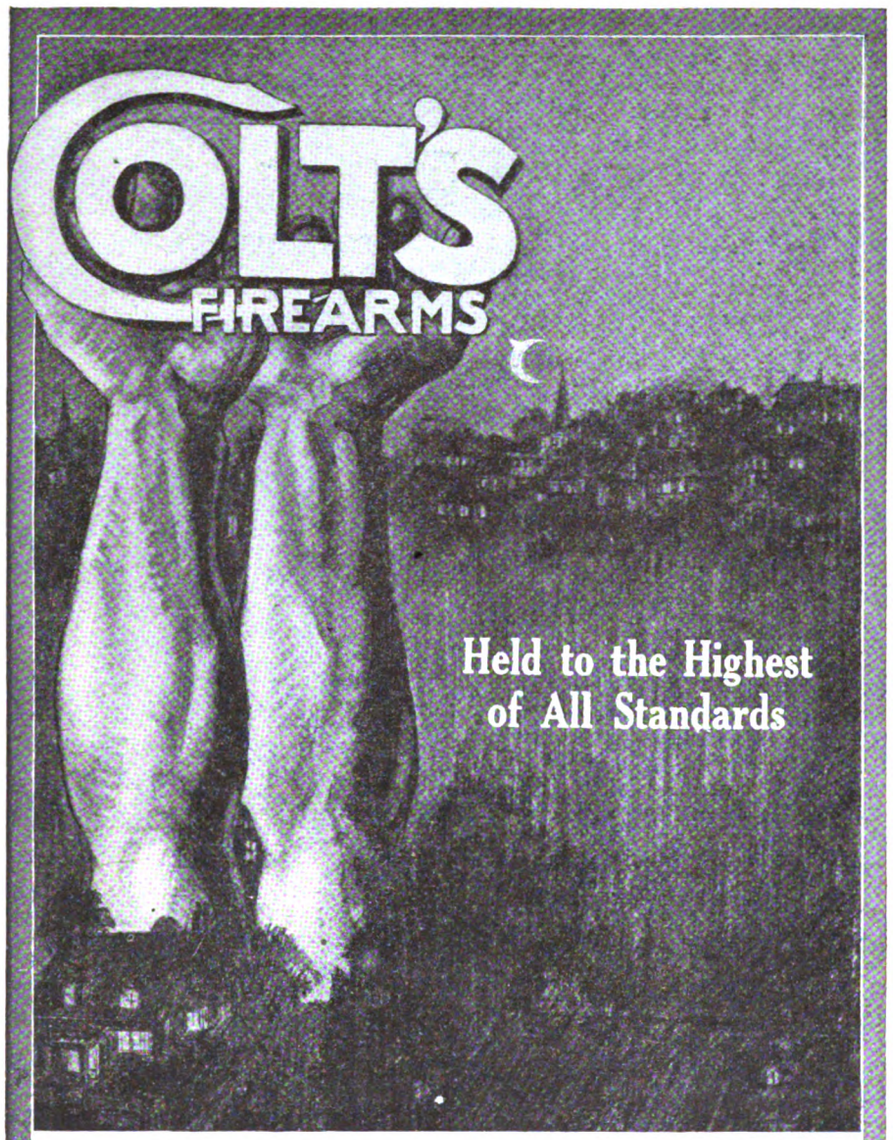

Master Craftsmanship

NO handiwork of man possesses a finer degree of mechanical exactness, a nicer precision of working parts, a more compact strength than the creation of the master gunsmith—

And to have maintained unquestioned leadership for over eighty years—keeping step with every advance of an inventive age—is the return made by the great *Colt* factories to a trust imposed by Government request.

Since its adoption in 1911, the *Colt* Automatic Pistol, caliber .45, has been the official side arm of our Army, Navy and Marine Corps and with them did its "bit" overseas.

Your home needs this same *Colt* protection—the protection of "the world's *right arm.*" For now that the *Colt* is back in Civilian Service you do not need to accept a "Second Best."

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HARTFORD, CONN., U. S. A.

Manufacturers of

Colt's Revolvers
Colt's (Browning) Automatic Machine Guns
Colt's Automatic Pistols
Colt's (Browning) Automatic Machine Rifles

Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

How We Changed the Church in Our Town

(*Continued from page 43*)

were not so foolish as to think that anything could be done without the women's counsel and support.

Of the followers who were closest to the Master a full half were women; and in this, as in most other matters of importance, He was at least two thousand years ahead of His time.

To these thoughtful people, in little groups, we presented our survey and our questions.

"Do you believe, on this showing, that the church is an institution worth preserving?" we asked. "Why are people losing the habit of church attendance? If there had never been a church in Millersville, and we were seeking to establish the best possible kind of a church, what kind of a church would it be?"

Of course we got all sorts of reactions.

"The truth is, I hate failure in any form," said Jim Baldin, president of the First National Bank. "I'm on the board of trustees of the Old Central Church, and I chip in every year, largely because my father did before me. But I can't see that we're getting anywhere. If all the churches were together half the money they now spend on themselves could be used in doing something worth while."

JOHN PAYNE, a young Yale man, already a big factor in town, threw another idea into the ring.

"The Catholics have a good scheme I'd like to grab off," he said. "It hasn't anything to do with doctrines. It's just a feature of management. They run their Sunday services *à la carte*. We Protestants run ours on the *table d'hôte* plan.

"Take me, for instance. I work all week—never get out into the country or have any exercise. Sunday is my only chance. And yet if I go to church at eleven o'clock, it knocks out practically the whole day. But look at the way the Catholics fix it. You can go to a service at almost any old time from six A. M. until noon. If you are a night worker in a big city, they give you a special service at three o'clock in the morning. If you need a day in the country and want to pile the family into the car and take your picnic lunch along, you can attend to your church duties before you start. And I admit that I'd go off feeling a lot better if I could do that."

"That sounds fine," said Henry Allen; "but who's going to run this *à la carte* arrangement? Most Protestant churches have one minister. Is he going to be on the job from six A. M. until past noon?"

"Small churches wouldn't need to begin so early, or to have so many services," Payne replied. "But half the people in America live in cities, where church pastors have assistants. Two million men in New York City never see the trees, or set their feet on the grass, from Monday morning until Saturday night. It isn't any wonder they like to get up early on

Sunday and hit the trail for the country."

I need not give the other comments in detail. They are familiar to everyone who has read the various criticisms of the church.

We very early abandoned any thought of bringing about a union of the denominations already on the ground. There were too many prejudices to be consulted, too many obstacles. The pastors were not in favor of it; and there was also a fighting minority of men and women who would have looked upon a surrender of their special tenets as treason to the faith.

Instead, we adopted the example of the gentleman who conducts the leading motion-picture theatre in Millersville. When he arrived in town he found half a dozen little theatres dividing the downtown patronage. He made no effort to consolidate them. He simply put up his big, modern house; equipped it with a pipe organ; secured better pictures and rendered better service.

OUR plan was similar. I presented it one evening at the Millersville Club to an audience of about one hundred men and women, most of whom had been present at one or more of our smaller conferences.

"My friends," I began, "we have met here to-night to establish the Church of God in Millersville. We propose now to have a church which shall perpetuate only those great fundamentals on which all Christian people are *agreed*.

"It's creed will be very simple. We who have organized the plan and carried it to the present point believe, first of all, in God, who is the Lord and the Life of the universe, present in every one of us. We believe that Jesus Christ gave the supreme example of how men ought to live; and that the program which he laid down is the only solid basis for social justice and international peace. Any member is entitled to believe as much more than this as he finds possible and helpful in his own life. But these are the fundamentals.

"We have already acquired title to the entire city block at the corner of Home Avenue and Walnut Street, which is a larger tract than we shall need at once, but will be none too large if our plans are carried through to final success. On this we shall begin to build as soon as the architects can finish their work. We shall need two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to begin with. Half of this amount has been already pledged for payment in five annual instalments; the other half we expect to have before this meeting adjourns to-night.

"The money is a wholly secondary consideration, however. Our purpose to-night is not to enlist your pocketbooks but your souls. We want to have in Millersville a great temple of worship, where the spirit of the whole community may be uplifted and inspired.

"We shall be in a sense competitors of every other church in the community; and if, as time goes on, it appears to one or more of them that we are doing better the thing which they are seeking to do, so that their members prefer to join with us, we shall welcome them, and provide in some generous way for their pastors.

"We shall also have church halls, open to any organization which is engaged in the business of making Millers-

ESTABLISHED 1869
FIFTY—YEARS—OF—PROGRESS

HEINZ
Cream of Tomato SOUP

made with Real Cream

HERE is the richness of pure cream, which nourishes, and the appetizing taste of ripe tomatoes, which gives a keener zest to the food that follows.

No artificial thickening or meat stock is used—nothing but tomatoes and real cream. And Heinz tomatoes are sun-ripened, and gathered at just the hour when they attain their finest flavor.

Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup is perfectly prepared, ready for the table; smooth, rich and tasty. Just heat it. A fine example of Heinz quality.

Some of the 57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

What Determines the Real Value of Your Home Building Investment?

MOST people admit that Face Brick is the most beautiful material for a home, that it is the most enduring, the safest from fire. But because they believe it is "too expensive" they use a cheaper material.

The average builder puts too much emphasis on the original cost of a home. He doesn't stop to think about depreciation, upkeep, repairs, fuel bills, and fire insurance rates. Yet these are the factors that really determine the permanent value of his investment.

You will find these matters fully discussed in "*The Story of Brick,*" an artistic booklet with attractive illustrations and useful information for all who intend to build.

An interesting feature of the booklet is a survey covering a period of years, showing the percentage of difference in cost of various types of house construction.

You will probably be surprised to learn what a small difference in cost there is today between a Face Brick house and one of less durable, less beautiful materials.

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USE FACE BRICK
—*it Pays*

ville a better place in which to live. And they will be open to political meetings of all parties. We want everything that promotes wholesome living and good citizenship to center in this temple.

"On Sunday, services will begin at six A. M., and be conducted in half-hour periods until midnight, with the exception of the hour between eleven and twelve, when the usual preaching service will be held for those who desire to attend. On week days the chapel will be open for worship and prayer. The organ will be played continuously in the early morning, during the noon hour, and in the hours when men and women are returning from their work at night."

SO BEGAN the Church of God in Millersville, with Rev. Paul Nickerson, the two-fisted young prophet whom I have already mentioned, as pastor. He was given the responsibility for organizing his own staff, with the single warning that he must keep *himself* free of detail, so that his sermon on Sunday would represent the very cream of his week's reading and thought.

He began with two assistants: a preacher of the "pastoral" type to attend to the funerals and weddings and thousand and one other little demands that drain the average preacher's strength; and a woman to give her especial thought to the children and young people. As time has gone on, the staff has increased until it now numbers sixteen, including a physician, a nurse, and an educational expert in charge of the Sunday-school.

We discovered at the outset that other organizations in town were contemplating the erection of buildings. One of the best lodges had drawn its plans and secured a portion of its money. The woman's club, also, had its plans well under way. Both of these, and several smaller societies, came in with us, pooling their building funds with ours, and arranging to occupy certain portions of our building during stated periods of the week.

Of course the whole project was criticized by several of the local pastors, and by other people of various sorts. But this we had expected, and discounted in advance.

On our part we refrained from any criticism whatever, attending strictly to our own business, and seeking to make our service to the community so fine and worthy that it should be its own best advertisement and defender.

From the first, the idea of a succession of short services, beginning early on Sunday and continuing through the day, proved attractive. Men who had not been to church for years began to come in the early morning, often with their golf sticks in their hands. The spectacle of men at a church service in flannel shirts and with golf sticks naturally evoked critical comment. Was it not ordained that a man must wear a starched shirt to church, and make himself otherwise as uncomfortable as possible? But to my mind there could have been no finer testimony to the inherent spirituality of men than the sight of forty or fifty of them kneeling in our temple, while their golf sticks waited in a corner of the vestibule outside.

The services were short, consisting chiefly of sacred music rendered by a boy choir. A brief reading from the scriptures

and a short prayer followed; then some selection read by one of the assistant pastors.

At the end of the third month following the completion of our new building, two of the smaller congregations in the city voted to join us. Their buildings were sold, and the funds put in our endowment. The pastor of one of them was added to our church staff; the other pastor was a man of sincere motives and fine character but an obvious misfit in the ministry, as he himself had come to recognize. We made a place for him as head of the welfare department at the Works, where he has helped to link the church with the largest industrial organization in town.

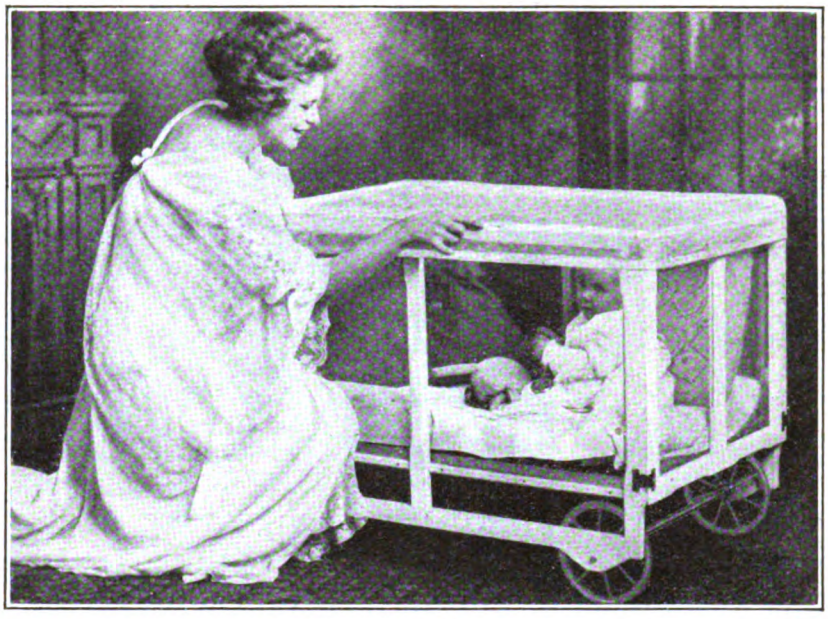
Altogether, twelve churches have joined with us up to date. None of these represents the stronger denominations in town; but our influence has had its effect on them, also. There is now talk of a union movement among them to erect another temple such as ours; and we are encouraging that plan, of course. There is room for another strong church in Millersville, and the two will help each other.

From the beginning, we have followed the rule of sound merchandising—we have first made our product right, and then advertised it. From the beginning, we have been regular users of display space in the two daily papers of the town, and we have regarded our advertisements as merely a carrying on of the Sunday messages. We have made no compromise with sensationalism for the sake of temporary results. We have no thrills to offer; we want no curiosity seekers; we care nothing for adding to our attendance simply for the sake of adding to our collections. We have rested our appeal on the solid fact that the average man is religious at heart; that he would much rather be a good man than a bad man, given half a chance, and that religion is the easiest subject to discuss with him, provided the talk is done by manly men in a straightforward, manly way.

Our advertisements are a spiritual torch flaming in the midst of the market place; and nothing is more interesting than to see how, all unconsciously, the other advertisements in the papers have taken on a new and finer tone, as though seeking to be worthy of their new neighbor.

NATURALLY, our expenses were exceedingly heavy, which was the greatest possible factor in our favor. What people are compelled to pay for in a large way they value largely. The church that asks, and receives, twenty-five cents a week is classified inevitably in the giver's mind on a twenty-five-cent basis. The war gave the people of America new standards of benevolence; we have made it a point to continue them in that habit of thinking. We have preached the doctrine that every family ought to give—not in any haphazard fashion, but on a regular budget basis, computing the year's gifts in January of each year and apportioning them thoughtfully and prayerfully.

It may be that in another article I shall explain the steps which were taken to make giving a source of keen interest and enjoyment to our people. Suffice it to say now that the total effect has been to make the whole community think in bigger terms regarding the obligation laid upon those to whom much has been given, and



THE BABY CARIOLE

The Baby Cariole is a practical necessity—not a luxury. It saves money, because it makes unnecessary the purchase of basket, bassinet, and crib. It cares for the baby asleep and awake, and will serve as a crib until he is old enough to sleep in a bed.

A play-place and a slumber-chamber for baby with plenty of room to romp, play, kick, stretch, and grow in perfect freedom, happiness, and safety. The smooth-running, rubber-tired wheels make it easy to roll the Cariole outdoors to porch or lawn in the health-giving fresh air.

Framework is of light, thoroughly seasoned wood (enameled in white) which will not swell or warp — sides covered with strong, fine mesh, rust-proof wire screen — luxuriously soft, thick, first-class mattress (spring and mattress can be raised to different heights)—strong, easy-running, rubber-tired wheels — and a close-fitting mosquito netting which covers the top. Outfit comes folded.

When set up, The Baby Cariole is 42 inches long, 26¾ inches wide, and 29¾ inches from floor to top of frame.

The precious little tenant is protected from flies, mosquitoes, and neighborhood animals by rust-proof, finely woven wire screening on all sides and by a snugly fitting mosquito net over the top.

In the early days of the baby's life the mattress and spring are raised to bassinet height.

When the creeping stage comes, mattress and spring are dropped to the lower rest. Baby cannot possibly fall out. Nor can he climb out until he is two years old. After that, The Baby Cariole will serve as a roomy, comfortable bed.

30 Days' Trial

Easy Monthly Payments

The Baby Cariole is far superior to a crib; healthier and more comfortable than the cramped, stuffy confines of a perambulator. It is a boon to the mother, because it reduces lifting and handling of the child to a minimum, and because while in the Cariole the baby does not require constant watching.

We want the Baby Cariole to prove its worth right in your own home and will send you at our risk a Baby Cariole (complete outfit), transportation prepaid by us. Use it every day and every night for a month. Then, if you don't like it, or Baby doesn't like it, or if for any reason you wish to return it, do so at our expense. Your first payment will be refunded. If you decide to keep The Baby Cariole, you can pay in little monthly installments. Only perfectly new and unused Cariole outfits are sold.

Wind-Shield Attached

Free Wind-Shield and Travel-Bag

To those who respond promptly to this advertisement we will send with the outfit, Absolutely Free, a Combination Wind-Shield and Sunshade and Travel-Bag. Made to fit over all, or any part, of the Cariole.

Shields the child from rain, sun-glare or drafts. Also serves as a Travel-Bag.

Packed for Travel

Our Offer On receipt of $1.00 (personal checks accepted) The Baby Cariole, complete with **Free Wind-Shield and Travel-Bag,** will be sent you, transportation prepaid by us. Let Baby use it 30 days and 30 nights at our risk.

If you wish to return the outfit, you may do so at our expense, and your first payment will be refunded without quibble or question; the trial will not have cost you a penny. If you decide to keep The Baby Cariole, send us $2.00 a month for only eleven (11) months, total price, $23.00.

If you prefer to settle at once rather than pay monthly, send us $21.50. The 30 days' approval offer and return privilege apply to cash purchasers also. If you do not need the Cariole now, send for literature anyway.

Write for terms on Canadian and Foreign orders

THE BABY CARIOLE CO.
4 Pruyn Street Albany, N. Y.

Use This Coupon

THE BABY CARIOLE COMPANY
4 Pruyn Street, Albany, N. Y.

Enclosed is $1.00. Send me, transportation prepaid, The Baby Cariole Complete Outfit and the Wind-Shield and Travel-Bag. If satisfied, I will send you $2.00 a month for eleven (11) months. If not satisfied, I will return the Cariole within 30 days at your expense, and you will refund first payment.

Name .....

Address .....

Five Good Reasons why

OLD Hampshire Bond should be the standard paper for *your* business stationery:

First, the *feel* of it. Every sheet has a crisp, crackling surface that unmistakably says, "Quality."

Then, there's the firm, tough texture that comes from finest hand-sorted rags, carefully fabricated.

Consider next, the added impression your message makes when typed on such a paper; and remember that in writing, as in personal contact, impression counts.

Old Hampshire is durable—and *this*, don't forget, is important to your correspondent.

Lastly, think of the kind of work your printer can do on Old Hampshire Bond. This in itself is reason enough for you to use it.

Old Hampshire Bond

A New Book on letter-writing called "Wanted—a Correspondent, Salary $15,000," will be sent to you on request. Address Department A.

Old Hampshire Stationery is made for the social correspondence of men and women. Samples will be sent on request. Address Department A.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY,
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

the other churches have shared equally with us in this new spirit.

Finally, and most important, we have brought religion out from under cover and made it what it ought to be—a matter of everyday conversation and life. Think of the absurdity of the average man in his relation toward the great realities of existence! Here he is on a great journey, between two eternities. In his heart he believes that his journey is not ended with death, but only interrupted. He believes that a Great Power presides over the journey. Yet, because of the restrictions which convention has built about us, he never discusses, even with his best friends, these greatest facts in his existence. He feels embarrassed if they are mentioned in his presence.

One may hear religion discussed in the offices and factories of Millersville to-day, frankly and openly, as men discuss the trend of business, or the education of their children.

WE ARE not in the business of offering advice, but there are two points on which our thought may be of interest to men and women in other communities:

In the first place, we believe that the problem of the church, like every other human problem, is, first of all, a question of men. It seems to us useless for the church to seek big men for its ministry until it can assure them a big man's job, and adequate remuneration. Being the private chaplain of fifty families in a little denominational church, with a large debt, is not a big man's job. Being the inspirer and instructor of two thousand immortal souls—with the proper assistant to do the task well—*is* a big man's job.

I have little patience with the notion that a preacher ought to be expected to "sacrifice"—meaning that he ought to scrape along on a bell-boy's pay and have his mind so filled with grocery bills that he has no opportunity to talk with God. As things are now, the churches *compel* him to sacrifice when they pay him a tragically small salary.

He should neither be patronized nor sympathized with. If, when he has been given the income and the assistance necessary to do his task well, he fails to do it, let him step out into some other field of activity. No one feeds the lawyer or the doctor who is a failure. The pastor should expect to meet the same standards of performance. He should be worthy of his hire—and he should get it.

In the second place, we feel that the church, if it is to go forward, must recognize the changed condition of the world, and cease any effort to monopolize Sunday. Jesus sometimes went to the synagogue on the Sabbath—but not always! On other Sabbaths he walked with his disciples, walking being the only form of physical exercise in vogue at that period. That he would recognize the need of modern men and women for relaxation in the open air seems to us unmistakable.

The world is not less religious than in former days, but more so. The Golden Rule is more and more the rule of practical affairs. And the church, if it be lifted up out of its divisions and its small concerns, has still the power to draw men to it.

That, at least, has been our experience here in Millersville.

A Man Who Refused to be "As Good as Dead"

(*Continued from page 8*)

You would not dream, if you saw him, that he had been forced to fight his way to health. He is clear-skinned, clear-eyed, strong-voiced; the very embodiment of energy, physical and mental.

Seventeen years of open-air living have given him a perfect passion for the great outdoors. He has bought sixty acres of land at Wellesley Hills and built a house whose windows open into a stretch of fresh air that reaches to Mount Wachusett, forty miles away. Most of his time is spent working on this place, cleaning underbrush, packing apples, cultivating his garden.

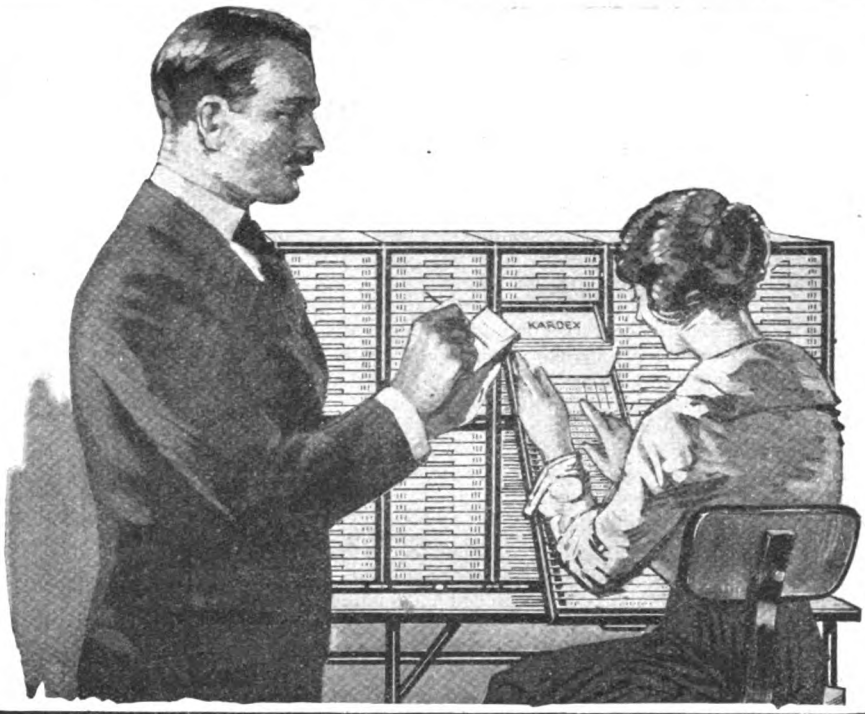
The upper porch, where he sleeps winter and summer, was built to his special order. He found that when beds are in the open all through a winter day they afford a chilly welcome at night. So he had one end of the porch enclosed to form what he calls the garage. The beds stay in this warm haven during the day. At night the folding doors are opened, the beds rolled out, and they are warm and comfortable, no matter if the mercury has gone down to the sub-basement of the thermometer.

THE man who was as good as dead seventeen years ago is alive, energetic, prosperous, and happy to-day. During the war he worked for the Government in connection with the Department of Labor at Washington. When his duties there were over, he went back to Wellesley Hills; and with that same broadening of vision which has marked every step of his progress, immediately planned and started a new phase of his work; this time the Babson Institute, for the training of business executives.

He not only lives and works, but he gets an immense enjoyment out of both. He is keenly interested in religion, in education, in labor problems. Perhaps life and its opportunities mean more to him because he came so near to losing them. A hard-won victory is always better than one that comes easily. And we prize what we *earn* far more than what is given us. Roger Babson's story is just one more proof that a man can earn almost any victory if he works hard enough to gain it. The thing he said that day in February, 1902, is the key to the whole matter:

"All right! Now that I know what is the matter with me, I *can go to work to cure it!*"

B. C. FORBES next month will tell the story of how W. W. Atterbury became vice president in charge of operations of the Pennsylvania Railroad system and of the ideas Mr. Atterbury puts into practice in dealing with men. It's a fine story about a big man.



KardeX CARDS IN SIGHT "Makes Records Talk"

Cards can be added or removed, singly, or in groups.

KARDEX your records, and they become transformed from hidden, hard-to-locate, intangible information to handy, prompt-answering facts.

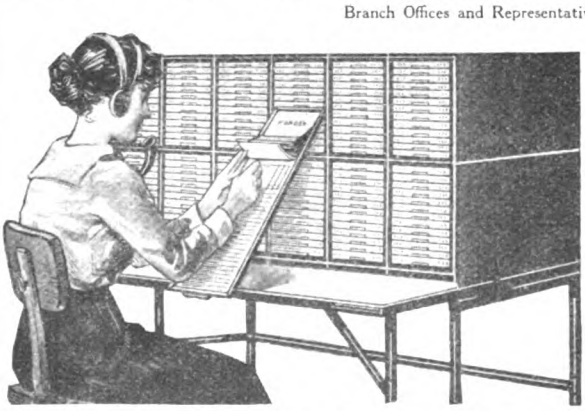
Every kind of record can be Kardexed—made easier, quicker to enter and easier to find upon an instant's notice.

Instead of stowing away vital facts in card-in-box, hunt-and-search files you have all information on cards in interchangeable holders. The index line of each card is always exposed by the transoloid pocket of the holder. You *see* the record you want—no thumbing or fumbling through a maze of cards. No other system gives you as many advantages.

Kardex lets you use both sides of cards without removing. Yet cards and holders can be taken out or replaced, singly or in groups, easily, quickly and quietly. You can enlarge your original Kardex equipment from a 50-card unit to a million, without losing its original simplicity.

Kardex and one clerk equal four with cards-in-boxes.

American Kardex Company
2080 Kardex Building Tonawanda, N. Y.
Branch Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities



Free Kardex Book

An authority on cards-in-sight business systems. Learn about exclusive features of Kardex. Send samples of your present cards, and find out how Kardex will lower your clerk-cost. *Kardex service means prompt deliveries.*

KardeX CARDS IN SIGHT Your Business

What These Strikes Cost You in Money

(*Continued from page 9*)

But let us suppose that the loss was even twice as great, say half a billion dollars in wages in the twelve months. It would be distributed among about sixteen hundred thousand workers, and would average $300 apiece.

That seems like a big cost; but you must remember that in many cases the strikers gained a substantial increase in pay, so that this loss, due to idleness, would be made up by the higher wages they would receive afterward. Moreover, if the increase in pay should be permanent, it looks as if at least some of the workers had made a definite financial gain by striking.

THE loss to the employers—say about $50,000,000 for the year, if we double the known figures—would be practically an absolute one. In most cases it could not be made up.

But this is not an impressive figure so far as the whole country is concerned. If it represented the entire cost of a year's strikes, it would not be enough to get excited about.

These figures are *extremely* conservative. For example, the actual loss due because of the coal strike—which is not included in this estimate—would in itself be enormous. But I have tried to underestimate rather than over-estimate.

But this is *not* the whole story. A strike is like a pebble thrown into a pool of water. The loss it causes in wages to the strikers and in profits to their employers is only the first small circle in the series of larger and larger ones, which spread and widen until they reach the uttermost boundaries of the pool.

It is impossible for any strike to take place in modern industry without causing these innumerable and widening circles of loss. In the two months mentioned—August and September, 1919—I have records of strikes involving ninety different trades.

Among these trades were the following: Shoes, raincoats, typewriters, cigars, fish canning, furniture, garments, hats, hosiery, jewelry, wire, coal mining, street car lines, laundries, metals, shipbuilding, lumber, paper, rubber, printing, foods, railroads, express, building trades, and so on.

This is not the complete list, but it is long enough to show that practically every aspect of our daily lives was directly affected.

Not only did the strikers lose their wages and the employers lose their profits, but the country did not get the goods which should have been produced. Of course, we, the consumers, kept the money we should have paid for these goods if they had been made. But not for long! Because we had to pay *more* for what we did get because of the scarcity.

To give you some idea of what this loss was—and remember this is only the second of those circles of loss—here is a table showing the approximate number of employees affected in some of the strikes and the average number of days of idleness resulting (The steel strike is not included, although it began in September.):

Industries	Number of Employees Affected	Days Lost
Metal trades	49,150	1,081,300
Shipbuilding	50,000	1,100,000
Coal mining	10,000	220,000
Textiles	50,250	1,105,500
Lumber	2,000	44,000
Clothing	16,000	352,000
Hats	3,250	71,500
Shoes	3,500	77,000
Railroads	1,750	38,500
Foods	1,550	34,100
Public Service	2,550	56,100
Building Trades	45,000	990,000
Retail coal	500	11,000
Water transportation	1,200	26,400
Paper	750	16,500
Rubber	4,000	88,000
Laundries	250	5,500
Tobacco	4,250	93,500
Publishing	1,200	26,400

Just to show you the effect of this idleness, here are figures showing the loss in production in a few of the above industries during only nine months:

Industries	Amount of Production Lost
Coal mining	1,751,740 tons bituminous 1,048,740 tons anthracite
Retail coal	616,300 tons undelivered
Hats	88,000 machine-made women's hats
Shoes	1,768,800 pairs men's
Garment trade	15,886,500 men's shirts 19,183,800 pairs overalls
Lumber	8,294,000 board feet

THIS decrease in production directly affects you in two ways: Because of it you actually have less—and you pay more for what you do have. But for the strikes there would have been about two million more pairs of men's shoes, for example, an item not to be lightly regarded.

But here is another feature of the situation which must be taken into account: There were *threatened* strikes and *partial cessations* of work which did not reach the stage of an actual walkout. This is forcibly illustrated by a report of the Secretary of Labor for a previous year. During a period when there were 281 actual strikes, he refers to 212 additional controversies. These controversies closely parallel the strikes themselves. And while they do not cause as great a loss in production they do very materially reduce the output. This must not be omitted in calculating the direct loss.

All of these direct losses, however, form only the smallest of the circles which widen around a strike. Here is another one: If a strike takes place in an industry, it reacts on every other industry that contributes in any way to it.

For instance, a strike in the garment trades reacts on the textile mills—the makers of silks, velvets, woolens, cotton fabrics may be forced to quit work.

A strike in the shoe factories reaches back to the leather workers, the tanneries, the makers of chemicals, the shops where shoe machinery is manufactured. A printing strike reacts on the paper-mill workers and the ink makers. A building strike cuts down the work for countless other employees in a score of trades—metal workers, lumber producers, employees in cement mills, in brick yards, in tool factories.

For every day of idleness caused in a plant that is on strike, there is another day of idleness caused by the resulting loss of work to other men and women who would normally be busy making materials to be used in that plant. And *their* loss is not made up, even though the strikers win.

And a strike involves not only the direct *producers* of these materials, but every person concerned in selling them and in transporting them. The loss is felt at every step.

THIS is the *backward* reaction of a strike. But it does not complete the story, by any means. There is also what we may call the *forward* reaction. For example, a strike in the textile mills affects every industry which must have these textiles in order to continue. It slows up the garment trades. It may cause some of these shops to close, throwing their own workers out of employment. Not only that, but it increases the *cost of all textiles*, even those already manufactured, because the supply is reduced. This is immediately reflected in the increased price of clothing.

The cost of a serious coal strike is almost beyond computation. Practically every industry in the country pays part of the price. If plants are shut down for lack of fuel, every worker in those plants can charge the coal strike with so many days' wages, *his* wages. It has cost him a new pair of shoes, or a new suit, or a sack of flour, in addition to making his own winter supply of coal scantier and more expensive.

You might think that a street-car strike would not have this particular reaction, but just think it over. Take a subway strike in New York City, for instance: Hundreds of thousands of workers are unable to reach their shops, or stores, or offices. They may lose only an hour or two, or they may lose a whole day of work. And lost work is lost money! For work means production. And reduced production inevitably means increased cost of living.

For example, here is one of many outside losses caused by the printing strike in New York City: Some of the shops closed had a large business in printing catalogues for commercial firms. It is the custom of some of these firms to depend almost wholly on these catalogues to sell their goods.

The whole manufacturing program of hundreds of these concerns was held up because they could not get out their catalogues. It is estimated that these firms employ over 500,000 people, and indirectly give work to 1,000,000 others. Thus, the strike of only a few thousand men in one industry affected 1,500,000 in other lines of production. And remember that back of this 1,500,000 are still *more* men and women whose work and earnings suffered.

It is these *indirect* losses which make the cost of strikes so tremendous. They go out in endless ramifications, which finally reach into the pockets of practically every one of us. Everybody has *some* loss to make up because of them. And when

everybody starts to make up losses, the level of all costs rises.

Take the harbor strike in New York City in October: Perishable food, which could not be delivered, and which therefore spoiled, was a total loss to the shippers, or the consignees, as the case might be.

In the third week of this strike, the shipping authorities estimated that it was costing $1,500,000 a day! And this was aside from the expense of maintenance and interference with other branches of business. There were 625 vessels tied up in the port of New York. Many of these idle ships, tied up to the docks, were costing their owners from $300 to $1,000 a day for dock rental. This was in addition to money paid out for idle officers and crews, and the other expenses which went right on, without any income to offset them.

Here is just one curious instance of the way strikes affect you in ways you do not suspect: Because of the tie-up of shipping, the supply of quinine ran short, and there was great anxiety over this shortage in case the influenza epidemic broke out again. Many other drugs were scarce for the same reason, and higher prices for them were predicted. Over $3,000,000 worth of essential oils were held up, and many of them became very scarce.

Building materials were delayed, with the result that contractors lost money, workmen were idle, and the construction of new houses, stores, and offices—the only solution of the high-rent problem—was held back.

AS ANOTHER illustration of how these circles of loss widen out, let us take the police strike in Boston:

The striking police force numbered about 1,200 men. If we suppose that these policemen have families, taking the usual average of five members, there were 6,000 persons directly affected in that one group. But this is only a starter. In the second circle, those indirectly affected, we find the 5,000 state guardsmen who were called out to take the places of the policemen.

Most of the guardsmen have dependents of their own. But even suppose that the employers of these men continued to pay them while they were on duty in Boston, thus preventing their families from suffering. As a matter of fact, many of the men did lose work or pay, and a fund of around $1,000,000 was raised by public subscription to care for those dependent on them.

But in any case, their *work* was lost. Many employers paid men and received nothing in return. The men who had not been employed lost what they might have earned. And the people as a whole were deprived of what these men would have produced.

Even this does not complete the cost account. We have still to reckon the merchants and other business concerns affected by the absence of protection during the days of rioting. There was actual loss of property; and there was an even greater loss due to the disorganization of the whole population. That one strike has cost the people of Massachusetts at least several million dollars.

Earlier in this article, I used the expression "a strike epidemic." Such an epidemic counts among its victims an enormous number who get the contagion simply because it is in the air.

The strike spirit becomes a poison which permeates the whole country. It affects the work of the man who is not striking. It foments discord even where there is no reason for anything but harmony. It lowers the vitality of industry as a whole, resulting in a somewhat vague, but vast, loss of energy. The slowing up of production, due to this insidious contagion, is beyond reckoning. It is appalling!

And this circle reaches even outside the boundaries of actual business and affects the whole people. The maid in the kitchen reads of restaurant employees striking for shorter hours and higher wages. She gets the microbe of discontent herself. She does not stop to analyze the benefits of her own economic position. She "slacks" her work, lowers the degree of her service, increases her demands, and reduces the peace and comfort, and therefore the efficiency, of every member of the household.

School children hear their parents talk of strikes in industry and they decide to use the same weapon. In October the students at a well-known university struck because they didn't get a holiday to celebrate a football victory! We have had teachers' strikes and pupils' strikes and janitors' strikes and policemen's strikes and butchers' strikes and bell-boys' strikes and—well, I don't think the preachers have struck, but they seem to be the only ones that are immune.

So the poison pervades the whole community, causing a mental and spiritual letdown which is responsible for a financial loss mounting up to billions of dollars. So long as this loss continues, the cost of living must stay at an abnormal height.

It is in this direction that we as individuals can do something to reduce the price we pay for strikes. Leaving out all question of whether they are right or wrong, those of us who do not strike can at least help ourselves and others by keeping our own end up. Whatever our work—and every human being ought to do some constructive work—we can put our whole energy in to it. Without taking sides on the matter, or even if we do take sides, we can lessen the consequences to the country as a whole by doing our own best to increase production in our own lines.

For in that increased production lies our salvation. Short rations mean high rations. One pair of shoes won't take care of four feet. One suit of clothes won't cover two bodies. One meal won't feed two mouths. If we are short of food and clothing and houses, we will be forced to bid against one another to get what there is.

PERHAPS you do not realize how startling is the result of a shortage in production. You can see really terrible examples of this in the case of crops. In 1914 the cotton crop was over 16,000,000 bales. The next year it was about 30 per cent smaller. But the average *price* for cotton increased about *60 per cent*. In 1917–18 the world production of coffee was 14,833,000 bags. The next year it decreased 9 per cent. But the price increased *68 per cent*. In 1917, the flaxseed crop was 45 per cent less than it was in 1916; but the *price* was practically *100 per cent* higher.

You see, the results of a shortage in production are far beyond what you might think. The prices go up out of all proportion to the decrease in supply.

One of the well-known features of our business life in the United States is the periodic panics which sweep over the country. What causes these panics? Is it over-production, as some say? Not a bit of it! We have had our share of panics, but there never was one that could be blamed upon too much production of useful things. We got the panic habit away back in 1815, and we've been having them ever since. But every panic we ever had was the result of too many people lying down on their jobs. They didn't produce enough—that was what was the matter.

STRICTLY speaking, there can be no production of goods which will exceed the amount which can be used. What is commonly referred to is not general overproduction, but rather *unbalanced* production; that is, a disproportionate output of certain kinds of goods.

The prosperity of the individual worker depends upon all workers keeping up their part of the business organization. Let one group fall behind, and the whole machinery is thrown out of gear. Every branch of workers is absolutely dependent upon the others. Suppose the shoemakers fail to produce enough shoes: not only must some of us do without shoes, but the people who would have sold their own goods to the shoe workers will find themselves overstocked with their own wares. For the striking shoemakers, without their wages, cannot buy what others are making and selling. On the other hand, if every class of workers will produce more goods than they do now, every worker can have more and sell more. It is greater production *per worker* that produces prosperity.

An epidemic of strikes is costly: First, because the strikers themselves cease to produce; second, because they force thousands of other workers to produce less; third, because they involve still more thousands—those who are engaged in selling goods; fourth, because this slowing up of production affects those engaged in transportation; fifth, because all these people who produce less, and therefore earn less, lose some of their buying power, and this reacts on every storekeeper, on the wholesale dealer, and consequently on the manufacturer and his workers; sixth, because such an epidemic causes widespread discontent, resulting in an almost universal loss of energy and efficiency.

Analyzed in this way, the case against strikes *is* a black one. From the point of view of the whole people, they must be considered a very expensive method of adjusting industrial differences. If a better way can be found, it will put money into the pockets of practically every one of us.

"IF WE Divided All the Money—How Much Do You Think Your Share Would Be?" That is the question asked, and answered, in the magazine next month. The article, by George E. Roberts, of The National City Bank of New York City, contains facts which will amaze most readers. And they are facts which everybody ought to know

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38—Half Way Through Life!

(*Continued from page 33*)

whole of success for me—*wanting*. I wanted to write—and after I had wanted it hard enough and long enough, I wrote.

I practiced law for a few months. It was something for which I was congenitally unfitted. The human side of the thing interested me—the folks in turmoil over line fences or broken legs or domestic infelicities. That was fine and enjoyable; but the drudgery and routine of examining abstracts and of briefing cases was utterly distasteful. It was not what I wanted to do, and, hence, I could not do it well. I wanted to write. I did learn to blow beautiful smoke rings and started to write short stories—which ended in tragedy and were patterned after Edgar Allan Poe. I wanted to write, but I did not know *what* I wanted to write, so I made a steady failure of it.

I gave up the practice of the law because it was distasteful to me, and, being distasteful, would not earn me a living. Newspaper work came next. I got a job on the Detroit "News," and it was a distinct step in the right direction. I loved it, and I was a success. I was a good reporter, but I was a better feature man, that is to say, I was better at writing about the peculiarities of folks than about the more important routine of gathering news. I shall always be proud of the fact that I was a good newspaper man, and if you think this is boasting, go back and ask any of the old gang. I am grateful to that profession, and I am more grateful to my friends who labored with me and showed me how—to E. G. Pipp and to Malcolm W. Bingay.

I reached the age of twenty-seven years and the salary of twenty-seven and a half dollars a week, and married. It is my wife who has done more than any other influence to prevent me from finding out that I am thirty-eight. She represents one of my greatest successes.

THOSE were years of fumbling about. I wrote fiction when I could find the time, and actually began to sell a story now and then to the minor publications—one for seven dollars, I remember; and, greatest success of all, one for sixty dollars. Long before this, I had determined to make my living by writing. It was the way I *wanted* to earn my living, and consequently it came about gradually that I did make my living that way. But the time was not yet.

In the evenings after work I wrote a long story for boys which I sold the "The American Boy." I had to sell that story because I had bought a house and agreed to pay two hundred and fifty dollars down when I moved in. This story introduced me to the best pair of friends I have had, Griffith Ogden Ellis and J. Cotner, Jr., owners of that juvenile magazine, and soon I became its assistant editor; I continued to be an editor until five years ago. Singularly, I was a good editor—at least the magazine grew from insignificance to the position of a national institution dur-

ing the years I had charge of its editorial side. But all the time I wanted to write for a living, and all the time I was writing.

At last I arrived at a point where I thought I could manage it, and resigned from my very pleasant position and removed to Vermont. At last I had what I wanted—I was a man who wrote fiction for a living. It was the achievement of an ambition, but it marked only the beginning of my success as a writer.

Up to this time I only knew that I wanted to write, but not *what* I wanted to write. Both are necessary. You must have a distinct speck in the distance before you and work toward that speck and toward no other. Your ambition must be definite. If you don't know what you want, you won't get it. If you do know what you want, and if you want it hard enough, you are sure to get it.

I made the discovery that the most interesting thing in the world to write about is *folks*—not Poesque automatons in a plot of horror, but real, everyday, genuine folks, like Jake the milkman, and Miss Wilkins the milliner, and the man who runs the sawmill, and the old fellow in the post office, and rich Mr. Riggs who owns the railroad—all folks with ordinary, understandable human emotions, functioning in their natural element. I discovered that human beings can't help being interesting. I discovered that if you think of a group of folks and set those folks into a story, you don't need to bother about the plot. They work it out themselves. From the moment of that discovery until to-day I have been going ahead, grasping my ambitions one by one, only to discover that they were no longer my ambitions, and that I wanted something better, that lay a speck in the distance.

I had learned how to *want* and I had learned *what* I wanted. Things had become definite for me.

There are the facts: I have written some dozen books, and I have no idea how many short stories. I have written them about folks because I like folks. I like to know folks and to talk to folks and to hear their stories and their opinions. I was born with a capacity for liking people, which is a very important thing. It is much better to be able to like everybody than it is to be liked by everybody. You get more solid value out of it. If you like folks you appreciate their capers, humorous and tragic, and you see stories or novels in every one of them. I believe that the mere ability to like folks is a great personal success for anybody.

I HAVE liked writing those books and stories. If I hadn't liked it I wouldn't have done it. I couldn't. I *wanted* to write them, and so I enjoyed writing them. It isn't drudgery for me to write. Somehow, the stories appear to come almost automatically—such as they are. I write a great deal, and never feel the need of vacation from writing. If I get away from it for a few days I am in a hurry to get back to it. I think this is because I *wanted* to write so badly that the mere wanting has turned that form of labor into pleasure.

In my own inventory and appraisal, I think I can say my eighteen years have been a success, because they have been progressive; every year has been a better

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year than the one that preceded it, and every year has seen the birth of a new crop of ambitions, minor and major. I have gone further in my trade than I dreamed I should go when I was twenty—further than I had the sense to *want* to go when I was twenty. Every year some *want* of mine has brought home its dividends in money or happiness or reputation. But each year has ended with myself unsatisfied, and wanting more.

I do not mean more money, for I can conscientiously say that money is one of the lesser rewards; at best it is only a sort of decoration pinned on the shirt of success. I have never written a story, and thought while I was writing it that it was to earn me this or that sum of money. I like to be paid and well paid, and I feel that I am entitled to be well paid because I have worked long years to learn my trade, and because I have always tried to give the best I have to give. But the money consideration is minor. I like money, and I like lots of it, because it is a pleasant thing to have, but I do not count it as anything but a sort of scale of weights and measures used by human beings in estimating the actual worth of what I do.

AS TO my actual achievements as a writer I am wholly dissatisfied. Twenty years ago I would have been satisfied if I had known that I would accomplish what I have accomplished. But no story has ever turned out to be as good a story as I wanted it to be, nor as I thought I had conceived it. No novel has turned out to be the novel I started in to write, hoping it would turn out to be a piece of literature worthy to rank with the best. In that I have failed. But it is what I still *want*, and want very hard. I want it hard enough to get it, I believe, and I am going to go on wanting it harder and harder until the last note of the last violin has died into silence.

I am conscious of one thing which gives me satisfaction, and that is that I have worked hard, that I have not skimped my work, and that every piece of work I have turned out has represented the best thing I was capable of doing at that time. None of it has come up to my hopes nor to my desires, but I have been honest with myself and with my public and my publishers. What they have had from me, and what I have had from myself, has been the best I had to give. It is the only way to work. I do not understand how a man can commit sabotage upon himself. I do not see how a man can write a story in a manner that is not his best, any more than he could deliberately lop off his fingers.

I try always to put myself in the position of being able to prove what I write, whether it is a character, a situation or a plot. . . . I didn't begin to be a successful writer until I found out this was the formula—to write about folks you know and things you know. Beauty of expression, the word skill of Walter Pater, means nothing. I would rather describe haltingly a real living character who would make somebody laugh or cry or say, "I knew a feller like that," than to deal with the whole Olympus of soulless Greek gods in the most exquisite and limpid English of which the human pen is capable.

After all, the real critics are the folks. You may be hailed as a master by a

hundred or so of the so-called élite. It is no good. If you can translate a real emotion to a million; if you can make a million laugh, or hold their breath, or forget their troubles for an hour, that is something. If you can do it greatly—that is everything to the writer. To do it greatly, that is my *want*. I may never realize it. Probably I never shall; but I shall have the satisfaction of wanting and trying and working.

I think the thing that gives me greatest pleasure in my work, and which is my most valued success, is to realize that a story of mine, let us say a serial printed in some magazine, will be read by a couple of millions of folks. It will take each of them half an hour a week for a month for six or eight weeks or months. That means I have given to the world a million hours of enjoyment, or relief, or forgetfulness, or interest per instalment, and eight millions of hours of pleasure, or amusement, or forgetfulness, with the whole story. That is a worth-while reward. It is worth working to earn, and money cannot pay for it. . . . Think of it! With a book of average length, done according to my present unsatisfactory ability, I seem to be able to introduce into the world eight millions of pleasure hours—of hours pleasanter than they would have been if I had not written.

I'M thirty-eight. My youth has gone, though I cannot make myself realize it. I am more than half used up. I have never accomplished what I set out to perform. . . . And I have only twenty years more to *want* in. It sounds like failure in the past, and hopelessness for the future. Maybe it is. But I have got where I am by *wanting*, and keeping my eye on the speck in the distance. I have always got what I wanted hard enough. I believe I shall get whatever else I want, if I can make the *want* strong enough. . . . Other things I have wanted have come. Other ambitions have been satisfied. I believe it is a natural law with inevitable consequences. . . . Therefore, I shall succeed.

The Editor says I am a success, and therefore interesting to his readers. If I am a success—and undoubtedly I am to a certain degree—it is because I have *wanted* well and diligently.

"Seek, and ye shall find; ask, and it shall be given you." Everybody is familiar with that old utterance. It is exactly what I have found to be true. That verse might have been taken as the keynote of this bit of writing. . . . But you've got to seek hard and ask hard, and supplement it by putting in a decent number of working hours a decent number of days each and every year. The success the Editor says I have came just like that. I *wanted*.

ANOTHER "Scattergood" story by Clarence Budington Kelland will be a feature of the fiction appearing next month. Also Bess Streeter Aldrich contributes a new chronicle of the delightful Mason family—"Marcia Mason's Lucky Star"—and there are other good stories from the pens of Wilbur Hall, Cora Schilling Lawson, Lewis Parsons and Edison Marshall.

When I Build *my* Home!

HOW many times you have said it in speaking of your cherished home—but usually of the unique floor plan, the decorations, the furnishings, and the many other personal conveniences and comforts you would have rather than the building material you would use. That was a secondary consideration—if it was a consideration at all.

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Who Dropped the Monkey Wrench on Your Head?

(Continued from page 14)

a rainbow while they examine a suspect. If they decide to trail a machine until it lands, they may lose it in a fog, or it may be speedier than their own. If they do "nail" the pilot when he comes down, he may turn out to be an anxious husband literally flying to the bedside of a sick wife, or the employee of an enterprising firm delivering a hurry-up order for goods.

The thing is a serious problem. Think of the diamonds a single unscrupulous aviator can bring in duty free if he can cross the border and land without detection. And there are other unpleasant possibilities in the future; such, for instance, as the use of the aëroplane in quickly transporting a criminal hundreds of miles from the scene of his crime.

This is not a fantastic idea, by any means, as the following case will prove. An army aviator in England was under arrest for flying low over Chester. While he was awaiting trial, he was taking exercise one day, under guard, and the two men approached some machines which were about to depart for Ireland. The man under arrest got into one of these machines and escaped. He was later captured and court-martialed. The chance of more dangerous criminals arranging in advance to make their "get-away" by aëroplane is not remote.

How are we to guard against these possibilities? What regulations have been made to prevent such offenses? Aviators do not have to follow roads which you can watch and guard. They can go so high that you can neither see nor hear them. The height that can be reached by aëroplanes is known as the "ceiling," and this ceiling is at present six miles high, with the probability of its being lifted to ten miles in the near future.

The whole question of preventing aërial "crimes" and aërial escapes from justice may seem hopeless to you. But the great factor in solving it will be this one unalterable fact about flying: A machine must go up *from* the land and it must come down *to* the land. Furthermore, an aëroplane cannot be folded up and put into the pocket, it cannot be hidden in the cellar, nor behind some bushes. For some time to come, an aëroplane is bound to be conspicuous by its novelty, and a pilot will be a marked man. But there are even now definite regulations which, if enforced, will make it possible to trace the movements of every machine.

GREAT BRITAIN has established national regulations to govern aviation; and those which will be adopted in other countries, including the United States, will doubtless follow their main provisions. Rules made by the International Federation are already enforced in this country by the representatives of the Federation, and have been recognized by the courts. There are cases

where a fine of two thousand dollars and suspension for one year have been supported by the courts. But *government laws* are necessary, and will soon be a fact.

The main points in the British regulations—which will doubtless be our own—are these:

No aircraft shall fly within the limits of the country, or over the waters adjacent thereto, unless it has complied with the following conditions:

1. It must be registered.
2. It must bear the prescribed registration and nationality marks, affixed or painted on it in the prescribed manner.
3. The certificate of registration, and the license of every member of the personnel, must be carried on the aircraft.
5. No mails shall be carried without the written consent of the Postmaster General, and no wireless apparatus shall be installed or used without a license from the Postmaster General.
6. Regulations as to general safety, lights, signals, and other rules of the air, must be complied with.
7. The aircraft shall not fly over any prohibited area.

I will briefly summarize the more important remaining points so that you can see just how you will be protected. An aircraft is not allowed to carry passengers unless it has been certified as airworthy, has been periodically overhauled has been examined before each flight, and all regulations complied with.

IT MUST not depart from, or land at, any place other than a licensed aërodrome, or a government one.

An aircraft shall not fly over a city or town, except at an altitude which will enable it to land *outside* the city or town, if it should be forced to descend. No person in an aircraft shall do trick flying, or exhibition flying, over cities, towns, or populous districts. Such flying is prohibited at regattas, races, or any similar event, unless it has been specially arranged for in writing by the promotors of these affairs. Flying at low altitude, or in dangerous proximity to persons or dwellings, is prohibited.

It is forbidden to drop, cause, or permit to be dropped from aircraft any article except ballast, as authorized by the rules.

Aviators must produce their licenses, log books, and certificates, on the request of any officer of the law. These officers have the right, at all times, to enter an aërodrome, or *any place* to which access is necessary for the purpose of enforcing the regulations.

No foreign military aircraft may fly over, or land in, the country, or on the adjacent waters, without the express invitation and permission of the Government. *Any* foreign aircraft flying over the country must comply with the national regulations after its first landing.

The only defense accepted for a failure to observe these laws is to prove that the failure was due to stress of weather, or to some other *unavoidable cause*. The penalty for not complying with any of the regulations, except for unavoidable cause, is a fine not exceeding one thousand dollars, imprisonment of not to exceed six months, or both.

But, of course, if any person on an aircraft is detected in any other illegal act, such as smuggling, he suffers the penalty for that crime also.

Licenses and certificates can be canceled if reason is shown for doing so.

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Now, just how will these regulations be applied? And how can they be made effective from your point of view? An aircraft will have to carry the equivalent of the automobile plate that gives the license number of the machine. All very well—but can you read it? If the day is clear, and the machine not more than two thousand feet in the air, and you have good vision, and the sun isn't shining in your eyes—yes, you can.

But machines are not supposed to fly as low as two thousand feet over towns. If they are very heavy ones, they must keep much higher. So when a machine goes over your town you cannot read its license number, any more than you can read an automobile plate that is half a mile off.

If you are an "air cop," a sky policeman, you can read the license number if you get close enough. But at your approach, a pilot can "give her the gun" and, if he is speedier than you, leave you behind. Or he can go into a spinning nose dive and drop so fast and so far as to escape you.

One help in this difficulty will be to compel every aircraft to carry a radio telephone, and to give its registered number on request.

The real safeguard is in the fact that a machine must leave the ground and return to it. It is when it is on the ground that the craft, the cargo, and the passengers, will be accessible. The country constable, the bicycle policeman patrolling the highway to catch the speeding motorist, any officer of the law, can, and will, demand from the persons on a plane which comes down in his neighborhood that they show their licenses, certificates, permits, and so forth. He will require them to state where they have come from and to what point they are going. These facts will be reported by him to the proper authorities, who will find out if they have been correctly given. If not, the machine will be reported far and wide, with a description of the plane itself and of the occupants.

AS THE laws which apply to traffic *in* the air may not seem so personal to you, just at present, I will give them only briefly. However, your personal interest in them will come sooner than you expect. Aside from the professional flyers, there are in this country at the time of writing this article over five hundred private owners of aëroplanes, and orders for more than five hundred additional machines have been received by the manufacturers. This is within less than a year after the restrictions on civilian flying were removed.

We have mapped eight "airways" in this country. They are literally the highroads of the sky, and air travelers are expected to follow them as closely as possible. Each highroad is divided into three levels, the "interurban," the "interstate," and the "international."

This division into levels minimizes the chance of your encountering other machines in a fog, or at night, and so makes flying safer. For the same reason, each level is divided in two "one-way" streets. In each case, you must keep to the right half of the highroad, just as you do on the ground. Each half, or one-way street, is thirty-five miles wide, so that you won't drift over onto the other side. The whole highway is eighty miles wide,

the ten-mile belt in the middle being a sort of invisible parkway, as on many boulevards, to keep the two streams of traffic apart.

This system of levels was worked out for aërial patrol during the war. The fighting squadrons were sent out to protect the photographic and artillery air squadrons at different levels, over different sectors, and the plan worked well. Aërial policemen will do their patrolling in the same manner.

IT HAS been proposed to put the registration of aircraft and the licensing of aviators in charge of the Department of Commerce. Temporary legislation to this effect was suggested in February, 1919; but it was decided to wait until the reports of the Aëronautical Commission at the Peace Conference could be studied, so that our national aërial laws would harmonize with the international ones. In the meantime, the matter was left largely to the various aëro clubs to control.

Here is an example of what they have had to deal with: Last summer when the second Pan-American Aëronautic Convention was held for a month at Atlantic City, passenger flying became popular, and everybody was keenly interested.

But one warm day, when the planes—half a dozen of them—kept going constantly from early morning until late at night, disturbing afternoon naps and keeping people awake until the wee, small hours, the citizens protested. The complaints increased in number until the city authorities referred them to the Atlantic City Aëro Club. The Club defined the limits of what it called District No. 1, and required aviators flying over that district—which included the heart of the city and the Boardwalk—to maintain an altitude of twenty-five hundred feet or higher. Any town annoyed by aëroplanes flying too low above it can make the same regulation.

I think I have pointed out the main things in which the general public is interested. You want to know your rights to the air, and whether you have any redress if an aviator causes you annoyance, loss or injury.

You have *no* right to the air, except to the tops of the trees or buildings on your property. You cannot prevent an aviator from flying over you, or your property, unless he comes so low as to endanger either. But if he causes you injury or loss, and you can prove that he did so, you can sue him for damages and probably recover them. Remember that the air is free—above the limits just mentioned. If you object to an aëroplane passing overhead, don't go and get your shotgun and try to pepper it—as some annoyed individuals actually have done! It has a perfect right to be there. The thing you *can* do is to use your influence to have national, state and municipal laws for the regulation of air traffic of all kinds.

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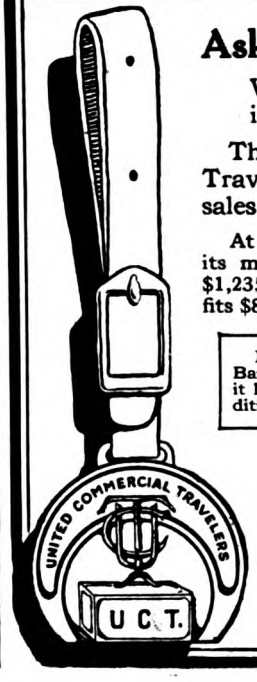

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"Two Down in Front for This Evening"

(*Continued from page 61*)

of the first balcony, want front-row seats in New York, let the cost be what it may. They have charged off that hundred or thousand dollars on the day of their departure, and they expect to arrive home, completely broke—but happy.

As in every other luxury business, there is another factor of importance: I mean human pride. The modern theatre is small enough, and well enough arranged so that the play can be pretty well enjoyed from almost any seat. But will the man who can afford to be in the first three rows be content to run his chances in the balcony? Not much. Wealth has a double advantage: it enables one to enjoy the good things of life, and it proclaims to everyone else the fact that one *is* able to enjoy them.

The humorists would like to have us think that women are more ruled by their pride than men; but personally I do not believe it. In fact, when I see the harmless little follies of hard-headed business men I wonder how many of the jokes that are made about women really have their foundation in men's efforts to hide behind the dresses of their wives.

"You know, Mr. McBride, it doesn't make any difference to me where I sit," they will say to me; "but my wife just won't go to the theatre if she can't be in the first six rows." Or, "My wife is just a little hard of hearing," or, "You know my wife doesn't see very well, so we must be near the front." A thousand times we have heard those same phrases; and always we accept them at their face value, and remark that any sacrifice is little enough if it contributes to the happiness of the ladies, God bless 'em! But deep in our own hearts we smile a little over these blind wives of middle-aged men; and these deaf wives of men whose own hearing is so perfectly normal.

BUT whatever our suspicions, we never let anyone suspect them. For every good man has to use his wife as an excuse at some time or other; and it is the part of good husbands to stand loyally together. Even on rainy days, when the excuses fly thick and fast, we receive them all in good humor. Most of our tickets are sold in advance, so that the weather does not vitally concern us. But whenever the clouds begin to gather about noon, we say to ourselves, "Now, get ready for the epidemic of sick wives." And, sure enough, the telephone begins to jingle, and strong men's voices will say, "Awfully sorry I can't use those tickets to-night, McBride; my wife has just 'phoned me that she is not feeling very well." So we cancel the sale, and the men who don't like to get their feet wet go home to their apartments and light their pipes and settle down, often to bear the reproaches of wives who probably don't give a rap about the rain and secretly have a good-natured contempt for the little subterfuges of the alleged stronger sex.

Like every other business, ours has its

hazards—sometimes they are very big ones. We have to be forever vigilant against what we call a "plant." A show opens in Philadelphia, and within the next few days fifteen or twenty friendly folks drop in to tell us what a whirlwind success it is, and how we ought to load up heavily on tickets. When we have heard that five or six times, we begin to suspect that there must be something pretty bad about the show.

A certain proportion of new plays open on Broadway; but the usual custom is to try them first "on the dog"—the dog being Springfield, or New Haven, or New London, or any other town within convenient distance. The two favorite "dogs" are Stamford and Atlantic City. When a show is to open in any of these places, my brother Will, who does the purchasing, goes out to see it, and decides whether we will take twenty-five tickets a night for two weeks or two hundred a night for eight weeks, or whatever he thinks the show will stand.

Forty years of experience in helping people with their amusement problems has left us with a pretty high regard for the character and habits of the average American man and woman. It is his own wife or daughter that you see with a man at the theatre in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, not some other man's. And the plays that people want, and that make the most money, are clean, old-fashioned comedies.

The first night of a show on Broadway brings its own special type of followers. There is a certain group which prides itself on never missing a first night, on being always just a bit in advance of the crowd. Diamond Jim Brady, of Broadway fame, was one of these. He was almost a part of the scenery at every first-night performance—or at the second night, if two shows opened on the same evening. Men saw him always at the theatre, and assumed that it was the real Diamond Jim whom they saw; but only those who did business with him knew that he would be at his office at eight o'clock or eight-thirty the following morning, no matter how long the evening might be. And the man whom he had left at one o'clock in the morning might be the same man to whom Diamond Jim would sell a hundred thousand dollars' worth of goods at one o'clock the next afternoon.

THE critics are there on the first night, of course; and their criticisms adorn the morning newspapers and are read by the producer and all the actors and actresses. Whether the public reads them must be a vexing question in the minds of the critics themselves. For plays which they have praised in extravagant terms have a habit of failing just like other plays; and the list of shows that have made fortunes, after the critics had damned them to instant extinction, is startlingly long.

Of course we have our losses: a show goes bad and finds us with a liberal supply of seats that no one will buy. In show-producing, nothing in the world is sure. "Lightnin'," which has run in New York the past two seasons, was looked upon as a probable failure the second night, and dragged along between life and death for some time. "Bought and Paid For"

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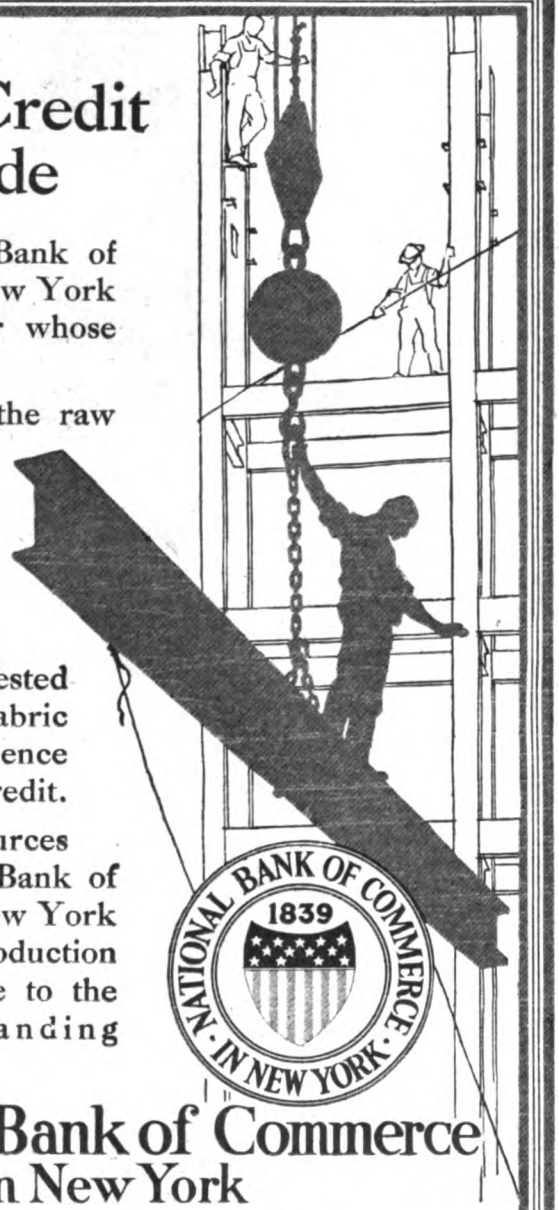

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got off to such a bad start that Brady seriously considered closing it up. It was partly my brother's belief in it that persuaded him to continue. He liked it and bought heavily; and in time it gathered momentum and was a big success.

I never doubted that "Lightnin'" would win, after I had my father's verdict. He is an old man now and does not go to the theatre as often as he once did, but he went to see that play. Afterward, I asked him what he thought of it.

"It's fine!" he said. "I saw it thirty years ago."

"But you couldn't have seen it," I protested. "It's just a new show this year."

"That's all right," he answered. "It's 'Rip Van Winkle' over again. It's a good old show."

And he was right. The new shows that go biggest are the old ones. A clean, simple story, based on the fundamentals of human experience, is what people like to see. Those stories are the oldest thing in the world; and they are *never* old.

OF COURSE the thing that impresses one more each year is the universality of the theatre's appeal. Of the country's great men almost all find pleasure in the theatre. The elder Mr. Morgan was a constant patron, and Mrs. Morgan continues even now to attend. Run down the list of celebrated names and you will find most of them "among those present" in the boxes or the few first rows. Harriman was a notable exception. He seldom attended the theatre, but he more than once used our little store at 71 Broadway as a hiding place in which to escape unwelcome fellow travelers.

"Excuse me a minute, I want to stop in here," he would say to the men whose company was no longer wanted. And to us he would explain:

"I just want to stop a minute until that fellow gets by."

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., is another who has been seldom seen at the theatre. Colonel Roosevelt's attendance was very infrequent as compared with the record of either Mr. Taft or Mr. Wilson. But when you have named these you have pretty nearly covered the prominent absentees. More and more big men are finding that the charm of the play has a healing magic in banishing the worries of the business day and putting the mind into condition for an untroubled night's sleep.

New York has about forty first-class theatres in operation. In each of these are two hundred especially desirable seats—eight thousand in all. And every night there are one hundred thousand men and women who want those seats. Our problem is to divide a hundred thousand into eight thousand in such a way that everyone will be satisfied. We succeed better, on the whole, than would seem possible; for the average American is a pretty reasonable being if the case is explained to him frankly.

Rich and poor, young and old, we watch them come and go. And if there is any more attractive business in the world than ours, which consists in helping them with their evenings of pleasure, I do not know where a man would find it.

Blunt Nose

(*Continued from page 63*)

bill, or even than digging trap-door spiders, tarantulas, vinagroons, from their dens; better than *anything*, Quick Foot loved to run.

It was born in him. It is his nature. Since he could remember, even when he was a wee thing with the covey and no taller than the span of a man's finger and thumb, Quick Foot raced madly, joyously, with his juvenile kin or with others who accepted his challenge.

To run—run—just to run—was the most wonderful thing imaginable!

He had wings, certainly. But why use them? His legs were so beautifully strong and nimble and tireless—why, indeed, should he, Quick Foot, trouble to fly?

As he stood a moment, listening, he decided he would run to the trail and watch.

SKINNY RAWLINS, riding from Capaline out to the Twin Springs, sixty miles it was, to learn if there was water yet for the cattle of the Double Bar L, hammered Old White Eye, the pinto he rode, over the sod at a rolling, ground-eating gallop.

He must keep moving. After a while the sun would be blazing fiercely out of a burnished mid-summer sky. Now it was cool and—well, it paid to be pushing ahead.

Skinny was dreaming. He delighted in dreams. At noon he would "snack" at the Springs, to-night sleep at the "Hundred and One," to-morrow back to the Double Bar L and Saturday—wow! Folsom! Folsom—and Manilla Endora, the waitress, the yellow-haired, blue-eyed waitress at Mother Allen's Café! Skinny was fond of dreams. They shortened long rides, made saddle-leather softer, turned night guard into a joy.

The heels of Old White Eye beat a rhapsody of rhythm to the ears of Quick Foot. Ah! here was speed, endurance, a runner worthy a race!

Silent as a shadow, Quick Foot shot into the trail fifty feet—as if the distance had been measured—ahead of the galloping pinto. Matching his speed to the lope of the horse, Quick Foot swung into his stride. Sideways he ran, his head cocked over, as if looking back.

Skinny saw him. At peace with all the world and willing to chance an adventure, he said, addressing the bird skimming over the trail a few yards in advance.

"All right, little feller! I'll just give you a run for your money! Old White Eye's fresh, an' we'll see who takes to the grass or the chaparral first!"

Quick Foot flicked his tail and ran—ran—ran.

Skinny slackened the speed of his horse. Quick Foot adjusted his pace to match. The sharp-pointed rowels sunk in the flanks of the broncho and Old White Eye leaped to a run. Quick Foot darted away like a flash—always that exasperating, tormenting fifty feet in advance.

For a mile, two miles, three miles.

"I'll be damned if you ain't got nerve," Skinny remarked to the saucy tail speeding along ahead of his horse; "but we'll

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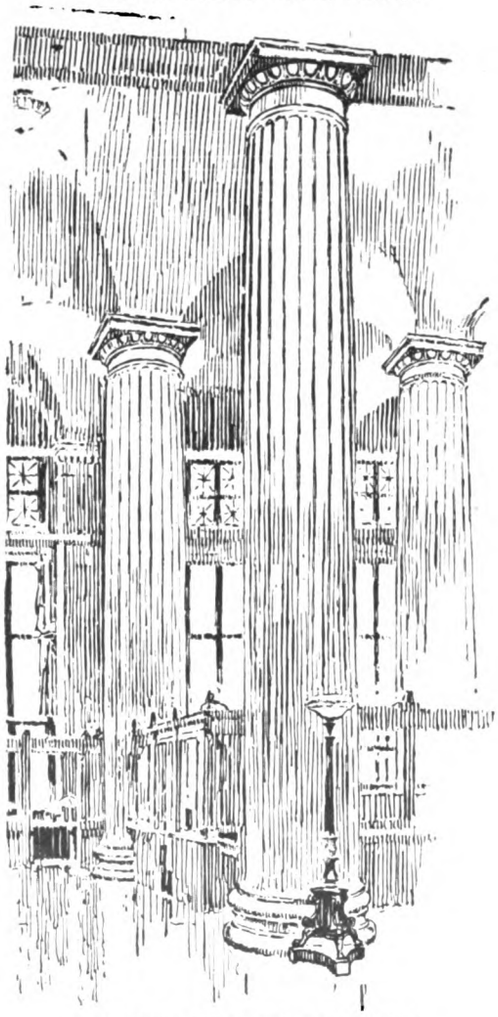

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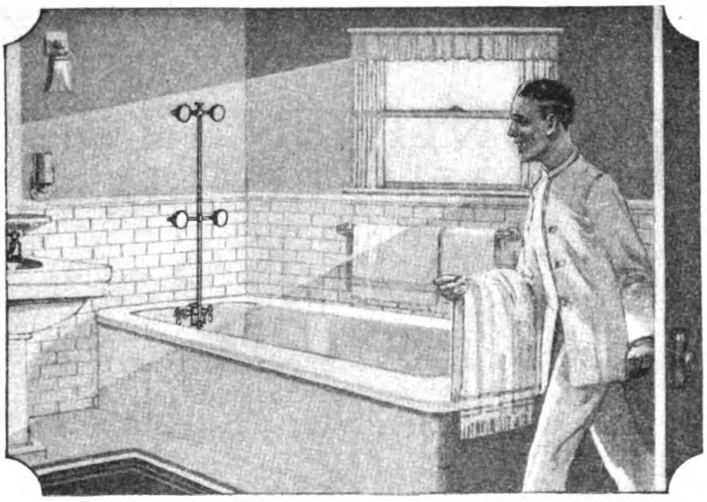

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(Eliminates the Unsanitary Curtain)

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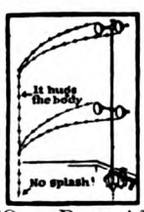
Over a million men, women and children use the KENNEY SHOWER daily because it doesn't wet the hair and splash the floor. The needle-like streams to the body stimulate circulation without the shocking effect. You always bathe in clean, running water.

Now in the late winter you can ward off colds by its daily use. Doctors and physical culture Instructors praise this shower.

Your plumber or housefurnishing dealer will supply you. If he cannot, write us, and we will see that your order is promptly filled. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Kenney Shower

Present prices: The Niagara Model—shown above—is $10.00 complete. De Luxe Models for permanent installation, and other portables, shown in our remarkable booklet:—"Fun and Health in Running Water"—sent FREE on request.



No Splash! ← Here's Why

The streams meet as the water strikes your body on a slanting angle downward. The water hugs the body and runs down into the tub without a splash. Eliminating all need of the unsanitary and unsightly curtain.

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Will present conditions—very like those of 1906—lead to a break and slump in 1920 similar to the panic of 1907?

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recent speculative Bulletins analyze these conditions thoroughly. They give you the plain, unbiased facts of the present situation and compare it with 1906. With these facts before him, every investor can see what's ahead and govern himself accordingly.

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Babson's Statistical Organization, Inc.
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The Largest Organization of Business Advisers in the World.

see. You're going sideways already!"

The trail branched. Quick Foot flashed to the left, to the north, toward Del Christo range. The Twin Springs were to the right, east and south. But Skinny followed the bird, holding White Eye to a steady gruelling gallop.

Seven—ten—twelve miles, the race between the horse, guided by man, and the little brown bird, running for fun, continued. Sweat lathered the sides of the broncho, his breath came in jolting grunts, keeping time with the beat of his hoofs on the ground. Quick Foot ran—ran—ran—a brown streak streaming silently over the trail.

Almost they were at the foot of frowning, massive old San Miguel. The Black Boulder, half way up the slope, warned Skinny of duty neglected for sport.

"Hell! you win!" he exclaimed with mingled disgust and admiration as he checked his panting horse. "Twelve miles off the trail—an' forty yet to go! All on account of a dog-goned bird an' a blame fool notion!"

The race was ended.

QUICK FOOT, with a cackle of joy and triumph, circled nimbly a bit among the low cones of the prairie dog village at the side of the trail, then stretched himself luxuriously on the adobe earth, beaten hard and smooth by the trample of tiny feet. It was fun, glorious fun, just to be alive and able to run!

After a time Quick Foot explored, catching here and there a spider, once a half-grown lizard that darted unwisely across his path, and again, from under a dry white bone, he pulled a centipede. Interesting, quite so, this prairie dog village. Yet, somehow, it was strangely silent. A hush lay over it. It was like a town deserted—or a city where pestilence or famine has been. Just here and there a lonely owl, sitting disconsolate and moody on the bare, hard ground; or a brown nose thrust furtively above the ring-shaped rim of a prairie-dog burrow. That was all. Positively it was weird, uncanny, shivery.

Quick Foot wandered carelessly about. Suddenly he stopped short. His crest rose until it stood harsh and stiff over his shapely, alertly held head. Something in a rancid heavy odor that came to him made him walk lightly and listen, listen, while his eyes searched keenly this way, that, in every direction.

Up the slope of San Miguel he darted Paused, listened, and ran again.

Pablo, lying dozing on the Black Boulder, while his goats, safely beyond the crest of the mesa, shaded themselves beneath scrawny piñon or ledge of rock and peacefully chewed their cuds, did not see Quick Foot cautiously, swiftly climbing the slope; nor had he seen Blunt Nose, the King, glide noiselessly out from the narrow slit beneath the boulder and creep across the little bench to the bed of gravel between the cluster of prickly-pear cactus, five yards away, and the great rock on which he lay.

Blunt Nose himself, wonderful though his sight and keen his sense of hearing, softly whirring his rattles as he lulled himself to sleep, heard nothing, saw nothing of the delicate, light-footed form flitting from cover to cover, and listening, watching, always drawing nearer.

Up past the Black Boulder Quick Foot ran.

Ps-sst! Rigid as if turned to an image of bronze he checked himself. There—there was his Goliath! Sleeping, the massive coils stretched indolently, comfortably, over the gravel!

Then it was that Pablo opened his eyes. He did not know why.

"I keep still," he said, telling afterward of the wonderful deed. "I open my eyes quick, *pronto*, I know not why, and see *Paisano*, Quick Foot, the road runner, standing so—this way—watching Blunt Nose, the mighty rattlesnake! I do not move—I say nothing. I look!"

LIGHTER than air Quick Foot circled Blunt Nose. Once, twice, three times he went around the sleeping rattler—a feathered Saint George appraising his Dragon.

Then he darted to the bed of cactus growing five short yards away. Gently, oh, so carefully, making not the least of sounds, he began tugging at the flat, flaky, spine-covered leaves. One by one, with his strong sharp bill he clipped them off. As large were they, perhaps, as the palm of a lady's hand. Lifting a leaf in his bill, Quick Foot stealthily crept back to where the unconscious Blunt Nose lay fast asleep.

Close as he dared he came and laid the cactus down. Back to the bed of prickly-pear he sped, secured another flat slab of cactus leaf, returned and laid it by the first.

Back and forth, back and forth, like the shuttle of Fate, his tireless legs carried Quick Foot while he built a ring of cactus around Blunt Nose, and Pablo lay on the Black Boulder daring hardly to breathe for wonder.

At last, Blunt Nose stirred and lifted ever so little his ferocious head. Quick Foot became tense as the rock by which he stood. A moment, and the rattler again slept.

More cactus Quick Foot carried, building higher and wider and firmer the wall of spines—a barrier through which and over which Blunt Nose could not possibly pass.

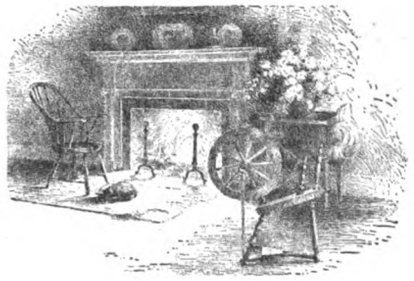
A prison of death was he building. Here was the joke magnificent, the trick sublime, the cunning of a master mind! Quick Foot, the road runner, the little bird, making captive the great King, even Blunt Nose, the mighty rattler that had ruled so long on the slopes of San Miguel!

"Ah," Pablo breathed; "he, Quick Foot, *Paisano*, teach me—when you find your enemy asleep—fix him!"

At last it was finished. Blunt Nose lay in a roofless corral of cactus. He was a prisoner. Now was the moment for the grand finale.

GRIPPING a flake of the cactus in his bill, Quick Foot sprang high in the air, clearing the circle in which Blunt Nose lay. At the instant he was over the rattler, he dropped the spine-covered leaf. The sharp, hook-pointed, needle-keen darts bit into the flesh of the King and burned like spots of fire.

As a stretched steel spring, suddenly released, whips itself into a coil, Blunt Nose piled into a heap ready for battle. With rattles whirring an incessant song



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IT is never out of date. A family that saves brings contentment to its fireside. And the oftener you invest in sound securities, the easier it becomes to save.

You want every dollar you invest to yield you and yours a substantial return. For there is something almost sacred about your savings.

We know how you feel and we realize our responsibility when we encourage thousands of investors all over the country to come to us for securities.

Before we buy and distribute a new issue of securities, we make a thorough investigation of the past history, management, product, integrity, and financing back of it. We offer only the securities of Governments and Cities; and of Corporations with established records of earnings.

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NEW YORK

"Hey, George, page the
SMITH BROTHERS
of Poughkeepsie
famous since 1847 for the suppression of public and private coughing"

of anger, eyes like drops of liquid jet, head poised and swaying from side to side, mouth swung open till the fangs, dripping with deadly venom, gleamed white against its blood-red roof, he sought to discover this creature who dared such indignity against the King.

Again and again Quick Foot leaped, dropping each time a cactus as he passed safely over the pile of sinewy coils. Always a fraction of a second too late, a few scant inches too short, was the strike, wicked and furious, which Blunt Nose aimed at the brown shadowlike form above him. The cactus buried its spears into the flesh of the rattler. He writhed under the unendurable torture of the stinging needles. Even he—Blunt Nose, the King—flinched, uncoiled, lashed his body this way, that way, to shake off the horrible agony. His rattles madly drumming, twisting and turning his beautiful coils, he struck blindly, frenziedly, impotently, at the torment he could not reach and punish.

An hour the battle continued—strangest sight seen ever on the slopes of San Miguel! At last, Blunt Nose, helpless despite all his marvelous grace and strength, racked with pain through the length of his subtle, beautiful body, his jaws spread wide in the rage of despair, arched his sinewy neck and with a savage lunge, while his rattles sung the defiant death-note, sunk his fangs deep into his own cruelly tormented flesh.

His eyes closed, he locked his jaws in their fatal hold and fed the deadly venom into his own swelling veins! The sing of his rattles grew faint, and fainter still. Finally—a convulsive quiver, one last tremble—and the King was dead!

Quick Foot dropped cactus on the silent body till it was covered under a mound of the forbidding spines.

"Tu-run! Tu-run—cl—cllk! Tu-r-rr-run!"

He chortled over and over.

THEN, sure that his work was finished, with a flirt of his crest, a saucy flip of his tail, he darted down the slope, past the Black Boulder, and away over the trail along which he and White Eye and Skinny, the cowboy, that morning had sped in their glorious race.

Profaning wonderingly, softly, and in accents musically sweet and low, Pablo slid from the Black Boulder. With a stick he prodded the cactus under which Blunt Nose lay; and, convinced at last that the King indeed was dead, he clipped the rattles—fourteen there were and the button—from the motionless tail.

"Ah, the beautiful gift for my Rena!" he murmured. "She will smile! The wonderful charm they will be! Quick Foot, *Paisano*—the road runner, the little bird—win them by the magnificent murder!"

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER has written a wisely humorous article which will appear in The American Magazine next month with the title "I Wish I Had Not Been a Well-Frog." Two types of people will chuckle at this article—those who have made investments in worthless stocks and those who haven't.

How I Feel About Marriage

FIRST PRIZE

Fifty-Five Years of Happiness

I AM a woman seventy-seven years old, and fifty-five of those years were happy married years. I married the man I loved, and that love has grown stronger with the passing years. There is something grand and wonderful about it. I would rather have died than missed it. I am always sorry for an unmarried woman.

There could be no trouble in married life if all had this wonderful love, because it covers all failings. I had plenty of faults, but my husband never discovered them. And he had none. We started in life poor, but rich in that wonderful love that "Passeth Knowledge."

All the trouble, all the sorrow, that comes to the human family, came to us, but love always helped us over all. I honored my husband next to God. As we began to walk the downward side of life, we often said "nothing can hurt us, while we are together."

But two years ago, my dear husband, who never gave me a frown, laid his head on my arm, and looked into my face for the last time on earth; there was the same look of love in his eyes, and he went to sleep, "the sleep that knows no waking." It is said there are no marriages in heaven; but I expect to meet my husband there and spend a long eternity with him. There could be no heaven to me without my husband there. If I had my life to live over again I should marry the man I loved. Our lives were wonderful in a great many ways, but I cannot tell them in this article. MRS. W. H. B.

SECOND PRIZE

Always a Smile and a Joke

ELEVEN years of married life brings me to forty years of age, and I can truthfully say that I have had more trouble and happiness in those eleven years than in all the rest of my life.

Have I ever regretted that I was married? Many, many times have I been sorry. Not for myself, however, but for the girl who has walked on the snow with her shoes worn through to her bare feet, because there was only a little money in the house, and that had to go for food.

She has cheerfully followed me wherever my work has led me. We have had nice homes, and we have had nothing; have sold furniture to buy food for the family, but never a cross word or a complaint has arisen from that cause.

Quarreling has never bothered us, owing to the fact that we both have a sense of humor and never get mad at the same time. And you can't start much of a fight when the other party simply refuses to fight.

Two thirds of my working period is

"You've Gone 'Way Past Me, Jim!"

"Today good old Wright came to my office. All day the boys had been dropping in to congratulate me on my promotion. But with Wright it was different.

"When I had to give up school to go to work I came to the plant seeking any kind of a job—I was just a young fellow without much thought about responsibility. They put me on the pay-roll and turned me over to Wright, an assistant foreman then as now. He took a kindly interest in me from the first. 'Do well the job that's given to you, lad,' he said, 'and in time you'll win out.'

"Well, I did my best at my routine work, but I soon realized that if ever I was going to get ahead I must not only do my work well, but prepare for something better. So I wrote to Scranton and found I could get exactly the course I needed to learn our business. I took it up and began studying an hour or two each evening.

"Why, in just a little while my work took on a whole new meaning. Wright began giving me the most particular jobs—and asking *my* advice. And there came, also, an increase in pay. Next thing I knew I was made assistant foreman of a new department. I kept right on studying because I could see results and each day I was applying what I learned. Then there was a change and I was promoted to foreman—at good money, too.

"And now the first big goal is reached—I am superintendent, with an income that means independence, comforts and enjoyments at home—all those things that make life worth living.

"Wright is still at the same job, an example of the tragedy of lack of training. What a truth he spoke when he said to-day, 'You've gone 'way past me, Jim,—and you deserve to. Heads win—every time!'"

Yes, it's simply a question of training. Your hands can't earn the money you need, but your head can if you'll give it a chance.

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more than two million men and women to win promotion, to earn more money, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

Isn't it about time to find out what they can do for you?

You, too, can have the position you want in the work of your choice, with an income that will make possible money in the bank, a home of your own, the comforts and luxuries you would like to provide your family. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education or your means—you can do it!

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- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
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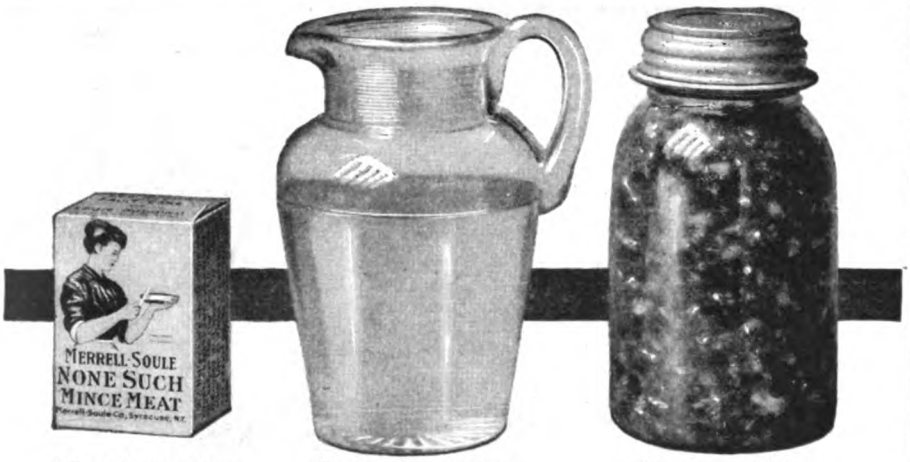

You buy this You add water You get this

Mince Meat that is all *mince meat*

A smart society woman earned quite a little money for a local charity with None Such Mince Meat. She added the water and put our mince meat up in glass jars. Her friends wanted to know where she got a cook who could make such good mince meat.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"Like Mother Used to Make"

Add 1½ pints of water to our 9-ounce package and you have a pound and a half of home-made mince meat. That's enough for one of those delicious, fruity, juicy mince pies that have earned None Such its wide reputation, or for any of these recipes women are following to have something new, wholesome and appetizing on the table.

What is home without a piping-hot mince pie every now and then? And how your men folks do appreciate a tempting new dessert or relish once in a while!

None Such Jelly

None Such Jelly for Dessert—1 package of Jiffy-Jell (either lemon, orange, or loganberry), nuts and None Such Mince Meat. Before serving, cover top with whipped cream, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts and place a cherry in center.

None Such Pudding—(*Recipe using left-over biscuits*)—4 or 6 biscuits; 1 cupful dark corn sirup; ¼ cupful brown sugar; ¼ cupful butter substitute; 2 egg-yolks; 1½ cupfuls of None Such Mince Meat; 2 egg-whites.

Soak biscuits in warm water until soft and add the other ingredients in the order given. Beat egg-yolks thoroughly before adding. Mix ingredients completely, put in a well-oiled baking-dish and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Make a meringue of the egg-whites, heap it on the pudding and allow to brown in the oven.

None Such Sandwiches—Cut slices very thin. Make a filling of None Such Mince Meat, to which may be added onions, celery, pimentos. Use crisp lettuce leaf.

None Such Relish—Mix None Such Mince Meat with green or red peppers and onions.

Try other recipes printed on the None Such package

None Such Pudding

None Such Sandwiches

Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

None Such Relish

nights, Sundays and all, with time only for the grind of the struggle to pay bills, and to eat and sleep. Meals are at all hours, and the children must be kept quiet while Daddy slept in the daytime. Which worked the hardest, Daddy or Mother, keeping the house quiet?

We have seen our dollar dwindle in value so that it's impossible to pay back bills and feed and clothe our family. But there is a smile left, and a joke still to be told, and the ever-abiding faith that we shall win out, but not "alone," for we lean pretty heavily at times on the "One" above.

When the blues start to get in their work on me and I go by myself, a little curly-headed girl will crawl into my lap and ask "Be you sick, Daddy? Me luv you," and I will reply "How much?" and the answer is "fifty and a hundred and a penny." Who couldn't have faith and courage with all that wealth of love?

Sickness, overwork, and worry put me out of the working game five months this summer. My pay ran on for part of the time, but just as I turned the crisis the company discontinued it, and the grocery man stopped our credit.

Worry must be avoided; but here were five children to be fed, not counting the fact that it was necessary to buy a great many things for me. But because we did not worry or have long faces and a hard-luck story, our friends would not believe but that we must have "a stocking" laid away. All that we could do was to sell such of our possessions as would bring the most cash; and in that way we are winning out.

We don't dare to think of the bills or how much we have gone behind. All that we can do is to meet each day's problem with a brave heart and a smile. Sometimes the smile may be faint, but the heart isn't; so by and by the smile will be a regular one.

If success means money saved, a home paid for, or a flivver, we are failures, for we have none of these. But I have a friend who has all of these, and he would give it all to be a father. While if I had to part with my "bunch of hoodlums" for *his success*, why, "nothing doing!"

Everything has been fifty-fifty with us; neither of us has had any more than the other, and the truth was always told, even when she told me that I only could last the week out, for she thought that it wouldn't be fair to tell me anything different.

We have had troubles; we have had sickness, been disappointed in friends, have been deprived of good clothes and amusements, but this fact will ever stand out: We have been happy through it all and our hearts are still young. A. G. H.

THIRD PRIZE

Does Love Fly?—Not This Sort

I HAVE been married four years; not long enough, perhaps, to get a comprehensive grasp of the subject of matrimony, but long enough to get pretty well acquainted with my wife.

If I had my life to live over again, I should not marry until I had made

enough money to provide all the necessities of life and a generous share of its luxuries. If I never made that much money, I should never marry.

I'm not going to pull the old gag about love flying out the window when poverty comes in the door. That is all bunk. I know, because I'm there. Real, honest-to-God love is no more capable of flying than is the Woolworth Building, its foundations are too deep.

When I married, I was not only poor but carried the added handicap of uncertain health. Since then I've traveled over a good part of this country and the adjacent tropics in search of a place where I could get good climate and good money at the same time. I've worked at every trade from writing stories to fitting ships' machinery. Wherever I've gone, my wife has gone with me. She has lived in light-housekeeping rooms in our centers of industry—places where the standard of living is lowered to that of the central-European peasant. She has had con-men and thieves and prostitutes for neighbors across the hall, because we couldn't afford better quarters. She has gone hungry, pretending not to feel well, to make the pay envelope stretch over the week. She has gone about the room all day wrapped in a quilt, because the landlady believed in saving coal. She has lain sick in bed, with nobody to care for her. And she has found time to smile and speak a cheering word to others who were out of luck like herself. She has not complained; she has only hoped. Does love fly? Not her sort.

Seeing the under side of life as she has seen it has destroyed her wish to have children. I don't argue the case with her. Her experiences have undermined her health, and still she smiles. But I don't smile.

We have never grown tired of each other. Our love is very deep and very tender. Maybe she is happier with me than she would be waiting for me; but it hurts to see her without the comforts a delicate woman should have. Did you ever see a beautiful flower trampled in the mud at a crossing? If you did, you know how I feel. Of course it's too late to worry about that now; I shouldn't have gambled with her life in the first place. The only thing to do now is to keep going, and get her the things she wants and needs.

People who have never missed a meal in their lives may sigh and talk about how adversity brings true hearts closer together, but that is all bunk, too. Adversity hasn't anything to do with it. My wife would care just as much for me if I'd always carried her around in a twelve-cylinder limousine. J. C. L.

Flying Comes High

BUILT to bomb Berlin—a project which the armistice halted—a huge airplane called the Goliath is now making regular trips between Paris and London: Fare, $80 one way. The Goliath has two 270-horsepower Caudron engines, spreads its wings 150 feet, and flies at the somewhat jogging pace, for airplanes, of 70 to 80 miles an hour. In the fuselage—the frame—is built a cozy cabin seating fourteen persons.

$1000.00 FOR A SINGLE DRAWING

THINK OF IT! Leading illustrators and commercial artists are frequently paid $1,000 and *more* for single illustrations or designs—and their work is eagerly sought.

Everyone may not achieve such remarkable success—but the opportunities before you now in this splendid profession *have never been excelled*. Commercial artists—*both* men and women—who have developed their ability *through proper training* readily earn $35, $75, $100 a week and up.

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The demand for high-class commercial art is growing by leaps and bounds. Thousands of advertisers, periodicals, and publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of designs and illustrations every year. Good commercial art is vital to modern business—and artists who can produce it *earn extraordinary incomes*.

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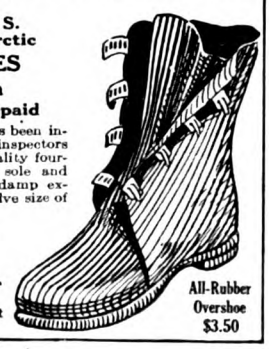

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Wholesale Dealers in Government Army Supplies
Mail your order today, for delay may mean disappointment
Bank reference: Tremont Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

A Great Employer Who Has Faith in Men

(*Continued from page 15*)

usually be found playing baseball with a group of the workmen in a vacant lot outside the shop. He knew every man by his first name; nothing made him happier than to drop into the home of one of his workers for an evening chat. Steadily he was coming to the conviction that men in the mass are instinctively fair and sound, and he began building toward the day when capital and labor would shake loose from the foolish delusion that they were natural enemies.

These beliefs were destined to have dramatic expression a few years later, when Foster was one of a group of manufacturers assembled in national convention. Industrial troubles were in the air. The whole talk of the convention turned to fighting tactics—legislation, committees, and other protective measures against the clamoring demands of organized labor. With growing impatience Foster sat through conference after conference. Finally he sprang to his feet.

"Most of this talk strikes me as darned rot!" he cried. "Some of you men seem to know as little about real conditions in your own plants as I know about politics in Venezuela. Go ahead with your committees: I'm trekking back to Cleveland on the next train to make sure that my own foremen and superintendents are playing one hundred per cent square with the men under them. Before I talk fight I shall be certain that my own house is set in order."

To throw a real light on how James H. Foster has "set his own house in order" one must drive deeper than a mere recital of profit-sharing plans or personnel committees. These are but material expressions of an absorbing personal interest that knits up his life with the life of every worker.

"Whenever we have a man killed, J. H. is badly broken up," one of his associates said to me, "and he isn't himself for a week. He will call me into his office and ask me all about the man's household: if the widow has plenty of money; if we have arranged with some department store to provide funeral clothing for the family; if the undertaker is making appropriate arrangements; if cars are provided for the funeral procession; if we are speeding up the operation of the State Workmen's Compensation law; if there is anything else in the world he can do. And then the next day he may call me in again to ask if I am *sure* things are all right."

FROM the workmen in the plants I heard dozens of stories that fitted into the same picture.

"I shall never forget the bad sick spell I had a few years ago," said a foreman. "I didn't have to worry about money, for my pay envelope came through every week as usual, but I was mighty worried about not getting my strength back as soon as I had expected. One day when I

was feeling pretty blue, 'J. H.' came down to the house to see me.

"'Now, look here, Charlie,' he said. 'I reckon you need a change of scenery. Suppose you travel around the country a while—and we'll fix it up so that you get double pay while you're away.'

"Then I remember how broken up one of our old-timers was when both his boys were sent to a camp down in Georgia in the early days of the war. His face got as gloomy as an owl's. But the first thing he knew he was headed South one day with all his expenses paid by the company—just so as he could eat his Christmas dinner with the boys. He came back with a smile a yard wide.

"That's the same kind of dido they played on one of the millwrights when he caved in from overwork. Suddenly he found himself on the way to Bermuda with a flock of railway and steamboat tickets in his pocket. He spent two months that winter at the best hotel on the islands, and it didn't cost him a cent.

"But it isn't so much what a feller does as the way he does it. Every Christmas, for instance, we all get a couple pounds of candy, a few cigars and a Christmas card from the company. The kids like the candy, and we either smoke the cigars or give 'em away—but the Christmas card means more than either one of 'em—to me, at least. . . . Men are funny guys. We don't like folks to get sloppy over us, but we sure do appreciate the little things."

THE working habits of Foster are typical of his aptitude for shaping circumstances to a definite plan of life. He never stops for lunch—because he has found he works harder and feels better without it. He always leaves the office by five o'clock in the afternoon, in order that he may have the evening free to spend with his family. If a particularly hard schedule is lined up for the next day he arises at two, three or four o'clock in the morning—stops at an all-night lunchroom for breakfast—and breaks the back of the day's work before the rest of the office force arrives.

In summer he usually plays tennis before dinner and then takes a dip in the swimming pool which he has built into his home. Sometimes he indulges in a game of golf, but he had much rather swing a racquet than a brassie.

Every employee in the four plants knows that the "Old Man's office door is always open." In fact, it is generally understood that any worker who fails to have a grievance satisfied by his foreman is expected to take the matter straight up the line to the president—if it becomes necessary. Often one of the men will drop into his office for a chat or to ask advice about some plan. And "J. H." enters into each problem as enthusiastically as if it were his own.

"Whenever I get 'low in my mind,'" he once remarked to me, "I slip out to one of the plants and mix with the men for an hour or two. There's no other remedy like it if things have gone sour."

And a few minutes later, as I turned to leave, he thrust out his hand, and remarked with his boyish smile:

"We *know* that people on earth are a darned decent lot. The only unsettled problem is what kind of folks they have got on Mars."

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"1920—The Year of Education"

Men Are Square

(*Continued from page 16*)

management, and labor have come to respect one another as human beings, and to have confidence in one another as fair thinking and square dealing. But what I have in mind does not lend itself readily to general statements. Perhaps two or three definite incidents will make it clearer:

A few years ago one of our superintendents installed a system for moving material by means of trailer-trucks which could be coupled behind electric tractors. The trailers had sockets in their sides, into which stakes could be fitted to hold the material in place.

Now these stakes had some family resemblance to a crowbar, and since they were so temptingly convenient the men started the habit of using them as such. The superintendent, full of wrath, ordered the practice stopped.

One day the superintendent saw a fireman grab up a stake to pry a block in place.

"Put that stake back, you ——!" he shouted, quite losing his temper.

The fireman, his face twisted with rage, picked up a brick and hurled it at the superintendent.

In the usual run of industry, I imagine, a workman shying a brick at his boss would be led firmly to the pay window and advised to take the shortest path out of the plant.

The superintendent, however, had now recovered his lost temper. He walked quietly over, took the fireman by the arm and led him into an adjoining room.

"I'm sorry," he said. "That wasn't a square thing. Of course you were wrong, too, and throwing a brick didn't mend matters. But let's forget all about it and shake hands."

That workman is still on the pay roll at four times the wages he was making then; the superintendent is vice president of the company.

On one occasion it was a matter of moment that we handle a certain contract for an old customer at a price that was prohibitively low. The general manager of the plant figured the whole thing out, and found that a sure loss stared us in the face. So he went to the one hundred and twenty men who would have to do the work and talked the matter over with them.

"You should have seen how quickly and eagerly those boys dove into the problem," he said later.

What was the result? Simply that these workmen got together and agreed *of their own accord* to work the six months the contract would take at a smaller rate of pay—a rate at which the company would about break even on the contract. And, mind you, this was in a period when agitations for more pay and shorter working hours were filling the air.

THE employer who takes men thoroughly into his confidence is making an investment with amazing possibilities. When we adopted the eight-hour day there was one department in which it seemed doubtful that we could get enough production to avoid a clear loss. I went over the situation thoroughly with the men in that department and explained the breakers we saw ahead.

I have never seen a body of men take hold of a problem more intelligently and earnestly. Through their own efforts the production in that department became greater in the eight-hour day than it had been under the old ten-hour schedule.

Any plan for increasing the contentment of workers must be built from the bottom. Our present personnel committees are merely an outgrowth of the old weekly conferences held in each department, when the workmen used to gather around the superintendent or the general manager and unburden themselves of all the knocks and boosts they had been storing up.

Those old conferences give me mighty pleasant memories. I can still see the men sitting around on automobile frames, plumb full of intelligent interest, and talking out what they thought about things. If a demand was not reasonable the management seldom had to say so. The man's fellow workmen would "shush him down," and then, if necessary, take him into a corner later and argue the matter out.

Then we grew so big that weekly meetings in each department were out of the question. So the personnel committee was born. The committee in each plant is made of one representative for every thirty men, elected twice a year. The company's only stipulation is that he must be an American citizen and in our employ for one year. This committee lays all the problems of the men before the management. Its recommendations are always accepted, unless we are able to point out a clear impediment which the men had failed to take into account.

NEITHER the personnel committee nor any of our other moves toward mutual understanding has been prompted by sentimentality. We are manufacturers—not sentimentalists. Each step has been taken because it seemed the square thing to do.

When we acquired one of our newer plants the superintendent, who remained in charge, was an open skeptic about most of our so-called "welfare work." In fact, he put up so stiff an opposition that I actually modified one or two of my plans. . . . Later, in a directors' meeting, I heard that same superintendent declare earnestly that his plant's fifty per cent increase in production over a given period was *entirely due* to the very moves he had opposed.

The bigger a business becomes, the harder it is for the men directing it and the men in the ranks to communicate their viewpoints to each other. In a large industry the foreman is the man on the firing line. He can pretty largely make or mar any plan for industrial understanding.

I always tell our foremen that their work is divided into two parts: to know their jobs and to know their men, and that the second is the more important of the two. The foreman who gives the men under him a square deal, who leads them instead of driving them, is worth more to the company than a man who could write fourteen textbooks on his trade.

Recently one of my associates was discussing his early days with the company.

"Before coming here," he remarked, "I worked in several shops where the main qualifications of a foreman were to have a chin that stuck out like an anvil and to be able to lick any ten men in his department. I acquired the belief that a result-getter had to drive men to the limit, and fire them if they couldn't or wouldn't stand the gaff.

"When I was put in charge of the assembly-room at the East Side plant I tried out these tactics. I was dumfounded when the bottom absolutely dropped out of production. Presently the superintendent amputated me from my job, but he softened the operation by giving me a long, kindly talk on the ethics of the square deal. To spare me the humiliation of an open demotion, he then gave me a place in the office at the same salary. For the moment I was puzzled at his failure to discharge me, just as I would have knocked the skids from under any workman who failed to make good. A little later, however, I saw the light."

MEN are instinctively fair, but many employers fail to make allowance for the fact that it takes time to reach the minds of a big body of workers and change deep-seated views.

The laboring man has a special skepticism toward plans for his welfare handed down "ready-made" by his employer. "What's the game?" he is likely to ask. The inquiry is only natural, for in the passing era of industry workmen have been frequently tricked by fair and specious bait.

Whenever I have thought out the general principles of some new plan to make our plants "more than a place to work" I always see that the germ of the idea is planted in the minds of a number of the workmen. The rank and file then thresh it all out among themselves, add suggestions of their own, and when the time is ripe for a conference on practical details they are all referring to the plan as "ours" rather than "the company's." The Mutual Benefit Association, organized last June, was born in this fashion. And once again we had proof positive that a contented workman thinks clearly and judges soundly.

The association is for everyone in the company, from myself down to the newest water-boy. Each of us takes one dollar a month from his pay envelope and puts it into a general fund—where another dollar from the company treasury is added to it. This is more than a mere mathematical application of the "fifty-fifty" principle; it is an equal diversion into a common pool of money we have earned for ourselves and for the company—enough to insure protection against death and illness for every member of the association.

Group insurance policies in a leading life insurance company cover the entire personnel. Each member is insured for $1,000, plus $100 for every year of continuous service up to and including twenty years. Another $100 is added for each minor child, unless the number of children is greater than ten. Thus, one individual may be insured up to a limit of $4,000.

The plan also carries a sick benefit. Accumulated funds may be used to help members buy homes and furnish them. The association has ten directors from each plant—five from the workmen and five from the management, all elected by the members of the association as a whole. Our use of the word "management" includes foremen, assistant superintendents, and the higher executives of the plant.

No employer with plain, hard, common sense is willing to pay a man less than he can live on comfortably—and support a family if he has one. A man who is not being paid a living wage cannot deliver a day's work; he is a poor investment; he will not be worth his wage, however little it may be. Moreover, I believe that every man has a right to extra pay for extra effort, and a share in any profits he may help to produce.

BEFORE our profit-sharing plan went into effect I worked for five years to perfect some system that would fulfill every obligation to our men. The result was not perfect, but it was honest. And it was nearer perfect that it would have been if my men out in the shops had not been thinking along the same lines and we had not been continually interchanging viewpoints.

The plan is too complicated to sketch here in detail, but I would like to call attention to one of its distinctive characteristics. It is not a blanket distribution of surplus cash. It is an attempt at a just but discriminative application of the square deal. Not all our men are profit sharers. They have to *earn the privilege*. And down in his heart no self-respecting workman wants to get anything he does not earn or deserve. Here's the way our employees line up:

Tom Smith, let us say, is a good, hard worker. He sticks to his machine and keeps it up to its proper paces—but he never thinks beyond his definite job. He gives us the one thing he has to offer, brawn, and indicates no particular mental initiative or ambition. Now Smith is a steady man. He deserves good wages and a bonus for every ounce of extra effort he puts in. And that is exactly what we give him.

Across the aisle is Sam Robinson, who works just as hard as Smith. But he is using his eyes to see with and his head to think with. He shows a concern in having his department "get on;" he is helping the other fellow. He seems interested in profitable production, in cutting down costs and expenses. He helps to create profits. . . . So Robinson is given an opportunity to use his brains and become a member of our profit-sharing pool.

Any employee may become a profit sharer by showing the right "stuff," and any profit sharer who gets listless may be set back to the ranks. We do not determine who shall share profits. The men determine that themselves. We merely perceive it.

"Does it all pay?" a fellow manufacturer asked me yesterday. "Are you sure your men appreciate it? Can you count on their absolute loyalty?"

To answer his question I told him of a recent demonstration given by the employees of the Canton Sheet Steel Company, the latest adopted member of our family circle. The story was this:

The big general steel strike had been called on Monday, September 22d. Usually on Sunday night there are from fifteen to thirty men absent at the Canton plant, most of whom fail to break away from holiday diversion in time to report. But on the Sunday night before the strike there was only one absentee. It was the best attendance record in two years. The workers, by this, were showing their unanimous determination to stick on the job, strike or no strike.

When the eight o'clock shift came to work Monday morning, there were still fewer absentees than usual. All the other steel plants in the city were closed. When the four o'clock shift came on in the afternoon there was a large picket line, through which some of the workers failed to pass.

Naturally, the air was charged with excitement. The management did not wish to subject the men to the danger of violence at the hands of the pickets, so a general meeting was called for the following morning to thresh out the situation. When the men arrived at work the next day a meeting was held at which more than ninety per cent of them voted to stay on the job in spite of the picket line.

Then it was decided that the workers in each department should get together in conference—with all members of the management barred. In the largest department (including eighty per cent of the entire personnel) it was suggested that a vote be taken on joining the union and supporting the strike. For weeks the union had been trying to organize the plant, and here was a chance to test what headway had been made. The result was rather astonishing. Only six men in a thousand voted for union affiliation.

THE management, however, was unable to furnish the men any adequate protection against violence, and it was unwilling to let them further expose themselves under existing conditions. So the decision was reached to declare a temporary shut-down. Announcement was made that the company stores would be open for the purchase of provisions on credit until such time as the force could come back in safety

Every other day during the shut-down the plant personnel committeee and the management conferred together—particularly in an effort to make sure that no worker was suffering hardship on account of the temporary suspension. Finally the personnel committee announced that the men insisted on coming back to work. All the other mills in the city were still shut down.

Just three weeks from the date of the declaration of the general strike the workers in the Canton plant returned to work, one hundred per cent strong. Measures had been taken in the meantime to protect them against violence on the part of the pickets.

"But why are you opposed to labor unions?" I am often asked. The answer is simple: I am no more opposed to labor unions than I am to associations of manufacturers. I oppose both, as now organized, because I believe they tend to produce the very class misunderstanding of which American industry must clean house if it expects to have any house left.

I believe that the real solution of our problems is for capital, management, and labor in each plant or individual industry to get together in family fashion and work shoulder to shoulder for the protection of their own interests and the promotion of their common happiness. The present combinations of capital and labor seem to me about as sensible as it would be for wives, husbands, and children to form separate national unions in an attempt to settle the domestic difficulties in individual households.

One of the big leaders of community music remarked not long ago, "A crowd never sings off key." And let me tell you that a crowd of workmen, given a square deal, will never sing off key, or think off key, or act off key.

MEN would rather be happy than rich. Indeed, the only reason they want to be rich is that they think riches will make them happy. But you get a man who is downright contented, and full of the joy of his job, and happy in his human relationships, why, a little more money isn't going to lure him away from that place. Most of the executives in my organization have been offered much larger salaries elsewhere at one time or another.

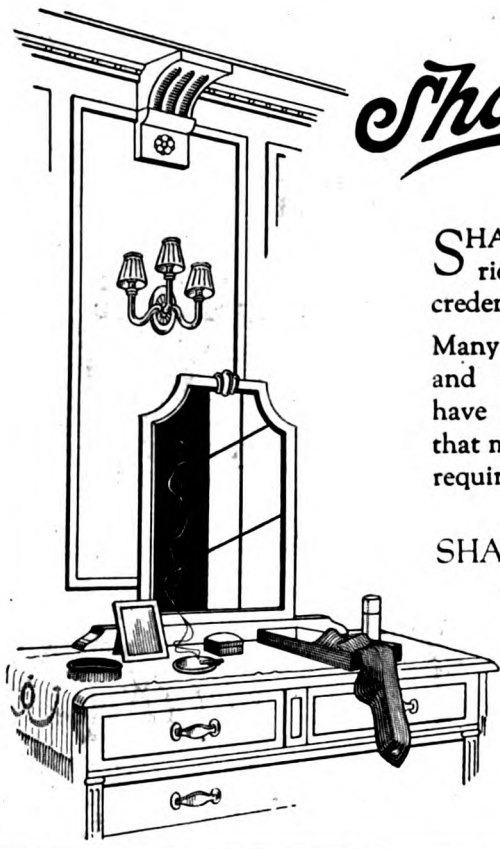
Happy men work hard and take an interest in the results of their labor. I have known men in our plants to keep on the job for twenty-four, thirty-six, and forty-eight hours at a stretch in order that the company might make good on some contract. It was a matter of personal pride and responsibility to them.

Mutual confidence develops men more rapidly and thoroughly than almost anything else. As I run over the list of men in an executive or semi-executive position with this company, I can think of only two who did not rise from the ranks. In spite of our rapid expansion I have never been obliged to look outside for anyone to put in a position of responsibility.

But you must *earn* a basis of confidence with the working man. It cannot be *faked*. He is sure to spot insincerity. Some clever charlatan may fool me, or fool the board of directors of this company, but put him out in one of the plants and he will not be able to fool the men for any length of time.

Workmen resent insincerity or unfairness among their fellows as readily as they resent it in foremen or superintendents. We have often had men report that some worker was "soldiering" on the job. They realize that the man who invests his labor has an equal obligation with the man who invests his capital. When our Mutual Benefit Association was organized no provision was incorporated to cover the case of a man who *feigned* illness. We knew the employees would tend to that matter themselves.

Men are square. Every move we have made, prompted by that belief, has had rich returns. And we are still going ahead. After all, our encouragement is due more to the conviction that we are headed in the right direction than to the distance we have traveled on the road.



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The Terrible Charge Against Jeff Potter

(*Continued from page 41*)

brooding when Bill Carson came along the old field road. Bill's face was grave and he was hurrying. As he turned into the yard Jeff rose, his heart suddenly pounding.

"Jeff, ain't you heard, man?"

"Heered what, Bill?"

"Frank Blainey's store burned down at two o'clock las' night!"

Off yonder across the field old Jeff was suddenly conscious that the negroes were looking his way; and in Carson's eyes he saw a close, narrow, searching scrutiny.

"Come on inside," said Carson.

And inside, half dazed, Jeff heard. Folks—some folks—said he did it. The Blaineys especially. Frank was telling everybody.

"You see, Jeff," said Carson, gravely, "some niggers up here say they saw you goin' toward the store at midnight. You didn't have any lantern lit. Jake saw you comin' back at daylight. They all spoke to you, but you didn't speak to them. An', Jeff, every other man aroun' here was at that fire but you!"

"Bill!" The old man's voice was rising, "Bill, tell me as man to man—do you believe I done it?"

Then Carson tried to quiet him, tried to evade the question, too. One thing was certain anyhow—the woman and children didn't believe it. "I just left home, Jeff," he said. "My wife an' the kids had heard about it. They say they know you never done it. They made me come. I left little Ella cryin'. She wouldn't go to Sunday-school this mornin'."

But the old man was not to be put off. He was leaning across the table now, eyes dilated. The fear of all wild and half-wild creatures—the fear of the trap—was upon him. "Bill!" he cried. "Does Squire Kirby believe I done it? Tell me the truth, man, for God-A'mighty's sake!"

"He don't say, Jeff."

Over and over, while Carson listened, old Jeff described his movements in the swamp the night before. At last Carson rose to go; there was pity in his eyes now in the presence of the old man's excitement.

"You just stick aroun' the house today," he said kindly. "If you go where folks are they'll start you talkin'."

AND old Jeff stayed at home. At first it was hard, for there was panic in his heart. He wanted to know what was going on beyond those woods that separated him from the more thickly settled part of the community. All morning, anxiously, he watched the road that led from the main thoroughfare to his cabin. Then after dinner, no one having come along that road, and his mind having grown weary of its own anxiety, he bethought him of little Ella Carson, who had cried, and who wouldn't go to Sunday-school because they said he burned the store. And he went into the cabin, and from underneath the table picked out a piece of white pine boxing.

"I'll carve her an Injun," he said. "An Injun gal."

And with the thought came relief. Hours he worked, sitting outside his cabin on the bench, while the shavings, ever finer drawn, accumulated at his feet and the formless fragment of dry-goods box took shape. Now and then he whetted his keen multibladed knife; now and then, all oblivious, he held the work up for his critical inspection.

Even the nose and chin he carved to a nicety, holding the little figure close, smiling at it now and then, the while his mind, running ahead, saw the completed work. She should have hair from the tip of a black mink's tail; stain from a pokeberry bush would color her; he would strap a tiny papoose across her back with a bit of crimson cloth.

"The little gal will like that," he chuckled. "Yes—she'll like that!"

And as he worked, his face now knotted, now serene, he forgot the store and the fire, he did not observe the lengthening shadows, he did not feel the chill of late afternoon. The sun had dropped low when at last he arose suddenly and, still oblivious, started across the field toward the woods.

His old eyes burned with creative fires. This figure in his hand was the best thing he had ever done. She was his humble masterpiece, this Indian girl who had brought him forgetfulness in his trouble. She was ready to be colored now; but no ordinary pokeberry stain would do for her. Deep in the swamp grew bushes whose berries gave a finer and richer tint than any close about. There was an eager smile on his face as he entered the woods.

He had not seen the commotion among the watching negroes when he rose and hurried across the field; he had not seen them beckoning to someone coming along the road. Now, far in the woods, he did not hear the steps behind him as he pushed through the undergrowth that fringed the swamp.

He found the bush he wanted and began his work. He had stained her to the waist, a rich, dark-red color; he was all intent on his task, when he heard the rustle of leaves behind him, and turned. What he saw made him put the figure quickly in his pocket, as if to hide her from those narrowed eyes. For there, straight at him, head and shoulders above the bushes, came Tom Kelly, rural policeman.

"Tryin' to git away, was you, ol' man?" grinned Kelly. "Well, it's bad policy, an' you're old enough to know it." Then solemnly, with eyes still narrowed, as if within him resided all the dignity and all the sternness of the law: "I've got a warrant here for you, swore out this afternoon befo' Magistrate Kirby by Frank Blainey. Come along now, an' don't raise no trouble."

IT MIGHT all have been different if the old man had listened to his friends—to Squire Kirby, who next morning bound him over to court, and to Bill Carson, who went on his bond, two thousand dollars it was, for hadn't he tried to make a get-away, and hadn't Frank Blainey bitterly opposed turning him loose at all?

The squire and Carson, in a conference after the preliminary trial, advised him to employ to defend him Allen and Cath-

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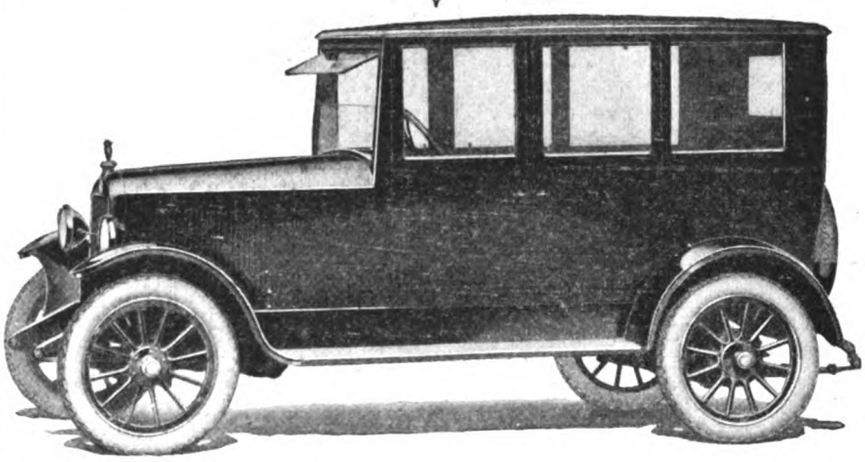

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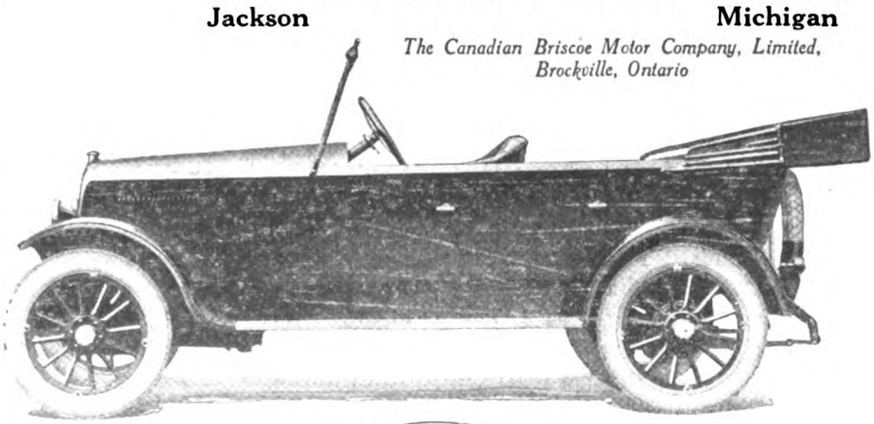

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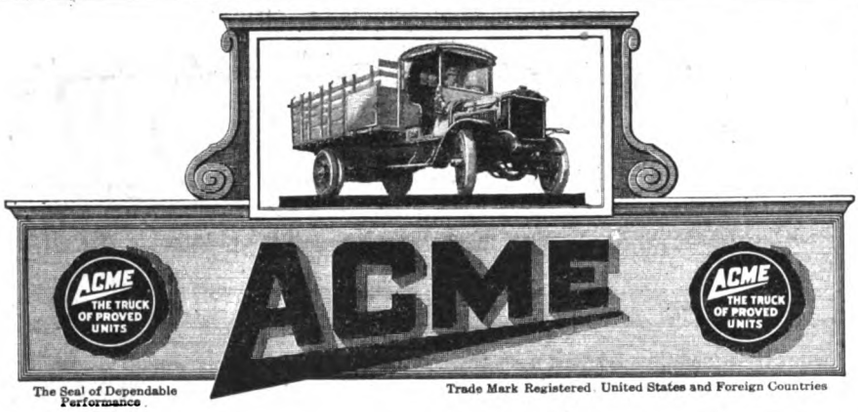

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cart, both of them young, energetic, and highly successful lawyers, and offered between them to advance the money to pay the bill. It wasn't because he doubted their friendship, or was ungrateful, that he did not heed their advice. But these lawyers were young, their minds were taken up with big affairs. What was an old man to them?

Then Jeff had his prejudices, too. More than once, when he was in the county seat, he had seen on the windows of the town skyscraper the gilded sign of Allen and Cathcart. He had seen their big cars and their handsome homes on Main Street. Now, in his extremity, and in his ignorance also, he distrusted them with the poor man's distrust of the ostentatiously well-to-do. He did not want Allen and Cathcart.

Even while Kirby and Carson talked, his mind, in relief, had turned to another lawyer, old like himself, and neither rich nor ostentatious—old Colonel Donaldson, whom Sam Blainey used to employ to look up deeds, who had come out one day to fish with him and Sam. This was the lawyer he wanted.

HE SAID nothing about it; he asked no one's advice; but at four o'clock on the morning after his release on bail he set out on foot to the county seat, and at nine o'clock presented himself at the ancient and shabby offices of Colonel Donaldson on Law Row, just behind the courthouse. Heart pounding fast, he told his story to the dry and pedantic old lawyer, who sat behind a littered table in a dingy room where rows of dusty books, Shakespeares, Miltons, Thackerays, Dickenses, and Scotts climbed upward to the cobwebby ceiling.

Anybody would have told him this was not the man to go to; that it had been years since he appeared in court in anything but civil cases; that he might be the man to run down an old deed, but not to plead a case before a jury; that such fires of youth as he might have possessed—and it was said that he had known them once—had burned out long ago.

And yet old Jeff, looking at that thin old scholar surrounded by his books, trembled lest his case be turned down; while his friends, had they known, would have trembled lest it be accepted. And no one who knew the colonel would have dreamed that he would take such a case. It must have been some queer bond that exists between old men that moved him.

"Very well, sir," he said, dryly, "I'll take the case. Yes, I recall Sam Blainey quite distinctly—a fine man. I remember the fishing trip to which you refer."

He asked a number of questions, rather wearily, leaning back, tips of fingers together. His eyes under his spectacles, that were dusty like his window panes, did light up just a moment when his questions brought out the fact that Jeff had seen a car in the woods. Then he copied down the number in a notebook. He would look into that, he said without conviction.

"God knows!" It broke from old Jeff, it was a cry for sympathy. "God knows I never burned that sto'!"

The voice of the ancient lawyer was dry and unimpressed. "Unfortunately, in a case of this kind it's court and jury, not the Almighty, which you have to con-

vince. . . . The Indian, you say, you were staining on that afternoon when you were arrested in the swamp—and by the way, sir, it's a bad thing to be arrested in a swamp—have you that Indian with you?"

Trembling, the old man reached in the pocket of his ragged overcoat. Because of some fear that in his absence his cabin would be searched, he had brought his treasure with him.

"Here she is, Colonel," he said eagerly.

The lawyer reached across the table, took the figure, and holding it up looked at it with a smile strangely sweet. Then he arose and went over to a rusty safe in the corner. He put her carefully away in a drawer, closed the iron doors on her and turned the combination.

"I'll just keep this," he said. "And now that will be all this morning. I'll try and arrange for your case to be called as near the opening of court as possible. Keep close at home. And remember—don't tell anybody anything."

He turned to a shelf and got down a volume—probably he had already dismissed the case from his mind; and Jeff came out into the alley, above which towered the walls of the courthouse where soon he was to appear before judge and jury, with only that dry old recluse to stand between him and the penitentiary.

THE terrible mistake he had made was duly impressed on him that night by Kirby, who drove over to arrange to take him to town to consult Allen and Cathcart in the morning. Jeff had to admit now what he had done, and Kirby was dumfounded.

"You want to go to the pen?" he demanded, pointing his finger at his tenant, his white beard thrust belligerently forward. "You think you'd like it there, old man? Do you know how strong the evidence is against you? Don't you know, Jeff, I wouldn't have sent you up if it hadn't been? Have you any notion how slim yo' chance is? My God, man—old Donaldson!"

"He's smart, Mr. Kirby!" cried Jeff. "Ever seen his books? Piled up to the ceilin', clutterin' up the winders and fireplaces?"

"An' what kind of books? Ol' law books in one room, yes. Novels an' po'try in the other! It was the novels an' po'try you saw; an' it's the novels an' po'try he reads. Jeff, listen to me—what made him take the case, God only knows. He's forgot about it by now. His mind is back on them ol' Romans an' centurions. There's been millions an' billions of people in the world he knows about—history an' the like. What difference does one ol' feller in the pen make to him? He was thinkin' about ancient Babylon an' Sodom an' Gomorrah this mornin'. He don't even know what he's done. He'll forget to come to the trial! Now let's get down to brass tacks. You let me go to town to-morrow an' tell him you've changed yo' mind. It's yo' life you're playin' with, man! If you go to the pen for arson you'll die there! You'll never come out again! You're too old!"

Jeff's face knotted with pain. But he was true to his simple code. "It—it's too late, Squire. I've give him the case. It wouldn't be fair—no, it wouldn't be fair."

On the third day of the March term of court, at a quarter of nine in the morning, pale and drawn of face, old Jeff climbed the spiral stairs of the courthouse with Squire Kirby, grimly silent, beside him. Only one communication, in all the weeks that had elapsed since Jeff's visit to him, had Colonel Donaldson sent. That was a crisp notice to appear this morning in court.

Behind them followed Bill Carson and his wife, and little Ella. A strange postscript to the notice had read: "I'm requesting that Ella Carson be present in court."

"He's all balled up," Kirby had sneered when he read it. "He likely thinks it was Ella Carson that was present at the sto' that night instead of Sam Raines's wife!"

Down the aisle they passed, the crowd that was already filling the court-room turning to look at them curiously. Kirby shot a quick glance at the lawyers' tables inside the bar rail.

"He ain't even here!" he whispered to Jeff. "I hope to God he's forgot. Then the co't will give you a *lawyer!*"

The sheriff pointed out the table for the defendant and his lawyer. Kirby sat down beside Jeff; the Carsons found a place on the front bench of the main court-room.

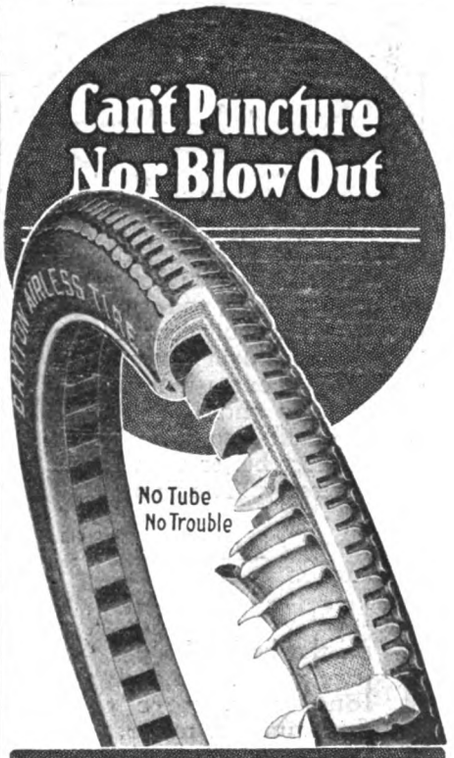
"Silence in the court!" cried the sheriff.

Overawed, and with a queer feeling that he was choking, old Jeff saw the judge enter in his black robes, while the court-room rose and stood until His Honor was seated. Yonder in an ante-room, laughing and chatting, he made out young Burton Evans, prosecuting attorney, strong, ruddy, confident. And then, last, down the aisle came old Colonel Donaldson, dressed like a preacher or an undertaker, in a long black coat with a narrow white tie. He shook hands flabbily; he walked over to the table below the clerk's desk and carefully placed on it a small bundle, wrapped in paper.

He came back and sat down at his table, with Jeff between him and Kirby. The court grew quiet. In a haze the old man rose, Donaldson beside him. Crisp, quick, accusing, Burton Evans, glancing fiercely now and then into the old man's eyes, read off the indictment, long, meaningless, full of legal phrases. The jury was picked, Donaldson after a few careless questions, discarding six of them, then relapsing into his chair. The trial of old Jeff Potter was on.

IT WAS in some respects the strangest case ever tried in that old court-room; for Colonel Donaldson, sitting listless and abstracted beside his client, lived up to the worst predictions of Kirby. He just let everything slide. The judge, an old man himself, looked now and then at this strange lawyer for the defense with something like a frown. Jeff was too dazed to say anything. Only Kirby fought—fought in angry whispers, leaning across Jeff, his eyes blazing into Donaldson's.

Three witnesses for the State told the same story of the row in the store. The negroes who had passed along the road described having seen him going toward the store about twelve o'clock that night. He had stopped, they said, as if to hide, and hadn't answered when they called



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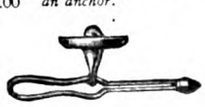

him by name. No, he didn't have a lantern, or if he had one it wasn't lit.

"Ask 'em," whispered Kirby to Donaldson, "how they know it was Jeff Potter in the dark. Ask 'em, sir. Ask 'em!"

"Why, my dear sir," retorted Donaldson in a whisper hard and dry, "my client here doesn't even deny it."

Then Jake testified that at daybreak he saw him coming back from the direction of the store. And Tom Kelly declared that he had trailed the old man into a swamp, and had arrested him there while he was trying to make his get-away.

"Ask him, Colonel Donaldson," whispered Kirby again, eyes fierce, "how he knows Jeff was trying to get away."

Old Donaldson didn't even look at the magistrate now. "Well, just let that pass," he answered.

"My God!" gasped Kirby.

Likewise, every statement of Frank Blainey went unchallenged. He had ordered the old man out because he was a nuisance, explained Frank. He was just a loafer, who didn't work for his living. He had hated to do it—sure he had—never hated to do a thing so much in his life. No, he wasn't angry. He had closed up store and gone home right afterward—about eleven o'clock. His wife had gone to spend the night with her people, and there was no one at home. Yes, he had worried about it a lot on the way home. It had been a disagreeable task, the most disagreeable of his life. Nothing but the good of his business could have made him do it. Jeff Potter wasn't the kind of man he wanted to have around the store. Women didn't like to come where he was.

"What women—what women, Colonel Donaldson?" whispered Kirby. "Quick—ask him what women!"

BUT Colonel Donaldson, sitting back in his chair, the tips of his thin fingers together, his eyes—piercing eyes, too, they were—fastened on the witness, did not seem even to hear; while old Jeff bowed his gray head in shame, and his hands clasped and unclasped on the table before him, and his collar choked him so that he opened it at the neck.

It was at lunch, which followed immediately after Frank's testimony, that Kirby broke loose. He and Jeff, Bill Carson and his wife and little Ella, had eaten in a restaurant; and now Kirby rose to pay the bill.

"He just don't care—don't care that!" And Kirby snapped his strong fingers. "I've been in many a trial. I never befo' saw a lawyer not even raise a finger to save a client!"

A curious crowd had gathered round them. "That's right," some of them said. "He ain't done a thing." And Mrs. Carson, face upraised, grabbed old Jeff by the sleeve, while little Ella clung to her mother's skirt.

"Oh, get another lawyer," pleaded the woman, "before it's too late. Please—please!"

Jeff swallowed, but he shook his head. "It wouldn't be fair," he said. "No—it wouldn't be fair."

Early in the afternoon the ancient and supine lawyer for the defense showed the first spark. The testimony for the State was all in, and he had put Kirby on the stand. His voice as he stood, stiff and formal beside Jeff's chair, was dry, matter of fact.

"How long, Squire Kirby, have you known the defendant, Jeff Potter?"

"Forty years."

"You must know, then, his reputation for law and order. Is it good or bad?"

"Good."

Then Burton Evans, exuding confidence, was on his feet. "He's a tenant on your place, I believe, Mr. Kirby. Did he pay his rent last year?"

Kirby turned to the judge. "Your Honor," he asked, "must I answer that question?"

The judge looked at Colonel Donaldson. "Do I hear any objections from the plaintiff's lawyer? If so I may rule that question out. If not—"

The voice was dry. "No objection, Your Honor." And Kirby, from the witness chair, glared.

"He paid me what I asked," snapped Kirby.

"And what did you ask, Mr. Kirby?" demanded Evans.

The judge was frowning now—frowning at Donaldson. Back in the courtroom a slight buzz of voices began. Two or three spectators left benches in the rear and, bent double, as if to hide their progress, darted to seats nearer the front. And when at last Donaldson spoke, it was as if to further the case of the State.

"As a matter of fact, Mr. Kirby," he asked, "did he not pay you, for rent, one or more carved Indians, which you sent to your grandchildren as Christmas presents?"

"Yes," said Kirby.

"Silence in the court!" cried the sheriff.

Burton Evans turned away, a triumphant smile on his face. Then he glanced at the jury. They were mostly men of family; and now he must have remembered suddenly that Donaldson, in choosing the jury, had thrown out unmarried men and men without children; and for the first time now he must have noticed that the jury was mostly old men, some of them plainly grandfathers. Anyway, Burton Evans's smile suddenly vanished!

"Jeff Potter," said Donaldson, "will you take the stand?"

OLD Jeff never knew how he got there. He only knew he was sitting in a chair on a platform, his tattered hat between his knees; that before him were thousands of faces; that thousands of eyes were turned upon him; that to the left the jury were leaning forward; and that to the right the judge's swivel chair creaked as His Honor turned toward him. Then he saw that Colonel Donaldson was still standing very erect by his table. Colonel Donaldson was speaking.

"We will not now go into the happenings of that night, Jeff Potter, the night on which it is alleged by the State that you burned the store of this man." He stopped and looked hard at Blainey. "The State may question you on that if the State so wishes. But I want to get at another matter. Mr. Kelly—I believe that is the officer's name—has stated that on the afternoon he came to arrest you, you tried to escape by running to the woods. Now, Jefferson Potter, tell the judge and jury why you went to the woods, sir. Talk loud, so they can hear."

"I went"—old Jeff hardly knew his own voice—"I went to git some poke-berry juice to color an Injun with"

"And this Indian—for whom were you carving it?"

"Fer little Ella Kyarson."

"And why were you carving an Indian for little Ella Carson? Talk loud, so the jury there can hear you."

Jeff turned toward them. They were leaning forward still farther now, these old graybeards, their eyes on him, their faces suddenly all kindly.

"I was carvin' it fer her because she said she never believed I sot that sto' on fire."

The prosecutor, face flushed, sprang to his feet. "I object to all this, Your Honor! I contend, sir, that this is a patent attempt—"

But the judge checked him. "The evidence is admissible, sir," he said. "The officer testified that the defendant was trying to leave the country. Now it is quite in order for the defense to show that some other motive than escape induced the defendant to enter the swamp where he was arrested."

The dry voice resumed: "So you were carving an Indian maiden for the little girl who did not believe you burned the store. Is that it?"

"Yes, sir. Her father said she was cryin' an' wouldn't go to Sunday-school."

"Do you see the little girl in court?"

"Yes, sir. That's her. Settin' thar on the front bench with her ma."

THERE was a general commotion. People in the rear of the court-room stood up. The jury all looked toward that front bench, while a mother and a little girl in a blue dress both blushed scarlet.

And now a strange thing was happening: Old Colonel Donaldson, his manner still perfectly impersonal, had walked over to the table below the clerk's desk and opened a bundle.

"I submit this in evidence, Your Honor. Here is the Indian girl he was carving. Does Your Honor care to look at it? You will observe that it is half stained, showing where the work was interrupted by the advent of the officer."

The judge took it and inspected it, a smile on his strong-lined face. He handed it back, and the colonel walked over to the jury. "Pass it around, gentlemen," he directed, "from one to the other."

And now the astonished old man in the witness box saw the whole court-room seem to move forward, people leaving their seats to peer; heard over and over the sheriff's "Silence in the court!" and saw on the faces of the jury that passed the carved bit of wood from hand to hand the smiles of fathers and grandfathers who would like to take it home to the children.

But his relief was short-lived: Burton Evans had pounced on him.

The questions came thick and fast, after the old man had told the story of his movements that night. Cattle in the swamp? What cattle? Wasn't he a little over-anxious about another man's cattle—a man he owed rent to? (No objection from Colonel Donaldson.) Did he have owl's eyes that he could find his way about on a pitch-black night? If his mission were an honest one, why didn't he light a lantern? Was it his custom to draw back and hide from passers-by? Was it his custom not to acknowledge a friendly greeting in the road? Did he usually sleep as sound as he slept that night?

But old Jeff, buffeted about like an untrained boxer standing before a professional, managed somehow to keep on his feet, to stick to the truth, though the sweat stood out on his face, and his limp old hat was twisted into a rag, and the crowd and jury swam round and round before him.

Groggy, he came down at last, though not until the judge himself had interposed in his behalf, and not until the eyes of the jury were full of compassion, and not until from the front bench came the voice of a mother trying to quiet a sobbing child.

He sank down limp into his chair, to find Squire Kirby tugging at the coat-tails of Colonel Donaldson, who had risen, and whispering over and over, his voice full of respect now:

"Rest the case, Colonel! Rest the case, rest the case! You've brought out the Injun! You give Evans rope, an' he's hung hisself! Colonel Donaldson, Colonel Donaldson, give the case to the jury as quick as you kin!"

BUT the ancient lawyer regarded not at all the frantic whispers or the tugs at his coat tail. Voice still dry and impersonal, he spoke to the judge:

"May it please Your Honor, I want Mr. Blainey put on the stand once more. I have just a few questions to ask him. There are some details which I overlooked. I am sure, sir, that a man of Mr. Blainey's humane and just temperament will not mind going on the stand again. I am sure the state attorney can have no possible objections, sir. Mr. Blainey?"

Followed a brief excited conference between Blainey and Evans. Then, very pale, Blainey was in the witness chair, and Donaldson was standing very straight by his table, the afternoon sun streaming through one of the high gothic windows of the old courthouse, and shining full on his thin, hawk-like face.

"Mr. Blainey, what time did you leave the store that night?"

"I've answered that once," said Blainey.

"Well, answer it again!"

"I said eleven."

"Wasn't it later than that?"

Blainey looked at Evans, who nodded, his lips compressed.

"Oh, it might have been half past."

"Was it as late as twelve?"

"No—it was not!"

And now once more the sheriff shouted "Silence in the court!" For the old lawyer had advanced two quick steps toward the witness, and suddenly his voice, shrill and grating, rang out, while a thrill like an electric shock ran through the court-room.

"Wasn't it two o'clock? Answer me, sir—wasn't it two? . . . You do not answer. Very well. Answer me this: Did some friends of yours drive out to see you that night in a car? Did they park the car in the woods near your store? Did they bring with them some liquor and some cards and some chips? Did you have a game of poker in the basement of your store? Did all of you imbibe freely of that liquor in the course of the game? Did you, while under the influence

DO you remember when Tom Sawyer went swimming and had everything hidden so carefully so that Aunt Polly couldn't find out?

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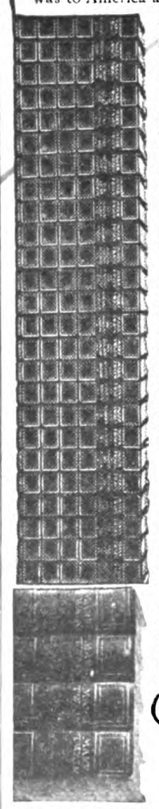

We watched for his great white head in the crowds—we hung on his every word—we smiled ready to laugh at his least word. But now he is gone—yes,—he's the familiar friend—but he has joined the immortals. More than Whitman—than Longfellow, than Poe or Hawthorne or Irving—he stands for America—with the great of the earth—the Homer of this kind—a prince of men—a king among dreamers—a child among children.

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of that liquor, throw lighted cigar and cigarette stubs on the floor of the basement of that store that was littered with packing of all sorts, and excelsior?"

Again Evans was on his feet, apoplectic with objections. But the old lawyer went on, before the judge could speak, his voice high-pitched and metallic, filling the excited court-room.

"Is it a fact, sir, that at two o'clock your friends took you home in that car? Is it a fact, sir, that before you reached that house you saw a glow in the sky? And that when these friends wanted to go back you said: 'Let the damn store burn—it's insured'?"

"Don't answer those questions," thundered Evans. "Your Honor, this man's not on trial!"

"He will be!" cried the old lawyer, "for perjury in open court! I am *not* surmising, Your Honor. I can prove the truth of everything I have implied, sir. I was fortunate enough to get hold of the number of that car. Through the number I traced the occupants. Happily for the good of our humanity, sir, there is always to be found among a group of young men, however wild, one who will tell the truth. Such a one is young John Duckett, who was in that car that night." He turned to the court-room. "Mr. Court Crier—call John Duckett into court!"

AT ONE side of the witness chair that sat high above the main court-room, and which was on a level with the judge's seat, ran a railing. And now Frank Blainey, who had been growing whiter and whiter, turned sideways, his arm on this railing, and buried his face in his arm, his fingers clutching at his hair. With a cry, Mrs. Blainey sprang to her feet and started forward. The voice of the judge was clear and compelling.

"Keep your seat, madam. Stay where you are, the rest of you. This witness has not fainted. Mr. Crier, one minute. Do not call the other witness until I so instruct you. Mr. Blainey, here, seems to have something on his mind. Mr. Blainey?"

Blainey raised his face. The glance he shot at Donaldson was a bit wild, a bit vicious, too. His hair was all disheveled. He sat limp in his chair. The judge, turning toward him, went on:

"Mr. Blainey, if you have anything to say concerning the facts implied in Colonel Donaldson's questions, you are at liberty to speak, sir. Otherwise this witness, Mr. Duckett, will be called. My advice to you, Mr. Blainey, is that you speak."

The court-room was straining forward now; hundreds of tense faces were turned toward the witness chair, faces strained in the effort to hear the mumbling, halting, reluctant words.

"I—I— Aw, it's all true!"

"Sit up, Mr. Blainey!" commanded the judge. "Look at me, sir. You have perjured yourself in this court! That is a grave offense; but it is as nothing, sir, compared with the motive behind that perjury. In order to save your practices from exposure, you would have sent an old man to prison, probably for the remainder of his natural life. I have no words strong enough, sir, to express my abhorrence, and the abhorrence of all men, of what you've done! Are you listening, Mr. Blainey?"

Again the vicious glance around, followed by the bowed head, and a nod.

"But," continued the judge, "the law puts in my hands the means of punishing you. By your own confession, you have committed perjury, and perjury is punished by a long jail sentence and a heavy fine. Combined, they will not be sufficient for your offense, but they will be enough, sir, to make you remember all the rest of your days—"

And now he stopped; for from his seat, face quivering, old Jeff had sprung to his feet.

"Jedge!" he cried. "Don't send him to the pen, Jedge! Jedge, he's Sam Blainey's son!"

Compassionately the judge looked down at him where he stood beside the table, trembling; then he spoke:

"Sit down, old man. Frank Blainey, the man whom you have attempted so grievously to wrong pleads for you. And because of his plea, which I can do nothing but honor and accede to, I shall remit any prison sentence which I might have imposed. But I warn you, sir, that when the time for your trial comes, in the due process of law, I shall fine you to the very limit allowed me by the statute. Mr. Sheriff, see that this man, Frank Blainey, does not leave the jurisdiction of this court.

"Old man, stand up once more, so that all in this court-room may see you. . . . Jeff Potter, this plea of yours shall go down on the records of this court as a memorial to you and as a high example to all men who may know or read of it of that quality of mercy which is the sovereign good in human nature. And now, gentlemen of the jury, you are automatically discharged from this case, and I shall ask the crowd to pass out quietly, for court is adjourned."

How many people old Jeff shook hands with that afternoon, he never knew. He did know though that Burton Evans was the first among them; that Mrs. Carson, who came next, was crying; that the strong hands of Bill Carson and Squire Kirby almost crushed his own frailer hand; and that off yonder, at a table below the clerk's desk, a prim old lawyer in a long black coat had picked up a carved Indian and was presenting it to a little girl in a blue dress, with an old-fashioned bow strange to see.

"DO YOUR Eyes See Things as They Really Are?" asks Alon Bement in next month's magazine. His article contains suggestions for many interesting ways of testing what your eyes like to look at, what irritates them, how they are deceived, and so on. The illustrations which accompany the article will give you a good deal of entertainment.

"SNICKERS at My Second-Hand Clothes" is the title of an anonymous "confession" by a college professor in the magazine next month. It reveals a state of affairs which deeply concerns *us* as well as the professor.

The Greatest Delusion in the World

(*Continued from page 59*)

frozen upon your face. Come, let's be honest. Just as man to man, or woman to woman, isn't work good? And wouldn't you be lost and damned without it?

This is not hypocrisy nor "kidding ourselves." It is sound sense and genuine 24-carat psychology. For, to quote Stevenson again, somewhere he said something to the effect that, dearly as he loved his wife, he could still conceive of living without her should she be removed by death, but he could not conceive of life going on at all for him without his work.

No, work is not an affliction. We are not to be pitied because we have to work, and we should not pity ourselves. Our whole attitude to-day toward work seems to be that it is something we must escape if we possibly can, and do just as little as we can. People act as if they were sentenced to work just as a criminal is sentenced to jail. But, speaking of jail, anybody would rather serve a term there *with* work than *without* it.

Work is the only means toward the one thing every healthy human being wants more than anything else in the world. And that is *Accomplishment.*

WHENEVER a human soul is born into this world, a job is born for him to do. The deepest, most wholesome instinct in us is achievement. Not enjoyment. We soon get tired of enjoyment. and turn to mischief and cruelty, as the Romans found their culminating amusemen in gladiatorial games. But of accomplishment we never tire. It is the immortal food for the immortal hunger of the immortal soul.

And the laws of work are fundamental and unchangeable. All the economic systems and socialistic schemes and tricks and organizations and theories are not going to change the rock-bottomed and copper-riveted fact, that the hustler will get along better than the loafer. No power on earth can prevent the man who trains himself for his job, and loves his job, and pours his lifeblood and his imagination and his desire into his job, from rising, and leaving beneath and behind him all those whose eyes are on their wage and who do as little as they can to get it.

The trouble is, we are cursed with the inheritance of a lot of false ideas that have been handed down to us along with our civilization. Although we are workers here in America, we are badly bitten with these ideas.

The washwoman is furious when the new teacher suggests that her boy be taught manual training. Indeed, *she* does not send *her* boy to school to learn to set type, or carve wood, or be an engineer! She wants him *to get out of his class*, and be a doctor, lawyer, or banker. In the plan to teach him how to work she thinks she scents a deep-laid scheme to keep her boy from rising.

The idea of education that still lingers is the idea which was the basis of the old universities and private schools of Europe, of which our institutions are lineal descendants; and this idea is that education is for the "gentleman," that the "gentleman" is the man who does not have to work, but has others to work for him. The idea is that education is for the gentleman and for those who need to be trained to look after his interests—the lawyer to care for his property, the doctor to attend to his health, the priest to see to his soul's salvation, and the teacher to instruct his children. Most "regular" college courses to-day are aimed to fit a man for one of these callings.

THE corollary of this is that the hard work of the world is to be done by those who fail in their attempt to get a soft job.

It is this septic notion that causes the element of bitterness in the labor turmoil. It rankles in the bosom of the I. W. W. It blazes forth in the hot protest of the soap-box orator, this notion that somehow work is a misfortune, a calamity, hard luck; and that one who has to labor for wages is an unfortunate. In some way or other we have to get over this false conviction.

Some time ago a young woman, just graduated from college, wrote to me, asking What To Do. She felt surgings. She thought that she would like to devote her life to "doing good," or to writing about it. Her soul was tilted up considerably. She regarded business as a bit soiling, and hated to contemplate the sacrifice of her young and poetic life, with all the exceptional trimmings she had acquired at school, to such sordid affairs as pounding the typewriter, teaching school, cooking, raising children, or selling ribbons.

This is a good place to answer this correspondent, for she is typical of a large class.

Dear young lady, you are wrong. There is no form of human activity nobler nor more necessary than that of providing food, clothing, shelter, and transportation for the race.

As Carlyle says, "Produce! In God's name, produce!"

The man who can be most certain that he is doing the will of the universe, helping some and hurting none, is the business man, which term includes *all* who labor with hand or brain to supply themselves and their fellows with the needs and wholesome enjoyments of life.

The writer, the poet, the artist, the preacher, the reformer, the politician, may turn out to have done more harm than good. Subsequent ages of wisdom may regard their efforts as hindrances to progress. They may simply have been in the road.

But whoever raises potatoes or wheat or grinds flour, or bakes bread, or makes coats, or as a merchant brings these goods to the people, or whoever promotes ideals, he is undoubtedly moral.

And whoso teaches children how to control themselves and to coöperate with others for the common good, and to work in

The Black Ear of an African God

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fidelity, and to keep themselves off other people's backs, the same shall be called greatest in the kingdom of heaven.

If all the advisers of the race—including me—were to take a vacation and go to hoeing corn, the world would still stumble along. Men and women would still marry and have pretty babies, and honest folk would prosper, and rogues come to grief, and blackberries ripen, and mankind generally go on making mistakes, and getting over them and becoming wiser, sounder, sweeter, and decenter, until the millennium.

Go to work! Produce! So only are you surest of not becoming a nuisance.

God works. "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." He gave only Ten Commandments many centuries ago. But He *works* all the time. Raising bees, growing grass for the cattle, carrying rain to parched fields, reddening apples and girls' cheeks, pushing rivers along, and by His chemistry turning all effete things again into wholesome life-makers.

Go thou and do likewise!

The only sensible advice to any young person is: "Do something for which the world is willing to pay you money. Take nothing you do not earn. Save of your surplus to take care of yourself when you are unable to work more. And be cheerful."

All else is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Don't get me wrong. I am not sitting on a pedestal and preaching down to the "working class" and telling them to be "contented with the position wherein Providence has placed them." I am not a favored one, a capitalistic tool, a member of the privileged class, and so on.

Not by a long shot.

AT THE age of forty-eight I started out without a cent, except some money borrowed on my life insurance, to get work on a newspaper, being bitten by the notion that I could write. After six months I landed a job at a dollar a day. I kept at it. I am making more money now, but I am still a wage earner. For some ten years I have written an editorial for every week day, without missing one; and this has been the happiest period of my life. It has been so because I love my work better than anything else on earth. I can think of no kind of play or vacation half so pleasant as this work. Through comedy and tragedy, whether depressed or elated, sometimes feeling fit and at other times sick-a-bed in the hospital, I have clung to my work. And God bless it! for it is the immediate jewel of my soul.

That is why I write sincerely and urge you to wean yourself, if you are not too old and stubborn, from the delusion that labor is a misfortune, along with mumps and a clubfoot. And to believe me when I reiterate—

1. That Work is the reason why we are born.
2. That Contentment is a by-product of Work.
3. That the scorn of all decent people should follow the Idlers.
4. And that even Heaven is not going to be one everlasting Meeting-House, nor an eternal Rest, nor any sort of glorified idleness—but a world of souls happy and blest because they are at work, all busy, all producing something for the common good, everyone getting his pay ("to every man his penny"), every man in his place under the Master, who said "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work!"

YOUR response to this may be that you cannot be happy in your work because of the iniquitous wage system, or the injustice of capitalism, or the tyranny of labor unions, or the threat of Bolshevism; and that if we could have Single Tax, or a reform in the currency, or a Soviet Government, or some other scheme we might work in joy. Well, maybe.

All I insist upon here is that you will be able to discuss the matter more intelligently, and to bring about any just and desirable reform, if you start from the right premise, to wit: that work is a privilege and a blessing, and not a deplorable and nasty necessity.

When I speak of workers I mean, of course, *all* that produce, that help along. This includes business managers who coordinate labor, preachers who inspire, physicians who minister to health. There should be no talk of class among them that work. The laborer in the field and in the professor's chair fit as hand to glove. The President is as much a laborer in the White House as he would be if he were plowing corn in a field, or stoking coal in a steamship. Jesus did not cease to be a producer when He quit carpentry.

It may be that God is pleased with the hymns and prayers of the great congregation, that the worship of the Buddhists, the Romanists, the Protestants, the Jews, the Mohammedans, in their respective temples, is grateful to His ear. Perhaps; for He doubtless sees beneath the ignorance and confusion to the intent of hearts. But there is another sound that unending rises to His throne, which we may be sure is His sweetest praise; it is the Niagara roar of the work of this world, the deep diapason of that vast chorus that no man can number, who work, even as He, the Eternal and Omnipotent, works.

For He rolls up the sun every morning, and guides the wheeling stars, and leads the acorn up to the oak tree, paints the rose, and fructifies the vine, carries water from the reservoir of the sea to irrigate the fields, conducts the rivers their devious way, molds the ever-changing waves, and carries on the processes of life in all His people and in all beasts and fowl and fish. He is everlastingly at work. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

Therefore, it must be that the music that best delights Him is that which is made by the sound of hammers and saws, the swish of busy brooms, the roar of engines, the plows cleaving the soil, the clash of pick and shovel, the clatter of rivets driving home, the patient words of teachers, the hurrying feet of messengers, of cooks, of careful mothers, of *all that serve*, for He Himself is "Servant of All."

"MEN I Have Had to Fire" is the title of an article next month by an employer who gives some of his experiences with men working for him. It is one of those plain, straight forward personal stories which men so often give in this magazine.

How I Wrote a Thousand "Nick Carter" Novels

(*Continued from page 19*)

if he could stop it. He discovered, among the byways of life, Chick, and Patsy, and Ten-ichi, and Peter, and Joseph, and Ida Jones, and Adelina, and Mrs. Peters, and made upright, God-fearing men and women of them. He always kept his word. He never touched liquor, nor permitted his assistants to do so. He respected *all* womankind under all conditions, in reverence for the memory of his mother.

I made Nick Carter *my* ideal of all that is good and right and truthful and honorable and upright and just, in ideal manhood. All writers, I think, in their heroes visualize and oralize an impossible but ideal self.

UNDERSTAND, first, that Nick is much more real to me than are a majority of the persons who actually exist within my environment. Any casual acquaintance, whilom friend, or whimsical associate, is more fictitious than he is—to me. I have lived with him, slept with him, eaten with him, dwelt with him constantly through many years of comprehension and understanding. He has been ever a harsh, unbending mentor and critic, never a sympathizer. Sympathy from a friend, and self-pity from the ego, are character's deadliest poisons.

I had only an introduction to him that day at luncheon. He came away from it with me. I was eight days writing the first story; we were getting acquainted. I wrote the second one in five days; the third, in four; the fourth, in three. Thirty-three thousand words (by column measure) each. Then, I cut the four to twenty thousand and wrote the fifth, in a week. After that, I rarely took more than three days to a story, and I wrote very many of them (while they continued at twenty-thousand-word length) in two days, always with my little stub gold pen. (I have it yet.) When they were lengthened again to thirty and thirty-three thousand, I worked three, sometimes four, days in the week, and played (sailed, and rowed, and fished at Sunapee Lake, New Hampshire) the other three. When the serials began, it added six thousand words a week to my stunt. I did it for a while, and then shouted for help! Not so much because of the extra words, as because it meant keeping the serial going (one story) while eight, ten, twelve, or more, *distinctly different* stories were being written at the same time. But I never did get mixed, and I have never been charged with repeating or plagiarizing myself. . . . More ego! But it's true.

How did I do it? Well, let's see. There were a lot of things which had to do with the doing.

First, I loved the work, enjoyed it. Aside from the mere labor involved, I had quite as good a time writing the story as John Doe found in reading it. Nobody does anything well without experiencing joy in the doing. I never plotted a story in advance in my life. I knew no more than the reader what Nick was going to do in the next chapter. So, I got fun out of it, recreation with the application. You've got to go at what you have to do with a whole heart, a clear vision, and with clean mentality. I never thought about my work from the moment I put it aside until I took it up again the following day. I rarely returned to it later in the day, and I *never* worked at night.

Second, I systematized the work, and I rarely permitted anything to interfere with the system. I got up at dawn. I do so still, every day, with rare exceptions. I ate a hearty breakfast. Newspapers or letters I did not look at. If a telegram came, it was opened and read for me. Unless it was imperative, I did not know of its arrival till later. I went at my work as soon after daylight as possible I called eight hours of writing a day's work.

Sometimes I wrote six or seven hours; sometimes I wrote nine. The length of the day depended upon the facility of the story, and please observe that I attach the word "facility" to the story, not to myself. An express train is often late, a hot-box or an obstruction on the track has delayed it. But it has to arrive to finish its work—and I had to write a certain number of words to finish mine.

Third, I was well equipped for that kind of writing—detective stories, so called. I was a lawyer, and had practiced law with some success. In the beginning when paying clients were rare, I applied to the judges in the criminal courts and requested "assignments," which means that when a person charged with crime has no lawyer and no money to retain one the Court assigns a lawyer for the defense. One has to call at the Tombs, and Raymond Street jail and other places of detention, to consult with that class of clients. If you treat such a man "white," and particularly if you are successful in his defense, he passes the information along; but it is treating him "white" and being strictly on the level with him that wins his everlasting regard, more than getting him clear, for very often he hasn't a shadow of defense, and knows it. Before I realized it, I had a paying criminal practice—and I knew as many crooks as a headquarters operative.

AGAIN, I had traveled nearly all over the world. I had met, and known, all kinds and classes and conditions of men and women, and wherever I went I made it a point to meet and know them, and to make them like me. I had worked on newspapers as police reporter, general reporter, special correspondent, and at differing editorial desks, and had acquired, thus, another angle of cosmopolitan education. I was Washington correspondent through parts of two administrations, and I had not let that opportunity for assuaging my insatiable thirst for general information get past me without mopping it up. I got to know, personally, and often intimately, so many senators and congressmen and officials and public men

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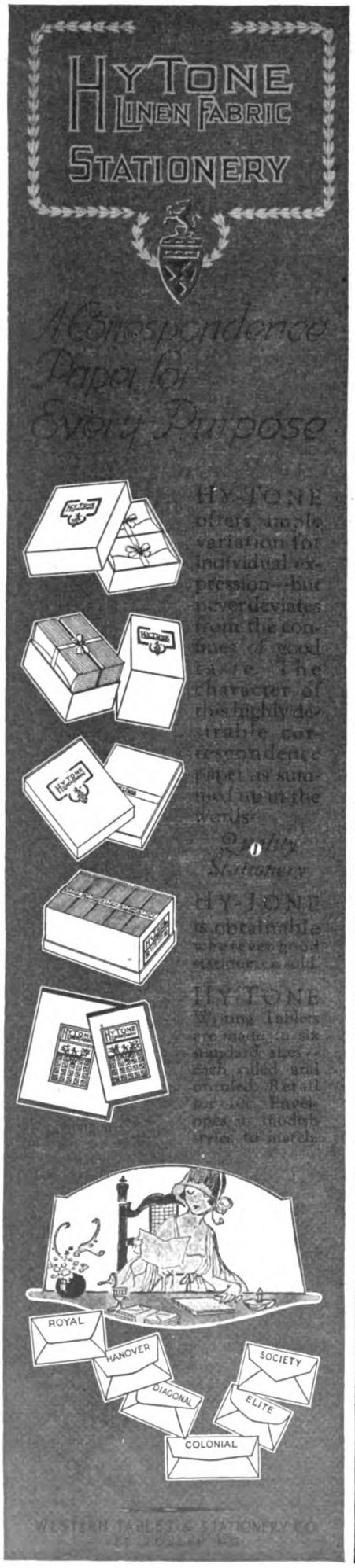


generally that when I glance back at my old notebooks it amazes me.

My appetite for superficial knowledge was always voracious. Whenever I struck a new town I sought the streets, and the purlieus, rather than the parks and churches, boulevards and museums, libraries and art galleries. The only public buildings I cared to investigate were the courthouse and the jail. I was never a gambler, for greed, or for excitement, but I had a passion for visiting gambling houses and knowing gamblers. I have known scores of them from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and there was never a time when I couldn't "get in," even when "the lid was down," notwithstanding the fact that they knew I didn't play—not what they call "play." As a matter of fact, they liked me the better because I did not.

Also, I developed a passion for being "taken through" all sorts of factories, and talking with the workers: rolling mills at Pittsburgh, thread mills at Willimantic, lead-pencils, saws, files, paper mills, knitting mills, woolen mills, shoe factories, machine shops, dairy products, stock yards, packing houses, ship yards.... You would see me headed for such goals pretty soon after I hit a new burg—places where they made things! And yet I have no mechanical gift or taste. I know about as much about mechanics as a hog knows about skating. It was the worker I wanted to see and to know. The men and women and boys and girls who toiled in such places; and I would not swap some of the friends I've made in that manner for all the high-brows on earth.

THAT brings me directly to the gist of this whole subject. If you want a rule to go by for producing (whether it's writing thirty-three thousand words or more a week about Nick Carter, or selling wares, or putting up a proposition, or succeeding in anything you undertake to do) I can give it to you in two words. Here it is: *Know* PEOPLE ... *all* people! *every kind* of people! *all sorts and conditions* of people! Know them in the street, in the workshop, in the drawing-room, on the tail-end of surface cars, and straddling between platforms of subway or L cars. Play pool with them in fire-houses; chat with them behind the hotel desk, across a counter, punching tickets, making the ferryboat fast in the slip. They are all human, intensely human, and that is what you need to know—*humanity*.

I have mentioned only men, but I mean women, too. They are just as well worth knowing, and just as easy to know. And they will not resent your knowing them if there is nothing in the back of your own mind to make them resentful. That is up to you. And you can't put it across if there *is* anything of the sort in the back of your mind. You can't hide it if it *is* really there. In getting acquainted with Humanity it is essential to know women as well as men. Every man works to help some woman; every woman works to help some man—mother, father, sister, brother, wife, husband, sweetheart, offspring. It may not always be in dollars and cents, but it *is* always help, in one form or another. You must absorb superficial knowledge of both viewpoints in order to attain to excellence in any calling. Put that into your pipe and smoke it!

In the days when a string of truck-gardeners' wagons en route to Washington and Fulton Markets plodded down Fulton Street, Brooklyn, from East New York to the ferries, between 1:00 A. M. and daylight, I loved to ride with the drivers, and chat with them. And I mean *chat*. Don't ask prying questions. Begin by telling something. Tell a story about a child, or a mother; better still, tell one about your own mother. Abjure profanity. Vulgar and profane words never get you anywhere in anything. Don't talk much. Venture a bit of information observed by you in another community or country upon the business that he is engaged in; then shut up.

When making sea voyages I always seek the assistant engineers—and I see that vessel from stem to stern, and from keelson to upper deck, and talk with the men in every part of it, before port is made. I have ridden in locomotive cabs on nearly every railroad in the United States and Mexico, and many in South America, at one time and another. I have spent days at a time in the coal mines at Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, in the silver mines of Nevada, in the gold mines of Colorado, and I have gone through sulphur mines in Mexico. That wasn't pleasant! I went to the top of Popocatapetl as the guest of a Mexican governmental engineering outfit (eighteen thousand feet) and sat in the sling and was lowered thirty meters down into the crater over the water that covered the deposit of sulphur at the bottom of it, several hundred feet beneath me. That wasn't pleasant, either; but I wrote a Nick Carter with that scene in it, later.

I rode several miles down a lumber chute in a V-shaped "boat" in Nevada, once. I wouldn't do it again for Mister Crœsus's bank account. I went down to the bottom of the North River in Professor Tuck's submarine called "The Peacemaker" in 1880-something. We did not go anywhere else. We just stayed there three quarters of an hour, and—Tuck had proved that it could be done. The sub was a little thing, and looked like a "punkin-seed" fish, save for the coloring.

I NEVER visited a factory or a mill or an engine-room or a stokehole or a harness shop or any industrial center, however big or little, to observe any part of the technic; I visited them to *know the people who worked in them*, and to acquire a superficial marginal knowledge of their work and their mental attitude toward it, and toward the rest of the world. I'd rather sit at the end of a river pier and whittle and chat with a longshoreman than to listen to the best platform lecture ever delivered. I make it a point, to this day, to stop and chat with "the cop at the corner" when he isn't busy, and looks to be in a chatty mood; and I remember him and his name thereafter, and he remembers me and mine. I love to go out with the harbor police on their rounds. I have been made honorary member of three companies of the fire department. I never let a G. A. R. man get past me if I can help it.

Postmen are the most entertaining chaps you can imagine. Truck drivers and white-wings have families and homes and children and lares and penates, which

they like to talk about—but you've got to be one with them (not of them) before they'll open up. I visited "Beggars' Paradise" in Hoboken once, years ago, and passed a night there studying panhandling as a fine art, and acquiring the slang. Talk about richness of expression! My, oh, my! The place was not overclean, but I enjoyed it. I have been cod- and halibut-fishing with crews from Cape Cod, and I have picked cranberries down there, too. I've been sword-fishing from Martha's Vineyard. I have never been up in a balloon or an aëroplane—but I'm longing for an opportunity. (Aviators, please take notice!) I cannot give the entire list. It would be endless, because it means everybody in every walk of life where I have had opportunity to penetrate. (I was going to interpolate "high or low," but there are no such things in everyday life, save as they exist in your own mental attitude; and if you have that attitude, you won't get to the inside of things.)

I HAVE been called a good "mixer," but mixer isn't the word. One must be "it" for the time being. If you are dressed better than the guy you talk to, you must make him "not see your clothes." You must not use Harvard talk; you must talk his language. Jockey talk in the paddock, longshore talk at the river front, old-timer talk to the cop, because that's what he wants to hear; and so on. Tom Byrnes, Alick Williams, George McClusky, George Titus, Steve O'Brien, and men in uniform unnumbered have been my personal friends. It has been the same with the firemen. I have made many friends in crookdom, and I have visited them, and done small favors for them, when they were "doing stretches."

Any person, no matter who or what he or she may be, will like you and trust you when sure that you are not a double-crosser. George Cohan in a recent issue of this magazine gave a pretty good definition of being "on the level." But he didn't go far enough. On the level means *being* to the other fellow precisely what you would want him to be to you under the same circumstances. When he finds out that you are doing exactly that thing, you can go as far as you like. The sky and the center of the earth are the limits, and all space is the boundary.

Nick Carter was a detective because he loved to right wrongs, and to foresee and prevent them. He taught the principle that one must *love* one's work. If you can't love the thing you are doing, then love what the doing accomplishes. If there is no real joy in the actual labor, find joy in the consequences of it.

If you are asked if you can *do* a thing, say "Yes," and do it. You can accomplish it through others if you cannot actually saw the boards and fit the pieces and drive the nails. Every man and woman and boy and girl and worker and idler and lawmaker and lawbreaker whom I had seen and talked to and hobnobbed with helped me to write the Nick Carters. Every one of them performed part of that work for me, but under my direction—in the abstract.

Are you behind a counter, or in front of a steam hammer; or a trained nurse, or doing millinery? Are you a stenog, or a forewoman, or what-not? All right. Who pays you? How did they attain to the positions from whence they could pay you? Find that out. Take heed of the system. Three times out of five their beginnings were smaller than your own. Compel every human with whom you come into contact to like you, and to respect you—to recognize your eagerness to accomplish; willingness is not enough; you must be eager.

When you go to your room at night, after you have prepared for bed and are ready to extinguish the light, do this: Go to the mirror. Stand before it. Look upon the reflection within it. If you can nod your head and smile and say, "I have been square with you all day," you're all right. You will sleep well. You will do better work to-morrow. Don't regret yesterday; that won't get you anywhere. Don't anticipate to-morrow; that won't produce results.

Get busy when you wake up. Above all, get out of bed the instant you do wake up—and go to that same mirror and nod and smile, and say, "I'm going to be strictly on the level with you all day." Divorce yourself from alarm clocks. You can wake up at the right time if you *want* to do it. At breakfast, remember that gentlemen never willingly speak of disagreeable subjects. Make people around you smile; not at funny things, but because of pleasing ones.

I USED to get thousands of letters from all over the world, from all sorts of people who sought suggestion for some form of betterment. I got one from Russia that was addressed to "Nick Carter, America." There was rarely a letter which could not have been answered with the five words: "Know people, and be kind."

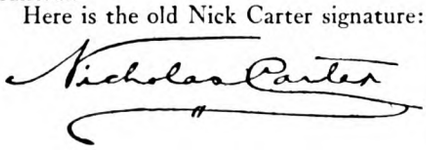
With these few remarks—

No. There is one more point: The ego.

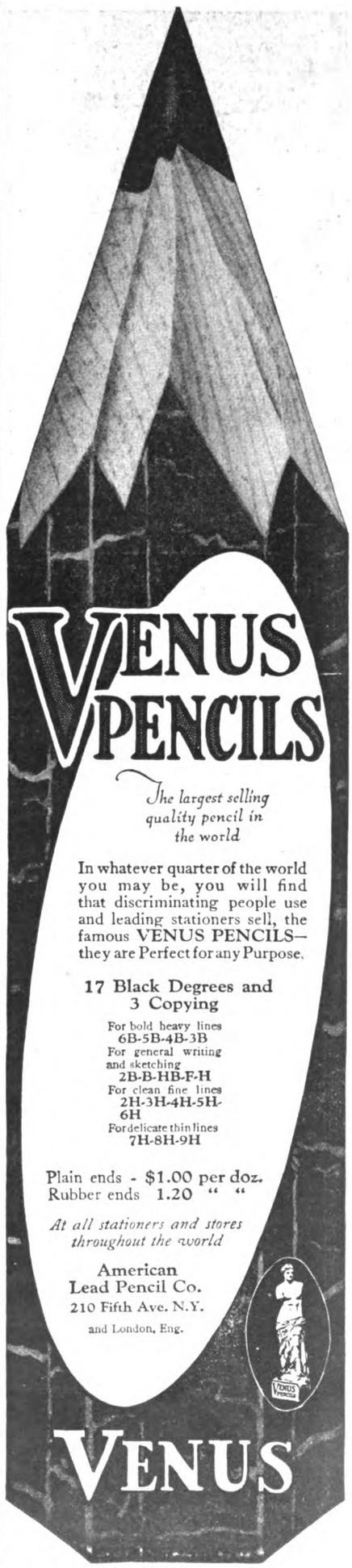
You've got to keep the ego in the mind's eye all the time. Never let it get away from you nor dodge you—but don't cram it down people's throats. And always respect the other fellow's ego. The hardest work on earth to do is to do nothing. The rich man who retires from active business to a life of idleness does not as a rule live long afterward. A Jewish friend of mine, a very old man, was once asked, in my presence, why he did not retire. His reply was very much to the point. He said:

"Because I don't want to go to my own funeral."

Here is the old Nick Carter signature:



CLARE BRIGGS, the famous creator of "Skinnay," "When a Feller Needs a Friend," the Kelly Pool cartoons, and others equally well known, has contributed to the next number of this magazine an article of personal experiences that will carry every grown-up back to his childhood days.



Hide it from your Wife!

Every little while some lady writes to me that I ought to tell women that Mennen Shaving Cream is a marvelous complexion soap.

I refuse to do so, for I believe that if there is anything in this world a man is entitled to call his own, it is his shaving kit.

It's really a serious matter.

Suppose your wife were to learn what a suave, delicious lather she could enjoy with a speck of Mennen's and cold water, leaving her face and hands all soft, freshened up and rosy — how long would even our giant size, 50 cent tube last?

So it's my advice to hide Mennen's in a nice dark corner in your bathroom cabinet in behind the kids' castor oil, or some fine morning you'll find an empty tube and have to shave with the stuff your wife calls complexion soap. You'll understand then what women are up against. No wonder they worry about their complexions.

What I started to say, when I drifted onto this woman matter, is, that if you've never tried Mennen's, but have conservatively and profanely clung to the caustic shaving soap you learned to shave with, I want to point out three important superiorities of Mennen's:—

1. You positively do not have to rub in the lather to get a gorgeous shave.
2. You can get the same result with cold water as with hot. Even hard water makes no difference.
3. Because the Cream contains no caustic and is rich with soothing balm, it leaves the face feeling fine.

My 12 cent demonstrator tube offers a cautious way to learn whether I am honest or just a paid enthusiast.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Egan Comes Down to Earth

(*Continued from page 58*)

case, would you be willing to underwrite his salary just to make sure he gets a job with us!"

"Yes," said Martha.

"It'd take half the income from your mother's estate."

"I don't need it, anyway."

"In earnest?"

"Yes."

Henderson shaded his eyes with his hand as he stared across at her.

"Then you won't have to," he said. "If you feel as strong as *that* about it, he's as good as hired already."

"HOME" was a term which, as far as Egan was concerned, had been growing less and less applicable to the house on Vine Street. He was minded of one of his old fraternity songs: "There Is No Place Like Home to Me—That's Why I Stay Away." Miss McCain was frequently passed on the stairs, or in the hallway, and her behavior was irritating. She crowded the wall, like a timid fawn, and sniffled.

As for Mrs. McCain, her eyes were perpetually fixed on the fourth dimension. Occasionally she would find herself bobbing her head, while she made up vitriolic speeches for Eddie Macklin. It was disconcerting for the spectators. She was sometimes forgetful of her duties, too, and although Egan was sorry for her chilled heart, he couldn't carry his sympathy over to apply to his breakfast.

To Egan, the presence of the Honorable George had its drawbacks, also. The Honorable George was aging. His temper had frayed a little, and he had begun to think, at odd moments, of the next life. The Honorable George, like Egan, hadn't a living relative, and philosophy is cold comfort for a man who slips into the habit of waking up at night and dreaming of facing the end of things alone.

Egan would have fled the house in an instant, save for the responsibilities he felt that he had undertaken. His solicitude had entitled Mrs. McCain to imagine that he was going to pull up the Egan Company by its corporate boot straps. Judge Perkins had joined the household on Egan's representations. But there was no reason to prevent Egan from spending his late evenings at the Metropolitan Club, and, whether or not he felt guilty about it, he spent many of them there.

It was to the club, therefore, that Stanley Adams went in search of him.

"I've been looking for you everywhere, Bronson!"

"So? What's up?"

"I'm not sure. Let's go down to the grill where we can talk."

They went down to the deserted grill, where Egan commandeered a table.

"What's the answer?"

"Garrity," said the reporter. "Big Bill Garrity. The original square-head, Bronson. His neck keeps right on going as far as his cowlick."

"What have you been doing with Garrity?"

Adams drank half of his coffee at a gulp. "My own hunch has always been that Garrity's the universal joint of that busted company of yours. Garrity ran the plant all alone for nearly three months. Garrity was in charge during the strike. I still think somebody fomented that strike to put you people out of business. And if there was any mystery committed around there, Garrity's carrying it under his hat, and it's lonesome. He's a thirsty soul, with one ambition. He wants to have twenty-five thousand dollars in the bank, a big red automobile, and a stucco house with a glassed-in veranda on it, by the time he's sixty. He says he saved up ten thousand once; but he lost it on a speculation. Garrity'll talk to the high bidder —that's *my* guess."

"Who's bidding?"

"Wait!" Adams finished his coffee. "I went down to Garrity a few days ago to get a story on shop management—I didn't bother to tell him I'm not on the 'Times' any more—a story on how the foreman can make or break the boss by the way he handles his men. Garrity shied off like a scared elephant. So I switched the conversation around to pleasant things. He thinks the Republicans brought on the war, put up the taxes, and outlawed the booze. I let him convert me, but he had to fight for it. When I got converted, he brought out the refreshments. You could use it for a shampoo. He had to make faces when he drank it himself. But it's ag'in the law, so he loved it. I told him about a little private cache not too far from here. The next night we didn't make faces, and Garrity gave me a lecture."

"Well?"

"OH, he hasn't admitted anything! Far from it. He did talk generalities, the second time. But he lacks imagination. The man can't invent. All his generalities are out of his own experience. Our next step is to hunt up some of the men who worked under Garrity and find out how the labor trouble in the Egan plant happened. If it happened in about the same general way as Bill said it ought *not* to, why—"

Egan was thoughtful.

"Was Garrity quite responsible?"

"Up to a certain point," said Adams, grinning. "Yes, he was." Adams turned serious. "No, Bronson, we're on the trail. Garrity was certainly talking out of his own experience. Whether it was an echo of last fall, or not, remains to be seen. I've gone as far as I can; it's your turn next."

"Why do you think I ought to mix into it personally?"

"Well, if you could get at him when he's mellow, you'd get something worth while out of him. He's bitter as the devil against the Old Man, but he's full of soft soap about you. He thinks the Old Man ought to have given him more authority and a bit of stock. He doesn't think he ever had a chance. And he

spoke about you as though you hadn't had a chance, either. *I* believe that if you can hit him at the right time—"

Egan shook his head slowly. "I don't think I could quite do that, Uncle Stanley."

The journalist looked hard at him.

"I've paved the way, Bronson. I took it for granted, you—"

"I'm afraid not, Uncle Stanley." Egan hated to say it. "I appreciate everything you're trying to do for me, of course, but—even if your idea is the only one that'll work, I can't do it. I just can't. I'm sorry."

Adams drummed on the table.

"I don't believe you make very many allowances for people, Bronson. As a matter of fact, I don't believe you ever make any allowances for *any*body. . . . You're so confoundedly self-satisfied. Ever drink anything yourself?"

"Oh, yes. I'm not bigoted."

Adams continued to drum on the table. "Once I was going across Broadway," he said presently, "and a bum stopped me and asked for half a dollar. I asked him why in thunder *I* should give him a half a dollar. He said: 'Us gentlemen ought to stick together.' So I asked him how he knew I was a gentleman. 'Oh,' he said, 'I can tell it by your fur coat.'"

Egan laughed. "That isn't all, is it?"

"That's the end of the sentence. Period."

"I don't get the point."

"Maybe you judge too much by appearances."

"I— Well, it's a difficult thing to argue about."

"I don't think you know," said Adams, quite simply, "that when I was in New York I wasn't any howling success."

"I thought you were."

"I was at first. But you didn't suppose I'd have come back here if I'd gone *on* being successful, did you?"

"Well—no."

"Prohibition's a great thing for the people who don't need it. But I've got to have some sort of eraser. Just get pickled enough to forget what a fool I was to get pickled once too often. . . . You don't need to look at me that way; I haven't committed any crimes. . . . Only . . . there are too many things I don't like to remember. So it's really killing two birds with one stone when I have these sessions with Garrity."

"Even at that, Uncle Stanley—"

"You won't even close your fingers on the bird in the hand?"

"Not that way. I couldn't."

"Well—" Stanley Adams stared at him, shrugged his shoulders, and suddenly got up. "Then let's go home."

IN THE old living-room—now the communal "parlor"—of the Vine Street house, two men arose simultaneously as Adams and Egan went past the door.

"That you, Adams?" Eddie Macklin, followed by Mr. Kent, came out into the hall. "The landlady said you'd be in shortly, so we waited. Can we have ten minutes or so—privately?"

"Come up in my room. Good night, Bronson."

"Good night, everybody."

Adams escorted his visitors up-stairs, set out chairs for them, offered cigarettes. "What brought you around?"

Mr. Kent leaned toward him. "Adams, you're a sensible man."

"Thank you, Mr. Kent, thank you. That makes it unanimous."

Mr. Kent frowned at the levity. "You know that Eddie, here, is likely to be the next mayor of Plainfield?"

"I've heard it mentioned once or twice."

"If he's nominated, he'll be elected."

"That's true enough."

"And he'll be nominated, too."

"It may be so."

Mr. Kent was profoundly impressive. "Anybody who plays with fire is liable to get his fingers burned, isn't he?"

"It sounds reasonable."

"What we want to know is, are you going to oppose Eddie's nomination?"

Adams laughed aloud. "How can I, a newspaper man out of a job, oppose—"

"Suppose you got your job back. Would you write and sign an editorial article of the proper tenor?"

"Proper?"

"Yes; in favor of Eddie's candidacy."

"That's an important question."

"Well, how'll you answer it?"

ADAMS hesitated. "In the first place, I wouldn't go back to the 'Times.' In the second place, I wouldn't write political dope. In the third place, I wouldn't promise to back any candidate."

"But I think you'll do all three."

"Do you?"

"Something tells me so, Adams."

"One of those little birds you read about?"

"Exactly."

"I'd like to know what it said."

Kent glanced at Macklin. "When I was in New York in 1917, that little bird flew over to me from Hoboken—"

"Ah!"

"Am I right?"

"So far." Adams was visibly touched.

"Shall I go on?"

"Not necessary." Adams bit his lip, and Macklin grinned at him.

"I thought not. Now you have—or think you have—some information that might inject a bit of destructive . . . er . . . humor into this campaign. Correct? Suppose you and I both bury a certain portion of. . . er . . . the past. Suppose you go back to the 'Times'—I'll arrange so that it'll be smooth enough sailing for you, and—"

"And support Eddie?"

"Precisely."

"And the alternative—"

"That'll be what you make it."

Adams, who was sitting next the door, reached out and opened it.

"Oh, Bronson!" he called.

"Adams! Shut that door! Keep that fellow out of here!"

Egan appeared, pajama clad, on the threshold. "Want me, Uncle Stanley?"

"You bet! Sit down, Kent. You too, Macklin. Hold' em, Bronson!"

The two visitors, barred by Egan's hundred and eighty pounds of energy, halted. Kent was apoplectic. "Adams, if you— This is the most damnable—"

"Hold' em, Bronson. I just want you to hear—"

"Shut up! Shut up, or by the eternal! I'll make you—"

"They want me to go back on the 'Times' and support Eddie, or—"

"Adams, I've warned you!"

"Or they'll tell what I told you—

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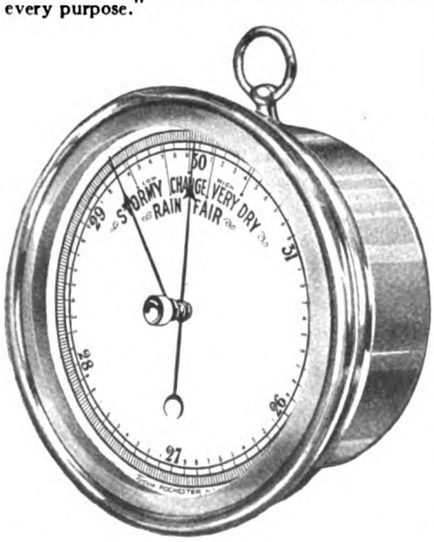

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practically—at the club an hour ago."

Kent relaxed. Eddie Macklin's mouth dropped in a feeble smile.

"That two years ago, after a newspaper party in Hoboken, when nobody was quite sober, I—I got married. On a bet, they said afterward."

Kent looked over at Egan. "To a chorus-girl, Bronson. Aren't you proud of your friend? Well—that settles it. Come on, Eddie."

"Not quite yet." Egan had put his back to the door. "What do you gentlemen think you're going to do now?"

"That's *our* affair; not yours."

"Oh, but since this is a family party—Eddie, why haven't you ever been to see me since that last night at Mr. Kent's house? Is that something that ought to be aired, too?"

The room was vibrant with silence. Adams had gone over and sat down limply on the bed, his head in his hands. Macklin was stone.

"Bronson," said Mr. Kent with difficulty, "you and I are too old friends to stand here like this. If these other two want to fight, let's you and I drop out of it. I've simply beaten Adams at his own game. He tried to blackmail Eddie, and I—"

Egan nodded at Macklin. "Told Mr. Kent about Charlie Feinberg, yet?"

The prospective mayor gulped. "Y-yes, Bronson. That's all right."

Mr. Kent looked from one to the other. "Maybe it is—and maybe it isn't. Eddie says— Go ahead, Bronson."

"Shall I, Eddie?"

Macklin, driven to desperation, shook his head in a jerk of hysteria. Kent, staring at him, smiled crookedly. "By God!" he said, "I believe you lied to me about that, too!"

"No, Mr. Kent,—no, I didn't—"

"We'll *see*. Bronson—"

Adams lifted his head from his hands. "Chase 'em out, Bronson. My head aches. I can't go this any longer. Chase 'em out, will you?"

Egan stepped aside from the door. "As long as it's Adams's room, gentlemen—"

Kent had snatched up his hat. "Can I see you a minute?"

"Not to-night, I'm afraid."

"To-morrow morning?"

"I'll be out at Sanford."

"To-morrow night?"

"Yes."

"My house?"

"That'll do."

"Come along, Eddie. . . . "

EGAN went over and rested his hand on the journalist's shoulder. "Uncle Stanley—"

"It was a bet," said Adams thickly. "One of those crazy— She wouldn't get a divorce, and I can't. She—she liked the idea of being married. It was so . . . sort of respectable. She's never taken any money from me . . . never asked. I haven't seen her since. That's what I've had on my mind, Bronson, boy. . . . They tried to club me with it."

"Never you mind, Uncle Stanley. We're not afraid—" He felt queerly inefficient.

Adams struggled to recover his balance. "I heard you giving 'em hell, Bronson. Good boy. Oh . . . what a hog-pen of a world this is. Well—the cat's out of the bag, who cares? Got something on *them*, have you? What's it about?"

Egan laughed mirthlessly. "I've got something on *some*body," he said; "but the devil of it is that I don't know myself what it's about."

XVI

AT HALF past eleven in the morning, Mr. Martin Henderson, bouncing stiffly in the tonneau of his big blue touring car, perceived far ahead of him a knot of laborers.

Ahead, there were construction shacks, and great irregular heaps of crude materials. Heavy motor trucks stood athwart the roadbed, soaking up heat. Laborers, half clad, dripping from none too vigorous exertion, languorously swung their picks and shovels, every ear tuned to the whistle, still thirty minutes away. The foreman mechanically harangued them.

Henderson, bouncing up and down and sidewise over the execrable highway, managed to lean forward without losing his balance. "St-stop here," he said.

Obediently, the chauffeur stopped. Henderson drew a long breath, and, with a sigh of relief, stared at the foreman. The foreman, indifferent to casuals, continued his steady harangue.

"Get a move on you, Giuseppe; that shovel isn't going to bite you. Three and a half foot deep over here—that right? Go sit down a minute, Angelo; you're all in. No, they won't dock you. *I'm* bossin' this job. Three foot five? Not enough. See if you fellows can't level that out by noon. *Andiamo! Cavalleria Rusticana! Pagliacci!*"

Half a dozen of the toilers laughed toothfully.

"Same for tutti-frutti," observed the foreman. "Hey, there! you long-legged bandit with the green handkerchief!"

"Ah, banditt'!" chorused the same half-dozen gleefully.

"What's your name? Sapolio? Well, Sapolio, don't you forget I'm putting up a quarter for the first pick that strikes bedrock. And I'll give the last one a poke in the eye—maybe. Understand? Go to it." Here he caught sight of Henderson.

Henderson beckoned. "Come here a minute, young man, will you?"

At a distance of thirty feet, Egan surveyed him. Egan was wearing an old pair of corduroy trousers, and an olive drab flannel shirt, open at the throat, an army web belt and clumsy army shoes. He was hot and tired and dusty, and for the day's work he received five dollars.

He surveyed Henderson calmly. The Egan of three months ago would have revolted sharply at the patronage; the Egan of to-day was a fairly humble young man. It was evident in his bearing—not that he had weakened, but rather the contrary. He had learned. Presently, after just enough hesitation to betray something of what was in his thoughts, he came forward to the rich man's car.

"You look as though it wouldn't hurt you much to take a rest," said Henderson pleasantly.

"It *is* different from riding," said Egan.

"Want to take a ride?"

"No, thanks. This is the company's time."

Henderson grinned. "I noticed you gave away some of it just now, though."

Egan glanced over his shoulder toward his gang. "You mean Angelo over by the shack? That's different. He's sick."

"Still, you took the responsibility."

"Oh, yes."

Mr. Henderson nodded. "Well, I don't mind taking some myself. I'm a director of this trolley line, too. I want to talk to you."

"I think I'd better stay in this neighborhood, thank you."

Mr. Henderson, casting about him, detected a shade tree a hundred yards away. "We'll run up under that spreading chestnut tree," he said. "You and I've got something to say to each other."

EGAN gazed at him. "All right. Go ahead—I'll be right over." He turned, and went slowly back to his gang. He was puzzled by his own reception of Henderson; he wondered if he had ceased to hate Henderson, and why. He remembered something that Judge Perkins had once said: "It's been my experience," the judge had said, "that when you get to hating a man, you hate him all over. If you get to thinking a man's a villain, you think he's a villain from the time he gets up in the morning to the time he goes to bed at night. You'd think there was something shady behind it if you saw him walk into a church, or give a dollar to a blind beggar outside." Egan had indeed felt this way about Henderson. Now, he didn't. Though the man had fought Egan's father, and supposedly destroyed the loftiest of Egan's commercial ambitions, still, he didn't hate him. He merely disliked him—and wanted to know what he had to say.

"You keep on hustling," he said to his squad. "Big boss—hustle like merry diablo. Whistle blows in ten minutes."

The chauffeur had been furloughed and was smoking cigarettes out of earshot. Henderson made room on the seat.

"I suppose you're wondering what brought me out here, aren't you?"

"I can't imagine."

"This Air Traffic Company."

"Oh!"

"The only time we ever met before wasn't quite so chummy as it might have been. I've been sort of sorry for it."

"So have I."

"Well, I *have*. You and I needn't have quarreled. But you lit into us so quick, you know. I'm sort of peppery myself. And it was an awful hot day, you remember. But that's neither here nor there. . . . What I want you to understand is that I wouldn't do one single thing to damage you in any way, shape, nor manner. I guess you've had hard luck enough."

"That's very kind of you."

"Now don't be hard to talk to. You know what brought me out here?"

"You've already said what it is."

Henderson waited until the screech of sirens from all the Plainfield factories had died away. "I wish I'd known earlier that you'd been scouting around on the same thing. I only got wind of it last night."

"You don't mean to say you didn't *know* I'd been scouting around?"

"Well, I didn't know *much* about it. That's a gospel fact. I didn't know you had any transportation ideas. I knew you planned some kind of an exhibition scheme—a flying circus, or—*I* didn't know. That's gospel truth."

"I'll take your word for it."

Henderson regarded him analytically. "This job you've got here isn't what you think is your limit, is it?"

"Meaning what?"

Henderson deliberated. "I guess I won't beat around the bush. If I'd known you had any interest in this air game, I'd have tried to let you in for a piece of it. You're qualified, fast enough."

Egan laughed. "As one of your pilots?"

"Better than that. Director of Flying Operations, or something on that order."

"Are you actually offering me a place in your company, Mr. Henderson?"

The stout man gesticulated. "Wait! I don't want you to make any snap decisions. I don't want you to go off half-cocked. Take time on it. Don't say a word. Now, listen; you're a scrapper, and that counts one for you. You know the air game. You've had ideas. You've bossed men. You've had military training. I came out here to try to make you see we hadn't—"

"Was this Air Traffic Company your own scheme?"

"No; they got it up two months ago. They put it up to me when I was off in New York; I got some advice, and decided to go into it."

"But you're speaking for the group?"

"I'M SPEAKING as chairman of the Board of Directors. Listen! You're in the position lots of men with good ideas get in. Big capital comes along and swamps you. And, besides, you'd be a valuable man in the right place. I don't believe this is the place, out here on a buckaroo's job. The future isn't as good as you think it is. This isn't your field. I want you to take plenty of time to think this over. A couple of days, anyway—more if you want. You're not an experienced man except for one class of work. That's where you're valuable; that's where you'll get the most money.

"You can come with us at three thousand. That's more'n you're worth, but we'll pay it to you so you'll work your head off to hurry up and be worth it. In three or four months, you'll either have made good or fallen down.

"If you make good, we'll fix it so you can have some stock, and if you keep on going, pretty soon you'll naturally be one of the junior vice presidents, and a member of the board, yourself. That's what's ahead of it. It's worth thinking over. Suppose the worst occurs, and the company don't pay. If you've done well, you'll have made a reputation with the heads of the biggest concerns in Plainfield. You'll have a future. And I'm not here to throw you any sops or any bouquets, either. I came out the minute I gathered you might be in the market for this kind of a job."

Egan deliberated. "Was that the only reason that brought you?"

"Yes. I telephoned you last evening, but you weren't in."

"I see." Egan looked down. "Of course, if you insist on my thinking it over, I'll say I'll think, but—"

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"Oh, I know if you answered now you'd say 'No'."

"Do you?"

"Certainly. That's why I *want* you to think. We've got a meeting of the Board this afternoon and one Saturday. I'd kind of like to have you make up your mind by Saturday. That gives you four days. And—" He unexpectedly put his hand on Egan's knee. "Be reasonable."

"The answer'll be no, Mr. Henderson."

"Now *don't*—"

"I'll get word to you again by the end of the week, but—"

"Egan, it's the chance of a lifetime. *You* can't lose, no matter what happens."

"And it's because you think I'll work loyally and faithfully for you, and help put money in your pockets, and—"

Henderson's shoulders expressed his opinion.

"It's a job, just the same as any other job."

Slander was on the tip of Egan's tongue, but he held it back. Martha had sent Henderson here; he was sure of it. It gained immunity for the parent.

"The answer'll be no; but I appreciate—"

"Nothing's final yet. You've got four days. We want all the local men we can get. It's good business to have local men in it, Egan. There's nothing fishy about it. I wanted you to know as quick as you could I hadn't intended to cramp your style. I wish I'd known before. I wish you'd have come to me. You wouldn't have found me a bad man to do business with, no matter *what* you'd been brought up to think. Your old man and I had plenty of scrimmages, but that don't prevent *us* from getting together. I could've helped you. I can help you right now. You think it over." He signaled to the chauffeur.

Egan clambered out to the road. His curiosity was highly aroused; he couldn't comprehend what motives were really behind Henderson's apparent magnanimity.

"All right," he said. "I'll get word to you somehow by Saturday morning."

XVII

HE HAD heard, of course, that Martha was in Plainfield. He wanted to see her, and when he had weighed the matter, he decided that there was no disloyalty involved. The only thing about it was that Mary, on Sunday afternoon, had held Egan's hand with significant firmness, and begged him not to forget that they were friends. Mary had been very much upset, that Sunday. She seemed to need more cheering up than usual. She had made Egan feel that while he wasn't actually engaged to her, his obligation was doubly binding. And, for a fact, he had been greatly moved by her evident dependence upon him. She had aroused all his protective instincts. It was a shame that she was bound to a man like Macklin. Egan was inclined to think that chivalry compelled him to maintain his status toward her, if only as a bulkhead. She needed his friendship so much—and she might need more. Besides, she had vaguely reminded him of his promise. Curious girl, Mary. No other girl he had ever known would have done that.

But he went eventually to the Plainfield House, and saw Martha in the gorgeous public drawing-room on the second floor. Publicity meant safety, anyway.

They were both acutely self-conscious as they shook hands.

"I thought I'd better come to see you," he said. "Your father looked me up this morning. You knew he would, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"What I want to find out from you is what you said to him that made him come."

Martha flushed. "What *I* said?"

"Oh, I know you must have said something. That's what makes it rather awkward now. I wouldn't do anything in the world to hurt your feelings, if—" His voice sank. "If there were any other way out of it."

"Hurting my feelings, Mr. Egan?"

"Wouldn't it hurt your feelings if, after all you've tried to do for me—and I'm more grateful than I could ever tell you—I found I couldn't—couldn't *possibly* . . . go with that company?"

SHE gave a little start of surprise. "Why, I thought that was all decided!"

"It is, practically. But—"

"But—" She was breathing a little excitedly. "I wouldn't have said a word, even to you, until. . . . Dad doesn't like to have me talk about his things, but—Why, Mr. Egan, don't you know what happened this afternoon?"

"No. But I know I turned it down this morning."

"*When?*"

"Oh, somewheres around noon."

"To *Dad?*"

"Certainly."

"But he can't have understood it that way!"

"I think it was as clear as anybody could make it, Miss Henderson."

Her eyes were very wide. "That's awfully funny. . . . Why did you turn it down? Because you don't like Dad?"

"Why—"

"We've always been perfectly frank with each other, up to now, haven't we? I've known you didn't like Dad. I told him I felt it—and he explained how he'd always had to fight your old firm, and how there got to be hard feelings—but that shouldn't have made *you* keep it up, necessarily. And after he found out from me last night what you'd been planning to do, and how Air Traffic must have crushed you, he was so sorry. . . . *I* didn't suggest his getting you; he thought of it himself. He said you were exactly *the* man. . . . And this afternoon they had a directors' meeting. He telephoned me before dinner. He'd told the other directors he wanted you and—and some of them, not all of them but some of them, were against it. And they had a long, long squabble and—"

"I *told* him I couldn't accept," said Egan blankly.

"And *he* told the directors they'd have you, or they wouldn't have him!"

"No!" said Egan.

"But he *did!* That's exactly what he told them. He said they hadn't been fair to you. He said you're the only man he could put his hands on who knew

exactly what was needed, and had all the qualities they wanted. And he said if they wouldn't let him have his own way and he resigned, he'd publish a statement in the newspapers and tell exactly why. He just *sat* on it, until everybody crumbled." She brushed her eyes. "So that's why I can't understand—"

Egan cleared his throat. "Mr. Henderson—did all that?"

"Yes, he did. And just because he's sure you're the man he wants. He said he's only seen you once in his life, but he *knew* you. And then you talk about not . . . liking him!"

"I didn't say I didn't like him," said Egan under his breath.

"Maybe you didn't say so in so many words, but I've always known it. And you don't know him any better than he does you!"

"Yes—I think I do."

"Well—*how?*"

Egan was rattled. "I just feel that I do."

"And so you don't want to work for Air Traffic simply because you don't like him, and he's a director? I don't see why you were willing to work on the trolley line, then. It's the same thing. He's a director of *that*. You aren't going to give up the position you've got now, are you?"

Egan, conceding reluctantly that it might be silly, said that he hated to feel that he was offered preference out of pity.

"Pity!" she echoed, with gentle asperity. "The only way *I* pity you is because you're so stubborn you'll miss half the good things in life without your ever knowing it!"

"Would it please you so much if I took that job?"

"Why, *I* don't care," she said. "*I* don't care whether you do or not. But it's such a good chance for you. It's exactly the right thing—just as though it were made for you."

"Well, wasn't it?"

"*No*. I've told you over and over again. And if you let silly prejudices stand in your way all the time, you won't ever amount to anything, after all. Please be sensible."

EGAN tried to think what was sensible. There was the money end of it. There was the association. There was a potential future. There was—Henderson. And there was also, indirectly, Martha. He looked at Martha, found her looking at him, and both of them were agitated.

It occurred to him suddenly that every one of the Air Traffic directors had been intimately concerned with his progress. Some of them had been connected with the Egan Company; some were owners of newspapers.

Egan fell to stroking his chin. What might he not learn by association? What might he not unearth?

"Would it please you—if I changed my mind, and accepted?" he asked, soberly.

"Yes, it would, Mr. Egan."

"Then I'll change it," he said; and the instant the words were spoken, he almost wished them unsaid. Not for any of the reasons which had previously influenced him, but for another, and a curiously illuminating reason. He had to confess to himself that it was Martha's personality

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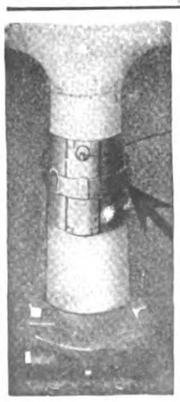

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Electric Intake Heater assures easy and quick starting on the coldest winter day, *and saves drain on the battery.* No priming. No delays. Operates from dash switch. Easy to attach. *No drilling or tapping or alterations.* Entirely out of the way. Always ready and perfect in performance.

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which had swayed him. Would he have done it for Mary? Had he yielded to Mary when Colonel Kent had offered him preferment?

"I'm *so* glad," she breathed. "And won't you please believe that I never did tell him a word about your plans, Mr. Egan? Not a single syllable. That's how he didn't know until just last night that you'd had any. Mr. Richards started the company, and asked Dad in. Honestly."

"Of course I believe you," said Egan. His tone was equivalent to a much more important declaration.

Abstractedly, he said good-bye to Martha. He hoped fervently that she would be well and happy. Unsatisfied, even by the message her hand in his conveyed to him, he went slowly home. Only after he had put his light out did he confess that under no conditions would he have done it for Mary. Only then did he begin to wonder what he should do about his promise to Mary. Wouldn't it be for the greater happiness of the greater number of people if he should break it?

(*To be continued*)

The Girl at the Switchboard

(*Continued from page 47*)

with the firm, and perhaps for twenty he has held the position of chief clerk. His law is absolute, and there is no appeal from his judgments. Go over his head with a just complaint and you are coldly referred back to 'Mr. Smith.' This fellow does all the hiring and firing, and his chief enjoyment comes from the latter. He takes a fiendish glee in canning some poor kid that's just commencing to think he's caught on, and perhaps there's a big future for him with the Worthman Tire and Rubber Company. You may laugh at this, but to a lot of us with some ambition a job that pays even enough to keep body and soul together is a serious thing, especially if by any stretch of your imagination you can see big things in it when you've shown your worth. Nearly every young fellow that starts at the bottom for one of these big concerns has visions of seeing 'General Manager' on his office door some day, if he has anything in him at all. How long does it take him to lose that lure? Anywhere from a month to a year. Then he is tickled to death if he can hold his job. He—"

"Just a minute, please!" I says. "I most sincerely hope and trust that *you* are not that kind of a male—that is, if our acquaintance is to continue. Since early childhood I have despised quitters. I care not what the conditions are in your office, or what kind of a office it is, if you have the stuff in you, that small, petty business about havin' a cranky old boss, such as you describe, will be nothin'. In fact, if you ask me, I think you're payin' too much attention to that end of it now. If you find things as tough as you say, jump out and get a job somewheres else!"

DuKane drawed himself up and got

quite dignified. In fact, for a minute I thought he was gonna make a bow and go right home by himself. Instead, he said this, in a voice as cold as the middle of January:

"Apart from the reasons I have already given you, I have a very definite purpose in remaining with the Worthman Tire and Rubber Company, in spite of the obnoxious conditions in the office. I am not a quitter, as you intimate, or I would have left them long ago. Phineas R. Smith is not merely a cranky old boss. He is a fiend incarnate, a misanthrope with the soul of an oyster and the exquisite cruelty of a Tartar chief. He has constantly abused and humiliated me without any reason except to give vent to his spleen. Let me appear five minutes late and the incident becomes a spectacle for the other clerks. I am called out from my desk in full view and hearing of the entire office, and presented with a dressing-down that would give credit to a drill sergeant, and fills me with a desire to take him by his scrawny throat and choke the damnable gall out of him. Instead, I say, 'Yes, sir, Mr. Smith!' and go back to my desk. And still—I stay. The other bunch in the office say I'm a glutton for punishment, and I guess a lot of 'em sneer at me behind my back as being a moral coward, without spine enough to tell this old fiend what I think of him—and quit. They don't know why he doesn't fire me and be done with it. *I* do! Bawling me out affords him the only pleasure he gets or ever has got out of life."

"WELL," I says fin'ly, "I'm afraid I don't quite get you yet. If *I* was a man, or even as I am, a woman, I'd never stand for any such layout as that—not if I had to starve! Either you are gettin' paid four million dollars a week or—"

"That's it," he butts in; "*or* is right! I said I have a definite purpose in remaining in this office. *In a very short time I hope to be Smith's superior!* I've worked out a scheme during the three years I've been with the firm that will bring them millions in extra profits the first year alone. You know we're one of the largest tire manufacturers in the country. Well, every year there are thousands of tires that become slightly blemished in the making. A mold slips, let us say, and the result may be a wholly unnoticeable and minute imperfection which in no way spoils the usefulness of the tire. It's just as good as a new one, there's every chance that it will stand up just as long, and the layman would see nothing whatever the matter with it, but—it cannot be sold as a new or 'first' tire; it at once becomes a 'second,' however slight the imperfection. For years it has been the custom of all the big auto tire companies to sell these seconds to jobbers here and there—usually at a big loss.

One jobber may handle the seconds of a score or more of companies, and in spite of the fact that the makers demand that they be plainly marked 'seconds,' even going so far as to remove the factory serial number, there are unscrupulous dealers who sell these tires as 'firsts,' naturally at a tremendous profit. Now, selling these seconds for what they are is a legitimate business and a highly profitable one. *A company which could control the industry's entire output of seconds*

Be Well—*have a* Good Figure

Let me help you.

Miss Cocroft is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men.

BE FREE from nagging ailments! Weigh what you should weigh! Have a perfect figure! Be happy! Enjoy life!

I have helped 92,000 refined, intellectual women regain health and good figures. I have taught them how to keep well. Why not you? You can devote just a few minutes a day in your room to principles which I direct and

You can weigh exactly what you should

I KNOW it. I have reduced the weight of 40,000 women and increased the weight of 40,000 more. I can do the same for you. My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and appeal to common sense.

Don't envy the friend who has a wonderful figure. Perfect your own. You will look a lot better in a modest dress if you carry it well than in an expensive gown with a poor figure.

Your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and you CAN reach your ideal in figure and poise.

Judge what I can do for you by what I have done for others.

Extracts from Letters:

"The other day I weighed 120 pounds. When I first wrote you I weighed 166. I look 10 years younger."

"I have reduced 38 pounds in three months and every one says I look so much better."

"Father says your course is worth $1,000 to me."

"I am fine! Just think, only a few weeks ago I suffered continually with indigestion and every vital organ was sluggish. Now I feel like a new woman."

The most progressive physicians are my friends. Their wives and daughters are my pupils. Medical magazines advertise my work.

My New Course in Self Mastery

is now before the public. For 17 years I have restored functioning of vital organs with marked success, yet unable in all cases to gain best results due to unhealthy habits of thought. In this new course of Self Mastery I work in harmony with principles of psychology. I train mind and body together.

Through the orderly development of your innate power you can have richer health and the power to rebuild body, mind and soul.

I teach you how to be a happy, self-reliant woman understanding the laws of Nature.

You can train yourself in quickness of perception, clearness, precision, and develop a prompt response of muscle to brain.

Realize that you can plan your life and work out your plan. In fact

You Can Be What You Wish To Be

if you are willing to train the mind to right thinking as the muscles to right action.

By directing the thoughts and the daily activities, as well as correcting physical ailments, as explained above, I have helped my pupil to fix her ideal of what she wishes to become and by directing body, mind and spirit together, we have realized this ideal for her. She has learned to give little things their little places and realize the big things in life.

Hundreds of letters have come to me from every pupil whom I have trained in this new course, telling of their entire satisfaction.

One can study the physical course alone, Self Mastery alone, or the combined course of Body, Mind and Soul. Write me about yourself. *Be sure to state what particular problem confronts you.* I will hold your letter in strict confidence and will tell you personally whether I can help your case. Sit down and write me NOW. Don't wait, you may forget it.

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PETER HENDERSON & CO. 35 & 37 CORTLANDT ST NEW YORK CITY

Why Do People Like William S. Hart and Dorothy Dalton

Dorothy Dalton
Thomas H. Ince Star appearing in Paramount-Artcraft Pictures

What Dr. Blackford Says

[Partial Analysis made from photographs]

Miss Dalton has a particularly fine physical organization. She belongs to the vital-motive type. Note the roundness of her features and the fulness of her figure. The motive qualities show in the squareness of her face in full front view, and in the graceful poses and movements of her body. She has splendid recuperative power. This gives vivacity, responsive energies, warmth and enthusiasm of nature.

Miss Dalton is distinctly feminine in type. Note the slightly concave nose, tilted up at the end, the soft curves of her face and body, and the cupid-bow lips. Feminine characteristics are further shown in her large, soulful eyes, her long, curling lashes, and the subtle humor and coquetry in her facial expression.

Miss Dalton belongs to the convex type, with the exception of the nose, which is plane tending to concave. Convexity of features indicates keenness, quick responses, quickness in action and directness in speech. These qualities Miss Dalton manifests in her quick responsiveness to conditions of environment, in her quick comprehension of artistic values and her readiness to make the most of a dramatic situation.

She is very emotional and strongly sentimental, and appeals to these qualities in her audience. One loves Dorothy Dalton because she has the art of winning your affection through her heart appeal.

WHY is Dorothy Dalton so well loved by her followers? Why does William S. Hart attract and hold the admiration of almost every one? They both know the secret of making people like them.

If Dorothy Dalton and William S. Hart can do the thing that makes themselves liked by the most cosmopolitan audience in the world—people they never see—think how much earier it will be for you to master this ability—win the confidence and liking of the people with whom you come in contact.

You too can have the power of making people like you. For by the same method used by Dr. Blackford in analyzing Miss Dalton and Mr. Hart, you can, at a glance, tell the characteristics of any man, woman or child—tell instantly their likes and dislikes, and YOU CAN MAKE PEOPLE LIKE YOU. Here is how it is done.

Everyone you know can be placed in one of two general types—blond or brunet. There is as big a difference between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet as there is between night and day. You persuade a blond in one way—a brunet in another. Blonds enjoy one phase of life—brunets another. Blonds make good in one kind of job—brunets in one entirely different.

To know these differences scientifically is the first step in judging men and women: in getting on with them: mastering their minds: in making them like you: in winning their respect, admiration, love and friendship.

And when you have learned these differences —when you can tell at a glance just what to do and say to make any man or woman like you, your success in life is assured.

Paul Graham was a blond, and not until he had learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunet did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did not have the ability to mix with big men: did not know how to make people like him.

Independent Corporation
119 West 40th Street
New York City

Dear Sirs:

It was with great interest that I read Dr. Blackford's character analysis of Miss Dorothy Dalton. From a long acquaintance with Miss Dalton it gives me pleasure to say that Dr. Blackford has unerringly depicted Miss Dalton's characteristics.

Everyone knows of Miss Dalton's outstanding histrionic ability and personal charm, but this is the first time to my knowledge that anyone has stated the basis from which these personal qualities spring. I feel sure that Dr. Blackford's analysis will not only be interesting to everyone but informative as well

Cordially yours,
(Signed) B. E. SIEBEL,
Manager to Miss Dalton.

What Miss Dalton's Manager says

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham became popular. Business men of importance who had formerly given him only a passing nod of acquaintance suddenly showed a desire for his friendship. People—even strangers—actually went out of their way to do things for him. Even he was astounded at his new power over men and women. Not only could he get them to do what he wanted them to do, but they actually anticipated his wishes and seemed eager to please him.

From the day the change took place, he began to go up in business. Now he is the Head Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

Another example—the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout, he pacified the men and headed off the strike, And not only this, but ever since then, that factory has led all the others for production. He was able to do this, because he knew how to make these men like him and to do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and was openly disliked by every person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that in three weeks he had made fast friends of

everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well liked.

A certain woman who had this ability moved with her family to another town. As is often the case, it was a very difficult thing for any woman to break into the chill circle of society in this town if she was not known. But her ability to make people like her soon won for her the close friendship of many of the "best families" in the town. Some people wonder how she did it. It was simply the secret at work—the secret of judging people's characters and making them like you.

You realize, of course, that just knowing the difference between a blond and a brunet could not accomplish all these wonderful things. There are other things to be taken into account. But here is the whole secret.

You know everyone does not think alike. What one likes another dislikes. And what offends one pleases another. Well, there is your cue. You can make an instant "hit" with anyone if you say the things they want you to say and act the way they want you to act. Do this and they will surely like you and believe in you and go miles out of their way to PLEASE YOU.

You can do this easily by knowing certain simple signs. In addition to the difference in complexion every man, woman and child has written on them signs as distinct as though they were in letters a foot high, which show you from one quick glance exactly what to say and do to please them—to get them to believe—to think as you think—to do exactly what you want them to do.

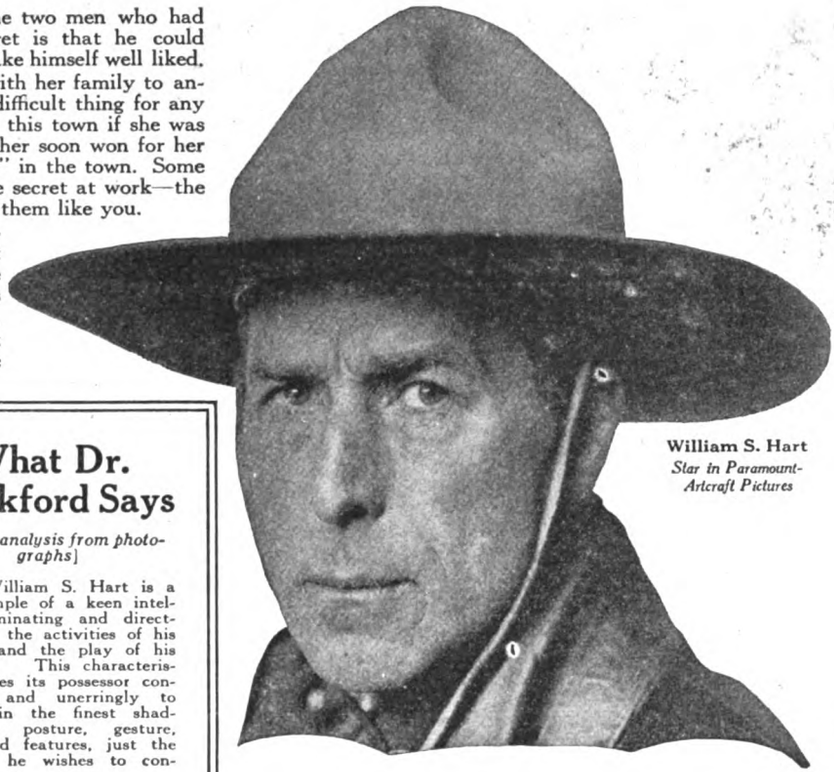
As unerringly as Dr. Blackford has told the characteristics of Miss Dalton and Mr. Hart you can tell the weak and strong points of character in everyone you meet.

In knowing these simple signs is the whole secret of getting what you want out of life—making friends of business and social advantage. Every great leader uses this method. That is why he IS a leader. Use it yourself and you will quickly become a leader—nothing can stop you.

You have heard before of Dr. Blackford, the Character Analyst. Dr. Blackford's development and application of the science of Character Analysis has been built on a solid foundation of direct professional study of all kinds of men and women. After years of extensive consulting work among business concerns, merchants, manufacturers, Chambers of Commerce, and trade associations, Dr. Blackford made a trip around the world, observing widely different races, comparing notes with leading specialists of forty nations, comparing theories with such famous authorities as Alfred Haddon, Metchnikoff and Giuseppe Sergi, and studying the exhaustive records of Bertillon. So Dr. Blackford's store of ideas in the realm of human relations has become probably the most carefully arranged exhibit of facts on character study in the United States.

It is not surprising, therefore, that many concerns will not employ a man without first getting Dr. Blackford to pass on him. Concerns such as Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Baker-Vawter Company, the Laurentide Company, Ltd., and many others pay Dr. Blackford large annual fees for advice on dealing with human nature.

So great was the demand for these services, that Dr. Blackford could not even begin to fill all the engagements. So Dr. Blackford has explained the method in a simple seven-lesson course, entitled, "Reading Character at Sight." Even a half hour's reading of this wonderful course will give you an insight into human nature, and a power over people which will surprise you.



William S. Hart
Star in Paramount-Artcraft Pictures

What Dr. Blackford Says

[Partial analysis from photographs]

Mr. William S. Hart is a fine example of a keen intellect, dominating and directing both the activities of his muscles and the play of his emotions. This characteristic enables its possessor consciously and unerringly to express in the finest shadings of posture, gesture, walk, and features, just the meaning he wishes to convey.

This is shown, first, by the height, breadth and depth of his forehead and the keenness of his eye, indicating intellectual power of penetration; second by the length and firmness of his upper lip—indicating control of emotion—and the length and firmness of his chin, indicating control of physical activities.

Keen observation is shown in the fine development of the lower part of the forehead, which is prominent just above the eyes, while judgment of human nature is shown in the height of the forehead directly above the root of the nose.

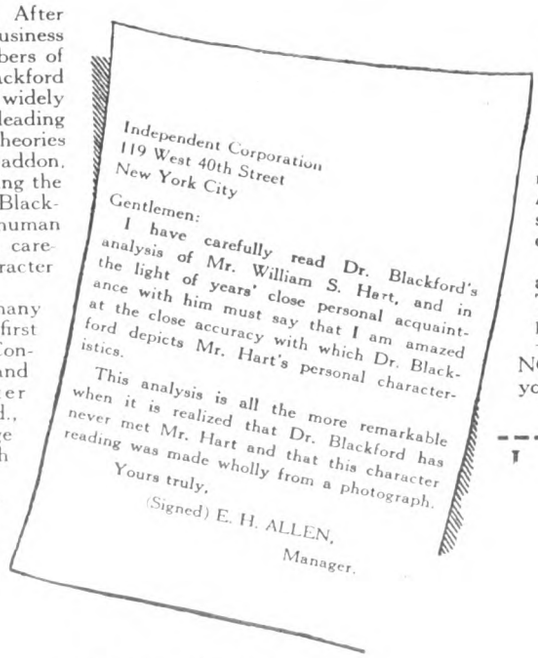
It follows from this that he is a keen, shrewd judge of human nature. He uses this knowledge of people not only to portray their joys, their sorrows, their passions, and their sympathies, but also as a basis for judgment as to what will please them in the pictures.

One of the most marked traits about Mr. Hart is his determination which is shown in the long, firm upper lip, the square, deep jaw, the straight, dogged cut of the lips across the face, and the high head.

His determination is backed by courage. Courage is shown in the long, large but well-balanced nose; the straight, level gaze; and the prominence of the lower end of the chin.

So we have in him a man who by keen observation and smoothly working intellect, fixes upon his purposes, who knows how to influence, persuade and direct people to play their parts in his plans, who has the courage to attempt big things and the determination to accomplish them in spite of difficulties and obstacles.

These are qualities which largely explain Mr. Hart's success in motion pictures, but he adds to them an unusual capacity for concentration. He not only starts, but no matter how disagreeable and difficult the job, he sticks and he finishes.



Independent Corporation
119 West 40th Street
New York City

Gentlemen:

I have carefully read Dr. Blackford's analysis of Mr. William S. Hart, and in the light of years' close personal acquaintance with him must say that I am amazed at the close accuracy with which Dr. Blackford depicts Mr. Hart's personal characteristics.

This analysis is all the more remarkable when it is realized that Dr. Blackford has never met Mr. Hart and that this character reading was made wholly from a photograph.

Yours truly,

(Signed) E. H. ALLEN,
Manager.

What Mr. Hart's Manager

Such confidence have the publishers in Dr. Blackford's Course, "Reading Character at Sight," that they will gladly send it to you on approval, all charges prepaid Look it over thoroughly. See if it lives up to all the claims made for it. If you do not want to keep it, then return it and the transaction is closed. And if you decide to keep it—as you surely will—then merely remit five dollars in full payment.

Remember, you take no risk, you assume no obligation to buy. The entire course goes to you on approval. You have everything to gain—nothing to lose. So mail the coupon NOW, and learn how to make people [illegible] you, while this remarka[illegible]

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Give Grenville Kleiser (famous Speech Specialist) 15 minutes daily and

He Will Give You a Mastery of Words

There are no old-fashioned wearisome rules of grammar to memorize. By an entirely new plan you absorb and immediately apply the fruits of years of teaching experience which are compressed into twenty intimate home lessons.

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Enlarge Your Stock of Words—

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"Your course is almost painfully needed by many professional writers and speakers. A student who intelligently follows your course will know what he is talking about when he talks or when he writes. His audience will certainly know, because he will talk well, no matter what his subject."

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Eminent Novelist, Dramatist, and War Correspondent Author of "K." "Kings, Queens and Pawns." etc.

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[illegible] to read this booklet that you may [illegible] this course will do for you, the real [illegible] you in a hundred different [illegible] English and realize your [illegible] your best. It means [illegible] every way.

[illegible]OW

would literally make millions—and that's my scheme: The Worthman Tire and Rubber Company to form a subsidiary firm that will have the exclusive right to handle the seconds of *every rubber company in the country!*"

"Well," I says, "that sure sounds pretty big."

"Big?" he says, slappin' his hands together. "It's just big enough to revolutionize the entire rubber game around these parts! Why, I've been planning and scheming this thing out for years. I know the rubber game from top to bottom—I've had to learn it to hold this job of mine. I've got so much dope on this thing to take to the head of the firm when I'm ready to spring it that I'll probably have to wheel it into his office on a truck. I've sounded out the sales managers of several of the big companies, and they're ready to come into line the minute we go to them with a concrete proposition. This thing hits 'em all right where they live, because I'm giving them a *certainty* of disposing of *all* their seconds at a fair price for, say, the next ten years. Instead of hiring a lot of expensive salesmen to dig up territory for small lots here and there, I got a company that will take over all they can deliver, and pay spot cash. It will take capital to start it, but the thing's a gold mine."

HE STOPPED, outa breath, and I looked at him. With that perfectly handsome face of his all flushed up with excitement of the thing and his clear blue eyes borin' through mine—well he was awful easy to look at.

"How did you ever happen to dope—to think of all this?" I says. I hadda say somethin', he was lookin' at me too earnest and long.

"The answer is Phineas R. Smith!" he says.

"Oh—it's his idea then, eh?" I asks him.

"His nothing!" he snorts. "He never had an idea in his life. The first time *he'll* ever hear of this is when I'm general sales manager and *can* him. I had an idea for an advertising stunt once, and I told it to him, thinking it would get me a raise. It got me nothing. The firm got the idea, and that old skinflint got the credit. No—I guess you misunderstood me in regard to Smith's relation to my idea. You've heard a million stories about men who have become famous through love; well I guess you could call *this* a story of a man who expects to get over through *hate*. For three years I've been planning for the day when I'll be that old pest's boss. Honestly, my desire to square accounts with him has been an inspiration. I knew there was only one way to get into a position where he'd be subject to my authority, and that was to make good in some sensational manner that would win me an executive job with the firm. Then I began to plan every minute when I wasn't engaged in the office, and frequently then. I must [illegible]ave discarded a hundred schemes that [illegible]ked great at first blush but fell down [illegible]r cold, practical analysis—my own. [illegible] I hit upon cornering the tire [illegible] and I knew I had the thing. [illegible]en on it was simply a question of [illegible] up the facts and figures and [illegible]e whole thing in shape to pre[illegible] heads of the firm. That I will [illegible]lo in a week, and then—oh, boy!

"Then what?" I says.

"Then comes Mr. Phineas R. Smith!" he says, grinnin'. "Say—I love to think of it! Please don't think me mean and petty, you don't know what I've gone through in the last three years, what everyone in the office who's had the grit to stick has gone through on account of that old demon. Since the day I first determined I'd climb to the top, I've performed a solemn rite in my hall room every night just before I've gone to bed. You'll probably laugh at this, but just think—now it's going to come true. Look—here's what I've been doing before my mirror for three years." He moves down to the end of the bench, takes a pencil and a old letter out of his pocket, and straightens up as dignified and stern lookin' as a traffic-court judge. "I am now supposed to be general manager of the Worthman Tire and Rubber Company," he says, "and this is my private office, see? I'm surrounded on all sides by stenographers taking dictation, and no East Indian potentate was ever shown the respect and attention that's being showered upon me—do you visualize all that? All right, now I touch a button, and an office boy comes bowing into the room. I say, 'Boy, send Mr. Smith here at once!' The great moment is approaching, do you get me?"

I nodded.

"There is a furtive knock at the door," he goes on. "'Come in!' I roar, the door opens, and Phineas R. Smith steps into my office. *The great moment has come!* What a difference there is now in the once autocratic tyrant that stands trembling before me, awaiting his fate. For twenty-five years an absolute dictator and relentless ambition killer. I let him stand there fully three minutes without so much as an upward glance, and then, unable to stand the strain, he summons up enough courage to ask, 'You sent for me Mr. Vandergrift?' I turn around sharply, sweep him with one cold, dispassionate look, and then, with a snap of my fingers, as if it had just come to me, I shoot out, 'Oh, yes—ah—you're fired!' Swinging around again in my chair with a gesture of dismissal, I continue, 'Take this letter, Miss Simpson!' *and Phineas R. Smith ceases!* At that moment all the poor kids he's discouraged and harried, all the little stenogs who wept behind their machines under the lash of his tongue, are avenged!"

HE WOUND up outa breath, with his eyes sparklin' and his kid face all lit up like a church. His stuff had been so lifelike that for a minute I actually thought I was *seein'* the whole thing right before me. I come to with a start.

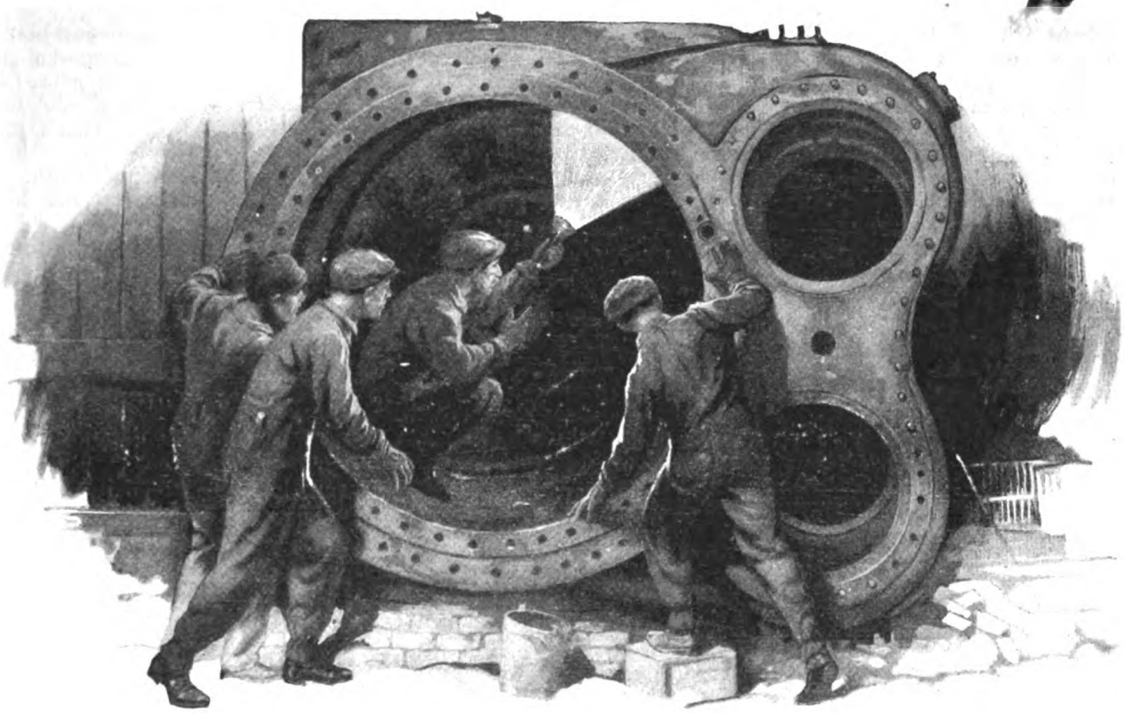
"Well, that's fine, and I wish you luck," I says. "But—suppose they don't make you general sales manager?"

"Ha!" he comes back. "They've got to—*that's* the price of my idea. I'll demand it, and I'll get it. I didn't quit where you were concerned, did I?"

I lost no time in changin' the subject.

"Your stuff has been so interestin'," I says, gettin' up off the bench, "that it's now after midnight. If I don't go home I'll be late for business, as the salesgirls says. I certainly would like to see that last act in your general manager's office."

"By Jove!" he says, slappin' his hands together, "you will!"



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I did!

It was about a month later that DuKane walked up to the switchboard and laid down a bunch of American Beauties that must have set him back fifty dollars, or else he got 'em for nothin'. Some Fifth Avenue tailor had put on a night shift to turn out the scenery he was featurin', and I'll say he looked posolutely heavenly.

The other girls at the board give people the right number by mistake, tryin' to lamp him, and I'll admit I had what is known as a "momentary thrill." He didn't say a word, but reachin' in his coat he pulled out a card and handed it to me. It said this on it:

THE PHENIX TIRE CO., INC.
Agents and Sole Distributors for All
Makes of Automobile Tire Seconds
Associated with the Worthman Tire and
Rubber Co., Ltd.
DUKANE VANDERGRIFT, Sales Manager

Well!

I jumped right up, and for a minute I could almost have—anyhow, I wrung his hand nearly off.

"Good for you!" I says. "I wish you all the luck in the world! And keep goin', boy—don't stop at that!"

"I don't intend to," he smiles, still holdin' my hand—and right in the hotel lobby too. "The next thing I want is—well, I'll tell you at lunch."

WE TOOK a taxi outside, and before I had any clear idea of where we was goin' it had stopped outside a office buildin' and DuKane says:

"You wanted to be present at the last act where the villain gets his just deserts, virtue triumphs, and etc. Well, I promised you'd be there, and I've got you a box seat. Now for Mr. Phineas R. Smith!"

How his jaw tightened!

In a coupla more minutes I am seated in a plush chair in DuKane's office. The floor was full of nothin' but tiger skins where it wasn't polished till you could see your face in it, and they was paintin's on the wall which somebody must of copped from the Metropolitan Museum. Some office! It looked more like a king's drawin'-room than anything else, and DuKane led me to a chair like I was a queen. I'm goin' to have a room like that when I get married—not that I'm thinkin' of doin' the same right away, but a girl can *think*, what? They was about five stenogs there, and they looked me over with a great deal of interest. Any one of 'em would bring stares from even a chorus director, but still I guess that's none of my business. DuKane sat down at a long mahogany table, gazed over the assembled multitude, gave me a playful wink, and touched a button. In a second a red-headed kid come in, and DuKane sends him for Mr. Smith.

"Now!" he says to me, and begins dictatin' letters.

Really, the thing was quite interestin'.

I guess it wasn't over three minutes, and DuKane was in the middle of a letter, where all I could hear was "f. o. b." and "10 per cent off," when they is a knock at the door. Aha, I thought, the villain approaches. After the fourth knock DuKane sits up very straight and stern, roars, "Come in!" and goes on dictatin'. I sit up myself and take notice. I'm all set to see a big, burly, hard-appearin' character enter, and I will say I got quite a surprise. Lookin' up I see this: a poor, tremblin', white-haired, broken-down, shabby old man—that's all. One glance and you could read the whole twenty-five or thirty years he had give to this company, and the nervous twitch of his lips showed that he knew what was comin' to him now. DuKane never give him a look, but as he kept on dictatin' his eyes hardened and his voice become as sharp as a razor. I had been all ready to hate this ex-sultan of the office from what DuKane had told me, but as I sat there lookin' at him outa the corner of my eye, his head bent and his withered old hands fumblin' around aimlessly with each other—on the level, my heart went out to him. When I had some trouble gettin' rid of a lump in my throat I knew I had to do somethin'. And then comes his quaverin' voice:

"You—you sent for me, Mr. Vandergrift?"

DuKane's big hour had come!

He swung around in his chair as if them words had released a swivel that done it. He was as hard and forbiddin' to look at as Gibraltar. The stenogs sat back, exchangin' meanin' glances, and when one of them yawned I could have strangled her. This poor old devil seemed to age ten years, if that was possible, waitin' for the blow. You could of heard a feather float to the floor.

And then *I* butted in!

"Mr. Vandergrift," I says, gettin' up, "pardon me—but I must see you privately right away!"

FOR a second he didn't even move. I guess he was too much interested in what he was about to do—and I don't blame him, after three years! I felt all the eyes of the stenogs just drillin' through me. Then he swung back and faced me, and he hadn't had quite time enough to take the very much annoyed look off his good-lookin' face. I was spoilin' his party.

I moved into a little anteroom off the office, and he followed me.

"Look here," I says, takin' hold of his coat lapels before he could speak, "you can't do this thing—you simply can't! Why, if you fire that old man, you'll kill him. It's absolute murder, honestly; I can see it in his face. I know what you want to do and what it means to you to do it. I know that you waited and hustled three years for the chance, but you can't do it! I don't care *what* he's done to you, he's just a broken-down loser, and you're a big man. Show me just how big you are and forget this. Your whole world is before you—*his* is all gone. Boy, you'll never get very far if you start by bein' petty and small. That's prob'ly what beat *him*. Why—"

Then he found his breath.

"You don't understand this," he says, the words tumblin' out. "Please let me handle it. Why, for three whole years the anticipation of this moment has been the only thing that's driven me on in the face of every rebuff and discouragement. I *can't* give it up now! You—"

"S-s-h!" I says. "I *do* understand. But here's a bet you've evidently overlooked: instead of firin' that poor old man you oughta *reward* him. Why, *he put you over!*"

"Put me over?" he gasps.

"SURE!" I says. "If you hadn't hated him so much and wanted to square things with him, you might *never* have got enough inspiration to do what you've accomplished. You were urged on day and night to win yourself a position where you could turn the tables on him, and the result is that you're a big man now. You may never have thought of it, *but that's what made you a success*, nevertheless. With some men it's plain ambition, with others it's a woman, and with you it's been that poor old man. That's all. Now go back there and show me whether I've been justified in givin' you several hours of my time every day for as long as I have!"

With that I walked back into the room and left him standin' there dazed.

In a minute he come in and sat down in his chair, without a glance at me. The old fellow was still waitin'—waitin' like a convict about to be sentenced for murder. The stenogs perked up interest again, and DuKane swung around on Phineas R. Smith. His face was still hard.

"You sent for me, Mr. Vandergrift?" quavers the old man again.

DuKane takes a deep breath, shoots a strange look at me, and grabs the arms of his chair so hard I heard 'em creak. He frowned till his eyebrows was one straight line and there was everything in his face but mercy. I set myself.

"Yes," he says, "I sent for you, Smith." He coughed, and moved some papers around on his desk, and I think all of us leaned forward and hung on his words. Here was his hour of hours! "Beginning next week," he goes on, lookin' straight into the old man's tired face, "beginning next week *your salary is raised ten dollars—that's all.* Miss Simpson, take this letter—"

One of the stenogs clapped her hands together once, before she remembered herself, and I—*well, I bent over and kissed DuKane right there in the office!*

And there's that!

"TRAIN Up a Pup in the Way He Should Go" is the title of a remarkable article next month by Samuel A. Derieux, which is packed full of intimate and unusual stories about dogs. But the most interesting thing perhaps about this article is that it brings out the fact that the same points apply to training either dogs or children.

"WHY I Will Never Leave the City Again" is the title of an article next month by Charles Hanson Towne. Most city folks confess to an occasional longing for the country, but Mr. Towne admits the city has him bound, hand, foot and heart—and he tells why.

OF BUSINESS

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Wiped Off the Slate

(*Continued from page 11*)

weathered skin. There were spaces between her broad, white teeth. Her mouth was red. Her cheap prettiness was minimized by her steady, level gaze.

Her rough coat of Paddy green was cut with tails like a beetle's wings. A soiled white felt hat was pulled down over her hair. Her flashy, cheap clothes had not been suited to the mountains, but she had got all the wear out of them she could, repairing them scrupulously, careless of the anomaly, and had replaced them with sturdier things from the little store at Red Spruce only when there was nothing left to patch and darn.

GRIDLEY had decided that she was much younger than he was; though sometimes, when her self-defensive instinct was aroused, she seemed a great deal older. Occasionally, when things went very well with her, she had the shy, simple charm of a child.

There was no touch of the child about her now. As she came across the rude, swinging bridge that spanned the Cub she spoke to him with the directness of another man.

"Can you let me have some whisky? I've got a sick man on my hands. The storm caught him last night."

"I seen him," said Gridley. "I'd be kind o' careful if I was you. Some of these old prospectors ain't much better'n hoboes."

He brought her the whisky, and fumbled for words as he gave it to her:

"Maybe you'd better send him down to me . . . just you and him alone up there like that . . . people might begin to talk."

"He's too sick to move. If people talk, it won't be the first time. I'm used to it," said Rachel Spence wearily. "It isn't as if I didn't know how to take care of myself," she added, as he walked with her to the bridge.

The light snow clung to everything. She looked up through the feathery white plumes of the balm of Gilead trees to the brilliant blue of the sky.

"The mornings get prettier and prettier, don't they?"

Gridley nodded. They stopped for a minute and leaned over the railing of the bridge and watched the cold blue flashes of the water. He liked to have her say things like that; things that he thought but couldn't say. It made him think of how life had changed for them both; mended and grown clean and sweet. The hurt side of them had healed. They were good, straight, honest folks now, happy and content. Everything was all right. He looked at her sidewise and wondered if she wasn't thinking the same thing. And suddenly he stammered expansively:

"I'm glad you don't use that stuff on your face any more. You look a lot better without it."

Her grave eyes melted. She laughed, and the color ran into her cheeks.

"I didn't know you noticed, one way or another."

"Sure, I notice! I like you fine just the way you are."

The day sparkled about them. There

The Letter that Saved Me 43% on Typewriters

Received by a Business Man from a Buyer Friend

Chicago, Nov. 2, 1919.

Dear Henry:

I hear that you are down in New York to open a branch office for your firm. You'll be buying a lot of things for the office, not the least important of which will be typewriters.

And that's what I want to talk to you about—typewriters. I want to give you the benefit of an experience I had some time ago, and thereby, I hope, save you some real money.

About a year ago I decided to buy a typewriter for home use. My first thought was to purchase one of the makes we were using in the office, which had been put in before I became buyer for the house. But when it came to digging up a hundred dollars for the machine—I just couldn't. Somehow or other it looked like too much money to me.

Then I thought about picking up a second-hand machine, but the price was about as high, and I had no assurance of service.

I was undecided as to what to do, when one evening at home I ran across an Oliver Typewriter ad in a magazine. I remembered then having read the advertising before and being impressed with the story. *"Why pay $100 for Any Typewriter"—"When You Can Buy a New Oliver for $57?"* read the ad—then it went on to explain how The Oliver Typewriter Company had cut the price by selling direct and eliminating costly selling methods. It was clear to me as an experienced buyer how they could well afford to lop off $43 of the $100 by their new economical selling plan.

The ad brought out the fact, too, that I didn't have to pay the $57 in a lump sum. I could settle at the easy rate of $3 a month. Naturally that appealed to me, for it was as easy as rental terms.

But the thing that decided me was their free trial offer. Without my sending or depositing a penny, they would ship me an Oliver for five days' free trial. I could use the typewriter for five days just as if it were my own, and if I wasn't satisfied, all I had to do was to ship it back at the Oliver Company's expense. Well, I mailed in the coupon and got an Oliver for free trial. To make a short story shorter, I was more than pleased with the Oliver. I fully agreed with The Oliver Typewriter Company that if any typewriter was worth $100 it was this splendid Oliver.

Well, later when we found it necessary to replace some of the typewriters at the office, you may be sure I put in Olivers, saving the company a nice $43 on each. At first the girls were reluctant about changing machines, but after a week or two with the Oliver, they wouldn't have any other.

Naturally now we are all Oliver enthusiasts—that's why I write this letter to you.

You just give the Oliver a trial and you'll be more than willing to buy me a good dinner when I arrive in New York next month. Yours, J. B.

That is the letter that saved me $43 on each of my typewriters. I not only equipped the office with the Oliver, but like my friend I also bought one for home use. Yes, I am more than willing to buy my friend a good dinner for his valuable advice.

Any reader may order an Oliver direct from this ad by mailing the coupon. No money in advance. No deposit. No obligation to buy. Return or keep the Oliver as you decide after five days' free trial. If you decide to keep the typewriter, you may take a year and a half to pay at the easy rate of $3 a month. Mail the coupon today—NOW.

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This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

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was the soft trickle of melting snow, and the keen smell of the sun on the spruce trees. The storm had thrown a thin covering of snow over the canyon, but it seemed only to have added zest to the downward plunge of the Cub. That devil-to-pay little stream tumbled noisily along, throwing its delicate flowers of spray high up into the sunshine. The grasses on its banks were woven into an intricate white border.

"You ought to see how pretty your place looks from the trail, with the snow all over it," said Rachel.

Gridley nodded and looked past her at the curling smoke up the hill.

"If you want me any time, hang out the signal," he said.

A WEEK later, when he went into the store at Gray Dome, Myra Dow, the storekeeper's wife, was telling something to three women. She stopped abruptly. Then she looked at him appraisingly for a moment, and decided to include him.

"I was just tellin' 'em that there's a man down at Rachel Spence's. But I guess it ain't news to you, Mr. Gridley. Mebbe you can tell us something about him; *she* ain't telling nothing!"

It was what he had feared. Every morning, when two plumes of smoke instead of one drifted up against the spruce trees, every night, when two lights instead of one sprang out of the dusk, he had said to himself, "If she don't get rid of him soon, Myra Dow will begin to talk."

But he hadn't prepared any defense. And now here they were, setting upon her with all the sickening eagerness of trained old hounds upon the slot.

"The storm stopped him there the other night," he ventured lamely. "And he's been too sick to go on since."

Myra Dow laughed. Her laugh was the most offensive thing about her.

"I guess he had a pretty good idee of where the storm'd ketch him," she said significantly.

Gridley made his purchases and turned away.

"I can see," she continued, nodding her head, "that you feel the same way we do —the less said the better."

Her tone flicked him on the raw.

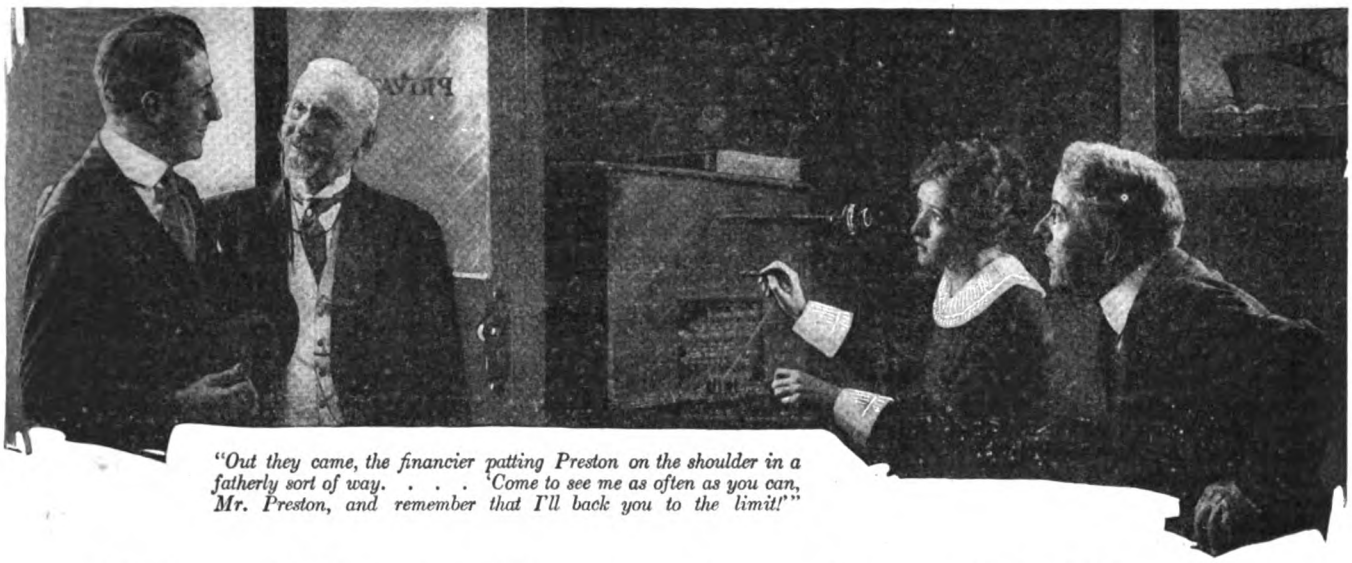
"The man's her father," he said shortly, and left her.

It surprised him as much as it did the women, and it made him a little sick. He had told so few lies in his life that he could regret them separately. But the decisiveness of the stroke gave him a thrill.

As he rode down from Gray Dome, sitting his big bay horse awkwardly, the short stirrups doubling up his long legs, his old derby pushed back from his broad, high forehead, he took deeper breaths of the thin mountain air faintly scented with wood smoke, and held his bridle rein with a firmer grip than usual.

But as he thought it all over his eyes were full of trouble. And then suddenly it occurred to him that maybe the fellow *was* her father! He pulled his horse up short to think about it. He had taken a long shot, but suppose he had hit it! Well, right or wrong, the truth or a lie, he was glad he had spoken out. There was a tonic quality in the memory of Myra Dow's disappointed, spiteful eyes.

When he looked up he saw Rachel coming along the road with a market basket on



"Out they came, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. . . . 'Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, and remember that I'll back you to the limit!'"

The Most Convincing Talker I Ever Met

Everywhere this man goes, people shower him with favors and seek his friendship. Things which other people ask for and are refused, he gets instantly. How he does it is told in this amazing story.

LET me ask you this: There is a big business deal to be put through. It involves millions of dollars. Putting it through depends wholly on one thing—getting the backing of a great financier.

But this man is bitterly opposed to your idea and to your associates. Seven of the most able men and women in all America have tried to win over this financier. They failed dismally and completely.

Now, could you, a total stranger to this man, walk in on him unannounced, talk for less than an hour, and then have him take your arm as a token of friendship, and give you a signed letter agreeing to back you to the limit?

Could you?

ASTOUNDING? Yes! But it *WAS* done. And I'll tell you how. Here is the way it all came about. For a long time the directors of our company had felt the handicap of limited capital. We had business in sight running into a million dollars a month. But we couldn't finance this volume of sales. We simply had to get big backing, and that was all, there was to it.

Because of trade affiliations, one man—a great financier in New York—controlled the situation. Win him over and the rest was easy. But how to win him?—that was the question. No less than five men and two women—all people of influence and reputation—had tried. They were all repulsed—turned down cold and flat.

You know how a thing of this sort grows on you and how bitter utter defeat is. Well, we were talking it over at a board meeting, when one of our directors announced that he knew of only one man who could possibly put through the deal—a man by the name of Preston.

So it was agreed that Preston was to be sounded out at luncheon the following day. He proved to be a fine type of American. At 34 years of age he had become president and majority stockholder of a thriving manufacturing business rated at three-quarters of a million dollars.

Preston was deeply interested, as anyone would be over the prospect of closing such a big deal. The director in question said casually, "Why don't you run down to New York and take a shot at it, Preston?" Preston looked out of the window for a moment and then quietly answered, "You're on."

I WENT along with Preston simply as a matter of form to represent our interests. Aboard the 10:25 train out of Chicago we headed for the smoker and got to talking with the crowd there.

Then I noticed something. Preston had dominated them all. Everyone was eagerly hanging on his words, and looking at him with open admiration. No sooner would he stop talking than one of the men would start him up again. And as the men dropped off at the stations along the way they gave Preston their cards, with pressing invitations to look them up. No doubt about it, Preston was *THE* man aboard that car.

The colored porter, too, came under his sway. For that night, when the berths were being made up, the porter came unasked to Preston, told him that his berth was right over the car trucks, and insisted upon changing it to a more comfortable one.

And so it went all the way to New York. Everyone who met Preston took a great liking to him the instant he spoke. They seemed to be eage. for his companionship—wanted to be with him every minute, openly admired him, and loaded him with favors.

Even the usual haughty room clerk at the hotel showed a great interest in Preston's welfare. He showered us with attention while a long line of people waited to register.

The next morning we called on the great financier—the man who was so bitterly against us and had flatly turned down seven of our shrewd influential representatives.

I waited in the reception room—nervous, restless, with pins and needles running up and down my spine. Surely Preston would meet the same humiliating fate?

But no! In less than an hour out they came, the financier patting Preston on the shoulder in a fatherly sort of way. And then I heard the surprising words. "Come to see me as often as you can, Mr. Preston, *and remember that I'll back you to the limit!*"

AT THE hotel that night sleep wouldn't come. I couldn't get the amazing Preston out of my thoughts. What an irresistible power over men's minds he had. Didn't even have to ask for what he wanted! People actually competed for his attention, anticipated his wishes and eagerly met them. What a man! What power! . . . Then the tremendous possibilities of it all—think what could be done with such power!

What was the secret? For secret there must be! So the first thing next morning I hurried to Preston's room; told him my thoughts, and asked him the secret of his power.

Preston laughed good-naturedly. "Nothing to it—I—well—that—is—" he stalled. "I don't like to talk about myself, but I've simply mastered the knack of talking convincingly, that's all."

"But how did you get the knack?" I persisted.

Preston smiled, and said, "Well, there's an organization in New York that tells you exactly how to do it. *It's amazing!* There's really nothing to study. It's mostly a knack which they tell you. You can learn this knack in a few hours. And in less than a week it will produce definite results in your daily work.

"Write to this organization—The Independent Corporation—and get their method. They send it on free trial. I'll wager that in a few weeks from now you'll have a power over men which you never thought possible . . . but write and see for yourself." And that was all I could get out of the amazing Preston.

WHEN I returned home I sent for the method Preston told me about. It opened my eyes and astounded me. Just how he had won over the financier was now as clear as day to me. I began to apply the method to my daily work, and soon I was able to wield the same remarkable power over men and women that Preston had. I don't like to talk about my personal achievements any more than Preston does, but I'll say this:

When you have acquired the knack of talking convincingly, it's easy to get people to do anything you want them to do. That's how Preston impressed those people on the train—how he got special attention from the hotel clerk—how he won over the financier—simply by talking convincingly.

This knack of talking convincingly will do wonders for any man or woman. Most people are afraid to express their thoughts; they know the humiliation of talking to people and of being ignored with a casual nod or a "yes" or "no." But when you can talk convincingly, it's different. *When you talk people listen and listen eagerly.* You can get people to do almost anything you want them to do. And the beauty of it all is that they think they are doing it of their own free will.

In committee meetings, or in a crowd of any sort you can rivet the attention of all when you talk. You can force them to accept your ideas. It helps wonderfully in writing business letters—enables you to write sales letters that amaze everyone by the big orders they pull in.

Then again it helps in social life. Interesting and convincing talk is the basis of social success. At social affairs you'll always find that the convincing talker is the center of attraction, and that people go out of their way to "make up" to him.

Talk convincingly and no man—no matter who he is—will ever treat you with cold, unresponsive indifference. Instead, you'll instantly get under his skin, make his heart glow and set fire to his enthusiasm. Talk convincingly and any man—even a stranger—will treat you like an old pal and will literally take the shirt off his back to please you.

You can get anything you want if you know how to talk convincingly. You've noticed that in business, ability alone won't get you much. Many a man of real ability, who cannot express himself well, is often outdistanced by a man of mediocre ability who knows how to talk convincingly. There is no getting away from it, to get ahead—merely to hold your own—to get what your ability entitles you to, *you've got to know how to talk convincingly!*

THE method Preston told me about is Dr. Law's "Mastery of Speech," published by the Independent Corporation. Such confidence have the publishers in the ability of Dr. Law's method to make you a convincing talker that they will gladly send it to you wholly on approval.

You needn't send any money—not a cent. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete Course, "Mastery of Speech," will be sent you by return mail, all charges prepaid. If you are not entirely satisfied with it, send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

But if it pleases you, as it has pleased thousands of others, then send only five dollars in full payment. You take no risk. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. So mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

Independent Corporation

Publishers of the Independent Weekly
Dept. L-122, 119 W. 40th St., New York

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Name.....

Address.....

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her arm. The wind whipped her skirt and the ends of her scarf. The tassels of her brown knitted cap bobbed in it. Little wisps of yellow hair hung in a blur about her temples. He thought she looked tired.

She would have passed him with a friendly, casual greeting, but he climbed down and stood in the road beside her, stiff with what he had to say. There was something strained about her too, and hasty, and remote, as if she wanted to get away from him.

"Myra Dow's been trying to find out who the man is up to your place. She's been telling everybody you're living with him. If the judge heard it, it might interfere with your getting your citizen paper. When she asked me just now who it was. I thought, sudden-like, maybe it was your father—I seen that night when he come that he was old—and I said it was."

He peered at her anxiously, almost wistfully, to see how she'd take it.

The color left her face, but her gray eyes met his steadily. He thought she was relieved that the truth was out.

"He *is* my father," she said quietly. "He's down and out. He's drunk himself almost to death; and I—I'm not proud of him."

Gridley drew a deep emerging breath.

"I'd have told you before if I could," she went on. "But I couldn't. And there are things I can't tell you now. You'll just have to go on believing in me without knowing—if you can."

"Well, by Jove, *I can!*" He laid his big hand on her shoulder, just as if she were a boy.

Her eyes filled with tears. She blinked and smiled at him and like a boy brushed the tears away with the back of her hand, and went on without any more talk.

He had a blown feeling as if he had been out for a long time in a wind storm. He was glad to get home, and do his chores, and stir up the fire in his big chunk-stove, and light his pipe, and sit and smoke.

But down under everything else was satisfaction that he had spoken out sturdily and thrown Myra Dow's gossip back in her face.

"WHO'S the fellow at Rachel Spence's?" Betts asked a few days later as he stopped his spattered little car at the bridge and Gridley came out for the mail. When Gridley wasn't there he left it in the box. As it happened they hadn't met for a week.

With his grizzled beard and the faded, scraggy hair that popped out around his face, Betts had much the look of an old scrub brush. He was a stupid, unthinking little man, but not unkindly.

"It's her father," said Gridley. "But she's not saying much about his being there. He ain't much good, I guess."

Betts sucked in his under lip and held it for a second between his neglected teeth. He looked hard at Gridley, squinting a little, released his lip, and ran his tongue around the inside of his mouth.

"He's five years younger'n you are," he said sententiously, and let his car go slipping on down the canyon road.

Gridley stared after him with his hands crammed into his pockets. After a while he picked up the newspaper he had dropped, wiped the mud from it, and went in and sat down in his old rocking chair by the stove.

He knew Betts had told the truth. He felt suddenly friendless. Rachel Spence had taken herself away from him as if she had left the canyon—not so much by keeping the man, as by the lie. He would have staked all he had that Rachel wouldn't lie to him. If they lived their lives out there, she on her side of the Cub and he on his, she'd never again be more to him than Betts, or Andy Dow, or any of the others.

HE SAT for a long time, thinking about it.

After supper he went up to tell her that he could not act as her witness at the naturalization hearing, could not say publicly that she was a person of good character. He hoped she could find someone to take his place, and that she wouldn't lose her homestead; but the lie in Myra Dow's store was the last he would tell for her.

He was very miserable as he climbed the familiar trail. The snow had come again, and the forest was full of ghostly beauty. He carried his lantern, but he didn't need it. He could have found his way straight to Rachel's door by the great snow-covered cones of the spruce trees.

She opened to his knock. He kicked the snow from his shoes, went in, set down his lantern, closed the door, and turned to look into her eyes. All the color in them had deepened into black points. Her face was very white and she was trembling. What a mess she had made of it! he thought bitterly. And how uselessly!

"Betts says the man up here is not your father," he said heavily. "Is that the truth?"

"Yes, that's the truth."

She seemed to have expected the question. She pointed to her cloak over the back of a chair, and a lighted lantern on the table.

"I was just going down to tell you who he is."

He had never seen her so shaken. He thought she was afraid of him. He felt conscious of his bulk as he towered above her.

"I don't *care* who he is," he said more gently. "It's none of my business how you live. But I didn't think you'd lie to me."

"I had to," she said, shivering. There was the old, hard, frozen look in her eyes that she had brought to the canyon three years ago.

She took hold of herself with an effort and picked up the lantern.

"Come with me. I want you to see him first, and then I'll tell you who he is."

Gridley hesitated, but she stepped out under the stars, and he followed her. She opened the door of the shack without pausing, but he heard the latch shake in her hand. The place smelled of whisky. She went in and held up her lantern for him to see.

A man lay sprawled in a chair, his feet thrust out toward the one red coal that was left in the open stove. His hands hung over the arms of the chair. His head had fallen to one side. A rubble of blond beard stuck out over his chin and high up on his sunken cheeks. Rachel shifted the lantern and the light gleamed on the whites of his eyes. They stared straight at Gridley, glazed and fixed.

"Good God!" he said suddenly, dropping back a step. "He's dead!"

"Y-yes, he's dead. I found him a while ago when I brought him his supper."

She began to cry softly. The cabin door, swinging back and forth in the cold night wind, made a little lonely, creaking sound.

"Did you care about him?" said Gridley gently.

She went over and held the lantern close to the ghastly face. Ghastly, not because it was the face of a dead man. Death had only put a period to the disintegration of everything that makes a man.

"Care about him!" she said. "Could anybody care about *him?* He was mean, and cruel, and bad—to the middle of his heart! For five years I've been fighting to get rid of him and everything about him and forget him."

She was tense and white and passionate. Her eyes held to Gridley's fiercely. They left no shadow of doubt about her truthfulness. She set down the lantern suddenly and stretched out her arms. It had all been too much for her. She began to sob uncontrollably. Gridley was horribly embarrassed.

"You'd ought to go back to the fire and lay down for a while."

But she stopped after a moment. "I'm all right," she said stanchly. "Help me to put him on the bed."

"No. You've had enough. I'll do that without you."

SHE let him take her lantern and lead the way back to her own cabin. He shook up the fire and put on more wood.

He patted her shoulder awkwardly. "You'll be a lot better in a minute."

She gave him a grateful, boyish little smile that touched him more than her tears.

"Poor kid!" he thought as he took the lantern and went out. "Poor little kid!"

When he had laid the stranger out straight and stiff, and closed his eyes and crossed his hands, he went back to her.

She had made a fire in her cook stove, put on the kettle, set out cups and saucers and some biscuits and tea, and drawn up two chairs to the table.

"Tea'll help brace me up, and I thought maybe you'd like some too."

He sat down and opened and closed his hands to the heat. The rays of the fire danced through a star-shaped damper in the front of the stove. Two china plates on a shelf back of Rachel caught the light and reflected it dully, like big, pale eyes. The rag rugs she had braided from her discarded dresses made ovals of yellow and black and dull blue on the scrubbed boards of the floor. There were trim little pine trees embroidered on the white cloth on the table. Beneath a curtain, across one corner of the room, he saw a row of her run-down shoes and the frayed hems of her old skirts.

She made the tea, handed him a cup, took another, and sat down opposite him.

"I'd like to tell you everything now. I couldn't as long as he was alive."

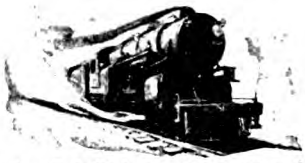
"It ain't necessary. It'll be all right anyhow."

"No, it won't. You're the only friend I've got, and I'd rather you knew—even—even if things are never all right between us any more. I've *got* to play fair with you."

She drank her tea quickly and set down the cup. She told her story with a vigorous, straightforward drive that em-

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"



Engineer F. J. Mink, of the New York Central Lines, is known as "The Chief" on the New York-Albany run, because he's handled a throttle for thirty-one years. For ten years he drove the Twentieth Century Limited on his division, with the Hamilton he carries, and established an enviable record for running on schedule.

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Because of their remarkable accuracy, Hamilton Watches have always been in big demand by railroad men, and today the Hamilton is by far the best known watch on American railroads.

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If you are planning to make a gift, consider the Hamilton Watch. In any season, on any occasion, a Hamilton would be fitting and appropriate. Whether it's to fellow club member, employee, or to members of your family—under any circumstances—a Hamilton would be a splendid compliment and a daily reminder and inspiration.

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Let your jeweler show you some of the many Hamiltons—thin models and wrist-watches for men, watches especially built to stand rough service, ladies' bracelet models. The prices range from $38.00 to $200.00. Movements, $20.00 (in Canada $22.00) and up.

Send for "The Timekeeper." You will be interested in this booklet-story of the Hamilton; and the various models are illustrated with prices.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

bellished nothing and spared nothing. It was an account of one long, scrambling, slipping climb. She had been born into a family devoid of fight, in a tenement-house nest of starving squalor. Under the ceaseless, gravity-like pull of disease and inertia, they sank deeper into it every year. They were all dead now.

"But I *couldn't* die like that!" she said with a shudder. "And I *wouldn't*—like a fly in a pan of greasy dishwater!"

A strange quirk of destiny had dowered her with strength. She climbed out of the degradation of misery and poverty she so hated. At least, in the despairing fierceness of her determination to escape, she had thought she was climbing. It was the man, who now lay dead in the shack, that had opened to her the way of escape.

"But," she said steadily, sitting very still, her features hard and sharp, "that was worse." She took a gulping breath and went on, looking at Gridley honestly. "I learned something from it, though. I learned that wickedness is misery. It burned into me like a red-hot poker, and twisted round and round till I thought I'd die from the pain of it. And I did climb out of *that*—the way I've seen worms climb out of a log fire. They told me I couldn't. They laughed at me for wanting to try. And *he*"—she looked toward the shack—"he tried to stop me." Her breath came fast as she thought of it. She waited for a minute, and then went on quietly.

"When he had gone through his money and his friends, he came to me to die. It pretty nearly took all the heart out of me to have him turn up again. I knew what it would mean to you and the canyon. I knew Myra Dow'd talk, and that maybe I'd lose my homestead; but I couldn't have sent a wolf away if it had come to me sick and suffering like he was. He had forged a check, and the police were looking for him. He had nowhere else to go. I *had* to take him in—to let him die!"

He had been drunk for seven years, and had died of it that afternoon.

WITH his empty teacup between his hands, and his hands resting in his lap, his head bent a little forward, Gridley heard her to the end in silence, entirely self-forgetful.

When she stopped, he sat up straight and put down the cup. The fire roared in the heating stove. The wind had increased and swished the spruce bows outside.

"And I suppose you lied to me when he come, so as not to run the risk of getting me into trouble?"

"I didn't have the right to pull you into it. I had to leave it so that you could say you didn't know anything about him if they found him."

Gridley sat for a minute blinking at the fire and thinking. He was a slow man, and he didn't know how to say what was on his mind.

"Of course I don't expect you to be a witness for me now. I wouldn't want you to tell anything but the truth, even about my character."

He got up suddenly, as if the word stung him.

"Character!" he said huskily, and cleared his throat. "Character! There ain't anything on this earth I wouldn't do to show you how I respect your character. You—you—you're the best woman I ever knew. I'm going down now and hitch up Old Mack and drive to Red Spruce for the undertaker." He glanced toward the shack where the dead man lay. "It's pretty cold, but maybe you'd rather come along?"

"No," she said. "I'm not afraid of him now."

GRIDLEY and Rachel and the judge and the clerk were the only ones left in the ugly old wainscoted court-room at Red Spruce when Rachel's case was called. The judge had permitted her other witness, the proprietor of the town's general store, to testify and go back to his business. Now he turned to Rachel and Gridley.

He was a little, stockily-built man, with an alert manner, coarse, reddish-gray hair, and shrewdly kind blue eyes. He had the look of having the ability to accomplish whatever he undertook, and the judgment to make a just estimate of his own capacity. He found nothing entirely barren of humor, and a long and successful legal career had only deepened his interest in everything that concerned humanity. A case was rarely merely a case to him, but almost always the readjustment of human lives.

His clerk was a towering, square-shouldered, white-bearded, soft-voiced old man, who had lost all his money by lending it to his friends. He had few assets left except the judge's helping hand.

After he had sworn Rachel, he handed the judge a package of papers. The judge unfolded a long typewritten document and began to read it to himself. He looked up suddenly and keenly at Rachel, and then searchingly at Gridley. And he looked at them both again before he finished. He seemed to be trying to make up his mind about something.

Gridley's heart was thumping. Rachel was white. They both had a pretty good idea of what the judge was considering.

"Couldn't they ever let a woman start over!" Gridley thought.

The judge hitched himself forward and leaned over with the sheaf of papers in his hand.

"Somebody asked to have your record investigated before you came to Colorado," he said to Rachel with kindly seriousness, "and this is a motion from the chief naturalization examiner of the Government for the denial of your application, on the ground— But perhaps you had rather read it yourself?" He looked at Gridley.

"No," said Rachel. "He knows all about it. I'd rather he read it for me. Maybe he can tell me what to do."

Gridley got up ponderously, went forward, and took the papers. He cleared his throat to speak, but couldn't think of anything to say. The old clerk put a short, heavy spruce log into the stove while he went back to his seat with the papers.

The top one was a long motion to deny the petition for naturalization of Rachel Spence, on the ground that, during the five years preceding the date of it, she had not behaved as a person of good moral character. He read a little of it, and turned over one by one the supporting affidavits attached to it. Then he handed them to Rachel and sat with his hands in his lap, trying to think.

Rachel, too, read a part of the motion. The words were plain and ugly. Gridley saw the blood surge into her face. She grew red to the tips of her ears. She glanced helplessly from the papers to him, and back again; then, with a painful effort, she looked into the eyes of the judge.

"That's the truth," she said, in a voice that shook. "But it was a good while ago. I've been straight now for four years and eight months, and if I don't get my naturalization papers, I can't prove up on my land."

"So you have a homestead?" The judge looked deeply troubled. "That makes it hard. Isn't there any chance that you can furnish proof that will clear your record during the five years before the date of your application here?"

"No," said Rachel Spence slowly. "My record is not—clear, for five years."

Silence fell upon the court-room. The judge leaned back in his chair and frowned at the ceiling. After a sympathetic rumble in his throat, the clerk bowed his head a little and waited. Gridley fidgeted miserably and watched Rachel grow slowly pale. She looked small and old and despairing. Nobody had cared a rap about her character before; but now, after she had put up the best fight he had ever seen, and had faced everything out and fought it all down, the machinery of a great republic swung down at the touch of a vicious, worthless old meddler like Myra Dow, and pulled back out of her grasp the one tangible thing she had gained—her homestead. To do what she had done, and then to be sent out of that court-room branded as a woman of bad character! The thought of it made him want to fight. Never in all his tepid life had he been so moved; never had he wanted anything as he wanted to help her now. There was nothing he wouldn't do—if he could only think of it!

Suddenly he sat up straight with a gasp. He clutched the papers in his big hands nervously, and the color spread over his face. He looked at his watch and got up stiffly.

The judge was talking: "Unless you can furnish contradictory proof, I'm afraid—" but he stopped and looked at Gridley inquiringly.

Gridley spoke with difficulty and obvious excitement.

"Will you let this go until two o'clock?"

"Why—er—yes," said the judge. "Yes, of course, if you wish it."

AT TWO o'clock Rachel and Gridley sat, a little distance apart, stiff and constrained, waiting for the judge. They did not look at each other. Gridley's eyes were more alive than they had been for many years. Rachel's were troubled and speculative, and the color ran high in her cheeks.

The judge and the clerk came in and took their places. Gridley got up. There was a new air of authority about him.

"We want to ask you to deny this petition, not because of what those papers say, but because—" he hesitated for his words —"because Rachel Spence is my wife; and, being my wife, is already a citizen. We have just been married."

His shoes creaked as he walked up and handed the marriage certificate to the judge.

The judge took it without looking at it. He looked into Gridley's eyes with a friendly curiosity that made it easier to explain; and Gridley looked back, like a

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man sure of his ground, and stood squarely on his feet and held up his head:

"Rachel Spence has lived in sight of my front door for three years. I ain't ever known anyone as well as I know her. She's a good woman, a good homesteader, and a good friend. I wouldn't ask her to marry what I was, and I ain't marrying what she was, but what she is. We're starting over, up there in Cottonwood Canyon, and we want you to help us start straight. Our record in this place is clean, and we'd like to keep it so." He laid his hand on the file of papers. "Will you burn these up and give us a chance?"

There was no indecision about him now. Life was offering him something worth gripping.

"Do it!" said the old clerk suddenly.

"They are the records of this court, and I haven't the right to destroy them, but—I'll do it. The petition will be denied on the ground that the applicant, as the wife of a citizen of the United States, is herself a citizen and cannot, therefore, be naturalized, and there will be nothing on file here to show that her character was ever under consideration."

The judge picked up the papers and came down from his seat. The clerk adjusted his spectacles and threw open the door of the big stove. And in among the flaming spruce logs the judge laid the evidence submitted by the United States to prove that Rachel Spence was not a person of good character.

On the high seat of his little open buggy Gridley tucked the lap robe clumsily about his wife and turned Old Mack's nose toward the canyon.

On either hand the narrow, level valley, purple-gray and green with sage brush, streaked and spotted with the brilliant white of alkali, ran back to the foothills, where miles and miles of aspen trees unrolled their flaming gold. Above the foothills rose the mountains, dark green with stiff pine and spruce till all the trees stopped at timber line, and above the mountains the calm, majestic, snow-covered peaks thrust their dull, cold, white points into the pale blue of the sky. The sun was just gone, and in its wake the west was piled high with burning yellow ravelings of clouds.

They made a little commonplace talk at first, and then fell silent. Gridley's whole being was crowded with things that he longed to say; they seemed to swell up inside his chest. He was painfully conscious of his bigness, his uncouthness, his tongue-tiedness. He felt Rachel by his side as something fragile and bruised, and he was afraid to say anything at all lest he hurt her more. He hoped she'd help him, but she didn't seem to know how any better than he did. Her face was sober and wistful and troubled.

THEY left the valley and began to climb into the canyon. The color drained out of the west. The little night wind grew very cold. Plodding on through the twisted shapes of wrecked mills and abandoned cabins, they came at last to the place where the longer, safer trail branched off to Rachel's house. And still neither of them had found a way to begin. His heart beat hard. He stopped the horse and "cramped" the wheels so that she could get out.

She turned a startled face toward him.

"You—you didn't think I wasn't going home with you, did you?"

She was a stiff, straight little figure bundled in her great coat, the collar high about her ears, her felt hat at its boyish angle.

By the pale, last light that seemed to filter up from the snow on the ground, he guessed, rather than saw, that her cheeks were hot with color.

"I—I *thought* you wouldn't want to." He looked away from her, up the dim road, past the old horse's pricked ears. The lines hung loose in his hands. "Being married to me," he went on gently, "ain't going to make any difference at all . . . unless . . . some day . . . I don't mind waiting, you know. Just as long as you like. . . . And if you ever *do* come to care about me . . ."

Rachel drew a quick breath. "You don't mean that *you* care about *me?*" she cried as sharply as if the idea were a physical pain.

The moon pushed a shining eyebrow of light into the road at the top of the steep ascent ahead and gleamed on sudden tears in her eyes.

"Yes, I do," he said downrightly. "More'n I ever cared about anything."

"Are you *sure?*" she cried, out of the loneliness and the heartache and the disillusionment of the past.

"I didn't know it until to-day, but I'm surer'n I am that that's Old Mack and this is Cottonwood Canyon. I wasn't never so sure of anything. But that needn't have anything to do with it. I'd a heap rather it didn't," he added honestly, "unless—"

"Nothing to do with it!" she said with a sudden sob. "Nothing to do with it! I—I—I've loved you for months, and I thought you—you just married me for pity. And I was going to make it up to you the best I could, and—and—"

He slipped a big arm about her and drew her yellow head softly to the shoulder of his old sheepskin jacket. For a long, bitter time she had been filling a man's place. Now she slipped back with a sigh into a woman's, and with it came again her woman's right to tears. She let them roll peacefully down her cheeks, warm and healing.

Twice he tried to speak. The sound he made in his throat said more to her than words. She raised her head and kissed him on the cheek.

Old Mack slewed around in the shafts and looked at them and whinnied.

"He wants to go home," said Rachel. "And so do I."

As Gridley gathered the reins into his free hand she let her head rest on his shoulder again.

"It's the first time I've ever gone—*home*," she said.

Behind the old horse's heavy footfalls, they moved on slowly into a new world, toward Gridley's cabin, where it cast a shadow like the shadow of a great rock. And a big wind came up and blew the dry snow from the spruce trees across the moon like smoke.

Why So Many Folks Have to Eat Their Own Words

(*Continued from page 55*)

that a man is strictly honest, and I never doubt him unless he later shows me that he is dishonest or tricky. If that happens, however, he is stricken from the records, so far as I am concerned; I will never deal with him again. Most people *are* honest, and life is too short to waste any time on the few who are not.

I have known men who became embittered and lost their confidence in people because someone violated their trust. This is absurd. Human nature is never flawless, and a man who always puts his trust in others is bound to suffer disillusionment in some individual cases. But faith in the other fellow is too valuable to be shattered by such incidents. Was it Lincoln who said that the truly great man was the one who, when he had lost his illusions, still retained his ideals?

A California woman with millions who died recently had perhaps done more for struggling young artists and musicians than any other one woman of her age. To hundreds of ambitious students she had given scholarships at our leading universities, tuition abroad, and paid the expense of travel to fit them for their life's work. Some of her protégés were failures—a few were ungrateful. Yet she often said that she felt one boy helped toward success was worth more than all the failures.

To every young man who is turning toward the commercial world for a career I would say, "Be sincerely interested in your fellow beings. If you have no sympathy for the other fellow, cultivate it. Otherwise, you will never progress very far." I believe that one reason why the West has furnished so many of America's most successful business men is because almost every Westerner believes in human nature.

If I had an associate in business who was cynical about folks I would get rid of him next pay day. I remember the owner of a big factory in Duluth who always suspected his subordinates. He went around all day with a challenge in his eye and a "hunch" in his head that everyone was waiting for the opportunity to take advantage of him. This attitude nearly wrecked his once prosperous business. Frequently he made charges which he was forced later to swallow—that same embarrassing characteristic to which I

"Jimmy is landing orders where we never could get business before—and when I tell you that last week alone he cleared $193, you can judge for yourself that Jimmy is getting along."

"He didn't think he could sell goods

—but today he's the biggest producer on our payroll"

Jimmy Cameron thought he wasn't cut out for a salesman's job—but $27.50 a week seemed to be his limit for advancement as bookkeeper—and he simply had to have more money. So he made the break—and within nine months this man "who thought he couldn't sell goods" was averaging $110 a week as road salesman. How he did it makes a story that every man who feels the need of earning more can read with profit.

By CLIFTON D. HAMMELL

JIMMY CAMERON is the wonder salesman of our business. When Jimmy opens up his case of samples and unwinds his line of sales talk it seems as if the customer's pencil just naturally gravitates towards Jimmy's order book. There isn't a phase of the selling game in which Jimmy isn't proficient. He's a wizard at getting an audience with his prospect. He studies his customer and presents his sales story so as to overcome every possible objection. He knows how to drive his arguments home—and he's a master of the art of closing the sale. From the instant he enters the customer's door till he goes out with the order in his pocket he is in absolute control of the interview. Jimmy's landing orders where we never could get business before—and when I tell you that his salary and commissions for the last four months have averaged over $110 a week and that last week alone he cleared $193, you can judge for yourself that Jimmy is getting along.

Jimmy Simply Had to Earn More Money

You would hardly believe that only nine months ago Jimmy Cameron was a $27.50 bookkeeper. More than that, it looked as if he was always going to stay a bookkeeper. We needed more salesmen—as we almost always do—and as Sales Manager I literally combed our organization for available sales timber. Jimmy looked as if he might make good material for my department, and I put the proposition up to him. He didn't seem altogether sure he could handle a sales job, however, and asked a day to think it over. Next morning he came into my office and announced that he had decided not to accept my offer.

"You see, it's this way, Mr. Hammell, I don't think I could ever make a salesman. Right now as I'm talking to you my knees are shaking so I can hardly stand up. I need more money—in fact, I've simply got to find some way to increase my income because expenses are increasing so much at home. But I'm afraid I never was cut out to be a salesman."

I tried to convince him that he might be mistaken, but I saw it was no use, so dropped the matter.

But hardly three weeks passed before Jimmy was back to see me again—and this time to apply for a sales position. I was a little surprised to see his change of attitude, but he seemed so sure of himself that I gave him a trial—and I have already outlined how he has made good.

A $27.50 Bookkeeper Becomes a $110 a Week Salesman

How did he do it? I felt sure something pretty important must have happened to transform a diffident bookkeeper into the star salesman of our house. So one day when Jimmy came into the office with a bigger sheaf of orders than usual, I asked him frankly for his story.

"Sometimes, Mr. Hammell, I have to pinch myself to be sure it's all true. Nine months ago no one could have convinced me that I could ever be a salesman. But I simply had to earn more money somehow. And one day shortly after I talked with you I ran into a salesman friend of mine who made me think that possibly the selling game wasn't so hard to get into after all. He belonged to a sales organization—the National Salesmen's Training Association—which seemed to have exactly what I was looking for.

How He Learned to Sell

"The N.S.T.A.—as it is commonly known—is an organization of top-notch salesmen formed for the express purpose of training men for positions as city or traveling salesmen. A further service rendered to members of the Association is its Free Employment Bureau that helps its members find the kind of job for which they are best fitted. I found the course of training of the N.S.T.A. to be just what I needed. It takes all the "mystery" out of salesmanship—you learn how to prepare the "Selling Talk"—how to approach the prospect—how to manage the interview—how to close the sale. In fact, it makes all of the processes of salesmanship so simple that it is hard to imagine how anyone could fail to become a good salesman by following the principles they outline.

"But the most practical feature of their course is the fact that it links ability to opportunity and fits you to *earn while you learn*. When I came in to you that morning to apply for a sales position I had only completed a part of the training, but I already felt confident I could swing a selling job. And in my work as salesman for you I have found innumerable occasions to use what I learned from the N.S.T.A. course.

Salesmen Are Needed—Now

"I am telling my story so much in detail because I imagine there are a lot of other fellows who feel the same lack of confidence I did—and who would welcome the opportunity to increase their pay. I can see no reason why any average clerk, bookkeeper, printer, mechanic or farm boy should not be able to do as well as I have. You need not know the first thing about selling to begin—the N.S.T.A. trains you from the ground up—gives you a complete insight into selling methods—in your spare time—without making it necessary that you give up your present position until you are ready to begin selling—and then through its Employment Bureau you secure a good position."

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The following figures represent the distribution of the payroll from a typical manufacturing concern:

Administration Dept.—58 men employees—accountants, bookkeepers, auditors, credit men, correspondents and clerks. Average monthly salary $114.80.

Production Dept.—212 men employees—superintendents, foremen, mechanics, shop workers, etc. Average monthly salary $132.62.

Sales Dept.—44 men employees—sales managers and assistants, house, city and traveling salesmen. Average monthly salary and commissions $346.48.

Note: The above figures covering the salaries, however, in the Sales Department, do not include traveling expense money which would make the average for the salesmen still higher.

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have already referred. After he had sold out his business at a big loss, and men who believed in human nature had taken hold of it, the factory quickly developed into a profitable proposition.

The day for playing a lone hand is past. No man can be sufficient unto himself. Team play is the very heart of American business success. If you take, you must give. You need your neighbor and your neighbor needs you. And never forget to have a wholesome respect for his opinion —to keep open-minded. Never get impatient when people think differently from you. See what you can learn from their viewpoint. If the other fellow had access to the same facts as you, he may be right and you may be wrong. At any rate, you will only antagonize him by scorning what he thinks. Give it intelligent attention, and you will make a friend of him.

I remember that shortly after I became head of the Grain Corporation the editor of a prominent trade paper started a series of violent attacks on us. He seemed diametrically opposed to every step we took. For six months he kept up these attacks, and after each one I wrote him a letter, explaining as well as I could the facts that had led to each one of my decisions. Suddenly, the attacks stopped. A year later he wrote me a letter and confessed that he had been wrong all the way through. To-day he is one of our warmest friends.

IF A MAN believes in himself and in other people he is bound to be optimistic, and optimism is one of the greatest of business assets.

Some of the most optimistic men I have ever known were those who have had to fight their own way to the top through all kinds of hardships and handicaps. They learned to value success because they had such a tough time getting it; they learned to appreciate money because their first few dollars came so hard.

I shall never forget one tragic incident of my boyhood—at least, it seemed nothing short of tragedy to me then. . . . By saving my earnings from various odd jobs I had managed to get together five dollars in nickels and dimes, the beginning of a fund with which I hoped to buy a bicycle to deliver my newspapers. As I was going home one night through a typical Minnesota blizzard, I fell down and spilled all this money from my pocket. Search as I would in the blinding storm, I could find none of it. Again and again during the winter I went back to that spot, but all in vain. Finally, when the first spring thaw came, I stumbled across my hoard one day by a lucky chance. I fairly shouted with joy when I found it all there.

In later years, when I was sometimes tempted to spend money foolishly, I could never forget how hard I had to work for that first five dollars, or what it meant to me when I lost it.

All my early life was a long, hard pull, yet if I were to live it over I doubt that I would have it changed. By overcoming difficulties I gained self-confidence that has stood me in good stead all through life.

I took my first job at the age of thirteen. The Ames-Brooks Grain Company hired me as office boy at twenty dollars a month. This was not enough to meet the obligations laid on me by the death of my father, and I had to look for other work to help out.

Luckily I heard that the Duluth "Daily News" needed a strong boy to feed the machine that folded the papers after printing. I got the position—and with it the obligation of getting up before two o'clock each morning to report at the "News" office and run the feeder several hours before breakfast. Besides this, I got a job as usher at the theatre, when plays and other entertainments were given. My pay was twenty-five cents a night—and I was glad to get it.

The "News" paid me a dollar and seventy-five cents a week for my services and the sacrifice of all but four or five hours' sleep every night. I worked longer and harder hours then than I do now as head of the Grain Corporation.

When I was twenty, the idea came to me that the Ames-Brooks company ought to enter the export business. After much discussion Mr. Ames accepted my suggestion. The first year we lost much money—more money, in fact, than I would ever permit any young man to lose for me. Mr. Ames was fine about the apparent failure of my suggestion. When he called me in for the final reckoning he said that, although he was sorry we had lost so much money, he realized that all experience was valuable if one only profited by it.

To a highly developed degree, Mr. Ames had the faculty of profiting by his mistakes. Forthwith, he made a second trial of the exporting business—an effort that turned out so well that previous losses were retrieved. So my suggestion was not costly after all.

I have always felt that I owe Mr. Ames much of whatever success I later found. His readiness to recognize the opportunity in the export field gave me added confidence in my own vision. I wish that all young men could fall in with such a friend as I found in this employer. Excellent advisers, who have confidence in him, will help a man far on the road to success.

THE most excellent adviser a man can have, however, is likely to be his wife. My own home life has been priceless to me. I married when I was young and not very successful, but my marriage has helped me every step of the way. I thoroughly believe in early marriages as an aid to business success—particularly if a man recognizes the value of taking his wife into his confidence and talking over the problems of the day with her. Frequently her vision hits the very point he has missed by being too close to it:

Another lesson that I learned early in life was the value of tact in business. The man or woman who has the gift of "getting along with people" will go far and fare well in the business world. This faculty reverts back to the principle of being interested in other people, and having confidence in them.

I would never select a tactless man for a position of trust in any of my enterprises. I would consider him one of the greatest liabilities I could possibly have—much more dangerous to me than a cashier who was likely to abscond with my funds. . . . For I had rather lose money any day than lose a friend.

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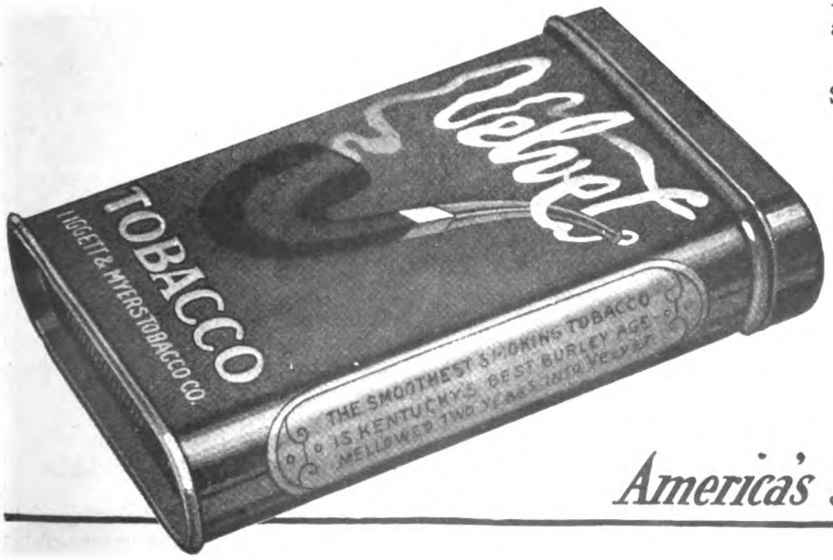

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Facts About Us Humans Discovered by a Great Retailer

(*Continued from page 34*)

business Whelan considers the matter of location fundamental.

Whelan began life as the youngest son of an Irish father and mother who had settled in Syracuse, New York. It was a large family, with several daughters and seven sons, the seventh being George J.

The older boys seemed to gravitate naturally to the tobacco business, and by the time George was considered old enough to work, which was at the end of slightly less than a common school education, three of them were well established as owners of cigar shops. George Whelan took his first job as a cash boy in a dry-goods shop. He left that to tackle the work of the first telephone operator in the city, and the only one. He worked all alone in the top floor of a building, handling the "contraption" that most folks were as yet afraid of. He liked the novelty of the job, but when the work threatened to become commonplace he was glad enough to accept his elder brother's offer to set him up in business for himself at a cigar stand at the Vanderbilt House. It was while he was running this cigar stand that he began to dream. I talked with a man who bought his cigars at that stand at the Vanderbilt House, and he assured me that the dreaming did not interfere with the success of the stand.

"G. J. had a neat, speckless, polished place," he said, "and he treated us so well we kept coming back there for all our tobacco. I got to be more or less a friend of his, and one day he confided to me his dream of a chain of stores to extend—well, he didn't put any limit to their extension."

Whelan did more than dream and sell his cigars. He was a good buyer, and on trips for his brothers he found a model cigar store in a nearby city, that is, it seemed to him a model. He brought back with him, bit by bit, the complete picture of that store and held on to it. Later he persuaded his brothers to join in a scheme for a small chain of stores. They were reluctant about it, but the youngest of them won, and they finally agreed to buy out a cigar manufacturer in town so that they could control a portion of their selling stock. They organized the Syracuse Cigar Company, and as an outlet for their manufactured product opened stores in Watertown, Schenectady, Elmira, and Troy. The model store Whelan kept in his head was opened in Syracuse. He thought enough of it to hire a circus elephant and a band to parade to advertise its opening.

THE Whelan brothers had now a big and lucrative business, for the chain stores, including the model one, had been a success from the start. Everyone was satisfied but G. J.

Continuing on the buying end, he had visited New York City. On one of his trips he found himself on Broadway near Seventeenth Street, and he wanted a cigar. He looked about him for a cigar stand and found none. He walked four blocks before he got what he wanted. At that time the vicinity of Union Square was one of the busiest sections of the city, and young Whelan bought his earned cigar in deep thought. If this section was so poorly supplied with cigar stores, how about other sections of the city? He took a little trip to investigate New York cigar stores. He found them on the whole much poorer than those in the New York State towns he knew.

"There ought to be a cigar stand on every corner of every busy block in this city," he decided. He pondered the matter all the way home, and as soon as he got to Syracuse he took the proposition to several capitalists. They heard him coldly and turned it down. Finally he got Mr. William J. Niver, former president of the Reading Railroad, to promise to back him. But Mr. Niver insisted that the idea be tried out in one store as a starter. A year later, when Whelan had studied the city of New York block by block and street by street, counting the smokers who passed one corner and then the smokers who passed another, the first store was opened. It was at 84 Nassau Street, and it had no elephant and no brass band. In the great city it threatened to escape notice. The first day's receipts were $3.70. But the Whelan brothers knew how to sell tobacco. In a few weeks the store was paying, and other stores were planned In two years there were sixty stores. Whelan began to see clearly the end of his dream. But to realize it he needed Mr. Duke. Mr. James B. Duke controlled many brands of American tobacco that Whelan wanted to sell in his stores. He wanted Duke in his business.

TO MR. DUKE, Whelan was a beginner, a young fellow of good ideas but hardly worth troubling about. Whelan found the way to Duke blocked at every turn. He decided to storm Duke, cost what it might. He went out into the New York hotels and looked carefully over those handsome young men who always appear, faultlessly dressed, hanging about hostelries. Where these young men come from, and what they are for, no one knows. Perhaps if the history of business ever comes to light in total they will be found to be waiting for more Whelans! For Whelan selected twenty of them and put up to them a business proposition. They agreed. They were fine-looking fellows, and Whelan took them into a fashionable tailor's. With no regard for cost, he ordered them fitted up with Admiral's costumes, white and blue, copied faithfully from the navy uniform. When they were ready he presented each with a supply of Admiral cigarettes—a brand he was pushing—and sent them to work.

Mr. James B. Duke came out from lunch at the hotel that day to find on the

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doorstep a handsome young man dressed as an Admiral, smoking an Admiral cigarette. He found a second young man on the pavement in front of his club. Coming out from the club a third young man followed him in a cab to his hotel, and stood regarding him as he passed within. The town seemed full of Admirals. When Duke stepped into an elevator, an Admiral was there, or preceded him, or followed him. When he went to the theatre, one stood on the steps when he went in, one sat near him during the play, and one was on the steps when he came out. Not one of the young men spoke to him or did anything except to appear near him. Finally he spoke to one:

"Who on earth sent you?" he demanded. The Admiral addressed removed his cigarette, and answered promptly:

"George J. Whelan."

"Huh!" grunted Duke. He went to his office and sent for Whelan.

"How many of those fellows have you got on the streets?" he asked. "You must have two hundred of them."

"I've got twenty," replied Whelan.

"But I bump into them everywhere," protested Duke.

"Well, you see," said Whelan, "that's what they are for."

MR. DUKE surrendered.

"Come over to-morrow," he said, "and I'll listen to you." From that day George J. Whelan and J. B. Duke have been friends. Duke stood behind Whelan in the United Cigar Stores Company, supplying him with the needed tobaccos. As a result of the combination, United Cigar Stores began to spring up all over the country. To-day they number over thirteen hundred in four hundred cities in forty-five states and they are doing a business of over sixty-five millions of dollars annually, a fair result of the dream of a nineteen-year-old lad selling cigars at a hotel stand. No wonder Whelan is not afraid to dream or to be called a dreamer.

Every dollar of that sixty-five million depends on the patronage of the men who have from ten cents to ten dollars to spend on tobacco. It takes a million customers a day to make that sixty-five-million-dollar volume.

"We began," he said, "with the big cities. Retail stores must lie in the beaten path. In the early d-vs of the company we sent out scouts when we wanted to locate a new store, men who stood for days in one position after another in different streets, literally counting the people who passed. We were looking for cigar customers then, so we counted them, particularly men who were smoking. When we start grocery stores we shall want to know where housewives walk. In course of time we learned certain things:

"There are certain streets in cities where men walk. Broadway, New York, is a man's street, primarily, just as Fifth Avenue is a woman's. Men and women create these streets; the merchants follow the men and women. There is a "dollar side" to every street, the side that gets the bulk of the business, why, no one knows. Usually it is the side that is shady in the afternoon; but not always so; yet, sunny or shady, it is there and you have to find it. If you work on the other side you are working under a handicap.

"We located our stores on corners, because a corner is the nearest and easiest shopping point. If a corner is impossible, the store next to the corner is the best location; the middle of the block the weakest. People buy all small commodities where they get them the most readily; the shorter distance from a corner counts.

"We found out that people disliked steps, so we put all of our stores on a level with the street. One step can be counted on to lose just so much business a day, and every additional step to lose just that much more. People do not go up and down steps easily, and they must go into a store for a small purchase, easily.

"We have altered the construction of many a building because we knew it was going to pay us in the end. An incline is better than steps, but it must not be enough of an incline to present the appearance of a climb to the casual passer-by.

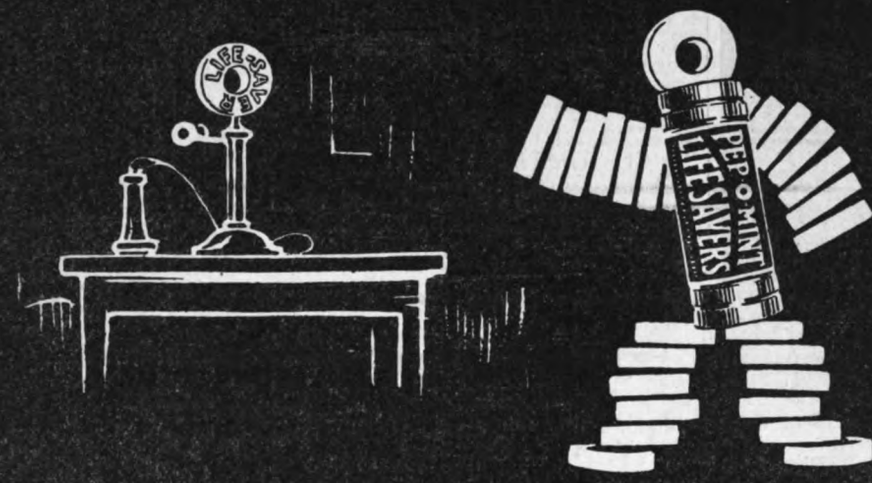
"WE FOUND that it always pays to look busy. No one sees the interior of a United Cigar Store except through the door. People like to shop where other people shop. If a man looks into a store window and sees an empty store, he goes on, without knowing why, to a store where he sees three or four people. Stores may have to be empty but they can look busy. We made our windows as attractive as possible and dressed them to sell goods but, no matter what the temptation, we dressed them to keep the customer's eyes out. But if a man gets to a door and it opens easily, he will go into a store ninety-nine times out of a hundred, whether it is empty or not. We keep our doors wide and we keep them oiled; we make it easy for a customer to get in.

One way to make a store look busy is to economize on space. The United Cigar Stores were pioneers in this matter of economy of space in the retail tobacco business. If we had to lease a big store we sublet part of it and, failing that, we built a partition and let part of it stay empty. Then we used every inch of the part we did use, to look busy. People who go into retail stores to make small purchases don't want to roam round on a ten-acre lot. They want to see their goods and buy them."

"Would you locate next to a rival?" I asked.

"Next to a rival? Certainly, if we wanted that location. Location is the determining factor, not the rival. We are not concerned with the rival but with our own business. Retail stores generally seek locations where goods of the kind they carry are sold, naturally—because the market is there. A store does not exist by itself. In New York the removal of two department stores in a certain section caused the failure of a third. It could not induce enough people to come to that locality to shop in it alone. Sometimes a rival, or two or three rivals, can be counted as an asset.

"Sometimes one has to eat one's word in this matter of location. In my days with the United Cigar Stores one of my favorite warnings was 'Look out for banks, don't go near them! Yet one of our most successful stores is in a bank building at Forty-second and Broadway. The fault is with the bank. It is in the beaten path,



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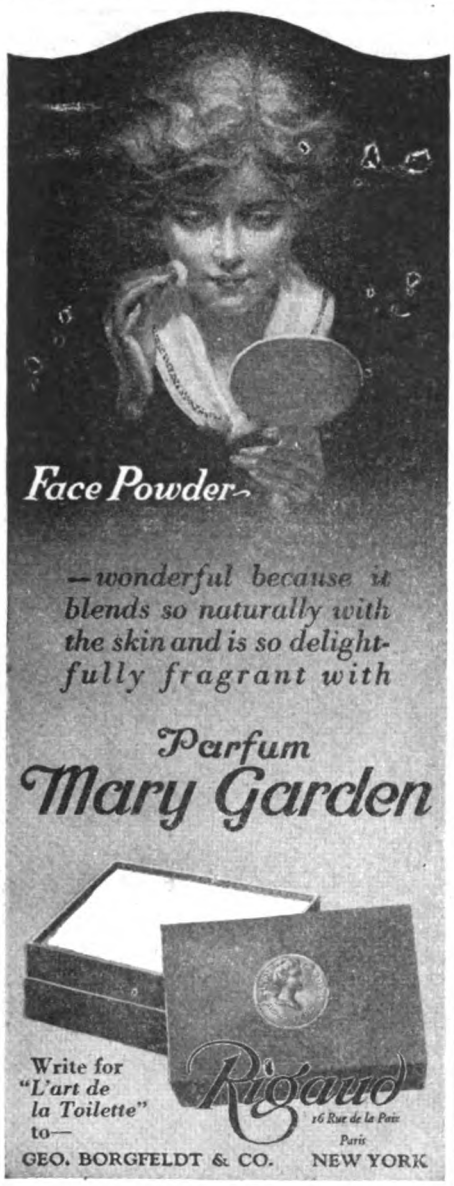

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a fact that is not yet generally true of banks. To follow the trail of banks generally would mean bad business for retail stores needing many and quick sales.

"The idea of a retail store of this type is to catch people on the fly, and location is fundamental. We have stayed out of a city years when we could not get a wanted location, and we have leased years in advance to hold on to one we knew we would want.

"A CUSTOMER must be treated with courtesy. The United Cigar Stores has made more of courtesy than any other firm in the world. Every clerk is required to greet a customer. He is required to say "Thank you," or its equivalent. This "Thank you" matter was inaugurated at the suggestion of Mr. H. S. Collins, vice president of the United Cigar Stores Company. Years ago, when Mr. Collins was in Syracuse, he heard of a man in Buffalo, a cigar dealer, who made a great deal of "Thank you." He went to Buffalo, talked to the man, was convinced that "Thank you" was worth while. He suggested that the stores incorporate the idea, and we did. We believe that courtesy has a direct business value.

"When we were still in what might be called our experimental days, although I think that period never ceases, a man from the East Side of New York told me my stores would never be successful until I did three things:

"Made business strictly cash to everybody.

"Put the salesmen on commission.

"Made no deliveries.

"I tried out the plan on five stores, but I would not extend the matter of commissions unless the clerks in a store wanted to sell in that way. It is now in all the stores. A man works best when he works for himself, and a man in a retail store who works on salary and commission is working directly for himself. We have stuck to the strictly cash basis and to the not making of deliveries, because they pay.

"I figure that the department store merchant spends as much in taking care of an article after purchase as he does in getting it purchased, figuring the bookkeeping on accounts and the cost of deliveries. We can give that much back to the customer. We do it in coupons, and in value and price of goods.

The public generally seems to regard coupons as intended to fool somebody. They are not. In our stores, coupons are intended to keep the good will of the customer. They do not give something for nothing; they pay the customer to come back. Coupons are a form of advertising possible to a cash store that makes no deliveries. We carry no credit. Last year the United Cigar Stores spent a million and a half dollars in premiums. Our first premium list was made up with men in mind, since men were our customers. But in a short time we found it was the women who were redeeming the certificates, and then we made a new catalogue of premiums based on the needs of women and children. Our premium business took a big jump. The folks at home were sending Daddy back to the store that gave those coupons.

Making up a premium catalogue designed to attract business in this indirect fashion demands the greatest possible knowledge of human nature. In years we learned certain things. Toys can be counted on as a leading premium. Umbrellas are always a good premium. One year our premium department reported that there had been a demand for meat choppers. We didn't want to handle meat choppers, they are clumsy and hard to pack; but we put them in because the business of a premium department is to find out what people want and to give it to them. We hoped they wouldn't go. But they were a success from the start. A premium list has to be altered every year in the light of the knowledge gained the year before. The customers are the people who make the lists. We learn from them, just as we learned that a cigar store can sell razor blades but not lead pencils.

"But why not lead pencils?" I asked.

"I don't know," replied Mr. Whelan. "A lead pencil fits in a pocket. So do cigars. Sometimes they go into the same pocket. But a man will buy his cigars in a cigar store and his lead pencils somewhere else. He will buy razor blades in a cigar store and go to a drug store for shaving soap. He will buy a million dollars' worth of candy a year in our stores with practically no effort on our part. He will buy chewing gum. He will buy just enough umbrellas to make it pay to keep them as an accommodation. I don't know why people will buy certain things at one kind of store and certain things at another, but by the time we get the United Retail Stores Corporation working in all parts of the world we are going to have quite a big total of knowledge on *where* they will buy things, even if we never know why."

"One reason that this business of chain stores is just in its infancy is that we have yet to discover how far national and world appetites extend. We found in the United Cigar Stores a national appetite for tobacco. We could not sell in Chicago what would not sell in Texas. For a long time we did not realize what a factor this national appetite could be. Perhaps we hardly realize it now. But we became, in course of time, national advertisers on national brands and found that it paid better than local advertising. There is a national appetite in this country and in other countries, and the business of a chain of stores is to find it and cater to it. There may be a world appetite, and a big one. It may be possible to run practically uniform chains of stores not only through a country but through the world, on certain commodities. This company is going to find out about it."

THE United Cigar Stores employed for a number of years certain men known as tobacco experts, whose duty it was to visit store after store and sample the goods sold. Tobaccos depend on their moisture for their acceptability to a smoker, and these experts were a check on the salesmen to see that they reported old goods and did not offer them for sale. One morning Whelan went into his shoemaker's to see about a pair of shoes that had been repaired. The cobbler promptly produced the pair from a marked box. Accustomed as he was to the usual method of hunting over a couple of hundred pairs of shoes to

find the right one, Whelan noticed the promptness.

"How did you know just where they were?" he asked.

"The boxes are keyed," explained the man. He outlined the system, and Whelan left with a new idea. Why tobacco experts? Why not a system of keyed boxes? Within a few weeks the United Cigar Stores employed no experts. A number of young men at a much more moderate salary reported at every store and brought back certain facts which, when translated by the code at the main office, told accurately just what cigars were too old to be sold.

Any of G. J.'s associates will testify that he is a cheerful soul, always excepting the time when he "retired" from business. It was his only season of melancholy, and when his physician prescribed "business" as his cure he accepted it with cheerfulness that held no rancor. His own theory "that after fifty a man's life should be playtime" he buried deep, and substituted a new one which he is now preaching vigorously:

"Every man," he says "should work."

IN "The Wonder Story of Wrigley," an article appearing next month, Merle Crowell tells one of the most extraordinary true romances that can be found in the whole history of American industry. This article is not only highly inspirational, but rich with helpful hints to all young business men.

Ina Claire Describes People Who Are Easy to Imitate

(*Continued from page 37*)

about magnets and electric currents, and I try to translate that into terms of acting.

"I should think it would be the same with anybody, no matter what kind of work he was doing. If you have an absorbing interest in one thing everything else contributes to that one thing. And you can't get too many of these contributions. The whole world is a sort of mining claim, and you can spend all your life exploring it."

"TELL me how you began your particular exploration," I said. "You were born in Washington, D. C., weren't you?"

"Yes; and lived there until I was thirteen, when I came to New York to realize my ambition to be a 'great dramatic actress.' Of course my mother came with me. In fact, she has never been more than about two inches away from me in all the time I have been on the stage."

"But—thirteen years old!" I said. "What did the managers think of a child like that?"

"Managers! Why, I didn't *see* one! I never got past the office boys. I didn't get within speaking distance of a single manager.

"We stayed until we had used up all our money, and then we went back to Washington to get together some more. By the time we had accumulated it, I had remembered a young actor-friend of my brother's; so on our next New York trip we hunted him up. As luck would have it, he was about to produce a play he had written; and as he probably thought—with reason—that my services would not come high, he asked me what I could do.

"'Just wait a moment,' I said. 'I'll show you!'

"Whereupon I proceeded to speak my two pieces. One was a terribly exciting poem about a race; neck-and-neck finish, you know. Can't you just see me! The other was so tragic that real tears rolled down my cheeks as I did it.

"I was very proud of those tears! And they must have made an impression, for the man actually gave me a part in his dreadful play. It was too dreadful for New York, so we went on the road, 'wildcatting.' The manager would go ahead to some little town and find out how long it had been since the inhabitants had seen a play. If it had been long enough so that they probably had forgotten how bad it was, he would take a chance and book us for the place. It was a terrible sort of life; but I was only fourteen and the young die hard.

"Of course, when we came back to New York I was 'broke,' and had to begin haunting the agencies again. The formula was always the same: 'We haven't anything now; but you might call around again the first of the week.' When you came the first of the week, you were blithely told, 'We haven't anything now; but you might call around the last of the week.' So I just kept on calling—around and around and around.

"ONE day, in the corner of one of these circular tours, I happened to see some posters of Harry Lauder outside of a theatre. They fascinated me. I think I must have stood there an hour studying them. Finally I went inside—it was a matinée—to see the performance. And that night at home, I gave an imitation of him for some of my friends.

"Isn't it strange," she said thoughtfully, "how some trivial incident will reach out and control whole years of one's life? I suppose that is what is meant by 'the long arm of circumstance.' In my case, the circumstance of my doing that little imitation seems to have had an arm at least ten years long, for it has shaped my whole career so far.

"The imitation made quite a hit with my impromptu audience.

"'That's great!' they said. 'Why don't you do it on the stage?'

"That set me to thinking. I had to

"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news. Our savings account had passed the thousand dollar mark!

"A few years ago I was making $15 a week and it took every cent to keep us going. Then one day I realized why I wasn't being advanced—I couldn't do anything in particular. I decided right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course of special training.

"Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! An opening came and I was promoted—with an increase. A little later another raise came—I could save $25 a month. Then another—I could save $50 each pay day. So it went.

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admit that nobody—except Mother and myself—seemed to be at all excited about my being a great dramatic actress; and in the meantime I had my living to make. So I practiced two of Harry Lauder's songs, got up two others, and somehow persuaded an agent to let me do them for him. The result was that he engaged me for vaudeville, and I began—at Yonkers! One has to begin somewhere.

"The time and study I put into that work was not wasted, by any means. In fact, people cannot do a good imitation, at least I cannot, without studying the character of the person you imitate, and the way that character is expressed in the face, voice, and gesture. When you come right down to it, that is what acting is.

"A stage imitation is very much like making a caricature drawing. The main features are picked out and exaggerated.

"It is the same in doing an imitation. You must feel and know the salient points in the personality you are trying to reproduce before you can express them.

"TELL me how you went to work to do an imitation," I said. "Did you practice it before the glass?"

"No;" she laughed. "I used to practice in bed at night. You see, you are not merely copying the obvious outward expression. You must feel what is *back* of that. Then the expression comes naturally."

"Most of us would be intensely interested to see an imitation of ourselves," I said. "What is the most characteristic thing about us?"

"The voice and the manner of talking," was the quick reply. "If you were blindfolded, you could recognize people you know simply by hearing them talk. Just listen to people, and see how individual they are in that respect. Some of them talk like a streak; some drawl along with a lot of 'ands' and 'ers;' some of them snap their words out like a dog getting ready to bark. In fact, some of them do bark.

"Probably one reason why our way of talking is so characteristic is because it is almost impossible for us to listen to ourselves. The moment you try it, you become unnatural."

"What else do we do that an imitator would pick out as characteristic?" I asked.

"Everybody has an individual way of walking, and a very distinct carriage. You can recognize people you know simply by their walk. And you can make a pretty good guess as to the character of people you do not know by studying their walk.

"The pose of the head, the position of the shoulders, the bend of the knees—every detail of that kind indicates mental and moral traits. They are the *result* of those traits. If a man walks rapidly, with his head thrust forward and his chin up, you don't have to be told that he is impetuous and energetic, but generally in too big a hurry to do things thoroughly as he goes along. You can *feel* it.

"But if he walks slowly, with his head forward and his chin *down*, you know that he is the brooding, thoughtful type. If he walks with his knees always bent and his head and shoulders back of a perpendicular line from the knees up, you know he is very deliberate, that he probably doesn't accomplish much—and doesn't care.

"The queer thing is that you simply cannot feel one way and at the same time walk some other way. Just try it and see. Think of some problem you want to decide; fix your mind on it, and begin to analyze it from every point of view—and at the same time, walk! Your head will naturally droop forward and your step will be slow. And if you feel hurried and impulsive and eager to get somewhere, you *can't* walk with your knees bent and your head and shoulders back of that imaginary straight line. The minute you feel impetuous your knees will straighten and your head and shoulders will go forward.

"THERE is a natural balance between state of mind and an attitude of the body. That is the reason why, in giving an imitation, the first essential is to try to *feel* the character and the mood of the person imitated.

"Don't you know how often girls try to imitate some other girl they admire, or perhaps some older woman, or an actress on whom they have a 'crush'? The imitation is generally a failure; and the reason is that these girls are only copying the externals, the little mannerisms. All the time, they are themselves inside. If you want to *appear* like someone else, you must try to *be* like that someone.

"For instance, I have seen girls try to imitate a very dashing girl who has lots of assurance. It is perfectly natural for her to be dashing, because she has self-confidence, is full of health and spirits, and is probably used to having her own way. But imagine the result when a timid, shrinking girl, anemic, unhappy, and browbeaten at home, tries to be dashing! All she can achieve is an artificial aggressiveness."

"Then isn't there any hope for her?" I asked.

"Yes, of course there is! Let her learn to do as many things as she can, so that she will feel that she counts for something. Let her live out of doors and get some red blood in her veins. Let her pull herself up out of the dumps. And let her take courage in her two hands and assert herself at home. When she has got so that she is well and happy and can say her soul is her own, she won't have to give an imitation of 'pep.' She will have it herself. In other words, if you want to appear like someone else, don't try to do what they do, but try to feel as you know they feel."

"Which are easier for you to imitate, men or women?" I asked.

"Oh, women are easier, because they are more expressive of themselves. They use more gestures and have more little mannerisms. Women are more individual than men—and more self-conscious. Self-conscious people are generally easy to imitate, because they are always trying to express themselves. The consequence is that they give you an exaggerated picture. They really caricature themselves.

"Take a man, for instance, who wants to impress everybody with the fact that he is a 'gentleman.' He over-does it. He may do it by too much bowing and scraping, by always hopping around to wait on you, and by talking as if butter wouldn't melt in his mouth. Or, if he wants you to think he is the blasé type, he affects a sublime indifference, a languid tone, a casual air about everything. You

can imagine how easy it is to imitate people like that. You have your caricature ready-made. They are simply imitators themselves."

AT THIS point—for meanwhile we had talked of many things beside imitations—the motor turned a corner and Miss Claire exclaimed, "Now you are going to see my little house!"

It wasn't really a little one, but a long, low, stucco-and-timbered building, sitting comfortably under two huge oak trees, and with a background of tall oaks behind it. In the half-hour we spent there, I found how unjust she had been to herself when she said that she knew so few of the things that are to be known.

This girl, who had left school at thirteen and who had been living one of the most exacting lives ever since, had, nevertheless, found time to study books, pictures, costumes, color, proportion, and to put her knowledge intelligently to work in planning a home and its surroundings. It was with added respect and interest that I turned to her, as the car started again for New York, and asked:

"What happened—after Yonkers?"

"Vaudeville!" she said. "And then more vaudeville. Character songs and imitations—several years of them! First, on the cheap circuits; then on the best ones. But always vaudeville. What else could I do? I couldn't even get a chance to act. And I needed the money. So there I was.

"After a while, I went into musical comedy with Richard Carle. Then I was loaned to Mr. Harris for the Folies Bergères. And finally an English producer, who was going to put on a musical comedy, 'The Quaker Girl,' and who couldn't seem to find just the type he wanted, hit upon me. Mr. Harris didn't think I could do it, but the Englishman was desperate and took a chance.

"Perhaps you remember that his courage had a fit reward. The piece was a great success and I had my share of it. In fact, I suppose I could have gone on playing a 'bonnet-and-strings' part indefinitely, if I had been foolish enough to consent.

"But I was determined not to be labeled and ticketed as that type—or any other one type. So I broke away and went to London for two years, playing in 'The Girl from Utah' and 'The Belle of Bond Street.' I had escaped from vaudeville, but I seemed to be in another *impasse*, this time musical comedy.

"After that I had a short experience in the movies, and then went to the Follies for two seasons. But as far as making any real advance in my work, I might as well have gone back into vaudeville, except that I received a larger salary. I was doing the same sort of things: songs and imitations.

"The first season, I did a little satire on 'Marie Odile.' Mr. Belasco, who had produced the play, with Frances Star in it, came to see my stunt, and there is a very charming little story that he promptly picked me out of the Follies and made me an actress. It's a nice story; only it doesn't happen to be true.

"I finished that season with Mr. Ziegfeld and was still there the next year, doing a little skit called, 'Juliet with a Cold in her Head,' and a satire on Jane Cowl—which I wrote myself because nobody had time to bother to write something for me.

"One night, when I had such an honest-to-goodness cold that I could scarcely speak, I went on the stage to do the Juliet act, and there, sitting in the front row, was Mr. Belasco. As with every other aspiring young creature who dreams of a stage career, Mr. Belasco represented to me 'the substance of things hoped for.' And when I saw him there, I hoarsely vowed to myself that, rather than make a practical failure before him, I would not go through my part at all. I could manage Juliet, because that poor lady was supposed to have a cold herself. But I declined to do the Jane Cowl act.

"That night the worm turned. I was thoroughly discouraged, and sick of the whole thing. And as Morris Gest conveniently turned up to receive my tale of woe, I unburdened my mind to him.

"He was very sympathetic and—perhaps because Mr. Belasco, being present, was in his mind—he began to speculate on the advantage to my career if the great manager himself would take an interest in it. Needless to say, I didn't discourage him. I went home to nurse my cold and my hopes—with the emphasis on the hopes.

"Mr. Gest was as good as his word. He talked with Mr. Belasco about me. But my cold got well—and my hopes got worse—before anything came of it. Then, one day, very much excited, Mr. Gest came to me with the thrilling information that Mr. Belasco had a play in which he, Mr. Gest, thought there was a chance for me.

"'Can you speak French?' he demanded.

"'Yes!' I declared.

"YOU see he asked me whether I *could* speak it; not whether I *did*. As a matter of fact, I didn't—but I knew I could learn. I would have learned to speak Patagonian, if a Belasco engagement had hung on my possessing that accomplishment.

"'Can you speak English with a French accent?' demanded Mr. Gest.

"'Yes!' I said. And there I was on safe ground, for accents and dialects are as easy to me as if I had acquired them in my cradle.

"'Well,' he said, 'I believe that you could do the part then.'

"'So do I!' I agreed, though I hadn't the faintest idea what the part was. All I knew was that I would undertake to do any part known to the stage—or unknown either, for that matter—in order to get my chance in the legitimate drama.

"'Is Mr. Belasco in town?' I asked feverishly.

"He was.

"'Ask him to let me come to see him,' I urged. But Mr. Gest had his doubts about that.

"I think I thrust a telephone into his hands and begged him to call up Mr. Belasco at once. At any rate, he did so and received about this reply:

"'Oh . . . all right . . . tell her to come and see me.'

"Well,"—she drew a long breath—"I went. I sat down, and I stood up, and I took off my hat, all according to request. Mr. Belasco was very kind and gentle and not at all the terrifying autocrat I had pictured him. And the result was—that I was engaged for 'Polly with a Past.'"

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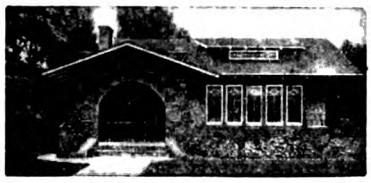

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She turned to me with a laugh.

"Don't ever say that a woman cannot keep a secret! As the new play was not to be put on that year, I was to stay with the Follies through the season, and also I was not to tell anyone that Mr. Belasco had engaged me. Sometimes, when things went wrong, I would almost have given my year's salary to say haughtily:

"'Oh, that's quite all right! I sha'n't be here long. Mr. *Belasco* has engaged me!'

"I took a stiff course that winter in the gentle art of not yielding to temptation; and I came through with honors, if I do say it.

"The next season I was 'Polly.' But I was literally 'Polly with a Past.' The ghosts of my former imitations rose up to haunt me. Some of the critics said I imitated Gaby Deslys, and some said I imitated this, that, or the other person. But the public liked me; and I knew that at last I had my foot in the doorway that opened toward the goal of my old dreams.

"I like to sit at one side and see life go by me. Human beings have interested me, more than anything else in the world, ever since I was a particularly harum-scarum little girl back in Washington. I am always distressing poor Mother by bringing home some impossible person to dinner. But the only reason they seem impossible to her is that they are different. They think for themselves—and act as they think. How can you be interested in anyone who lets the crowd do his thinking for him, and whose daily petition is probably, 'O Lord! make me just like other people, especially the ones we call *the* people!'

"I SUPPOSE that is why I like to play character parts on the stage. They seem so definite, so positive. Some people are as intangible as a vapor, or a perfume. But there are other people who are like the flower itself—concrete and actual. They are the ones who are not afraid to be themselves. And they are as much more interesting than the other kind as the flower itself is more interesting than merely its perfume. If you run over the list of your acquaintances you can easily pick out the two classes."

"What about audiences?" I asked. "Are they individual?"

"Yes," she said, after thinking it over, "they are. But it is chiefly a question of mood, I imagine. For instance, an audience at a musical comedy is there with a definite purpose. It wants to be amused. It doesn't want to think or to feel; at least, not anything serious. Its mood is one of absolute relaxation.

"On the other hand, an audience composed of the same people might go to see a play like 'John Ferguson,' or 'Redemption,' but its mood would be entirely different. Instead of being relaxed, it is keyed up. If there is one thing that I have learned from my rather chaotic experience, it is that the extraordinary human mosaic, which we call the audience, is unfailingly responsive to whatever is true. It may be a trivial thing, like an imitation of someone they have seen. Or it may be a great thing, like the portrayal of a human tragedy. But if it has the elements of sincerity and reality in it, the audience never fails in its response.

"In one play in which I had a part there was a scene which I never went through without an inward protest. It was utterly irrelevant. It had been dragged into the play by main force. And all the time I was doing it, I kept saying to myself, 'It's false! It's false!' The audience did not analyze it; they responded fairly well to certain superficial things in it. But it was not the instant and complete reaction they would have given to the same scene if it had been in a play where it belonged, where it would have been true.

"THAT response to reality is, however, the only thing about an audience that you can count on. In other ways it is as variable as April weather. Every actor has the experience, for instance, of failing night after night to get, perhaps, an expected laugh, and of then having it come some evening with the surprising effect of lightning out of a clear sky.

"It is a curious experience. You rack your brains to find some explanation. You wonder if *you* really got the laugh, or if somebody behind you on the stage did something that caused it. Oh, yes; every performance is more or less of a guessing contest for the actor.

And so the current of our talk went on. There were a hundred little detours to take in books, or pictures, or people; but always it came back to the thing in which Ina Claire is absorbingly interested—her work. Once she said, rather wistfully:

"Why—aside from my work—my life is very dull, very monotonous. Almost any girl of my age has more pleasure than I have. People don't understand that. They think that stage life is a hectic sort of affair, and, of course, it often is. But aside from the fact that the room Mother and I have at the hotel is generally full of flowers which have been sent me, and but for the book on 'The Art of Acting' and my schoolbook on 'Physics'—both of which you would find on the window seat—it might be the room of any girl and her mother. Now that I can get out to the little house at Pelham, I shall at least have some of the outdoor life I love. I'll have my pictures, too. Did I tell you I have a Blakelock? Discovered it, all by myself, smothered in dust in a second-hand shop in Canada. In my own house, with my own books, I can study, and learn some of the appallingly long list of things I want to know."

"By the way," I said, "there's one thing *I* should like to know. Is 'Ina Claire' your real name?"

"Yes," she laughed, "as far as it goes. My last name is so Irish it ought to be written in green ink. Ina Claire *Fagan!* Isn't that the Emerald Isle in five letters?

"'ZIPP'—a Remarkable Judge of Human Nature" is the subject of an article next month by Frank Ward O'Malley, a famous newspaper man. It tells many interesting things which Richard H. Burnside, producer of the mammoth shows at the New York "Hippodrome," has found out about people.

Your Heart

(*Continued from page 27*)

and which helps to destroy the germs of disease. These soldiers of ours, the white corpuscles, called phagocytes, hasten in great numbers to any part of the body from which comes an alarm of invasion. They fight our battles every moment that we live, whether we are awake or asleep. If it were not for them, disease would soon overcome us, and we should be annihilated.

Leading out from the heart there is the main artery, called the aorta, from which smaller arteries branch. These divide and subdivide, becoming smaller and smaller, until finally they reach the capillaries, which pervade every tissue of the body and are so small that they get their name from the Latin word for a hair. It is through the capillary walls that the nourishment, the oxygen, and also the defensive troops, get into the tissues.

WHEN a candle burns, the oxygen of the air unites with carbon to make carbon dioxide. Exactly this change takes place when the oxygen in the blood comes in contact with waste matter in the body. As they move onward in the stream, the red corpuscles give up their oxygen and take up the carbonic acid gas.

The blood stream also takes up various products of waste, which it carries to certain organs, such as the kidneys and the lungs, to be eliminated.

Leaving the capillaries, the blood enters the smallest veins, which soon empty into larger ones, and these increase in size, diminishing in numbers, until finally two large veins return the blood to the right side of the heart, to be pumped again into the lungs. This, briefly, is the double cycle of the circulation.

But the heart cannot perform its daily task without a stimulus. There must be a pumper as well as a pump; and the pumper is the nervous system. Two great nerves supply the heart with its incentive to work. One is the accelerator nerve, which causes the heart contractions, and the other is the inhibitory nerve, which controls the heart beats, and without which the accelerator nerve would drive the heart too fast.

Ordinarily, the stimulus from these nerves is well balanced and the heart beats regularly and with sufficient frequency. But if one of them overbalances the other, there will be either a slowing or an acceleration of the beat, depending upon which one of them predominates. These nerves have nothing whatever to do with sensation. No nerves of sensation enter the heart, but they do connect with the heart nerves at certain centers or substations.

These sensory nerves are distributed over the surface of the body, mostly to the chest wall and down the arms. Any trouble in the heart itself causes an irritation of the heart nerves; and the sensory nerves, in sympathy with the heart nerves, become irritated. It is in this manner that heart disease, or any long-continued disturbance, produces the sensation of pain in the chest wall, or down the arms.

The heart may be handled, it may be cut, it may receive almost any serious injury, without causing pain; because it requires long continued irritation of the heart nerves to produce a sympathetic reaction in the nerves of sensation. Harvey, who discovered the secret of the circulation early in the seventeenth century, described how he had handled the exposed heart of the son of Viscount Montgomery without causing the boy any distress whatever.

"Heart disease," then, may not be a disease of the heart at all. That is, you may have certain sensations which you wrongly attribute to a heart condition; or your heart may be acting queerly because it is merely sympathizing with other organs which are in trouble. These sympathetic troubles of the heart are called functional diseases, to distinguish them from real or organic heart diseases.

In organic heart disease the fault may lie in one of three directions: It may be the pump; it may be the piping system; or it may be the pumper, the nerve supply.

With regard to the pump, there may be a disease of the heart muscle; of its inner lining, the endocardium; or of its outer lining, the pericardium.

The heart is subject to many infections from other parts of the body which reach it through the blood stream. If there is an accumulation of pus somewhere, as around the teeth, or in the appendix, or the tonsils, the blood takes up the germs which cause it, and they often find lodgment in the heart, producing an inflammatory disease of the heart lining and also of the muscle itself. Certain diseases, such as rheumatism, will also cause an inflammatory condition of the heart.

The damage done in such cases is usually to the openings through which the blood flows, or to their valves. Wherever there has been a deep-seated inflammatory condition, scar tissue always follows. If you burn your hand severely, the burn in healing contracts and makes a scar. It is this contraction of the inflamed tissues of the heart which usually does the damage, causing the valves to become too small to cover the openings; or the openings themselves too narrow, thus obstructing the flow of blood. Valvular diseases of the heart are not really active diseases at all, but are defects in the valves, due to the shrinking of scar tissue, which permits a back-flow of the stream.

VALVULAR heart defects used to be considered quite dangerous, but we have learned that they are not so serious as they were formerly thought to be. A heart will go on performing its task in spite of a valvular defect, if the heart muscle is strong enough to force the stream onward, and, also, if the heart is not given too much extra duty to perform.

The heart muscle may be weakened by several causes; by disease, by overwork, or by undernourishment. There is a large artery which distributes its branches over the heart, conveying nourishment to the heart muscle. A disease of this artery

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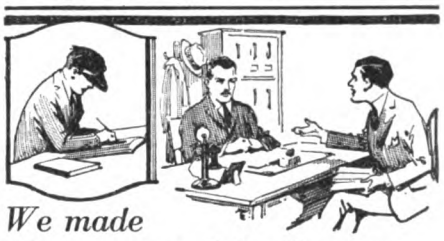

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may cause starvation of the heart muscle and produce that terrible condition called angina pectoris. But whatever symptoms may arise from heart exhaustion, the one constant symptom is shortness of breath.

Shortness of breath is an expression of air hunger. If we do not get sufficient oxygen in the tissues there is an accumulation of carbonic acid gas in the blood. We may not get enough oxygen because of something wrong with our lungs. Or we may get enough oxygen through our lungs, but the blood stream may be too sluggish for the tissues to receive it. This is the reason why, in diseased conditions of the heart or blood vessels, we breathe rapidly, even when at rest, or pant and labor upon the slightest exertion. It is a danger signal of great gravity, and requires immediate attention.

If you cannot climb a hill as comfortably as you used to; if going up a few steps causes distress, you would better take good advice from one competent to give it. It may be that you are getting too fat, that there is fat around the heart, and it is struggling against an incubus. But, on the other hand, it may be a weakened, exhausted condition of the heart muscle, which requires rest.

IMPAIRMENT of the circulation in the vessels is frequently caused by hardening of the walls of the small arteries and the obliteration of many capillaries, which occurs mostly in old age. This obliteration of the small vessels is considered to be one of the causes of high blood pressure.

Another cause is a chronic disease of the kidneys. Recently another theory of the high blood pressure has been widely accepted. On the surface of each kidney is a gland called the suprarenal gland. The extract from this gland, called suprarenalin, when injected into the blood, causes increased blood pressure. This has led to the belief that in chronic diseases of the kidneys the suprarenal gland is affected, and suprarenalin gets into the blood.

What is meant by "high blood pressure"? Nowadays, when you go to the doctor, one of the first things he does after getting your story is to put a cloth band about your arm, containing an air bag, which is connected by a rubber tube to a small instrument consisting of a dial and a hand that registers the amount of air pressure in the rubber bag. By squeezing a bulb and pumping air into the bag, he compresses your arm and finally stops the beating of the pulse on that side. Then, with the finger he feels the wrist artery, or with a stethoscope he listens at the crook of your elbow and notes on the dial the exact place where, upon gradually releasing the air pressure, your pulse first reasserts itself. The figure on the dial at this point is put down as the amount of your blood pressure.

Too many people are worried about their blood pressure. The healthy heart has a tremendous reserve power beyond what it is called upon ordinarily to use. The normal heart can endure almost any amount of physical exertion that does not cause distress elsewhere. If one has a high blood pressure there must be a reason for it, and to attempt to reduce the blood pressure would be folly. It would necessitate reducing the force of the heart contraction, which is needed to send the blood out into the body and get it back again.

If you have a high blood pressure your doctor will try to find out three things about you: Are your kidneys performing properly? Are they taking enough waste matter out of the blood? If not, then you may have a chronic kidney disease that needs attention and care. How are your artery walls? Are they beginning to harden? What is the condition of your heart muscle? Is your heart equal to the added task? If he is satisfied concerning these three things you need not worry much about your blood pressure, even though it be two hundred.

All the drugs in the world cannot keep the blood pressure down, anyhow. Only one thing can do it—a failing heart muscle. If for some time it has been around one hundred and eighty or two hundred, and suddenly drops, look out! The heart muscle is getting tired. It must rest or it will stop.

But because anxiety and stimulating foods will add to the burden of the heart, the wise doctor will tell you to forget your blood pressure, to rest, to restrict your diet, and to reduce your allowance of tobacco, or coffee, or tea.

One of the most important conditions that affect people of advancing age is arterio-sclerosis, or hardening of the artery walls. If you will put your finger on your pulse at the wrist you will feel the impulse of the advancing blood wave, which causes a momentary stiffening of the wall. If you press a little harder you will be able to collapse the wall until the pulse is obliterated. When a doctor examines your pulse he wants to know much more than how fast it beats. In fact he learns five things about it: First, the rate; second, the volume, whether it is thin and fine or a full blood stream; third, the rhythm, whether it is regular or irregular; fourth, how much pressure is required to stop the pulse; and fifth, the condition of the artery walls.

If they are soft and smooth, no marked degenerative changes have taken place. But the wall may have a hard, inelastic, ringed feel, very much like the feel of a rubber hose protected by wire sheathing. This last is an indication of an advanced state of arterio-sclerosis.

IN GENERAL, it may be said that anything which causes over-activity of the heart puts a strain upon the blood vessels. The anxiety, the worry, the feverish haste of modern life, overeating, overdrinking, the excessive use of tobacco, all of these, singly or in combination, may produce an untimely hardening of the vessels. And when the vessel walls are hardened, they are more easily ruptured, especially because there is usually increased blood pressure. Ruptures occur more frequently in the brain than elsewhere in the body, and when this occurs there is a hemorrhage on the surface or within the brain which is called cerebral apoplexy.

We have been talking about the pump and the piping system. Now we must consider the pumper. Anywhere along the course of the great heart nerves, a trouble may arise to cause a change either in the rate or the rhythm of the heart contraction. Such conditions are not usually serious, however, unless the trouble occurs in the nerve filaments *after* they have entered the heart itself.

A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day

WHEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house, I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a one-hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally some one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to Macdonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded securely to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

Then Macdonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You may well imagine our amazement at Macdonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

* * * * * * *

ON THE way home that night I asked Macdonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it—simply a memory feat, the key to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he told me that the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a question of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. Every one was talking about it, and I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop social popularity, I would tell him to learn my memory "feat"—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. Much to my surprise I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And then, when it was too late, I would always think of apt and striking things I "might have said." But now I can think like a flash. When I am talking I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. It seems that all I have to do is to start to talk and instantly I find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

* * * * * * *

I FOUND that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up the man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and time again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in this respect, I often feel sorry for the ill-at-ease look of the other men who cannot hold up their end in the argument because they cannot recall facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I now put in my mind is as clear and as easy to recall instantly as though it were written before me in plain black and white.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. People who ought to know say that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. But I have disproved all that. I have found that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two, but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I trained my memory.

* * * * * * *

THESE are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind, together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read but usually forgot most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day Macdonald got me interested in improving my memory.

* * * * * * *

WHAT Macdonald told me that eventful evening was this: "Get the Roth Memory Course." I did. That is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. The publishers of the Roth Memory Course—The Independent Corporation—are so confident that it will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send the Course to you on approval.

You need not pay a single penny until you have examined the Course and found that it fully lives up to all the claims made for it. Send no money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete Course will be sent to you instantly, all charges prepaid. If after examination you decide that you do not want to keep the Course, then return it and you will owe nothing. On the other hand, if you find, as thousands of others have found, that the Roth Memory Course will do wonders for you, then merely send five dollars in full payment.

You have always wanted a good memory. Now you can have it. Remember, you pay no money until you have proved that the Course will benefit you. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by taking immediate action. So mail the coupon NOW before this liberal offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

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Publishers of The Independent Weekly
Dept. R-122, 119 West 40th St., New York

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the Course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5 in full payment of the Course.

Name .....

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..... Amer. 2-20

If you will remember that these nerves have branches that supply the stomach and the lungs, you will understand that any of these organs may be affected by disease of the other. Acute indigestion from overeating, especially when one has been overdrinking at the same time, may cause profound distress to the heart and sometimes death. Hence, the doctor's strict injunction against overeating, or any other abuse of the stomach, if your heart is laboring from trouble of its own.

Emotions will cause a change in the heart rate. Fear, pleasure, anger, rage, anxiety—all of these will increase its action, an effect that is soon over when the emotion ceases. Long continued mental strain, however, may produce heart exhaustion.

This article has been written in the hope that it may interest four kinds of people: First, those who have trouble with their hearts and know it. Second, those who have heart defects and do not know it. Third, those who think they have, but haven't. And, fourth, those who haven't and never think about their hearts at all.

No matter to which of these groups you may belong, most of the things that I am going to say you know already, but even if they are known, perhaps what has gone before may help you to understand them better, and see the reason for their constant reiteration.

Heart defects are never made manifest until the heart breaks down under the strain. Then is not the time for prevention. The time to prevent the breaking down is, obviously, before it has occurred. Suppose you have any or all of the following symptoms: Shortness of breath, slight, but more manifest upon exertion; pain around the heart at times; a pulse more rapid than normal; occasional fluttering in the chest. They may be due entirely to trouble in the stomach or in some place remote from the heart. In other words, they may be functional and not organic heart symptoms. But functional conditions may *produce* organic diseases of the heart if they are long continued, because they throw an extra burden upon it. For this reason, the cause should be removed. To do so may require an entire change of life, the overcoming of such habits as the use of tobacco, coffee and tea, and especially, overeating.

If the doctor tells you that you have valvular trouble, do not let this information worry you. Remember that you had it before you knew it, and that the telling has not made it any worse. But the knowledge that you have gained may prolong your life many years, because you will know better how to avoid overworking your heart.

AND now we come to the one who has heart trouble and who knows it, not only from what the doctor has told him but from sensations within himself. Exhaustion of the heart muscle is at the bottom of all of our troublesome heart symptoms, and a muscle exhausted needs rest. Think what a tremendous amount of labor the heart is called upon to do, even under the most favorable conditions. Taking the average pulse at 72, the heart contracts 4,320 times an hour. If you should live to be three-score and ten, your heart will have expanded and contracted 2,649,024,000 times. And if in all that time it had stopped for even a few seconds, your life's limit would have been reached.

What is meant by rest, then, for a heart that must keep going? In each cycle of the heart beat there is a fraction of a second when the muscle rests and gets its nourishment from the blood. When the heart's action is increased above normal it is the rest period that is sacrificed.

All of this implies that one who has an exhausted heart muscle should have absolute rest in bed, until the heart has recovered. It also implies that sleep is an essential, because the heart beats more slowly during sleep. It means that one should have mental rest, because unpleasant emotions increase the heart action. Worry is as harmful as physical exertion.

It may seem paradoxical to speak of exercise in heart disease, but exercise is possibly the next most useful means to a cure. If you have been in bed for some time because of an exhausted heart muscle, one day the doctor will tell you that you may get up, and shortly thereafter he may prescribe certain mild movements to "get your blood circulating." After rest has restored to the heart some of its reserve energy, exercise is a very important agent in completing the cure. It should be graduated, and never so strenuous or so long continued as to cause breathlessness, palpitation, a sense of tiredness, or pain. Find some pleasant occupation for this exercise period. As soon as you are able, get out into the country. Study the flowers, the birds, or the trees. Or find something useful to do at home, if it is only minding the baby.

As age advances upon us an added burden is thrown upon the heart because of more rigid artery walls and higher blood pressure. This condition cannot be avoided but it may be postponed, and especially we can keep from doing things which will add to the sum of the heart's labor. Here are a few "Don'ts" for those of middle age or beyond:

Don't overload the stomach. Help digestion by taking proper food, properly cooked, enough but not too much, and chew it thoroughly.

Don't drink too much at meals to dilute the digestive juices.

Smoke none or little, because smoking increases the heart action.

Don't hurry. A sudden spurt to catch a car may prove your undoing.

Don't run up-stairs or up a hill.

Don't worry.

Don't lose sleep.

Don't work too hard or too much.

Don't play too hard.

Don't turn your mind inward and worry about your heart. Remember that it is not what is wrong with the heart that matters so much, as what it is able to do in spite of a handicap. Know your limitations, and live within them.

"IS THAT Your Dummy—And is That You Hiding Behind It?" This is the rather startling question asked next month by Dr. Frank P. Norbury, a well-known psychologist. It may give you a clue to the cause of some of your troubles.

Does Marriage Clip the Wings of Youth?

(*Continued from page 53*)

He jammed his cap over his eyes and almost ran away, not looking back, for she had closed the door at once.

The audience does not know what goes on behind the lowered curtain: the haste, the anger, the laughter, the mistakes, the accidents, the tragedies, the "striking" of boudoirs, the setting-up of palaces, a judicious touch of rouge, a dash of gray at the temples—they do not see this. They only read that between the prologue and Act One ten years elapse.

Paul sensed something of this when, some nine or ten years later, he returned to Eastbrooke. The town seemed just the same, and that sameness made him conscious of all the seas he had sailed, all the strange lands that had become as every day to him, all the sinister and generous and gallant men he had met, and all the tawdry and exotic and gay and sad and gallant women. Yet there was something restful in the old town's very commonplaceness, something wholesome and solid and reassuring.

His parents still lived in the same shabby little house; but all his brothers and sisters were married, except the gauche youngster he remembered as the baby, and there were half a dozen little nieces and nephews. Marcia had married well and moved away, but he visited the rest in their modest cottages, where he was treated with a shy affection and much respect, for this elegant Paul had "been everywhere and done awfully well, you know." His sisters-in-law were quite overwhelmed with anxiety when he came to dinner. They apologized for everything, for not having the things he was doubtless accustomed to.

His father, milder than ever, asked his opinion so respectfully, and his beaming mother, bustling proudly around him—things must be just so for the great, the wise, the wonderful Paul, MY SON. Quarles had retired from his wanderings to a villa in Santa Barbara, and Paul had

WHAT I THINK OF PELMANISM—By George Creel

PELMANISM is the biggest thing that has come to the United States in many a year. With a record of 400,000 successes in England, this famous course in mind training has been Americanized at last, and is now operated by Americans in America for American men and women. Pelmanism is neither an experiment nor a theory. For twenty years it has been teaching people how to think; how to use fully the senses of which they are conscious; how to discover and to train the senses of which they have been unconscious. Pelmanism is merely the science of thinking; the science of putting right thought into successful action; the science of that mental team play that is the one true source of efficiency, the one master key that opens all doors to advancement.

England, Ireland, Scotland, Australia, Canada, South Africa, India, France, Italy, Holland and Russia—all have paid tribute to the dynamic effects of this time-tested, time-proved course in mental training. In response to overwhelming demands, the work is being extended to new countries, and by special appeal, the lessons are being put into Braile for the use of the blind.

I heard first of Pelmanism during a recent visit in London. Its matter filled pages in every paper and magazine and wherever one went there was talk of Pelmanism. "Are you a Pelmanist?" was a common question.

It was T. P. O'Connor who satisfied my curiosity and gave me facts. By 1918 alone there were 400,000 Pelmanists, figuring in every walk and condition of life. Lords and ladies of high degree, clerks and cooks, members of Parliament, laborers, clergymen and actors, farmers, lawyers, doctors, coal miners, soldiers and sailors, even generals and admirals, were all Pelmanizing and heads of great business houses were actually enrolling their entire staffs in the interest of larger efficiency.

The famous General Sir F. Maurice, describing it as a "system of mind drill based on scientific principles," urged its adoption by the army. General Sir Robert Baden-Powell and Admiral Lord Beresford indorsed it over their signatures. In France, Flanders and Italy over 100,000 soldiers of the empire were talking Pelmanism in order to fit themselves for return to civil life, and many members of the American Expeditionary Force were following this example.

Well-known writers like Jerome K. Jerome, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Max Pemberton, the Baroness Orczy and E. F. Benson were writing columns in praise and interpretation of Pelmanism. Great editors like Sir William Robertson Nicoll and educators such as Sir James Yoxall were going so far as to suggest its inclusion in the British educational system.

As a matter of fact, the thing had all the force and sweep of a religion. It went deep into life, far down beneath all surface emotions, and bedded its roots in the very centers of individual being. It was an astonishing phenomenon, virtually compelling my interest, and I agreed gladly when certain members of Parliament offered to take me to Pelman House. A growing

GEORGE CREEL

enthusiasm led me to study the plan in detail, and it is out of the deepest conviction that I make these flat statements:

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, develop and strengthen such qualities as will-power, concentration, ambition, self-reliance, judgment and memory.

Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, substitute "I will" for "I wish" by curing mind-wandering and wool-gathering.

Viewed historically, Pelmanism is a study in intelligent growth. Twenty years ago it was a simple memory training system.

The founder of Pelmanism had an idea. He went to the leading psychologists of England, and also to those of America, and said: "I have a good memory system. I think I may say that it is the best. But it occurs to me that there is small point in memory unless there's a *mind* behind it. You gentlemen teach the science of the mind. But you teach it only to those who come to you. And few come, for psychology is looked upon as 'highbrow.' Why can't we popularize it? Why can't we make people train their minds just as they train their bodies? Why can't you put all that you have to teach into a series of simple, understandable lessons that can be grasped by the average man with an average education?"

And the eminent professors did it! Pelmanism to-day is the *one* known course in applied psychology, the *one* course that builds mind as a physical instructor builds muscle.

It teaches how to develop *personality*, how to build *character*, how to strengthen *individuality*. Instead of training memory alone, or will-power alone, or reasoning power alone it recognizes the absolute interdependency of these powers and trains them *together*.

It is not, however, an educational machine for grinding out standardized brains, for it realizes that there are wide differences in the minds and problems of men. It develops *individual* mentality to its highest power.

The course comes in twelve lessons—twelve "Little Gray Books." They are sent one at a time and the student fills out work sheets that are gone over, with pen and ink, by a staff of trained instructors. There is nothing arduous about the course, and it offers no great difficulties, but it does require *application*. *Pelmanism has got to be worked at.*

There is no "magic" or "mystery" about it. It is not "learned in an evening." You can take a pill for a sluggish liver but all the patent medicines in the world can't help a sluggish mind. Pelmanism is not a "pill" system. It proceeds upon the scientific theory that there is no law in nature that condemns the human mind to permanent limitations. It develops the mental faculties by regular exercise, just as the athlete develops his muscles.

Brains are not evolved by miracles. Just as the arms stay weak or grow flabby, when not used so does an unexercised mind stay weak or grow flabby.

Pelmanism is the science of Get There—getting there quickly, surely, finely! Not for men alone, but for women as well. Women in commercial pursuits have the same problems to overcome as men. Women in the home are operating a business, a highly specialized, complex business, requiring every ounce of judgment, energy, self-reliance and quick decision that it is possible to develop.

Talk of quick and large salary raises suggests quackery, but with my own eyes I saw bundles of letters telling how Pelmanism had increased earning capacities from 20 to 200 per cent. With my own ears I heard the testimony of employers to this effect. Why not? Increased efficiency is *worth* more money. Aroused ambition, heightened energies, refuse to let a man rest content with "well enough."

But Pelmanism is bigger than that. There's more to it than the making of money. It makes for a richer and more wholesome and more interesting life.

One may utilize Pelmanism as a means of achieving some immediate purpose—financial, social, educational or cultural—but the advantages of the training touch life and living at every point. (Signed) *George Creel.*

Note.—In bringing Pelmanism to America, the needs of the United States have been considered at every point. Plan, methods and principles remain the same, but American psychologists have Americanized the lessons and American instructors, carefully trained in the course, will pass upon every work sheet.

The course can be completed in three to twelve months, depending entirely upon the amount of time devoted to study.

Pelmanism guarantees nothing but what it can deliver. A written statement at the conclusion of the course, in which the student gives his word of honor that he has not received results, will gain an instant refund of fee. Whatever may have been your experience with other courses, Pelmanism *will* help you.

"Mind and Memory" is the name of the booklet which describes Pelmanism down to the last detail. It is fascinating in itself with its wealth of original thought and incisive observation. It has benefits of its own that will make the reader keep it., It is free. Use the coupon or a postcard and send for it now—TO-DAY, or call personally.

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been portioned a goodly little capital "to settle down." He didn't know just what he'd do. He wouldn't stay here, of course, just visiting his folks a while. It amused him to be treated thus as the distinguished visitor and, indeed, he rather felt the part.

He asked after the Landers. "Oh, they moved away, let's see, must be seven—eight years ago. I did hear where they went, but can't seem to place it now. Julien? Oh, yes, that niece of theirs. Let's see—she left 'em. Ran off or something. Kinda flighty she was, seems like. Believe we heard she went on the stage, didn't we, Mother? Kinda flighty, I guess."

She really *had*. He had thought of her sometimes, with a tender, amused—curiosity. Vivid little creature—who had got his first man's kiss.

Then one day in the Eastbrooke "Tribune":

Miss Julien Lescot, the well-known dancer, who formerly hailed from our town, will revisit the scenes of her youth hereabouts this summer. She has taken a cottage at Lake Netain, where she will rest after a most successful vaudeville season.

Lescot? A euphonious nom-de-guerre, as it were. But without doubt—Julien. And vaudeville, acme of the banal. That was what her dreams had come to! Exhibiting herself—what a pity! And she had been so fresh and flowerlike—that night—in the moonlight. Poor child!

HE HAD been admitted by a demure little maid, received by "Mrs. Millard," a pleasant lady of middle age and obvious respectability. The stage-mama, Paul thought, the paraded chaperon, and general factotum.

"Miss Lescot does not wish to be interviewed and can make no statement about plans for her next season. She intends to rest here quietly." The lady was firm.

He was amused. "I am not a reporter, but an old friend of Miss Landers—Lescot. If my name could be mentioned to her—"

He felt a decided superiority, a man of his experience was hardly to be fluttered in meeting a star of vaudeville. Of course he had come in a friendly way, possibly a little curious. . . . She came in, assured, fashionable, in evident gorgeous health, frank, natural—charming.

"Well, what do you think of this! You, old Paul Faxon! I thought you were in Kamchatka or Hindustan. And all growed-up and everything!" Her merry eyes, her boyish handclasp instantly demolished that superiority.

"You've grown up some, yourself! And now the well-known Mademoiselle! I couldn't resist paying my respects—with felicitations." He bowed in his grandest manner.

She made a little face. "You mean you were curious to see what color I'd dyed my hair. Confess, you had your tongue all fixed to say 'I can hardly believe that you were once that sweet little girl next door.'"

He laughed with her: "Of course I was curious, but my curiosity was not confined to your hair. You see, I've often thought of you, wondered whether life had—just what it had done for you."

She looked at him in that half-veiled, slightly quizzical way he was to learn to expect from her. "I should now take the center of the stage, telling in throaty tones my bitter little story—*smolo voce*—on attic rooms, hunger, toil, and persecution. I should hiss the awful price a poor gy-url pays for a vaudeville engagement at five hundred a week or so."

"I understand that would be the proper thing." He laughed, but he was not just at ease about it.

"As a matter of fact," she went on, "I happened to come into a few thousand dollars, was particularly well fed while I learned my entrancing (to me) profession, got my first engagement without any tremendous difficulty, and never accepted any dinner invitations if I didn't want to."

"And—you have never—married?"

"No. Mrs. Faxon well?"

"My mother? Very, thank you."

"Mrs. Paul."

"I have been," he declared gallantly, "absolutely true—to you." She laughed as if she found the idea particularly absurd. "I could tell you something funny—if I dared."

"Please dare."

"*Dast* I? Oh, Paul, you were such a *funny* boy! You know, girls are so much older than boys, and you thought of me as a mere child when I was really heaps older than you. I understood you so well. The things you used to say about—"

"What?"

"Oh—marriage," she chuckled. "I guess I'd better not, after all."

"Go on," he urged. "That's not fair. Tell me."

"No, I won't. I've changed my mind." She looked away, and there crept up into her pearl-like skin a faint warm flush—apple-blossoms. He remembered the sweetness of it in her cheeks as he had awkwardly taken her hand that day to say good-by. His own very ears had burned because he could not help thinking of the night before, of her fresh lips. . . .

"I shall make it the business of life," he declared, "to find out exactly what was so funny about that funny boy."

IT WAS pleasant having Julien there that summer. She liked tennis, and it was good sport swimming in the lake, and her little rose-garden was certainly pleasant on hot nights. Awfully good fellow, Julien, never getting sentimental nor fishing for compliments, really up to man's talk. You didn't have to worry about her not understanding, and she didn't have any mother eagle-eying your "intentions." And often he flew to Julien just for safety, after he began to notice that Tom's wife's sister was getting to be always on hand.

She was a pretty, mild little girl who looked at Paul with deep, shy eyes, and Tom would tell him privately what a dandy girl Mabel was, so domestic—some fellow would be darned lucky to get her. And Paul would look distastefully around Tom's cluttered little house, at his nice, commonplace little wife in her blue calico dress, and then at Mabel, helping clear the messy table. Oh, the dull life of poor married folks! He thought of Lillian Stevenson and the little Trent girl and old Bridges's daughter and groaned at the perils of bachelorhood. But so far he had managed. . . .

Then his mother began asking Mabel over to "sit with her" and to stay to supper—"Paul would be so glad." And he would have to see her home, walking slowly through the quiet moonlit streets. Then probably he'd dash out to Julien's—it wouldn't be later than ten—and she wouldn't be surprised nor flustered nor flattered. She'd just say, "Hello! What'd you mean bothering in here this time of night? Want to make some orangeade?"

Came an evening, though, when Julien had a caller, "an old friend," Mr. Richard Westover, who said "Julien," too, and had an irritating way of talking as if they had had so many experiences in common. He had come up to the lake for a few days—and kept staying on, and hanging around Julien. Paul was obliged to admit that he didn't care much for him—clothes too loud, too slangy, and his greeting Julien with, "Well, little old pippin!" was simply disgusting. She didn't seem to mind, said Dick was an old dear, you could trust him with your pearls or your Pomeranian any day, and he'd been awfully sweet to her in the early days.

CAME another evening when, as he was going into Julien's, Dick was coming out. His good-natured face was rather white and his hat was over his eyes, but he stopped and held out his hand to Paul. "Well, good-by, Faxon. I'm off! Look me up when you're in town."

"Why, I thought you were staying longer," said Paul. He suddenly felt ashamed that he had treated Dick coolly.

"Had to have my semi-annual try, you know. No go, so I'm off."

"Try at what?" asked Paul, not meaning to ask it, either.

"Oh, that . . . sweet kid in there. I can't seem to help . . . following her around." He laughed at himself. "I know I haven't any chance; but, poor boob, I keep coming back. Says she's never going to get married. But that's guff, of course. Well—" He pulled himself together. "So long, Faxon! Guess I can catch the eleven-twenty."

Julien was turning over some music when Paul went in.

"Oh, hello!" she said. "Don't come in here looking serious. I want to be cheered up."

He put down his hat and advanced to her. "Julien," he said without preamble, "will you marry me?"

"Certainly not," she returned promptly. "Who put that idea in your head?"

"I'm serious," he said quietly.

"Paul, you're horrid. I've had my heart bruised enough for one night. That old dear, Dick—it just breaks me all up. I suppose you met him?"

"Dear, don't you understand?"

She put down the music at that, and looked at him steadily, neither tenderly nor disdainfully, just contemplatively. And he saw of a sudden not just a very lovely girl but a woman with shadowed eyes who had seen—many cities and many men.

"If only I didn't understand you so well," she said slowly. "Paul, don't you remember, we were children together. And then—as now—you were thinking of yourself—and I—was thinking of you."

"Dearest!"

She smiled. "You didn't, I think, realize how much you let me see of your heart. And you know that old saying—as the twig inclines the tree is bent."

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"But what—"

"This: You were afraid you'd love me, you were afraid I could some way entangle you—you had so shrewdly appraised the poor state of matrimony. And you didn't purpose to give up all the beckoning adventures or sacrifice a single little thing—for any *girl*."

HE HEARD in puzzled surprise. "But, Julien! I was just a boy. What do you mean? You blame me for—"

"I blame you for nothing. I am saying that you are that very boy grown into a man. Kiss me in the moonlight, yes; but help me with life? no. You know, Paul, we miss so much not by what we do but by being the sort of people we are. It isn't that you want to face all the commonplace everydays with me; no, I just happen to be the woman who has finally managed to get around your carefulness. It's just that you want to kiss me again in the moonlight!"

"Julien!"

"Isn't it true? I was a shabby little girl, a burden on my poor relations. You can't know how much I wanted to be necessary to someone, to have someone interested in my dreams, in what happened to me. I wanted *you* to be. Wasn't it silly of me? But you were *afraid* to be interested in me, the more afraid because I did have some charm for you. . . . And now you've come back, so superior to ordinary folks, to your poor brothers' stuffy little houses and crying babies, congratulating yourself that *you* were too clever to let yourself in for such sordid existences. And I did have a hard time at first—I lied about getting money, and, what made it harder, was knowing that nobody—*you*—cared whether I went to the devil or not."

His forehead was wet, as if she had struck him across the face. "I seem to be accused of some not very definite crime. Is it of not having offered myself on the altar of matrimony sooner? Am I—to take it that you are declining the honor of sacrificing yourself?"

"I am declining the honor. I made up my mind some years ago that I would never marry a man who considered me something to buy or trap or be trapped by. He must simply want to live his life with me—whatever befalls us."

"I quite understand that you consider me incapable of—love."

She had turned from him; now she made a gesture of dismissal, and without another word, he left the house.

He thought bitterly that he resembled nothing so much as a toy balloon—with a puncture. He surveyed the remnant with dismay and humiliation, for he saw at last quite plainly the truth about himself. He had placed his own comfort above everything else. He had thought himself smart because he had so carefully kept out of any human relation that might at all hamper this petty freedom he prized so highly. It was true that he had felt superior to Tom, who had been soft enough to let himself in for the regular nose-to-the-grindstone existence. And he *had* been afraid the girl Julien would twine herself around his heart—he had run half way around the world to bar her out. *And then had used the memory of her to shield him from all other women.* He saw that now, too.

Everything had been easy for him. His association with Quarles had brought him a pleasantly exciting life and easy money. A phrase from Quarles's last letter struck him with new force: "I miss you, my boy, more than I like to confess. That's where your dad has it over me. If I hadn't chased so many rainbows I might have a son of my own."

But every flying thought came home—to Julien. Why, indeed, should she believe in *his* love? She thought it only a shameful, wanting, fleeting thing, impatient of bonds, incapable of loyalty. . . .

There was something oddly humble in his attitude toward Tom next day—honest, placid, commonplace Tom. He was leaving shortly, was there anything he could do for Tom? Thanks, old man, but nothing. Paul was glad to see him so—happy.

"Yes," Tom said, "things are going pretty good with me. Had a kind of a bad time some years back; but it's all over now. Kind of restless and discontented, you know, Paul. Felt a little sore that I had to be the one to stick along with Dad. Wanted to go to college and be a professional man of some sort. Got to drinking a little. Then I met Ruth. She was having a hard time to get along, nobody much to look out for her. So we got married. She took the kinks out of me pretty quick." He laughed a little. "We sort of hoped you might take a shine to Mabel. She's a fine girl; but, I guess, maybe not just your sort. Well—starting out again, are you? Don't keep traveling too long, though, Paul."

He tried to stay away from Julien, and managed it for a couple of days, surrendered then, and—

"Miss Julien went to N'Yawk yestahday aft'noon, sah, Mr. Paul. This here's her ad-dress—she done lef' it foh the postman."

MRS. MILLARD received him a little coolly. She expected Julien any moment. If Mr. Faxon cared to wait. . . .

Julien took his presence calmly. "Oh, I didn't know you intended to come to New York now."

"I didn't know you intended to come, either."

"Well, you know it's August, and I must think of next season."

"A long tour, you think?"

"Not if I get Arthur Henderson to give me the Dancer in his production of 'The Purple Jasmine.'"

"I hope you get it. It will be more convenient for me to stay in New York."

"What do you mean, silly?"

"That I am going to be wherever you are—New York or Tucson or Tallahassee or Mukilteo. I know what you think of me, Julien. Probably I'll have a long row to hoe to change that opinion. But I'm going to hoe it. I'm yours, Julien, to the last ditch and the last drop of blood. I'm not asking anything of you, dear, now; but just give me another chance."

"I said nasty things to you, Paul, and I'm sorry. But you won't like my profession. You'll hate it. You—"

"And you think that will keep me from sticking? Well, I rather agree that it will make me writhe to share you with a vulgar, staring public. But I—deserve that, don't I? If only, Julien, you don't quite hate me. . . ."

"Oh, you'll soon be disillusioned," she shrugged.

And so—Julien became the Dancer (lightly clad) in the "Purple Jasmine," and Paul took a position in a firm in which Quarles had an interest. He heard men say, "Yes, Faxon's a good fellow, but he hangs after that dancer Julien Lescot." Paul did not hate her dancing, for it seemed to him a sort of incense to Beauty, but he hated the way some people thought of it, of her. He was, though, beginning to understand so much. When men said, "*I'd* never marry a woman of the stage." . . . "*I* couldn't love a woman who did this or that;" when women said, "*I'd* never marry a man who gambled." . . . "*I* couldn't love a man who liked lemon-pie," or any of the absurd things people say—Paul was learning to smile. Perhaps he'd rather Julien were not a dancer at whom all the world might look but—*she was the woman he loved.* What she did or did not do could not change that.

With her he was always gently gay, but he was suffering, a deep, half-ecstatic pain; he might have claimed his own long ago, fought her battles, stood between her and this leering world, but because he had feared bonds so, he had—almost—lost her.

ONE bitter white night he had brought her home from the theatre as usual, and she had been unusually silent. She let her furs slip off into his hands, and sank down on a divan.

"Tired?"

"Not painfully. I'm just—thinking."

"About what?"

"About—us."

"Julien," he murmured tenderly.

She looked at him with a quizzical little smile. "You can certainly put an awful lot of things—into that very ordinary name."

"It means a lot of things to me. You spoke a sweet one yourself."

"What?"

"'Us.'"

"Paul, when I used to . . . skip a good many meals, and squirm in agents' offices and . . . listen to horrid talk in dressing-rooms, I hated *you*. For not letting yourself love me and . . . being with me just to hold onto, anyway, when life didn't seem to have anything for me but wallops."

"Julien, for God's sake—"

"I'm not trying to hurt you, dear. I'm just grinning about poor human nature. Don't you see, if I'd married you then, how it would have been with us? You'd always have blamed me for keeping you tied when you wanted to go sailing away to see the world, and I'd always have blamed you for keeping me from a career. Love would have worn out, being a ball and chain on our longing feet. And now, I've had my career and—and it isn't exactly my heart's blood, and you— Just being free isn't the greatest thing in the world, is it, Paul?"

"Oh, my dear!"

"Oh, Paul, I thought you were never coming back, and when you came you were so horrid I was going to punish you with Jacob's seven years; but now I—"

He had her at last in his arms.

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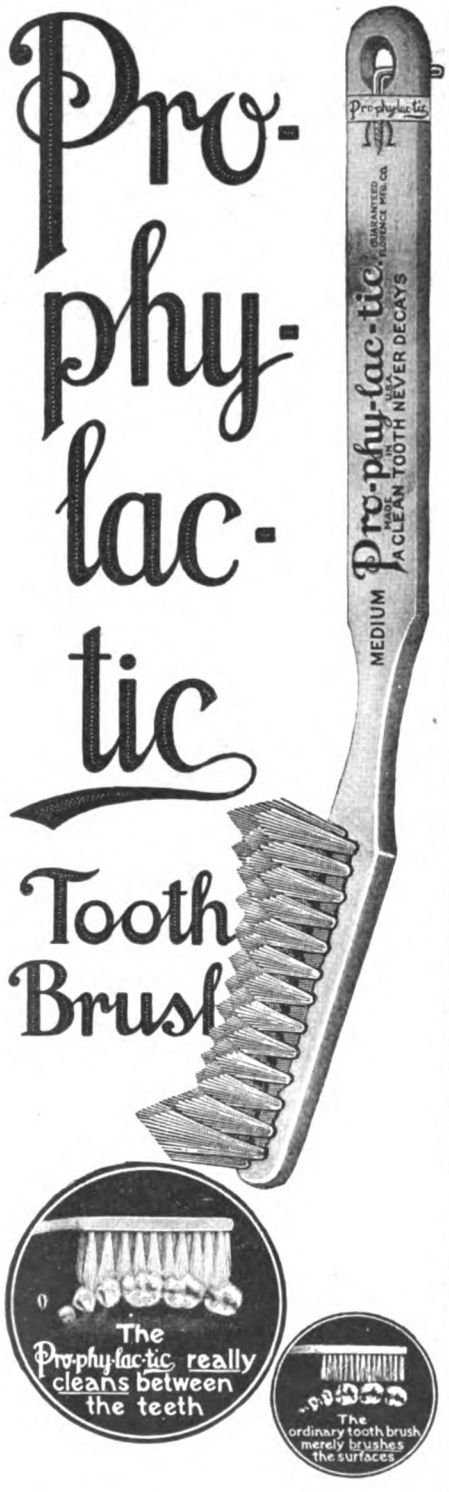

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THE FAMILY'S MONEY

Why Not Try Profit-Sharing in the Home?

By A. K. W.

EVER since our marriage in the summer of 1908 my husband and I have made little festivals of all our holidays and anniversaries. More than two years ago we added another day to the list of those we celebrate. We call it the "Day of Household Deliverance." It marks our emancipation from the servant problem by a system that has saved us not only a snug sum of money but an even more precious wear and tear of nerves. It commemorates the start of our "Kitchen Profit-Sharing Plan."

I shall never forget October 1st, 1917. It was one of those days when everything seems to go dead wrong. In the middle of the forenoon Dicky—youngest of our three—gave his head a terrific bump. I had hardly got him quieted down when the postman brought the noon mail, with its usual quota of first-of-the-month bills. As I glanced at the grocer's statement I felt like adding my own tears to Dicky's.

Shortly after luncheon, Maggie, our Scotch cook and general houseworker, informed me that she had been offered three dollars a week more than we were paying. And she intimated that she would feel obliged to accept the offer unless we chose to meet it. Since Maggie was the only cook who, since the spring of 1915, had stayed with us longer than three months, the announcement did not cast any rainbow radiance about my gloom.

When Bob came whistling up the steps a little before six, I tried to put on a cheerful air; but it wasn't much of a go, I'm afraid. All during dinner I saw him watching me curiously. As soon as Maggie had cleared away the dishes he sat down in the big willow chair and pulled me onto his knees.

"Now tell me all about it, dear," he said; and I did.

"Well, I guess the extra three dollars a week won't make or break us," he remarked.

"Oh, it isn't just that," I protested. "It's everything. Our grocer's bill last month was $87.35. The children's clothing might as well be made of precious tapestry—as far as the price goes. Gas and electric light bills are mounting every month. Even the god of luck seems against us. When Maggie was getting dinner to-night she knocked off the shelf six of those lovely plates Aunt Martha gave us—and broke them all.

"I know it's tough, dear," said Bob soothingly. "But cheer up! The profit-sharing checks came through down at the plant to-day, and mine is for $811. I'll wave that at the wolf if he comes sniffing around."

He took a cigar from his pocket, lit it and began to blow smoke rings in the general direction of the fireplace.

"Say," he suddenly burst out, "why don't you and Maggie start a profit-sharing plan in the kitchen?"

"*A profit-sharing plan in the kitchen!*" I repeated. "But how could we work it?"

"Same as we do at the shop—that is, on the same plan," said Bob. "Take what we call the lessened cost of production, for instance. That means getting more work out of the machines, saving wear and tear, and cutting down imperfect products. . . . Now apply that to your kitchen. You get all your groceries and meats and most of the other food things at Burton's, and Maggie does all the buying, doesn't she?"

I said she did.

"Well," Bob went on, "suppose that this month you allow Maggie $87.35, or whatever it was, to supply the table. Then make an agreement whereby you will split fifty-fifty with her every dollar that she saves over last month's expenses. Maggie's Scotch, and probably thrifty. That'll get her."

"But suppose Maggie's Scotch thrift leads her to try to starve us?"

"Have her show you every day a list of the things she is going to buy. You can see that she doesn't skimp. If she's interested, she can feed us all we need, and yet buy some things that are less expensive. But she probably will make her biggest hit by cutting out waste, using up scraps, seeing that she doesn't buy bone when she pays for meat, and in those thousand and one ways that you women know about."

"But suppose that prices of things keep going up. That will put the whole scheme out of joint."

"Not at all. Make a note of what the prices are during one month. Toward the end of the next month find out what changes have taken place. If prices have risen a certain per cent on the average, why, make your next month's allowance just that much bigger."

FOR the rest of the evening we sat threshing out the various details of our plan. To provide for the entertainment of company I decided it would be fair to pay for the food on those occasions out of a special fund—that is, all the extra things.

We talked over the problems of broken dishes, burned baking pans, soap left to soak, and those other little avoidable wastings which give wings to household expense money.

"Tell Maggie that at the end of the year you will give her twenty-five per cent of what is saved in that kind of waste as compared with last year," said Bob. "And, by the way, here's another point: Whatever Maggie's share of the profits may be, she'll appreciate them a lot more if she puts them in the savings bank instead of into fool little things that she really doesn't need. Suppose you promise her

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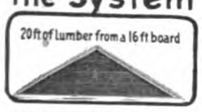

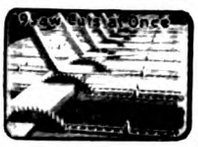

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that you will add ten per cent to her share of the profits, provided she puts them in the savings bank. That's a plan used by one firm I know of, and it works well."

The next morning I went into the kitchen and had a long heart-to-heart talk with Maggie.

"This is a business arrangement between you and me," I said. "We're going into partnership to fight the high cost of living, and the better we work together the more we're both going to make."

Soon I could see her catching my enthusiasm, and before we had finished she was suggesting ways of saving that I had not even thought of.

When the bills for October came in I found that our food supply scale had been cut from $87.35 to $74.18. Maggie's share was $6.59, and my 10 per cent bonus, that was to accompany it to the savings bank, made the total $7.25.

In the meantime, however, prices of foodstuffs had been climbing. After making notes at the grocery store, examining market reports in the newspapers, and talking things over with Maggie, I settled on $92 as the allowance for November.

THIS meant, of course, that $92 now had the same purchasing power in our little scheme as $87.35 had had the previous month. The only fair way I could see was to hold the $87.35 as a permanent scale, and figure out each month's allowance, as long as the plan operated, in terms of how much money it would take to buy the things that had cost us $87.35 in September, 1917—the month before we turned our faces down the Road of Thrift. To have matched one month against a previous "profit-sharing" month would have been to rob Maggie of the real reward of her continued providence.

To both of us the new plan had become almost a game. I could not see that our table suffered under the new régime, but I did notice that the kitchen garbage can was having its former menu slashed right and left.

The high spot of the second month came when the November gas bill was less than half its former size. It seemed that Maggie had found somewhere directions for making a fireless cooker for fifty cents. She promptly proceeded to do so. The emaciated gas bill was a direct result.

Maggie's aroused frugality made another important discovery. Formerly, she had bought small jars of olives, pickles, peanut butter and mayonnaise dressing; small bottles of flavoring extracts, and small tins of canned products. She found out now that to buy the same things in larger containers meant getting more for one's money. And she also learned the advantage of buying many things in bulk instead of in small fancy packages.

The second month our plan was in operation the grocer's bill came to an even $76. This meant that $16 of the allowance was saved. Maggie's share, with the bonus tacked on, amounted to $8.

In the two years of our experiment that ended when the bills were rendered November 1st, 1919, we saved $517 through profit-sharing. Maggie's portion—plus her bonus—was $285.35, all of which is drawing four per cent interest in the savings bank.

And last, but not least, Maggie avers that she's going to stay with me for life!

The American Magazine

March, 1920

JOHN M. SIDDALL, *Editor*

Vol. LXXXIX

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
March, 1920

If We Divided All the Money—

How much do you think you would get?

By George E. Roberts
Vice President of the National City Bank

IF ALL the wealth in this country which is known as "capital" were to be divided among all the people, how much would each person receive? Would you be richer or poorer by such a division?

If the money which is paid annually for the use of this capital in industry were to be taken from its owners, and given, instead, to the wage earners, by how much would their income be increased?

There is a widespread belief that the workers, as distinguished from the employers, have not been getting a fair division of what is produced in industry.

The radicals are telling workers to take over the industries and run them "for their own benefit." They declare that their share would then be far greater than it is under the present system.

There is nothing more important than to get at the truth about this matter. For no one will deny that the best state of society would be that which afforded the greatest good to the greatest number.

We must realize at the outset that there are capitalists of all degrees. The man who owns a single bond, or who has a hundred dollars in the savings bank, or has bought a single share of stock in a company, or owns his own little store, or his stock of goods, no matter how small, is "a capitalist."

Any money which is employed in industry or business is active capital. Profits are the amount which remains after the other expenses of an industry or a business have been paid. They are the share which goes to the people who have put their money to work in the enterprise. It is paid to them in the shape of interests on notes and bonds, and as dividends on capital stock.

If we are going to do away with private capital altogether, you will have no more right to own one bond, or one share of stock, than another man will have to own a thousand. If you deny that anything shall be paid for the use of money, you will have to give up any return on your own savings.

But perhaps you have not saved anything! All you have is the salary, or the wages, you receive. And you think this income of yours will be very much greater if the people who *have* saved money and invested it should get nothing in return, and the profits which now go to them should be divided among the workers.

On this point I am going to quote a man who has made a careful investigation. Professor Willford I. King, of the University of Wisconsin, a few years ago published a book called "Wealth and Income of the People of the United States." He used government figures in arriving at his conclusions.

Professor King found that if all the profits which now go to pay interest and dividends were to be divided among all the wage earners, in proportion to the pay they are receiving, each man would get not more than twenty-five per cent more than his present income from his labor.

Of course if he has saved money and invested it, he would lose the income from that; and this loss might wipe out the gain in his salary or wages.

JUST what you could do with your savings is not clear, if nobody paid anything for the use of money. But if you can conceive it possible that money *could* be used without giving any return for it, that all profits could be added to wages, the result must nevertheless seem disappointing to the people who have been thinking that such an arrangement would give the wage earners a great deal more.

The plain truth is that each one would receive not to exceed a fourth more than he now gets. If you have $20 a week now, you would have $25 then; and so on. Professor King says this is an extreme rather than a moderate estimate.

Professor David Friday, of the University of Michigan, has made a similar study of incomes. He found that the average wage in the chief industries in 1918 was about $1,350 a year. He also found that if all interest and dividend payments, that is, the amount paid for the use of capital, were divided among all the workers in these industries, their average wage would be increased by about $330 per year. This agrees with Professor King's estimate, which was based on prewar figures.

Professor Friday adds significantly that the average wage would increase by $330 a year—*provided* no *decrease* in the product of industry was brought about by this confiscation and distribution of profits.

BUT such a decrease would inevitably come. If all private savings were seized and put into industry without giving the owners any return for the use of their money, people would naturally hide whatever they were able to lay by.

If, by your energy, ability, and thrift, you were able to save part of your wages or salary, would you let somebody have it to use for nothing? No; you would keep it yourself, as you would have a perfect right to do.

Your common sense will tell you what would be the effect of this idleness of money. Your savings are your surplus. Capital is simply the accumulated savings of *all* the people. But capital which does not work, money which lies idle, is of no benefit to anybody.

A bag of gold pieces, or a package of bills, hidden away in a box, might as well be a bag of pebbles, or a bundle of waste paper, so far as its present value to the people is concerned.

What would become of the industries which pay us our wages and our salaries, if people refused to put their savings into those industries? Business must have capital. The merchant must have money to buy his goods. The manufacturer must have money in order to build his plant and install his machinery. Where are they going to get this money if nothing is to be paid for its use? *You* won't let him have yours. Your neighbor won't give up *his* savings. You can see for yourself what the result would be.

You will have to admit that *something* must be paid for the use of money. But

ou may think that the amount paid has een too great; that the human workers should receive more than three fourths of the total product of industry.

That is a subject which is being studied by the best minds in the country. Many attempts are being made to establish a standardized "fair profit" arrangement which will meet the complex conditions of business. There are many difficulties to be overcome. And again your common sense will make you appreciate how far from easy the problem is.

For example, suppose you have saved $5,000 and have put it to work for you in a certain factory. You have studied the matter carefully. You believe that the plant turns out a product which will be in demand and that the men at its head are honest and capable.

You find that your judgment has been good. The factory is managed well, the business grows and is prosperous. *Because* its managers are hard workers and have unusual ability—just as you thought—the profits are such that you receive perhaps 10 per cent on the money you invested. The chances are that you might object if you were told that a "fair profit" was only 6 per cent, and that therefore you could not have more than that.

I am not saying that this would not be a just arrangement. I am merely suggesting that you yourself might claim that it wasn't. And I make this point only to show that the question of the adjustment of profits is a complicated one.

It is only the people who have nothing to lose, and who think they have everything to gain, who profess to find these problems simple. To the thrifty man, who has saved even a few hundred dollars, there are many things to be considered.

THERE is another theory advanced by some people, which is even more difficult to accept. This is the theory that everybody should receive the same pay, no matter what he does. Under the system these people would inaugurate, the manager, the skilled worker, and the unskilled worker, would be paid alike. The editor of a great newspaper would get the same as the office boy. The engineer at the throttle of the Twentieth Century Limited, with scores of lives in his keeping, would be paid the same as the section hand who shovels dirt along the right of way.

This may seem a glorious arrangement to the office boy and the section hand; although, if they have any brains at all, even they would laugh at it. If one man can do something which other men cannot do, or can do it better than most men can, nothing can prevent that man's services being sought. No matter where we work, we know that it is to our advantage to have capable men managing the business.

But although we do recognize this, a great many people complain because they think the heads of business are paid *too* much. They hear of the high salaries received by executives, such as presidents of railroads, or of large industrial corporations, and they think that these men cannot be *worth* all that money, no matter how competent they are. They say that there cannot be so much difference between the value of any two men as to justify paying one of them $50,000 a year and the other one only $1,500 a year.

In the first place, the men who get these high salaries are "bought and sold" in the open market. What they bring is regulated by the demand. They are bid for on the basis of their ability. A man who has doubled the business of his organization attracts notice and is worth more money. Other organizations want to get him, for the very good reason that they want *their* business doubled.

Imagine what it means to a business which has aggregate transactions of perhaps $100,000,000 a year. A competent executive at its head may easily gain millions to the organization; and an incompetent one may cause it to lose millions. An able and brilliant man, if he can be found, is well worth $100,000 a year to that business.

Suppose you were ill and had to have an operation; would you pay more to have it performed by the finest surgeon in the country than you would pay an inexperienced and stupid doctor? If you had a law suit on your hands, would a keen and trained lawyer be worth more to you than a dull-witted one with almost no legal experience? If you wanted to buy a ring, would you pay more for a diamond than you would for a piece of glass? If you were going to buy an automobile, would you give more for a new, high-powered, seven-passenger car than for a second-hand "flivver"?

HUMAN service is like anything else. The greater and rarer its quality, the more it is worth to the world.

But, still, you may think it is not worth as *much* more as it sometimes receives. And you may have an idea that if the high salaries were cut down and divided among the other workers, these workers would have a great deal more. If that is your belief, read carefully the next three paragraphs.

The United States Steel Corporation is one of the concerns which pays high salaries to its officials, its various managers, and its selling force. *Exclusive* of these high salaries, the average pay to all the other employees is $5.33 a day. Now lump *all* the salaries and wages together, from the president's down to that of the lowest paid worker. The average will then be $5.38 a day. That is to say, if everybody were paid *alike*, the wages would be just five cents a day more than the present average. These are the actual figures, calculated upon the salary and wage rolls of the year 1918.

Now take another example. You may say that the "head men" should not receive more than $5,000 a year. In 1916, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company figured out what would be the result if this were done in that or-

The Combined Pocketbook is Not so Fat as You Think

EVERYBODY wants a higher income. Fine! A laudable ambition! But don't get the idea you can pick it off the trees.

Just now the human race is on one of its periodical "bats," during which it has the foolish idea that it can get something for nothing. The notion is abroad in the world that you can arbitrarily ask for almost any kind of an increase in income—and get it.

But this is just where the error lies. There isn't as much wealth and combined income in the world as we imagine. And if we don't all get busy and go to work pretty soon there will be a whole lot less to fight over than there is now.

I know a corporation having 2,000 employees, where the average pay of all employed is about $1,300 a year—or $25 a week. Nobody in the entire establishment gets less than $12 a week. Most of the employees get from $20 to $25. A few of the managing officials get good-sized salaries. The general manager gets $20,000 a year. Perhaps ten others get an average of $10,000. The profits of the business are about $600,000 a year. Now suppose that $600,000 should be taken away from the stockholders entirely and divided among the employees. It would give each an increase in pay of only $6 a week. Surely not a large sum.

Now suppose, in addition, you took the general manager and his ten $10,000 associates and threw them out. And suppose you took their combined salaries ($120,000 a year) and divided the money up with the workers. That would give each an increase of only $1 a week! Of course, the fact of the matter is that without some return to the stockholders and some higher salaries for skilled managers you wouldn't have any business at all. The whole thing would blow up and all of the 2,000 employees would be on the street.

Think this over carefully. Study the concern you are connected with. Figure out where your best chance lies. Suppose you were with the company I have just referred to. Would you want to fire all the officers and stockholders and have $7 a week more until the sheriff arrived? Or would you rather run the thing as it is and perhaps get an increase of $10 or $15 or $25 a week if you show yourself abler and more industrious than some of your fellow workers?

THE EDITOR.

ganization. I think it will surprise you.

If all salaries over $5,000 a year, in the Bell Telephone system, were cut to that amount, and the money thus saved was distributed among the workers who have been receiving less than $5,000 a year, the average pay of those workers would have been raised only 17 cents a week, or $9 a year! If no one in the Bell Telephone system should be paid more than $3,000 a year, and the amount saved should be distributed among the workers receiving less than $3,000, their pay would be raised only 28 cents a week, or $15 a year! And if you made the top limit of salaries $1,500 per annum, the increase received by those who had been receiving less would be 64 cents a week, or $33 a year.

I believe that these figures will be startling to the people who have been thinking that the high salaries of officials and managers have impoverished the other workers. These highly paid men get what their services seem to be *worth* to the business. But even if they were paid so little as $1,500 a year, the gain to the other employees would be almost nothing.

On the other hand, the loss would be incalculable. For I know of no way of making any human being give $50,000 worth of service for $1,500 in pay. The reduction in efficiency would cost far more to the whole body of workers than the additional 17 cents or 28 cents, or 64 cents a week, which they would think they were going to receive.

LET us go back to the idea of not paying anything to invested capital, but of dividing all the profits among the workers. In 1918 the average earnings of all the employees of the United States Steel Corporation were $1,685 a year. The corporation's net earnings, after taxes were deducted, were $209,281,104 for that year. This was the amount before making any interest payments on bonds or dividends on stock.

Now imagine that no interest or dividends *would* be paid. Suppose that the thousands of men and women who have bought the bonds or the stock, of the Steel Corporation, allowed it to use their savings for nothing and were willing that all the profits be divided among the steel employees. In that case, the average pay of these employees would be $2,460 a year.

Of course, 1918 was a year of abnormally high profits; and therefore the employees would have received more than in ordinary years. Very many people make a serious mistake by looking only at the fat years, and forgetting all about the lean ones, when they talk of the dividends paid to capital. The only just way of estimating the return received by the capital invested in any business is to take the record of that business over a long period of years.

If you will do that, you will find that the average return is very moderate—except in cases of *extraordinarily good management*. It is the brains and energy of the men at the head of a concern which are chiefly to be thanked for the consistent growth and prosperity of its business. On the whole, the other employees are about on a par with those in other organizations.

The great purpose, however, in most of the present discussions of industrial affairs is to find some way of stimulating *all* workers to have a greater share in promoting the prosperity of the business with which they are connected, and of seeing that they get their reward for this gain in prosperity.

A concern which can produce more goods at a lower cost than its competitors can make them will earn, and deserve to earn, greater profits. And if all the workers combine in the effort to accomplish this, they should (*Continued on page 210*)

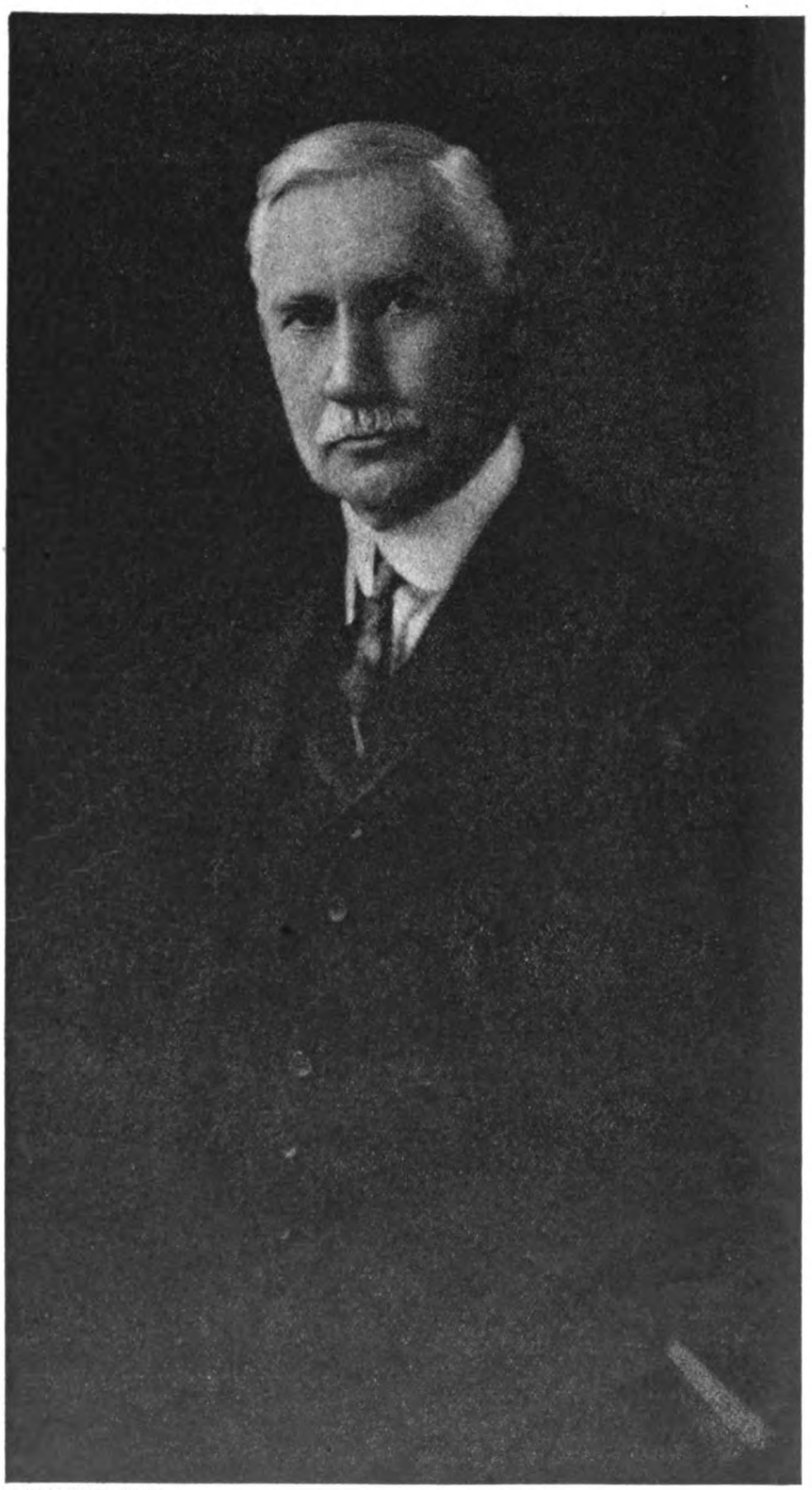


PHOTO BY MOFFETT, CHICAGO

GEORGE E. ROBERTS

In 1914, Mr. Roberts became assistant to the president of the National City Bank of New York. He is now a vice president of that institution. He was director of the Mint, 1898-1907, president of the Commercial National Bank, Chicago, 1907-1910, and again director of the Mint, 1910-1914. Before 1898, he was owner and editor of a newspaper in Fort Dodge, Iowa, the state where he was born sixty-two years ago. Mr. Roberts is considered one of the clearest and most progressive thinkers in this country in regard to industrial and financial questions

"I couldn't bear it," she said, "to—to have you leave me as Father leaves my mother"

"I Never Could Have Married Anybody Else"

The story of a girl who thought that her father was ashamed of her mother

By Christine Whiting Parmenter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

PROFESSOR NORTH came slowly down the stairs, attired for the monthly social given for the instructors and pupils at Newman College. He was a handsome man, far above average height and minus the scholarly stoop proverbial of his profession. His face was almost stern, but his eyes were friendly and his lips parted in a rare smile as he looked down at the little woman beside him, who was tugging at the strings of a long white apron.

"Is my necktie straight?" he asked, from force of habit, though he was well aware that his neckties were always straight, and his attire faultless.

Mrs. North had untied her apron and was folding it neatly as she replied, "You look splendid. Who is it speaks to-night?"

"Only Marion York, the new poet. I don't enjoy her rhymeless verses. You—you won't go with me, Mary?"

This question was also one of habit. The professor asked it politely every month, and his wife invariably replied, "Oh, no, my dear, I've other things to do. You won't miss me once you get there."

To-night, as she uttered the familiar words, the professor, his hand on the door knob, stooped a little as if to kiss her, but straightened suddenly as his daughter Elizabeth appeared, followed by Barry Aldrich, instructor in chemistry at Newman, to whom she had been engaged for the last six months.

"I thought you two had gone," said the professor, closing the half-opened door. "I'll wait and walk along with you."

"But I'm not going to-night," replied Elizabeth. "I'm too tired. Barry can drop in later, or go now if he likes."

"But I don't 'like,'" replied the young man, looking at her adoringly. "If anyone inquires for me, Mr. North, you can report me as unavoidably detained."

He laughed; but the professor answered soberly, "Don't skip these things too often, boy. They bore you now; but they're part of the college life, and the only chance those youngsters have to meet us socially. After all, it's a little thing to give up one evening every month; and sometimes the talks are interesting."

"I know," answered the young man quickly. "I'd go to-night, sir, if I could persuade Elizabeth to join me. You should use your influence with your own womenfolk, Professor. I've never seen Mrs. North at a single party!"

The professor's wife flushed suddenly. "I—I have so many things to do," she stammered. "Do hurry, Father. You're late already. What time will you be comin' home?"

She was perfectly conscious that her husband winced at the dropped g. It had slipped out in her confusion, and it was a distinct comfort when Elizabeth's arm went round her shoulders.

"No matter what time he comes, dearie," she said lightly. "We can't sit up for him to-night. You run along with Father, Barry, and I'll go to bed."

"I shall not 'run along with Father,'" said Barry stubbornly. "It won't hurt you to sit up another hour; but I *will* drop in on my way home, Mr. North. I promise."

THE professor nodded, and without replying closed the door behind him. "Does he ever miss a party?" asked Barry, smiling

"Not often," said Mrs. North. She was tying on her discarded apron and moving toward the kitchen. "It's habit. He goes just as he goes to church on Sunday, because he always has. Don't keep Barry too long, Elizabeth. It'll please your father to have him go."

"But you never go with him, Mrs. North," said Barry suddenly, "and you'd be so nice with all those boys and girls. I think—"

"Mother, where are you going?" Elizabeth interrupted.

Her mother's hand was on the kitchen door knob, and the flush had crept up to her cheeks again. "I thought I'd set some bread. Your father does enjoy my rolls, and it's early yet."

"But you're tired to-night," said the girl anxiously. "It won't hurt Father to eat a little baker's stuff occasionally."

"He doesn't like it, dear, and it'll take only a minute. I—I really want to. Please let me go."

Her voice trembled a little and Elizabeth, sighing, turned away. She sat down at the piano and began playing softly, while her lover watched her from the doorway with puzzled eyes. She seemed to have forgotten him, and at last he spoke: "Betty, do stop and look at me a minute. What's happened? Something's gone wrong. I've felt it all the evening."

"Wait," said Elizabeth.

Her mother was closing the kitchen door and starting toward the stairs. "Mother," called the girl sharply, "come here! You're not to darn or mend to-night, you know."

"I promise," answered her mother smiling. "Good-night."

Her voice didn't tremble now. She seemed very calm and happy as Betty kissed her. The young man was regarding them tenderly, and as she stretched out her hand to him, he too, stooped for a good-night kiss.

"Sweet dreams, Mother."

He flushed at his own audacity, while she smiled gently and replied, "Good-night, son; now don't forget the party." But the little scene brought tears to Betty's eyes. Barry was always so sweet to her mother. She went close to the fire, presumably to straighten a log with the toe of her shoe; then she turned suddenly, her voice harsh: "Barry—I can't marry you!"

The young man started, took a step nearer and grasped her shoulders. "Elizabeth! What are you saying? You don't mean it! You love me, don't you?"

"Yes—I love you. It—it isn't that; but I've been thinking—and to-night—what you said about Mother and the college parties— Well—that settled it."

She closed the door softly, and sitting down on the old worn davenport motioned him to come nearer. "I couldn't bear it," she said, "to—to have you leave me as Father leaves my mother."

"But I wouldn't! That's why I didn't go to-night, dear. You—you surely wouldn't throw me over just for that!"

"No, not exactly, and yet—" She stopped a minute as if listening to sounds above. When she continued, her voice was so low he had to bend to hear it. "Barry, did you ever stop to think of the difference in my father and mother?"

"Difference? You mean—"

HE WAS a bit embarrassed and the girl said quickly, "I mean in education, and a dozen other things. They were boy and girl sweethearts, both from a little country town and in school together. Then Father went away—to college; but they were engaged, 'keeping company' I suppose they called it. When he graduated and got his first job he came back and married her. They'd hardly seen each other all the four years."

She stopped, drawing a long breath. "They've never told me a word of this. I've just pieced it out; but, can't you see? She'd stayed right there in that little town, where almost no one spoke the King's English without murdering it more or less. It was as natural for her to drop an occasional g, to say "was" for "were," and "me" for "I," as it was to breathe. And you know Father—fastidious to a degree about such things! He can't help it, either. They *hurt* him—coming from one he loves."

The girl stopped again, so long that the man said gently, "But they love each other, dear; and—they're happy, aren't they?"

"Betty, do stop and look at me a minute. What's happened? Something's gone

She didn't answer for a long moment; then she said quickly, "Barry—did you ever see your father kiss your mother?"

"Why, of course," he answered wonderingly. "What do you mean?"

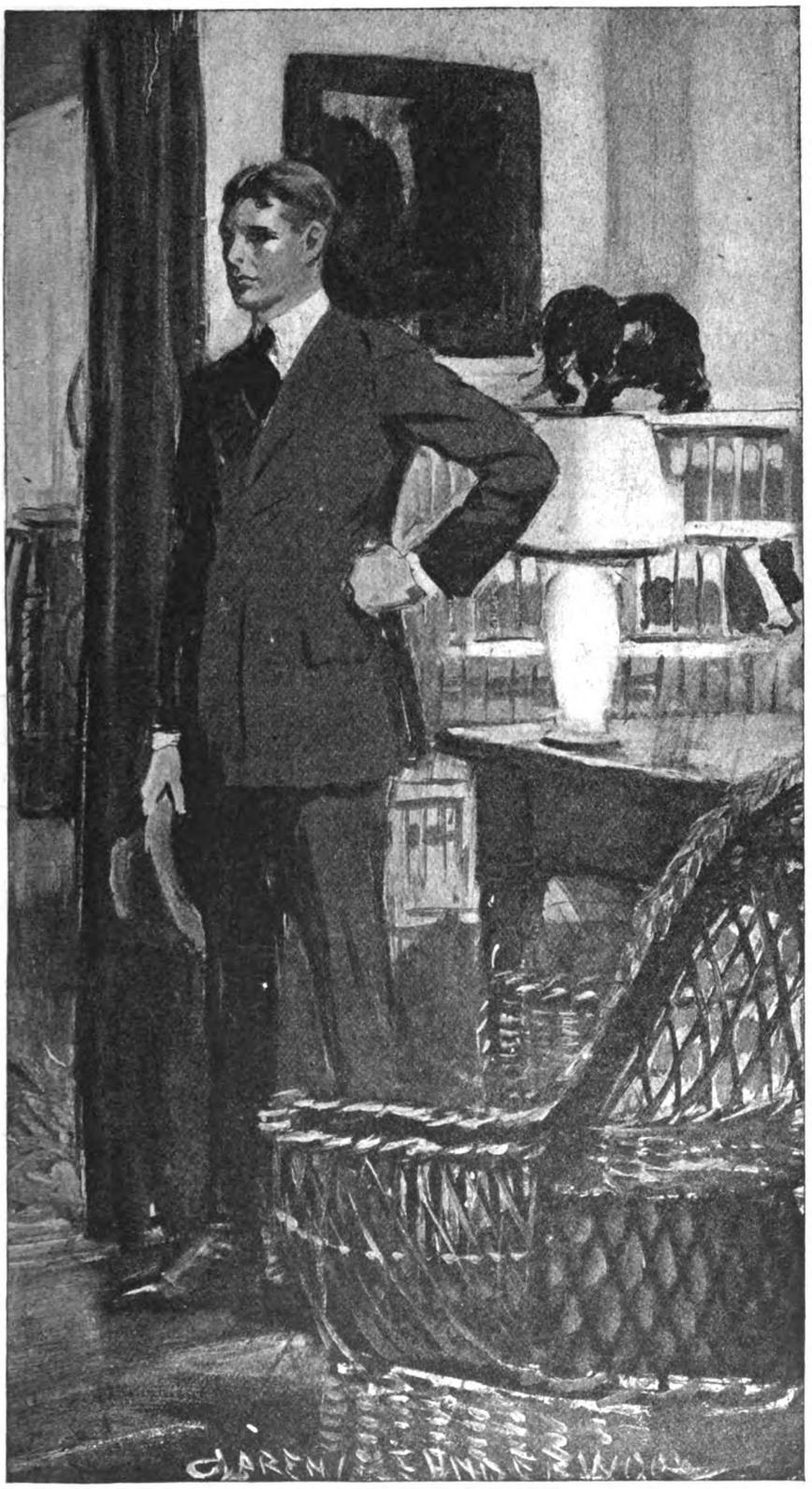
She passed her hand wearily before her eyes. "In all these years I've seen my father kiss my mother—once. It was when my little brother died, the second one to go within ten days. I remember seeing him take her in his arms, and I was so embarrassed I ran and hid my face. I was only seven years old."

"Well?" said her lover gently.

"Oh!" cried the girl suddenly, "it would be the same with us, and I could never bear it! It makes no difference that I'm a graduate of Newman and stenographer to the dean. I wouldn't drop my g's, but for all that I'm like my mother. If I had a home, I'd be wrapped up in rolls, and jelly, and housekeeping, and babies— And you're—a scholar. Your friends would come to see us and talk of things I wouldn't understand. I—I can't bear chemistry, you know; and the time would come when I'd have the look in my face that I've seen in Mother's. She—adores my father; but things hurt, and I'm not big as she is. I'd be unhappy."

"Why—*Betty!*"

His voice held all the tenderness in the world; but she broke away from him, and snatching off her ring laid it on the table between them. "Don't plead with me. There's nothing to say. I've thought it over a hundred times, and some day you'll thank me—in your heart. I know this



wrong. I've felt it all evening"

seems crazy; but I love you so dearly I couldn't bear to see you change to me, nor could I suffer in silence as my mother does."

In his amazement the young man stood transfixed; but Elizabeth had been moving slowly toward the door, and now she reached behind her and turned the knob before he was aware of her act. "I'm not hasty," she said breathlessly. "I've been thinking about it a long time. I—I would like to kiss you good-by, dear, but—I can't." And at her last word the door closed softly behind her.

Quick as he was, there was only darkness above when he reached the stairs. He stumbled back into the little sitting-room and sank down on the old davenport. It was all a hideous mistake. The child must be ill, and things would look different in the morning. His eyes fell on the ring. Its glistening stone seemed almost alive, and mocking. He stretched out his hand, then quickly drew it back. He wouldn't touch it. Betty would find it in the morning and understand; then, after listening a minute in the little hall, he went out into the night.

Professor North had spent a pleasant evening. There had been a discussion following Miss York's paper, in which the professor had been victorious. It wasn't until he turned in at the home gate that he realized that Barry Aldrich had not appeared, even for a moment. It was strange, for the boy had promised. Then the professor saw a light still burning in the sitting-room. Evidently Barry had not gone home. The professor smiled. After all, youth comes but once, and Betty was deliciously like her mother. He remembered a time when it would have taken a very solemn promise indeed to tear him away from Mary. He coughed considerately as he moved toward the lighted room. How strange! The lovers weren't here, after all, and Betty was always so careful about turning off the light! The professor sat down on the davenport to remove an overshoe and his eyes lit on something sparkling. Elizabeth's ring! How very careless of her! He wondered—

SUDDENLY the professor dropped the overshoe and sank back limply against the cushions. His mind, always alert in an emergency, was putting two and two together. Barry had skipped the party after promising to be there; and here was Elizabeth's ring upon the table, while the girl had vanished, leaving two lights burning in the chandelier! Was it a lovers' quarrel? No. Elizabeth never quarreled; and Barry was the calmest boy alive. He was the man of all others that the professor would have chosen for his daughter. It would break his heart should anything come between them.

Professor North, forgetting in his distress that he still wore one overshoe, limped quietly up-stairs. He paused for a moment before Elizabeth's closed door. She did not often close her door, and her father sighed as he turned away. Perhaps Mary could enlighten him. But Mary was asleep. Seeing her peaceful face he knew that if Betty was unhappy her mother was not aware of it. She lay, one arm stretched out across the pillow that was his, and sitting quietly upon the bed he looked down at that round, white arm, and at the hand lying palm up, its work-worn fingers curling gently inward.

It was then that an unaccustomed sound fell on his ear. It came from behind the closed door across the hall, a stifled sob, that hurt the professor like a wound. He started up, then sank down again, pressing his cheek to that soft white arm upon his pillow, as if for comfort.

"Oh, Mary!" breathed the professor brokenly. "Oh, Mary *dear!*"

Elizabeth was setting the breakfast table when her father appeared next morning. She smiled at him bravely, but he came straight to her, holding out her ring. "I found that on the table. Weren't you rather careless?"

He was a good actor. His voice sounded quite natural; but the girl quivered as she said, "It belongs to Barry. No—don't look at me like that! I'm sorry, and we won't say anything to Mother now; but —will you give him the ring this morning? He must have forgotten it."

"No," said her father gently, "he did not forget. Are (*Continued on page 141*)

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If someone were to shoot the gun at this stage in their lives, they would turn and run in terror, and you would have on your hands seven "gun-shy" pups who would probably grow up into "gun-shy" dogs, useless for the field. The time will come, though, if they are handled right, when the sound of a gun will be a clarion call to them, a sound they love above all others

Train Up a Pup in the Way He Should Go

Curious and amusing personal experiences with dogs which show an astonishing resemblance between puppies and children

By Samuel A. Derieux

BEGIN training 'em early," says an old dog trainer, "and don't treat 'em all alike." He was talking to a man with some bird pups to train. But he might as well, so far as wisdom goes, have been talking to a father with a brace of boys. And he might have added, whether talking to the sportsman or to the father, "Get their confidence and keep it."

Father and I used to train bird dogs for our own use in the field. Some of the methods, and even some of the terms we employed, are different from those used elsewhere, but the principal ones are the same. Our dogs were to be practical hunters; and for such work they were prepared. In other words, the pups went to school in our back yard. Father and I were the teachers. And if we didn't learn, from bringing them up the way they should go, some of the principles of teaching children—then we were pretty dull ourselves.

We began early, not so very long after they opened their blue eyes—pups have blue eyes—on this strange world. They would toddle about to see what it was like, an individual Columbus here and there venturing half way across the yard the very first time. We stooped down, so that our faces were within range of their vision, and told them to come to us. This was easy; they always came, anyhow; they were born glad to see you.

Then, when their explorations had widened, when each had found out for himself that there were no enemies or traps hidden in the back yard, that the ax and the woodpile would not bite him, and that he could get out of sight of his mother and still survive—then began their first simple lessons, their A B C's, as it were.

Having been thoroughly impressed with the fact that we were, in truth, good friends—just as they had thought all the time—they always, when we stepped into the yard, came running to meet us. And we would whistle or call while they were doing so. In this way they came to connect the whistle with their eager running to welcome us; and, finally, in their minds, no doubt the thing became reversed, and they thought that, instead of our whistling because they were coming, they were, in fact, coming because we whistled.

We kept this up, never omitting it when we went into the yard; and in this simple way began the formation of the *habit* of obedience, which, in child or pup, must lie at the foundation of all training.

But if obedience is to be really a habit, they must obey, not sometimes but all the time. And pups are not very old before you find that they are not alike; and that they have moods and a considerable will of their own. So even in this first lesson you run into complications.

For here is a pup and a bright one, probably that same Columbus who ventured half way across the yard the first time, who, one afternoon, when you whistle and the rest come running, just stays where he is at the other end of the yard. He's scratching a hole in the ground, or sitting on his haunches thinking about something far away, and he doesn't want to be disturbed.

He's perfectly good-natured about it; he wags his tail, or pricks his ears, turning his head sideways when you whistle, as if to let you know that he heard, and that the whistle is of itself, viewed impersonally, an interesting sound. He watches with apparent approval while the other puppies gather about you, but he makes no move to join them.

"I believe I'll just look on this afternoon," he seems to say.

YOU have a ticklish job now. If you scold him, he will probably droop his ears, as if penitent, but he won't move. If you advance on him threateningly, he'll probably run under the house, and stay there till the storm blows over. If you go after him, pick him up, and bring him where the others are, he'll likely expect you to do that every time. It singles him out from the rest and makes him a favorite. *He* always rides to school in a taxicab.

There's a way out, though. Go to him kindly but impersonally, tuck him under your arm, take him to the chicken yard, we'll say, and stop him up where, through the wires, he can see the others running

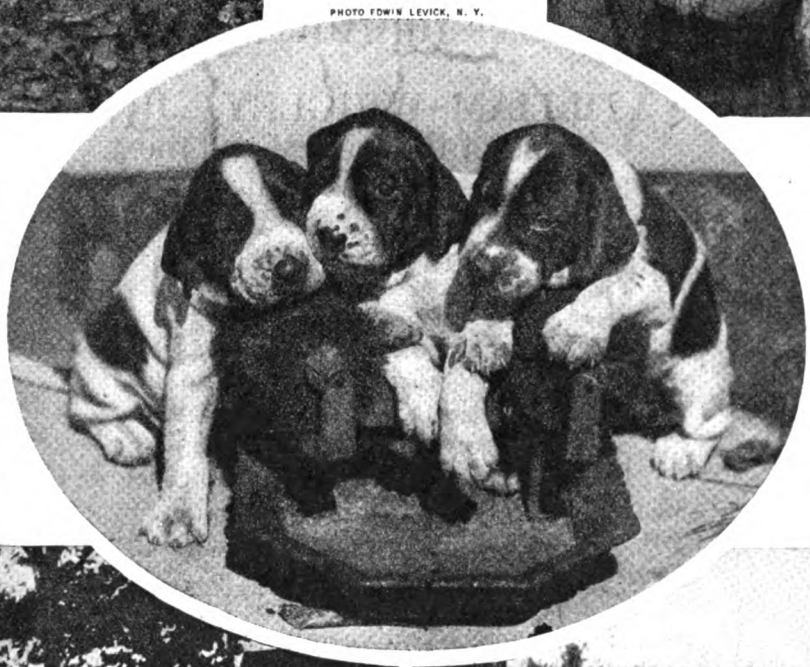
PHOTO EDWIN LEVICK, N. Y.

They stick close together at first, forming a sort of pack. Together they investigate this strange world into which they have been born. Of course their first thoughts are of their mother and of feeding. But if you stoop down, snap your fingers and call, they'll come waddling up to you, their tails wagging, for they were "born" glad to see you

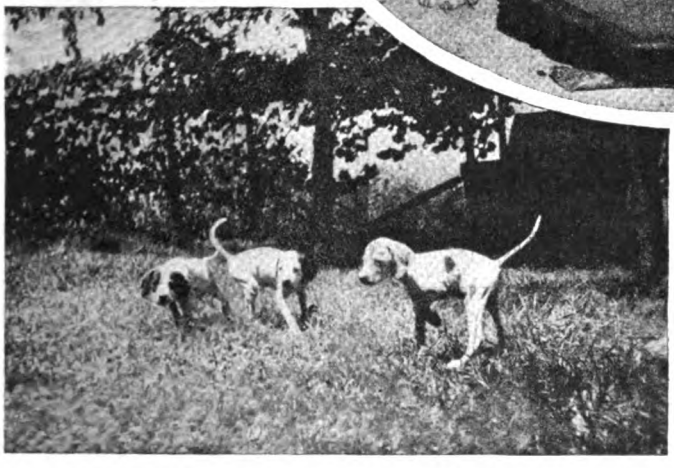
© BROWN BROS

They don't know what sort of pockets they are in, nor the meaning of these garments hung on the wall. But when they grow up and begin to hunt, that old frayed hunting coat and that hat will be the most beautiful sights in the world, to them—the symbols of the kind of thing they were born to do

PHOTO EDWIN LEVICK, N. Y.



They opened their eyes only a short time ago. Now they are beginning to explore and investigate. The one to the left has found something of interest, which he's examining, probably a bug or an ant. The one closest to us is Columbus, about to start on his journey of discovery which may take him half way across the back yard



They begin pointing early. These little fellows are only six weeks old, but they've started already. It may be a grasshopper or a butterfly—anything that moves. Look how seriously they take themselves. Most of their time is spent in play, but when they point, there is no frivolity about them

PHOTO BY COUNTRY LIFE

This stripling—for he's only a stripling—had started to eat his meal in the pan when his master cried "To-ho!" at which command he has stopped dead in his tracks. He will not move a muscle until another command, "Hie on!" releases him. Then he'll make up for lost time

to you, following you about, and being petted. It won't be long before he'll beg to be let out. His begging will turn into yelps and wails; he'll stand on his hind legs like a bear cub, paws clutching the chicken wire, nose poked through the openings. He'll cry out shrilly, as if he's caught in the wire and needs help if he's to be saved from an untimely death. He was born with that trick.

Now, if you follow your kindly impulse, if, in other words, (*Continued on page 246*)

The Wonder Story of Wrigley

By Merle Crowell

FROM a little black frame on the wall a legend looks critically down on all who enter the Chicago office of William Wrigley, Jr. "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm," it tells you. The legend is happily placed. One would travel far to find another so truly a keynote to the career of the man who hung it there.

Wrigley's life has had its jolts and jars, as well as its prizes, but it has never been commonplace. He ran away from home at the age of eleven; returned, and was expelled from school at twelve; went to work in a soap factory immediately afterward; at thirteen took to the road as a traveling salesman; ran away again at nineteen, married at twenty on a salary of ten dollars a week; and ten years later, when he was past thirty, landed in Chicago with thirty-two dollars to his name, and founded a business which has an annual turnover to-day of more than thirty million dollars.

Nor did adventure fold its wings when he opened the Chicago office. Rather it took a higher flight. Three times his accumulated profits were swept away—but he kept on, smiling, unworried, completely confident. To-day, at the age of fifty-eight, he is not only the outstanding figure in his own industry but also the largest advertiser of any single product in the world.

From his four plants—in Chicago, Brooklyn, Toronto, and Sydney, Australia—he turns out *nine billion sticks* of chewing gum a year. The Chicago plant alone shipped more than 42,000,000 pounds in 1919. To escape the effort of thinking in millions and billions one may compute that if the annual output of this plant were used to girdle the world there would be 1,680 pounds, or more than three-quarters of a ton, on every mile of the earth's circumference. The gum turned out each day by the four plants, if placed end to end in sticks, would reach from New York to Galveston and run over the Gulf of Mexico.

But these figures are no more astonishing than the man behind them. Broad-shouldered, muscular, alert, red-cheeked, and without a single gray thread in his thick, dark brown hair, Wrigley looks fully fifteen years younger than fifty-eight is supposed to look. And to talk with him for five minutes is to find that his vision is as youthful as his physique. Always he is glancing ahead to new plans, new developments, new surprises in the exciting game of business, which, as he remarked casually to me, is to him "a joke, a fine, rich joke."

About a year ago Wrigley decided to take out a million-dollar life insurance policy carrying with it an annual premium of sixty thousand dollars. The huge financial obligation was to be split up among twenty-two companies. Eight physicians were delegated to give him a thoroughgoing physical examination. After the doctors had finished pressing, pounding, looking and listening, and had made all the other tests known to science, they reported that he was not only in perfect physical condition, but that he had the constitution and blood pressure of a man of twenty-eight.

I think I know how William Wrigley, Jr., has staked a claim on the fountain of youth. Some of his remarks helped me to orient its location. But really to grasp the secret one must have as a background the man's life story, which opened in Philadelphia on September 30th, 1861.

Wrigley was the eldest of nine children. His father was a manufacturer of scouring soap in a factory opposite Wayne Junction, Philadelphia. Across the leveled site of this factory the freight trains of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad go pounding along to-day.

Young Wrigley's school life had all the in-and-outness of a Virginia Reel. Spilling over with animal spirits and with mischievous imagination, he managed to get fired every three weeks. And each time his father had to effect his return by a mollifying letter to the principal.

The summer when he was eleven Wrigley decided to run away to New York and make his fame and fortune. The price of a railroad ticket left him only a few pennies to jingle merrily in his pocket as he left the station and set out down Broadway.

Selling newspapers seemed the readiest and most logical occupation. So he invested his floating capital in a few sheets and joined the Park Row contingent of "newsies."

In the bustle of the big city young Wrigley found a thousand thrills a day. Chilly nights he would curl up on a grating by the old "Tribune" building, with a pile of newspapers for his pillow, and sleep snugly as the heat from the pounding presses curled up around him. Sometimes he varied the program by sleeping under wagons parked in the side streets. When it rained he always managed to find some sort of shelter indoors.

The lot of a newsboy palled on him, and he tackled all sorts of odd jobs, such as running errands and carrying bundles for fat ladies and old gentlemen with spectacles. Once he got a job on a vessel from Bath, Maine, that was tied up in the harbor to be rerigged with sails. The eleven-year-old boy was given a sharp knife and sent aloft in the rigging to cut away pieces of tarred rope with which the old sails had been tied. A day of this risky and wearying work was enough, and he stole ashore under cover of darkness.

On another sailing (*Continued on page 180*)

The Secret of Successful Advertising

WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR., is one of the biggest and most successful advertisers in the world. We asked him to tell us the secret of successful advertising. Here is his answer:

"*Tell 'em quick, and tell 'em often.* You must have a good product in the first place and something that people want, for it's easier to row down stream than up. Explain to folks plainly and sincerely what you have to sell, do it in as few words as possible—and keep everlastingly coming at them.

"Advertising is pretty much like running a furnace. You've got to keep on shoveling coal. Once you stop stoking, the fire goes out. It's strange that some people's imagination can't compass this fact."

Photo by Ray Huff, Chicago

William Wrigley, Jr.

WILLIAM WRIGLEY'S business life has been forty-five years of sheer romance. It started when as a thirteen-year-old boy he went "on the road" to sell scouring soap to dealers in the tall-grass towns of Pennsylvania, New York, and the New England States. It was more than seventeen years later, however, when that same boy, grown up, went to Chicago with an accumulated capital of $32 and founded a business which now has an annual turnover of $30,000,000. Three times Wrigley saw his profits swept away by business misfortune, and twice his establishments were destroyed by fire. Smiling and undaunted, he kept on plugging. To-day, from four factories, he turns out more chewing gum than all other companies combined, and he is the largest advertiser of any single product in the world. Wrigley married at the age of twenty on a salary of $10 a week. He is fifty-eight years old now. His home is in Chicago.

Clare Briggs and His New Baby

BRIGGS is one of the most famous cartoonists in the country. Millions of people enjoy his pictures daily. They are published in newspapers all over the United States. He is the creator of "Skin-nay," "The Days of Real Sport," "When a Fellow Needs a Friend," "Kelly Pool," and many other series of newspaper comics. He is forty-four years old and lives in a New York suburb. He was born in Reedsburg, Wisconsin. On the opposite page he tells the story of his life. He has been through a long, hard struggle. Now he is clear at the top in his line, and all his friends are glad, for, as "Hughie" Fullerton points out--Briggs deserves every particle of his success, and he has not been in the least spoiled by it.

A Great Cartoonist Who Carries Us Back to Our Childhood

Clare Briggs

By Hugh S. Fullerton

CLARE BRIGGS is the best beloved cartoonist in America, the most human and lovable fellow I ever have known, one of the few men whom success has not changed and to whom no one begrudges the riches and fame he has won.

Because he likes to meet people; because he is the same now that he was when an unknown country boy, striving at six dollars a week to become an artist; because he has no narrowness, no prejudices; because of his understanding and broad charity toward human weaknesses, he is loved by his friends. Because the lovable, tender, and sympathetic nature of the man is in all his pictures; because he gets right down among us fellers who need friends and gives us back for a few moments each day the joy-thrill of childhood; because we know he likes us, we repay the liking twofold.

Those who know him only through his cartoons ought to know that the pictures are just the sketches of the spirit of Briggs, the inextinguishable boyhood of his soul done with pen and ink.

Briggs's friendship has been one of the best things in my life. He is the finest cure in the world for the cynicism that comes to hard-boiled, old writer persons. He was a country boy, poor and ill-prepared for the battle. His fight has been a hard one. Now he is the Mark Twain of the cartoonists, and very, very near to being the greatest American humorist.

Briggs "arrived" a dozen years ago, but he has kept right on past the destination. His work is the most widely syndicated feature in his line, excepting that of Bud Fisher. His drawings reach millions of Americans each day. He receives a large salary, as well as part of the profits of the syndicate; and recently a film corporation paid him the largest sum ever paid for a single reel feature for his movies of Skinnay and the other kids he loves to draw. The movies are pictures of real kids, haystacks, attics, and swimming holes, and the finest tribute to Briggs is that the kids love to play his characters.

Briggs has built himself one of the most wonderful houses in the world at New Rochelle, New York, right against the golf club. It is his own dream of a home. He built it from the timbers of a wrecked schooner and from stone quarried from his own lot. The fireplace is flanked by the knees of the ship and the mantel front is the rudder.

The floors are planking upon which pirates trod, the doors are the timbers of the ship's bottom, aged and weatherbeaten, with the copper sheathing still clinging, with great spikes and spike holes, and with the barnacle crusts still upon the wood. The house stands upon a knoll, with great boulders breaking through the smooth turf, old trees bowing their branches upon the slates, and a brook gurgling around the base of the boulders.

There Skinnay, Buck, Little Alex, and the rest of the kids live with him in imagination.

But also in this wonderful house there lives the wife, who is of much the same quaintly humorous type as her husband. And there are three children: a girl, now eighteen, a boy nearing fourteen, and a wonder baby, now fourteen months of age and just learning to "blow" hard.

Briggs has shown us the people who always are taking the joy out of life, so we will show you the man who daily puts back the joy into the lives of millions.

Briggs Tells His Own Story

PEOPLE always are interested in each other, so perhaps a fellow is justified in talking about himself. Besides that, people have been kind to me; and if, as the Editor insists, it may help someone, I am perfectly willing to talk about myself and my work. We all like to do that anyhow; and this is the first chance I've ever had to talk about *my*self without some more interesting person butting in to tell about *him*self.

As a rule, I don't like to talk about my work. Often I do not like even to think of it. But perhaps the best way to tell about my work is to tell about myself, because the work grew and developed out of my own life and conditions.

I was born at Reedsburg, Wisconsin, in 1875, and lived there until I was nine years of age. It was a country village seventeen miles from Bariboo, where Ringling's circus had winter quarters. So the circus was one of my first loves. I wanted to be a clown or a trapeze performer, and I never have outgrown the desire. I never miss a circus even now, and never am much happier than when out on the circus lot, playing boy again. Perhaps this influence has affected my work.

When I was just past nine my parents moved to Dixon, Illinois. My father was a traveling salesman who sold farm implements. He had an ambition to draw, but little skill. He would have preferred to become an artist, but farm implements in the corn belt paid better, so he stuck to that. As a young boy I do not remember that I drew more or had any more thought of drawing than the average boy. I had too much else to do, anyhow, between fishing in the river, swimming, carrying the Chicago "Tribune" over a route in Dixon each morning, and doing chores. I needed the money and stuck to the paper job as long as it stuck to me—which has been my experience with several other newspapers since that time.

In Dixon I went to the public schools, and had a little instruction in drawing, but not much. When I was sixteen the family moved to Lincoln, Nebraska. There I went to the Western Normal College and commenced to study drawing—probably because it was in the course that was prescribed. I had no clear idea of what I intended to do. Herbert Johnson, who now draws such wonderful cartoons, was one of the class, and I used to envy him because of the work he could do, and perhaps this envy spurred me to try harder.

My work was commercial drawing, lettering, and maybe in time I might have become a pretty fair sign painter. There was a teacher, Mrs. Emma Edwards, principal of Elliott School, who set me to work drawing maps. I was good on maps, so good that years afterward, when I wanted to make cartoons, the only work I was permitted to do was maps, redrawn from silver prints. Because I wanted to add a little humor and liven up the maps, the work was taken away from me. Mrs. Edwards praised the work in grammar school, and her encouragement was the first big thing that happened to me. It seems big even now; for at that age a boy needs a word of help and praise and a little patting on the back more than at any other time in his life. And he generally gets less then than at any other time.

WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS A FRIEND

My ambition was to be a real illustrator. The idea of drawing for newspapers never entered my head. Although making some progress in drawing, it was evident that I was not setting the world afire in other branches when I entered the University of Nebraska. If ever a feller needed a friend I did in mathematics. It happened that General Pershing was my instructor, and I believe he will testify to-day that it was easier to conquer Germany than to teach me "math." One day he ordered me to the blackboard to demonstrate a theorem, and while I was giving that problem a hard but losing battle he remarked:

"Briggs, sit down, you don't know anything."

HAVING been informed of that fact, there remained nothing to do but to become a cartoonist, although at that time I did not realize it.

It was a rather discouraging two years at the University, because I was not getting anywhere. There was no definite plan, no objective toward which to work. A friend of mine, who had gone to Saint Louis and found a job on a newspaper at six dollars a week, wrote that it was easy picking, and urged me to come down and make my fortune. Up to that time I never had been away from home. The family finances were not in a prosperous condition. The drought had set back the country; there was little demand for farm implements, and Father's health was not good. So I decided it was time to do something to help the family.

In those days scalpers of railroad tickets flourished. Father had a friend who secured one for me from Lincoln to Saint Louis, to which Father added twelve dollars and fifty cents, his blessing, and minute instructions. The instructions were that when I got to Kansas City I should go to a certain place, where a man would do something to the ticket, and that then I was to get back onto the train and go to Saint Louis. It sounded simple, and I proceeded to pack an old canvas telescope grip, my mandolin, and set forth to conquer the world.

As far as Kansas City all went well. The man was found, he doctored the ticket, and I climbed aboard the same

WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS A FRIEND

train—not knowing that there were any others. Three miles out of the city, when the conductor came to collect my ticket, he demanded: "Where did you get this?"

"Father gave it to me."

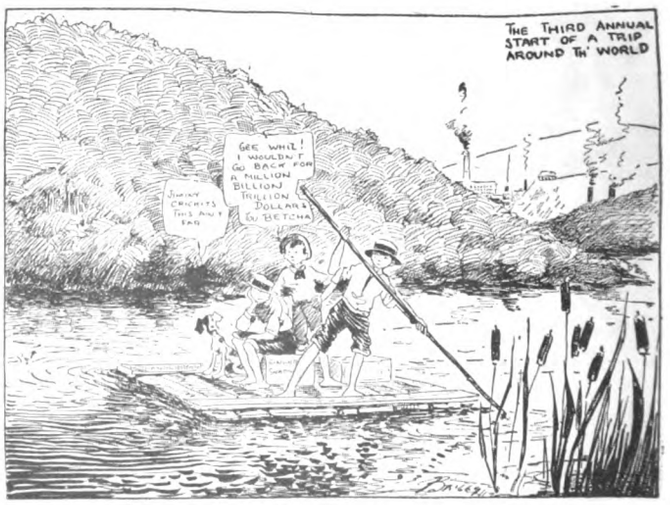
"It serves you right, trying to ride on a scalper's ticket! Pay me $7.50 or get off."

A feller needed a friend right then. I had taken the same train as per instructions, but the ticket was good only on the Alton. The conductor extracted $7.50 from my cash capital and, by doing without eating, I reached Saint Louis with five dollars and found the friend who had sent out the siren call. The job he had pictured was not holding out any welcoming arms. In fact, there was not a job in sight.

WHEN A FELLOW NEEDS A FRIEND

THAT experience taught me a lesson which I have never forgotten, and that is never to lift the hopes of a boy by promises unless certain they can be made good. Disappointment and the crushing of faith in others are harder to bear than anything else. At that age boys are timid and sensitive, easily hurt and embittered. In fact, I think that if they are turned either right or wrong at that age their careers are decided.

There seemed to be no jobs open on any of the newspapers. My friend was working on the "Republic," where Ike Morgan was the star artist. Through him the news came that there was no chance for anyone to get a job on the "Globe-Democrat." Most of the artists on the "Republic" had tried it and had failed. But my situation was becoming desperate and one day, when I was walking past the "Globe-Democrat" office, I suddenly braced up my courage, went in, and asked to see Joe McCullough. (*Continued on page 154*)



Men I Have Had to Fire

Some personal experiences of a Big Executive

IN A LITTLE private drawer in my desk, to which no one else has a key, I keep two little black-covered record books. They are a history of my life on its business side. I can by turning over their pages recall the events of any given year in quite remarkable detail. They have given me a good deal of satisfaction, for I have reached an age now where fifty looks surprisingly close at hand, and a man finds himself taking a little more time for retrospect than he once thought possible. There are pages in both books that give me a real thrill; and there are others, of course, which I would rather have left out. Yet there they stand, the good and the bad, the profits and the losses—a page for each year of my business life.

The two books are precisely similar in size and appearance; but the entries in one have no relation to the entries in the other. One is filled with figures, and the other contains names, with very brief annotations under each. I call them, respectively, "The Book of Money" and "The Book of Men."

Most men have some sort of a record corresponding to the first of my two books. Life is a game, and money forms the counters with which it is played. What a man has in his safe deposit vaults at any given time represents the years of his life that have not entirely run away from him—years that he has compelled to leave something behind when they went. It's natural that we should want to keep track of just what each year has done for us; how much its good fortune has added to our store, or its bad fortune subtracted.

And in that connection I may say that of the twenty-seven years recorded in my book only twelve show substantial profits. Three of the later years are loss years, and of the earlier ones, the first few showed little balances to the good; and then came the bad year when everything was wiped out and I had to begin all over again. I mention this because I have found many young men who seem to expect that every year of their lives should show a profit, and that they are cheated if it does not. Most lives have bad years mixed up with the good; and it's an unusual man who gets through life without at least one crash. Unusual, and not necessarily fortunate by any means.

This, however, is by the side. It is the second book in which I am interested at the moment. In that I keep a record of the principal men who have been my associates through the years. A man should have two ambitions in his life, it seems to me. First, to make a success of his affairs and to make money; and, second, to show a profit in the lives of those who have helped to make his success. In my little book the men who, in my judgment, are really better off to-day because of their association with me and my enterprises, are written down in black. And scattered among them are certain names in red, which represent my failures. Most of them are men that I have fired.

Whether the reading of this will prompt any other executive to keep a similar book, I do not know. But I do hold strongly to the opinion that every man's life ought to be judged by this double record. Many a man who is a millionaire according to the pages of his Book of Money is a pauper judged by his Book of Men. And I know men who couldn't raise a thousand dollars right off the bat, if they had to, who are, nevertheless, rich in the lives that their influence has helped. All of us know such men. Old Judge Ebbets, who graduated from college ten years ahead of me, is one of them. He is a success; he has been an honored judge, and his practice still nets him twelve or fifteen thousand dollars a year; but he is always hard up. And his real job in life, the work that has eaten up all his savings, is in being a friend and helper to graduates of our esteemed Alma Mater who are down on their luck. The judge will leave a little life insurance when he dies, if he is lucky; and not much of anything else. But if fame and fortune were measured by the number of mourners around a man's grave few men richer (*Continued on page 261*)

Have You Ever Seen One of These Buck Passers?

NO REALLY smart executive likes to fire men. It is costly business. He much prefers to have his assistants make good.

But there are some men who ought to be fired. They are not only dishonest themselves but they create dissatisfaction among those below them.

We asked the man who wrote the article on this page whether he had ever had any experience with an employee in a high position who was always trying to pass the buck? He said that he had, and then he told the following story about a man whom for the moment we will call Milligan:

In many respects Milligan was a good man; but he had one destroying fault: he was *always* right. Whenever any particularly good job was done at the plant, Milligan always managed to let it be known that *he* was responsible, and when things went wrong it was always clear that someone else had made the mistake. It took me quite a little while to understand this trait in the man and to appreciate its serious character. My first doubt about him came when one of our best foremen quit. I sent for the foreman, not wanting to lose so good a man.

"What's the matter?" I demanded. "Aren't the wages satisfactory?"

He admitted that they were; and that he liked the job and hated to leave. "But I won't work for that man Milligan," he protested.

"Why?" I asked. "What's the matter with him?"

"You'll find out," the foreman replied; and that was the only explanation he would give.

A few weeks later another foreman handed in his resignation, and this time the interview was more frank.

"I won't let no man pass the buck to me," he said angrily. "Milligan does all the good things, and we make all the mistakes. If he wants to run the shop that way he can; but I'm through."

I started an investigation, and the result was that Mr. Milligan and I parted company.

"It's too bad," I told him. "You have ability, and I'd like to keep you. But you spend too much of your time making sure that you are going to be right. There's no great credit in being always right. Any man can be right if he's willing to sacrifice everything else to that. What I want is a man that will make some mistakes if it's necessary to get things done, and when he does make them will stand up and take his share of the responsibility like a grown-up man."

Already her unquenchable spirits were rising. She borrowed Mr. Wheeler's knife and hastily dug up a dandelion

Marcia Mason's Lucky Star

The family all said she was born under one—and this story proves it

By Bess Streeter Aldrich

ILLUSTRATIONS BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

THERE is, in this world, an occasional gay, care-free person who seems to be carried, not only to the skies but through life itself, on flowery beds of ease. Such a *rara avis* was Marcia Mason. Katherine's nature was of a sweet seriousness. Eleanor, although merry-hearted, was studious. Marcia was neither of these. If she was serious, she concealed it admirably. Her studying was usually a very hasty procedure, conducted on the way down a corridor to her recitation-room. She had a flour-sieve mind, warranted to hold a great deal of information for at least twenty minutes.

"I always volunteer during the first part of the recitation while the going's good," she brazenly told at home, "then my silence isn't so conspicuous when the road gets rough."

Things seemed to come Marcia's way.

"I was born under a lucky star," she often told the family. And the family almost believed it.

In appearance she was undeniably lovely, and, as one of her aunts said, "as likable as she was lookable." No one could say she was lazy about the house. She simply made a wise and far-sighted choice of household tasks. Soon after she had enthusiastically offered to shell the peas, it became apparent to the other girls that the pea-shelling operation carried on under the breeze-swept grape arbor was greatly preferable to doing the dishes in the hot kitchen or making countless beds.

"Marcia certainly has the happy faculty of slipping through life easily," Mother would sometimes say in exasperation to Father.

"Well, Mother, I don't know anyone in the family that makes more friends," Father would remind her.

Which brings us to Father and Mother Mason's attitude toward and about their children. For twenty-six years they had argued over them, but always when they were alone. Toward the children they presented a solid front. If Mother chose to reprove, Father either assisted at the ceremony or kept silent. And *vice versa*. It is a fine old policy. It has been effective since the days of Abraham and Sarah.

When they were alone, however, they argued it out. And the strange part is that neither one always took the same side. If Mother found fault with some characteristic of her offspring, Father immediately made excuses for it. If Father offered the complaint, Mother flew to her child's defense like a mother bear.

In this instance Father was right about Marcia's friends. Everybody liked her, the teachers and old people and children, and Hod Beason, who brought the coal, and Lizzie Beadle, the town dressmaker.

WHEN Marcia went away to school, it was as though a great deal of the sunshine of the Mason home had gone with her. When she returned for vacations, everything and everyone, from the piano to Tillie, seemed to brighten at her coming. After all, the old world needs more of them—these people who turn to joyousness as the tides run to meet the moon.

Each time Marcia came home she had new tales to tell. And Father and Mother, who came to reprove, remained to laugh.

"Say, folks," she would begin, "I had to write a thesis on some form of lower animal life for old Prof. Briggs in zoölogy class, and what I know about zoölogy you could put in a *spoon*. So I wrote about a starfish—sort of from the fiction standpoint—and they told me old Prof. Briggs laughed till he nearly cried over the joys and sorrows of that little echinoderm—I *guess* it's an echinoderm. I got a grade of excellent, and all I know about a starfish to this *day* is that it has five points and *wiggles*."

"You can't go through life sidestepping that way, my girl," Father sermonized after he had suppressed a chuckle. "One of these days you'll bump up against something mighty serious and wish you'd applied yourself."

"Don't preach, Father!" Marcia rubbed a pink and white cheek against Father's graying hair. "When that times comes I'll be like Sentimental Tommy—I'll find a way." And soft-hearted old Father hoped it was true.

Father and Mother Mason held the sensible view that each of the girls should take up some practical training. So Marcia chose a course in special primary teaching for her senior year.

"How'd you happen to choose primary?" Katherine wanted to know.

"Oh, primary hours are shortest of all, and who wants to stay in a schoolroom any longer than he has to?" was Marcia's cheerful reply. And when you come to think about it—who does?

During that senior year, Marcia had a great many experiences to relate to the family.

"In October we taught those little Comanches about squirrels and Columbus and other adventurous gentlemen," she told the folks at Thanksgiving. "Primary teachers are awful liars," she stated blandly. "Imagine! This whole month has been rainy, and we've smiled our mail-order primary smiles and made those youngsters sing 'Pit-a-pat, see the *lovely* raindrops,' just because it was supposed to have mutual relation to the disgusting elements."

In spring vacation she summed up her work with: "We had a perfect orgy of cherry trees and hatchets and valentines in February—and I wish you could have seen the training school in March. We simply fell over seed boxes and kites, and we fairly *ate* pussywillows. This month we've painted millions of wild-looking robins. You'd die to see them—their beaks all run down and mix up sociably with their wings. It's a great life," she added blithely.

It was during this spring vacation that she began talking about Capitol City. "I'm just *living* to teach there next year. They send some member of the board every spring to the training school to choose the best teachers, and I *must* be one. I don't want to go to any little two-by-four burg. Capitol City for *me!* I ask an interest in your prayers."

TO DO Marcia justice, she really applied herself that spring. The stakes were worth working for. On the last Friday morning in April she had gone from the college to town on one of her numerous unimportant errands, and was waiting by the down-town station for the college car. As it stopped, a sorority sister came down the steps. "He's in there," she whispered. "Capitol City superintendent—come for teachers."

"Where?"

"There—half way down—right-hand side."

He looked just as Marcia would have expected him to look—heavy, distinguished, gray-haired, with a Van Dyke beard. She sat down behind him and whispered to his broad back a foolish little jargon:

> "Eeny meeny miny mo,
> Please, kind sir, choose me to go."

Across the aisle from the great man sat Mrs. Hastings, the college doctor's wife. A strange young man was with her. From occasional glimpses of his good-looking profile, Marcia decided that he bore a faint resemblance to Mrs. Hastings. There was something about him she liked, his square jaw and alert manner and a distinct air of sophistication that none of the college boys had yet acquired.

The car stopped at the entrance to the campus and let out its load. As Marcia was about to pass Mrs. Hastings and the strange young man, the former said, "Oh, Miss Mason, are you in a hurry?" As there was merely a small matter of an English Literature class due then, Miss Mason assured Mrs. Hastings she was not at all in haste.

Then she ran up-stairs and called, "Folks! Everybody! Come here!

"Could you show my brother around a little? My brother, Mr. Wheeler, Miss Mason. . . . I would go with him myself, but I told Hannah if the baby needed me, to put a red cloth in the window, and there it is!" She pointed excitedly to her home across from the campus. She was breathless, and anxious to get away.

"Maybe the baby has only joined the Bolsheviki," her brother suggested.

Marcia laughed. She liked him, his keen brown eyes and the sudden humorous lift to the mouth that she had thought so stern.

"You can see for yourself he's not married or he wouldn't be so flippant over a serious matter," Mrs. Hastings called to Marcia. "Show him the new amphitheatre—and Science Hall"—she was already half way across the street—"and the new dormitory and the training school."

"My sister," Mr. Wheeler said, "missed her calling. She would have made an excellent major general or park policeman."

Marcia laughed again. She still liked him. Mr. Wheeler looked down at his appointed guardian. She wore an immaculate white suit with an audaciously green silk sweater and cap. The V-shaped neck of her blouse set off the lovely contour of her face. By way of completing a very satisfactory picture there was a bunch of dewy-sweet violets in her belt.

"DO YOU happen by any chance," Mr. Wheeler asked, "to be the Miss Mason who is Keith Baldridge's fiancée?"

"No, indeed," Miss Mason said, more emphatically than was necessary, for it wasn't at all disgraceful to be engaged to Keith Baldridge. "That's my sister Katherine. I'm Marcia. And you know Keith?"

"Like David knew Jonathan."

They crossed the green sloping campus, sweet-smelling from its recent mowing. There was some conversation relative to their mutual interest in Keith Baldridge, and then Marcia said glibly:

"You see before you the new Science Hall. It is thirty-seven stories high, a mile square and cost seventy million dollars. The roof of the new dormitory may be seen through the trees. Out beyond the Domestic Science building is the amphitheatre and beyond the amphitheatre—lies Italy."

They had come to a little rustic bridge across a miniature creek. Neither one made a move to walk on. In fact, to be explicit, they sat down on the low railing.

"As for the training school," Marcia continued, "I wouldn't voluntarily take you there. It's the place where you abandon hope all ye who enter here."

"You teach there?"

"I do." She looked at her wrist watch. "And in fifty minutes I'm to teach before the superintendent of the Capitol City schools, if I haven't died of fright. He was on the car. Did you see him—a big husky Vandyker?" Mr. Wheeler had noticed him.

"I want to make a professional hit with

Listen! It's from him!"

him," Marcia went on confidentially. "I've simply got to teach in Capitol City next year. I *love* a city. I want to walk in the crowds and eat at tea-rooms. I want to go to the theatre and sit in a box."

Mr. Wheeler looked judicially, appraisingly, at her. "I don't believe," he said soberly, "it would injure the looks of the box."

THEY both laughed. Marcia was enjoying herself immensely. He was like that for the whole hour they were together, keen, clever, interesting. In comparison with him all the home boys and college boys of her numerous friendships faded quietly into a blurred masculine background. In the light of his clever repartee Marcia reveled. To his questioning she told him a great deal about herself. She described faculty members to the last comic detail. Mr. Wheeler enjoyed it, apparently, so she made fun of the training school for his benefit. She spared no one. She mocked the artificial manners of the student teachers and imitated the head of the department. His hearty, virile laugh was ample payment for her pains.

It lacked seven minutes of the hour. Marcia slipped down from the bridge rail with "I go, like the quarry slave at night scourged to his dungeon." Suddenly she clapped her hand to her throat in a characteristic gesture. "Oh, my *goodness!*—I forgot—I have to get a whole violet plant with the roots on for my class. Oh, *help* me look, will you?"

Mr. Wheeler sprang nimbly to his feet and together they searched over that particular part of the campus. Not a violet showed itself above the close-cropped lawn, nothing but bold-faced dandelions.

"Can't you—cut that part out?" he suggested.

"You don't know Miss Rarick." Marcia was genuinely distressed. "If you haven't everything your lesson plan calls for, she just looks at you—and you shrink—and shrivel—"

The wrist watch said three minutes of the hour. "I'll have to take a dandelion root," she announced, "and pass it off for a violet. They won't know the difference." Already her unquenchable spirits were rising. She borrowed Mr. Wheeler's knife and hastily dug up a dandelion. "See! I'll take two or three violet blossoms and leaves"—she took them out of her belt—"attach them to the dandelion root, and wrap my handkerchief around the center as though it were damp—and there you are!"

"But, see here, they're nothing alike," he protested.

"Oh, we should worry!" said the blithe Miss Mason. "Thank you for helping me. You can come along if you want to, and see me teach. I'm frightened senseless, anyway, at the Vandyker, so one or two more able-bodied men won't matter."

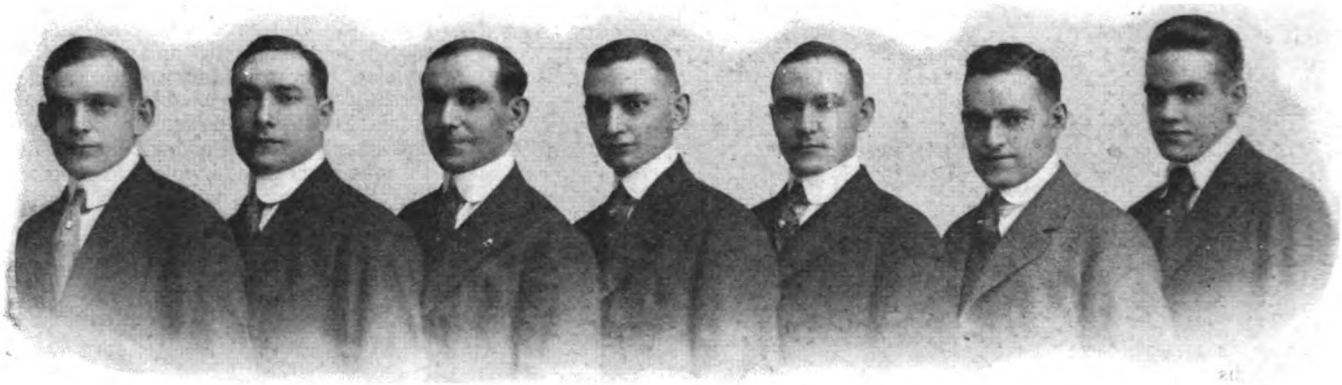
Mr. Wheeler said he would be delighted to see the dandelion masquerading before the great man. So they hurried up the gravel driveway to the huge training-school building. Marcia pointed out the door where he was to go. "I have to go in another way," she explained; "the righteous from the wicked, you know."

THE model primary-room was an awe-inspiring place. Eleven student teachers, notebooks in hand, sat by the side walls. Two critic teachers, notebooks in hand, sat by the rear walls. The head supervisor, notebook in hand, walked through the room as though to remind one of the day of judgment. The Capitol City superintendent was there, and two or three lesser lights. Marcia and nine small pupils held the center of the arena after the manner of the early Christian martyrs. Her heart was beating suffocatingly, but she conducted a very creditable little reading class whose lesson was based on a violet plant that was much less modest than it should have been, owing to the fact that its pedal extremities, so to speak, had been grafted from a member of a family noted for its brazen forwardness.

Marcia was a model of the sweet young instructor. Only once did she throw a fleeting glance of roguishness at Mr. Wheeler, to see his mouth lift at the corners in the characteristic way she had liked.

The lesson was over. Everyone breathed more naturally. The student teachers and visitors rose to go to chapel exercises. Marcia looked around for Mr. Wheeler, but she did not see him. In the doorway, she turned to look at the Capitol City superintendent, in the hope that he was discussing her with Miss Rarick. He was not so engaged. He was picking up from the floor a dandelion root *alias* a violet.

The sight disturbed her somewhat, but she put the thought of it aside and went on to chapel. Near the Auditorium she came upon a group of senior girls waiting for her. Some days at chapel exercises these girls sat on the front seat and acted virtuously. Some days they sat on the back seat and acted villainously. To-day was apparently one of their pious days, for they filed decorously down the center aisle to the front seat and sang the opening hymn, "Holy, Holy, Holy," as lustily as though they were the original vestal virgins. (*Continued on page 254*)



William Frank Nicholas Louis Michael Sylvester Herman

The Seven Baker Brothers—Bakers of Pittsburgh

By Helen Christine Bennett

WHEN I told this story to the Editor he said it couldn't be true, something about it must be faked. When you read it you will know why. It is one of the jolliest, happiest stories that ever really happened; one of those stories that make you certain the world is a wonderful place. Let me introduce you to the Seven Baker Brothers, Bakers of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Pa Baker had a horse and a wagon, a little bake shop and a baker's dozen of children. Pa baked good bread and kept one horse and wagon going. As each little boy Baker arrived at the age of twelve he was sent to the United States post office to become a special delivery boy. But when the oldest boy Baker, whose name was Louis, became about fifteen, his place at the post office was taken by a younger Baker, and he went back into the business with Dad. Five Baker Brothers thus began with Uncle Sam.

WHEN Lou was seventeen, he and his next brother, Michael, who was employed by a railroad, decided to buy Dad out. Neither of the boys wanted to be a baker. It was too hard a job. But the business had run down, and Dad Baker was not well, and even with all the boys over twelve working there had been hard times keeping all the little Bakers covered with clothes and shod with shoes, and their little bodies fed. There had been sickness, too, and of the Baker's dozen who started out, eight remained, seven boys and one girl.

So Dad retired from the business, turning over his small equipment to Mike and Lou, who had just fifty-six dollars in real money between them to start with.

That was in 1902, nearly eighteen years ago. In 1918 the Baker Brothers did a business of three quarters of a million dollars. They ran thirty-five wagons and trucks. They baked twenty-five thousand loaves of bread a day, to say nothing of cakes, pies, doughnuts, French pastries, cookies, tarts, and so on. They ran two factories, and built a new plant which had space exceeding that of the two combined. They opened a large retail store on one of the big business streets, which is filled with people eagerly buying the famous Baker products. How did they do it?

"We worked," said Lou Baker, president of Seven Baker Brothers. "The hardest thing of all was to get all the boys into the company. Mike and I started, and it wasn't until after we had begun to make money that any of the boys would look at the place. But Dad had started me out with an idea. He brought in this little bundle of sticks to me one day and showed them to me.

"'Lou,' he said, 'look at these sticks. I can take any one of them and break it across my knee; but I couldn't break the bundle in a lifetime. You get the boys to stick together.'

"That bundle of sticks is here now, I have kept it all these years. Then Mother, when she was dying, asked me to promise her that if I could I would keep the boys together. Well, it was hard work. But they're together now, and I guess they'll stick."

Mr. Frank Baker, secretary and sales manager for the Seven Baker Brothers, cheerfully confirmed the story.

"I didn't want to be a baker," he said, "nor did any of the boys. I came into the firm when Mother died. I saw there was money there, from what Mike and Lou had done, and I said to myself:

"'I'll go in and work two years, and sell out for two thousand and be a salesman.' That was seven years ago, and I'm still here and a salesman—for Seven Baker Brothers, and not likely to sell out for two thousand or twenty or any sum. I guess we'll all stick."

The history of the forming of the Seven Baker Brothers, Incorporated, is one of the strangest on record. When Mike and Lou had made enough of a business success to impress their brothers, they decided to let them into the firm on two considerations: Every brother was to buy his way in. He had to put up a sum of money to get in, or it could be deducted from his salary. But when he got in, every brother got the same salary, no matter what he did. For six years the Seven Baker Brothers ran on this basis. Then, realizing that, after all, a firm ought to be organized on a commercial rather than a family basis, they got together and decided to make the salaries different.

"I guess it's the only company ever formed," said Lou Baker, "where the salaries were all alike for six years. But we all wanted the boys to feel satisfied, and we worked it that way until they could see things ought to be different."

WHEN the corporation was formed two years ago Louis J. Baker became president and general manager; Michael J. Baker, who started out with Lou, was made vice president and advertising manager and head of the manufacturing department; Nicholas J. Baker, Michael's twin, as a conservative, was made treasurer, but this by no means covers his work, as I shall show later; Frank J. Baker, who intended to sell out when his stock was worth two thousand, and who to-day wouldn't sell out at any price, became secretary and sales manager; Sylvester J. Baker was selected to be manager of the pie department; William Baker was made assistant sales manager, and Herman Baker became salesman.

The oldest of these seven brothers is thirty-four; the twins are thirty-two; Frank is thirty; Sylvester is twenty-seven; William is twenty-four, and Herman is eighteen—a corporation of jolly, wide-awake boys who don't recognize the term "hard" when applied to work.

Anyone who has met all the brothers

will know just how big a job Louis J. Baker had in holding the boys together, for these seven young men are alive and alert to their finger tips. They brim over with ideas. They would naturally disagree. And reconciling the disagreements of seven young hustlers is no small job for a brother but two years older than the next in line.

The brothers anticipated my question and, three of them talking at once, told me how they did it. I'll quote Lou for the sake of clarity:

"Of course we had to look out for disagreements. Nick is our conservative member, and Mike, his twin, is the one most given to new ideas. And all of us have our own ideas and want them carried out. Before we knew where we were, we were losing a lot of time talking. One brother would meet another and get into an argument and keep on arguing, trying to convince the other, while the baking didn't go on. So we made a rule, which is never broken:

"If there is any dispute between us, between any two or three or four of us, we stop arguing as soon as we find it out. Every Thursday we hold a conference. And on Thursday we bring all disputes to that conference, and argue them. If two brothers cannot agree, the seven brothers vote on the question and the two disagreeing are bound by promise to submit to the decision of the vote of the seven. Now what happens?

"MOST of the disputes never come to us Thursday. We meet a brother and begin disputing. And then we have to stop and lay it over till Thursday. By Thursday we are willing to let him have his way, nine times out of ten. We find on reflection the point wasn't worth any argument. But when it is worth argument we pitch in and have it out, and not one of us has refused, ever, to abide by the vote of the seven."

When Mike and Lou started out they turned a fifty-six-dollar business into a paying concern through sheer grit, industry and hard work, added to Dad Baker's knowledge of bread. For Dad Baker was a good baker, if he was not a business man. Every one of the Seven Baker Brothers holds Dad's knowledge in reverence.

"Dad sent us to bread college," they say, "and we learned how to bake good bread. There was no better baker than Dad."

"Do we remember those early days?" said Lou Baker. "I should say so. Mike and I were at the shop at two o'clock, not two P. M. but two A. M., baking. At seven or eight we would get on the wagon and drive the bony horse about to our customers. It was house-to-house going those days, getting customer after customer and selling ten cents' worth or a quarter's worth at a time. The worst of it, for us, was the other bakers' wagons. The drivers of those wagons would poke fun at our old nag, and would give Mike and me the laugh. They used to call out at us. And Mike would look at me and say:

"'Never mind, Lou, we'll get up to them, won't we?'

"To-day when we go out we see those same drivers, still driving the same wagons. Mike and I don't drive any these days, and they don't laugh when they pass us.

"If we had minded what our competitors thought, we would have failed long ago. We heard nothing but prophecies of failure. Starting out with a fifty-six-dollar outfit, naturally we didn't look like much to anybody; but the harder they knocked us the faster we grew. We grew too fast. I remember when Mike and I, just the two of us, baked as many as twelve hundred to fourteen hundred pies a day. There wasn't any eight-hour day for us then, and there isn't now. But we are not worrying about that. There isn't anything we enjoy doing better than the thing we're doing now, so who cares how many hours it takes to get it done?"

But as soon as the Baker Brothers got on their feet they decided to specialize. Bread was their most important product, and bread was to be made the object of a campaign. They bought a bread trademark to be used by them for that district.

"Which was one awful error," admitted Lou Baker. "We thought the trade-mark was so good it would help us, but the fact was that for three or four years before it had been held by a man who made such rotten bread that the housewives ran away from it. Why it took us three or four years to get over that trade-mark, and make the women know it meant something. But we did it.

"We went into a bread campaign. We baked bread and we advertised bread. Michael handled the advertising and he got out all kinds of bread ads, and we baked big loaves, little loaves, brown loaves, graham, rye, wheat, whole wheat; we made twenty-six kinds of bread, and we make that many to-day. We got the people of Pittsburgh acquainted with our bread. We went into every parade. We arranged to have canvas ovens on floats and to throw out wrapped loaves of Bakers' bread to the crowds lining the streets. But meanwhile we were slowly bringing up our trade and getting from supplying the housewife direct to supplying the corner grocer. We had outgrown the little store, and we had to buy a factory."

EVERY one of the Seven Baker Brothers laughs when he tells the story of that factory purchase. It was a sad factory with a sad history. It was located, it seems, on the wrong side of Pittsburgh, quite a way out, for those days—it took fully fifteen minutes to auto to the town proper, and it had a bad reputation. Two bakers and a confectioner had tried to make it a go, and had failed. It was for sale, but nobody wanted it. It had a sort of superstition hanging about it, a hoodoo. Lou and Mike went out and looked it over. Neither its forlorn aspect nor the hoodoo affected them. They went for the owner. He wanted fifty thousand dollars for the plant. They brought the price down considerably, but when they finally closed on a sum which was about sixty per cent of the original figure, they realized they hadn't a dollar in the world in cash to pay for it, and that it would take some quick thinking to hold on to that twenty-four-hour option.

Michael Baker grinned as he told me the story:

"I said to Lou, 'Well, now we've got to get the money,' and he said, 'Where?' Finally we decided to go to a bank. I made Lou promise to let me do most of the talking.

"When we told the bank officer, I know he thought we were crazy. Lou couldn't keep quiet, and I guess we both talked at once."

"'But the place has failed three times,' said the bank officer.

"'Well,' I said, (*Continued on page 76*)

How the Baker Brothers Avoid Wasting Time on Foolish Arguments

"IF THERE is any dispute between us, between any two or three or four of us, we stop arguing as soon as we find it out. Every Thursday we hold a conference. And on Thursday we bring all disputes to that conference, and argue them. If two brothers cannot agree, the seven brothers vote on the question, and the two disagreeing are bound by promise to submit to the decision of the vote of the seven. Now, what happens?

"Most of the disputes never come to us Thursday. We meet a brother and begin disputing. And then we have to stop and lay it over till Thursday. By Thursday we are willing to let him have his way, nine times out of ten. We find on reflection the point wasn't worth any argument. But when it is worth argument we pitch in and have it out, and not one of us has refused, ever, to abide by the vote of the seven."

Scattergood went outside and waited. He could hear the conversation within, but it was only toward the end that it interested him

Scattergood Invests in Salvation

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL MEYLAN

FROM Scattergood Baines's seat on the piazza of his hardware store, he could look across the river and through a side window of the bank. Scattergood was availing himself of this privilege. As a member of the finance committee of the bank, Scattergood was naturally interested in that enterprise so important to the thrifty community; but his interest at the moment was not exactly official. He was regarding speculatively the back of young Ovid Nixon, the assistant cashier.

His concern for young Ovid was sartorial. It is true that a shiny alpaca office coat covered the excellent shoulders of the boy, but below that alpaca and under Scattergood's line of vision were Trousers, and carefully stretched over a hanger on a closet hook was a Coat! There was also a waistcoat, recognized only by the name of *vest* in Coldriver, and that very morning Scattergood had seen the three, to say nothing of a certain shirt and a necktie of sorts, making brave young Ovid's figure.

Ovid passed Scattergood's store on the way to his work. Baines had regarded him with interest.

"Mornin', Ovid," he said.

"Morning, Mr. Baines."

"Calc'late to be wearin' some new clothes, Ovid? Eh?"

Ovid smiled down at himself and wagged his head.

"Don't recall seein' jest sich a suit in Coldriver before," said Scattergood. "Never bought 'em at Lafe Atwell's, did you?"

"Got 'em in the city," said Ovid.

"I want to know! Come made that way, Ovid, or was they manufactured special fer you?"

"Best tailor there was," said Ovid.

"Must 'a' come to quite a figger, includin' the shirt and necktie."

"Forty dollars for the suit," Ovid said proudly, "and it busted a five-dollar bill all to pieces to git the shirt and tie."

Scattergood waggled his head admiringly. "Must be a satisfaction," he said, "to be able to afford sich clothes."

Ovid looked a bit doubtful; but Scattergood's voice was so interested, so bland, that any suspicion of irony was allayed.

"How's your ma?" Scattergood asked.

"Pert," answered Ovid. "Ma's spry. Barrin' a siege of neuralgy in the face off and on, Ma hain't complainin' of nothin'."

"Has she took to patronizin' a city tailor, too?" Scattergood asked.

"Mostly," said Ovid, "Ma makes her own."

Scattergood nodded.

"Still does sewin' for other folks?"

"Ma enjoys it," said Ovid defensively. "Says it passes the time."

"Passes consid'able of it, don't it? Passes the time right up till she gits into bed?"

"Ma's industrious."

"It's a handsome rig-out," said Scattergood. "Credit to you; credit to Coldriver; credit to the bank."

Ovid glanced down at his legs to admire them.

"Been spendin' Saturday nights and Sundays out of town for a spell, hain't you? Seems like I hain't seen you around."

"Been takin' the three o'clock down the line," said Ovid complacently.

"Girl?" said Scattergood—one might have noticed that it was hopefully.

"Naw. Fellers. We go to the opery, Saturday nights, and kind of amuse ourselves Sundays."

"Um. . . . G'-by, Ovid."

"Good-by, Mr. Baines."

COLDRIVER had seen tailor-made clothing before, worn by drummers and visitors, but it is doubtful if it had ever really experienced one personally adorning one of its own citizens. A few years before it had been currently reported that Jed Lewis was about to have such a suit to be married in; but it turned out that the major part of the sum to be devoted to that purpose actually went as the first payment on a parlor organ, and that Lafe Atwell purveyed the wedding garment. This dénouement had created a breath of dissatisfaction with Jed, and there were those who argued that organs were more wasteful than clothes, because you could go to church of a Sunday, drop a dime in the collection plate, and hear all the organ music a body needed to hear.

So now Scattergood regarded Ovid speculatively through the window, setting on opposite mental columns Ovid's salary of nine hundred dollars a year and the probable total cost of tailor-made clothes and weekly trips down the line on the three o'clock.

Scattergood was interested in every man, woman, and child in Coldriver. Their business was his business. But just now he owned an especial concern for Ovid, because he, and he alone, had placed the boy in the bank after Ovid's graduation from high school—and he had watched him, with some pleasure, as he progressed steadily and methodically to a position which Coldriver regarded as one of the finest it was possible for a young man to hold. To be assistant cashier of the Coldriver Savings Bank was to have achieved both social and business success.

Scattergood liked Ovid, had confidence in the boy, and even speculated on the possibility of attaching Ovid to his own enterprises, as he had attached young Johnny Bones, the lawyer. But latterly he had done a deal of thinking. In the first place, there was no need for Mrs. Nixon to continue to take in sewing when Ovid earned nine hundred a year; in the second place, Ovid had been less engrossed in his work and more engrossed by himself and by interests down the line. . . .

It was Scattergood's opinion that Ovid was sound at bottom, but was suffering from some sort of temporary attack, which would have its run—if no serious complication set in. Scattergood was watching for symptoms of the complication.

Three weeks later Ovid took the three o'clock down the line of a Saturday afternoon, and failed to return Sunday night. Indeed, he did not appear Monday night, nor were there explanatory words from him. Mrs. Nixon could give Scattergood no explanation, and she herself, in the midst of a spell of neuralgia, was distracted.

Scattergood fumbled automatically for his shoe fastenings, but recalling in time that he was seated in a lady's parlor, restrained his impulse to free his feet from restraint in order that he might clear his thoughts by wriggling his toes.

"Likely," he said, "it's nothin' serious. Then, ag'in, you can't tell. . . . You do two things, Mis' Nixon! Go out to the farm and stay with my wife; Mandy'll be glad to have you. And keep your mouth shet."

"You'll find him, Mr. Baines? You'll fetch him back to me?"

"If I figger he's wuth it."

He went from Mrs. Nixon's to the bank, where the finance committee were gathering to discuss the situation, and to discover if Ovid's disappearance were in any manner connected with the movable assets of the institution. There were Deacon Pettybone, Sam Kettleman the grocer, Lafe Atwell, Marvin Towne—Scattergood made up the full committee.

"How be you?" Scattergood said as he sat in a chair which uttered its protest at the burden.

"What d'you think?" Towne said. Got any notions? Noticed anything suspicious?"

"Not 'less it's that there dude suit of clothes," said Atwell with some acidity.

"You put him in here," said Kettleman to Scattergood.

"Calc'late I did. . . . Hain't found no reason to regret it—not yit. Looks to me like the fust move's to kind of go over the books and the cash, hain't it? You fellers tackle the books, and I'll give the vault an overhaulin'."

Scattergood already had made up his mind that if Ovid had allowed any of the bank's funds to cling to him when he went away, the shortage would be discoverable in the cash reserve, undoubtedly in a lump sum, and not by an examination of the books. It was his judgment that Ovid was not of a caliber to plan the looting of a bank, and skillfully to hide his progress by a falsification of the books. That required an imagination that Ovid lacked. No, Scattergood said to himself, if Ovid had looted he had looted clumsily—and on sudden provocation. Therefore he chose the vault for his peculiar task.

IT IS a comparatively easy task to count the cash reserve in the vault of so small a bank. Even a matter of thirty-odd thousand dollars can be checked by one man in half an hour, for the small silver is packed away in rolls, each roll containing a stated sum; the larger silver is bagged, each bag bearing a label stating the amount of its contents, and the currency is wrapped in packages containing even sums. . . . Scattergood went to work. He went over the cash carefully and totaled the sum he set down on a bit of paper. He found the amount to be inadequate by exactly three thousand dollars.

"Huh," said Scattergood to himself, "Ovid hain't no hawg."

One might have thought the young man had dropped in Scattergood's estimation. It would have been as easy to make away with twenty thousand dollars as with three thousand, and the penalty would not have been greater. "Kind of a childish sum," said Scattergood to himself. "'Tain't wuth bustin' a life over, not three thousand. . . . Calc'late Ovid hain't *bad*—not at a figger of three thousand. Jest a dum fool—him and his tailor-made clothes."

In the silence of the vault, Scattergood removed his shoes and sat on a pile of bagged silver. His pudgy toes worked busily while he reflected upon the sum of three thousand dollars and what the theft of that amount might indicate. "Looked big to Ovid," he said to himself. Then, "Jest a dum young *ee*diot."

He replaced the cash and, carrying his shoes in his hand, left the vault and closed it behind him. His four fellow committeemen were sweating over the books, but all looked up anxiously as Scattergood appeared. He stood looking at them an instant, as if in doubt.

"What do you find?" asked Atwell.

"She checks," said Scattergood.

The four drew a breath of relief. Scattergood wished that he might have joined them in the breath, but there was no relief for him. He had joined his fortunes to those of Ovid Nixon—and to those of Ovid's mother—had become *particeps criminis*, and the requirements of the situation rested heavily upon him.

It was past midnight before the laborious four finished their review of the books and joined with Scattergood in giving Ovid a clean bill of health.

"Didn't think Ovid had it in him to steal," said Kettleman.

"Hain't got no business stirrin' us up like this for nothin'," said Atwell acrimoniously.

"Maybe," suggested Scattergood, "Ovid's come down with a fit of suthin'."

"Hope it's painful," said Lafe. "I'm a-goin' home to bed."

"What'll we do?" asked Deacon Pettybone.

"Nothin'," said Scattergood, "till some doin' is called fur. Calc'late I better slip on my shoes. Might meet my wife." Mandy Scattergood was doing her able best to break Scattergood of his shoeless ways.

"Guess we'll let Ovid git through when he comes back," said Deacon Pettybone harshly, making use of the mountain term to denote discharge. There, no one is ever discharged, no one ever resigns. The single phrase covers both actions—the individual "gets through."

"I allus figgered," said Scattergood urbanely, "that it was allus premature to git ahead of time. . . . I'm calc'latin' on runnin' down to see what kind of a fit of ailment Ovid's come down with."

NEXT morning, having in the meantime industriously allowed the rumor to go abroad that Ovid was suddenly ill, Scattergood took the seven o'clock for points south. He did not know where he was going, but expected to pick up information on that question en route. His method of reaching for it was to take a seat on a trunk in the baggage car.

The railroad, Scattergood's individual

But Scattergood proceeded methodically, leaving no fewer than three of Mr. Peaney's employees

property and his greatest step forward in his dream for the development of the Coldriver Valley, was but a year old now. It was twenty-four miles long, but he regarded it with affection second only to his love for his hardware store—and he dealt with it as an indulgent parent. Pliny Pickett, once stage driver, was now conductor, and wore with ostentation a uniform suitable to the dignity, speaking of "my railroad" largely.

"Hear Ovid Nixon's sick down to town," said Pliny.

"Sich a rumor's come to me."

"Likely at the Mountain House?" ventured Pliny.

"Shouldn't be s'prised."

"That's where he mostly stopped," said Pliny.

"Um. . . . Wonder what ailment Ovid was most open to git?"

Scattergood and Pliny talked politics for the rest of the journey and, as usual, Pliny received directions to "talk up" certain matters to his passengers. Pliny was one of Scattergood's main channels to public opinion. At the Junction Scattergood changed for the short ride to town, and there he carried his ancient valise up to the Mountain House, where he registered.

"Young feller named Nixon, Ovid Nixon, stoppin' here?" he asked the clerk.

"Checked out Monday night."

"Um. . . . Monday night, eh? Expect him back? I was calc'latin on meetin' him here to-day."

"He usually gets in Saturday night. You might ask Mr. Pillows over there by the cigar case. He and Nixon hang out together."

SCATTERGOOD scrutinized Mr. Pillows, and did not like the appearance of that young man, not that he looked especially vicious but there was a sort of useless, lazy, sponging look to him. Baines set him down as the sort of young man who would play Kelly pool with money his mother earned by doing laundry and, in addition, catalogued him as a "sap-head." He acted accordingly.

Walking lightly across the lobby he stopped just behind Pillows, and then said with startling sharpness, "Where's Ovid Nixon?"

The agility with which Mr. Pillows leaped into the air and descended facing Scattergood did some little to raise him in the estimation of Coldriver's first citizen. Nor did he pause to study Scattergood. One might have said that he lit in mid-career, at the top of his speed, and was out of the door before Scattergood could extend a pudgy hand to snatch at him. Scattergood grinned.

"Figgered he'd be a mite skittish," he said to the girl behind the cigar counter.

in recumbent postures along his line of march. Pansy followed him closely, pale but resolute

"I *thought* something sneaking was going on," said the young woman, as if to herself.

Scattergood gave her his attention. She had red hair, and his respect for red hair was a notable characteristic. There was a freckle or two on her nose, her eyes were steady, and her mouth was firm—but she was pretty.

Scattergood continued to regard her in silence, and she, not disconcerted, studied him.

"You and me is goin' to eat dinner together this noon," he said presently.

"Business or pleasure?" Her rejoinder was tart.

"Why?"

"If it's business—we eat. If it's pleasure, you've stopped at the wrong cigar counter."

"I knowed I was goin' to take to you," said Scattergood. "You got capable hair. . . . This here was to be business."

"Twelve o'clock sharp, then," she said.

He looked at the clock. It lacked half an hour of noon.

"G'-by," he said, and went to a distant corner, where he seated himself and stared out of the window, trying to imagine what he would do if he were Ovid Nixon, and what would make him appropriate three thousand dollars. At twelve o'clock he lumbered over to the cigar case. "C'm on," he said. "Hain't got no time to waste."

THE girl put on her hat, and they walked out together.

"What's your name?" Scattergood asked.

"Pansy O'Toole. . . . You're Scattergood Baines—that's why I'm here. I don't eat with every man that oozes out of the woods."

Scattergood said nothing. It was a fixed principle of his to let other folks do the talking if they would. If not he talked himself—deviously. Seldom did he ask a direct question regarding any matter of importance, and so strong was habit that it was rare for him to put any question directly. If he wanted to know what time it was he would lead up to the subject by mentioning sun dials or calendars or lunar eclipses, and so approach circuitously and by degrees, until his victim was led to exhibit his watch. Pansy did not talk.

"See lots of folks standin' back of that counter like you do?" he began.

"Lots."

"Um. . . . From lots of towns?"

"Yes."

"From Boston?"

"Yes."

"From Tupper Falls?"

"Some."

"From Coldriver?"

"If you want (*Continued on page 239*)

The Most Extraordinary Counterfeiting Case I Know Of

It was a gigantic conspiracy to put out millions of dollars' worth of bad money. For months and months a dozen skilled men nearly worked their heads off trying to get something for nothing. But the Secret Service caught them

By John E. Wilkie

Former Chief of the United States Secret Service

THE most extraordinary criminal conspiracy in the history of the United States Treasury Department was hatched, partly carried out, and finally defeated, a little more than twenty years ago. It is the greatest counterfeiting story in the records of the Secret Service.

And it is nore than that: it is a demonstration of the fact that crime, even when backed by brains, energy, and money, *does not pay*. At the time of this conspiracy, I was chief of the Secret Service Division, and had a hand in bringing the guilty men to justice. Later, I saw one of these men in the Federal prison at Atlanta. Disgraced, impoverished, broken in health and in spirit, his family sharing the blight of his own dishonor, he said to me with tears in his eyes:

"*It doesn't pay!*"

IN DECEMBER, 1897, a sorting teller at the Philadelphia Sub-Treasury received several "Monroe head" $100 silver certificates, the seals on which, to his practiced eye, were peculiar. Instead of being a bright carmine in color they were a salmon pink. The notes seemed genuine, but it was evident that there was something wrong with the ink used in printing the seal.

The problem was too important to be disposed of locally, so the teller boarded the first train for Washington. There, most of the experts at the Treasury Department pronounced the notes genuine. The official in charge of the division of issue admitted that they might be, but he was certain that the seal was not printed in his division.

It remained for the expert in the Secret Service, Mr. W. Herman Moran, now the distinguished and efficient chief, to demonstrate that the notes themselves were counterfeit. Mr. Moran put one of the suspected notes into a pan of warm water; and at the end of half an hour's soaking the front and the back of the note separated; it had been composed of two pieces of paper pasted together.

This discovery threw the Treasury Department into a condition bordering on panic. It was easy to argue that if there had been in circulation $100 counterfeits so deceptive as to fool nine out of ten experts, there might be equally deceptive counterfeits of other denominations. No one dared guess what the total of these notes might be.

Another disturbing discovery was that some of the notes had been accepted and redeemed at the Department during many months! As it was evident that experts generally could not distinguish between the spurious and genuine $100 bills, the Secretary of the Treasury at once recalled *the entire issue* of the "Monroe head" notes, of which there were twenty-four millions outstanding.

An elaborate description of the counterfeit was prepared and widely circulated. As a result, scores of these notes were brought to light at widely separated points. The situation was most disquieting. The suspicion which thus attached to all of the Government's paper money must be dispelled speedily and completely.

Government experts were given an opportunity to study the wonderful counterfeits; their microscopic inspection disclosed the handiwork of two craftsmen, one of whom was particularly good on portraits and ornamental design, while the other apparently had devoted himself to the script, square lettering, and the numerals.

As the work was different from that on other counterfeits which had been received by the Division, it was certain that the men who were responsible for these notes were new in the counterfeiting field.

It was found that certain of the notes had been redeemed by the Treasury Department as far back as June, 1897, and that tne notes so redeemed had been in circulation for perhaps three months. That would fix the date of their first appearance as March, or April, 1897. Assuming that the counterfeiters had placed the notes in circulation as soon as the plates were completed, it was figured that they might have been finished, say, in February, 1897.

The character of the work indicated that three months might have been employed in making the plates—say, December, January, and February. And as it was assumed also that, in a matter of so much importance, the engravers would have worked continuously, the next inference was that they did *not* work, during that period, at their regular occupation.

So here was the proposition: Find two men capable of doing this particular kind of engraving who, during December, 1896, and January and February, 1897, or about that period, had dropped out of their ordinary trade life, and who subsequently showed signs of unusual prosperity.

Search was begun in all of the large cities, particular attention being devoted to Philadelphia, because of two facts: More of the counterfeits had been traced to that city than to any other; and there were more good engravers, proportionately, in Philadelphia than anywhere else.

The agents assigned to the case started a rumor that they were about to open an engraving establishment and needed men having certain qualifications. These qualifications, it is unnecessary to say, were precisely those we believed to be possessed by the men who made the counterfeit certificates.

The investigation in Philadelphia was commenced early in March, 1898; and

> Inasmuch as the persons connected with this thrilling case paid the penalty of their offense and later became honest citizens their real names have not been disclosed

There we found them, wrapped in tinfoil, paraffin paper, and waterproof cloth

among the first men suggested as likely to meet the requirements were Arthur Tappan and Baldwin Benton.

Tappan and Benton, who were in their middle twenties, had been apprenticed to Ernest Wright, the leading commercial engraver of Philadelphia. Both were skilled all-round engravers. Tappan was particularly good on portrait work. Benton could design and build all of the machinery used by steel engravers, and was master of all the various mechanical processes.

In the fall of 1896 these youngsters announced that they were going into business for themselves; a move which caused considerable comment, because no one quite understood how they had accumulated sufficient funds to purchase a business.

In their new quarters they conducted a general engraving business for a time, but within a comparatively short period raised their prices to figures that were prohibitive. Because of these high prices, according to the gossips, they could not have been receiving work from the trade, and yet they were extremely busy—or seemed to be.

This condition of affairs continued for several months. Then, suddenly, they reduced their rates to the normal scale and were back in the regular routine of their business.

BUT there was this important difference: Before they put up their prices, they had been living and dressing modestly, as became their incomes; but there were now marked evidences of prosperity. One of the young men displayed a magnificent three-stone diamond ring, the other dressed in much better style than ever before. The high-price period, when they were not working for the trade, covered, approximately, the winter of 1896-97; and in the spring of 1897 their easy financial condition became plain.

These significant facts forced the conclusion that Tappan and Benton were the makers of the "Monroe head" plates. From that moment the suspected engravers were kept under the closest surveillance.

At this time they were conducting an engraving business in newer and larger quarters on the top floor of a building at Ninth and Filbert streets, and we felt reasonably certain that if these were the men we wanted, they would soon be at work on something else; for the value of their $100 counterfeit had been destroyed by Secretary Gage's action in recalling the whole issue. (*Continued on page 199*)

"Zipp"—A Remarkable Judge of Human Nature

What he does and what he knows

By Frank Ward O'Malley

WHAT do you think of a man who bets $235,000 that he knows what two million persons want, and knows it better than they themselves do? You would call him a pretty stiff gambler, wouldn't you? Also a mighty keen student of human nature?

America has one individual who makes it his business to take this enormous chance—at least, you and I would call it a "chance." The man in question, however, denies that. He is Richard H. Burnside, for ten years producer of the mammoth productions staged at the New York Hippodrome.

Burnside doesn't gamble, he *knows*. He has made it his business to know. The element of speculation, he declares, has no more place in his daily job of selling amusement than it would have if he were selling hams or umbrellas.

To scoffers he says, "Laugh at my theory, if you want to; but I never fail to prove it."

And for ten years he has proved it—without a single failure.

Burnside's job requires that he be an expert buyer and salesman, employer and employee, stage carpenter and idealist, business man and trained animal expert, sympathetic welfare worker among more than twelve hundred men and women employees, director of ballets, hydraulic operator, dramatist, advertising man, poster and scenic designer, circus manager, prophet and umpire, tradesman, expert in the selection of songs and instrumental music, and, above all, a psychologist, who analyzes in the laboratory of his mind the likes and dislikes, the tear ducts and funny bones, and wishes and prejudices of more than two million persons who visit his showhouse each year.

By watching your every action and reaction he has learned, for instance, that the chances are five to one that you would rather see a white horse on the stage than a black one, an elephant than a lion, that you would prefer to behold an enormous stage break magically into a bower of roses than into any other floral display he could offer you.

He knows that a crowd of you will thrill more to "The Wearing of the Green" than to the "Marseillaise" or any other national anthem, save our own "Star-Spangled Banner." He knows that in spectacular scenic effects he must splash your ocular nerves with dominant colors—such as red, orange and green. Furthermore, your red must lean toward scarlet or crimson rather than toward pink, and your green must be a vivid emerald-green.

The producer of a brilliant New York musical *revue* can aim his production more or less directly at a metropolitan audience that is able and willing to pay extra prices for tickets. The producer of a traveling stock company's offering can cater to the audiences of small cities and big towns. Burnside's audiences come from the entire country—almost the entire world.

At any Hippodrome production you will find the very rich, the financially "comfortable," and the poor, the college cub and his learned professor, toddling children, prim old ladies of the lavender and lace age, squirming boys and sedate old clergymen, the aimless youth from Fifth Avenue sitting beside the hard-headed hardware merchant from Ragweed Center, and a sprinkling of people from foreign countries.

During the run of "Happy Days," the 1919-1920 show at the Hippodrome, a system of registration has been in effect by which the names and addresses of people attending the performance are obtained one night a week.

ONE typical audience showed people from 32 different states and 259 scattered towns and cities. Thirty-nine of the different municipalities represented were in Massachusetts, 5 in California, 4 in Kentucky, 9 in Michigan, 16 in Illinois, 9 in Missouri, 44 in Pennsylvania, 23 in Virginia, 9 in Colorado, and 105 in the ninety-mile commuting radius including Staten Island, Long Island, and goodly sections of New Jersey, Connecticut, and New York State. Canada was represented by twenty-five visitors, and seventeen gave their addresses in Russia, Sweden, Brazil, England, France, Holland, Japan, China, Cuba, and Scotland.

Only a remarkable man could sift out and satisfy the basic, rock-bottom instincts of so cosmopolitan a crowd. But Burnside is a genius at this sort of thing. He has to be.

Other showmen stake large amounts on the chance of pleasing the public, but in their case the rules of the game apply to preliminary experimenting on the road. They try their product "on the dog." They find out what the dog doesn't like about it; and they cut and patch and trim it up to the animal's taste before presenting it as a finished product to cosmopolitan audiences.

No Hippodrome show has any such advantage. In the first place, there isn't a stage on the road where the huge spectacle can be produced. Even if there were, the cost of transporting hundreds of men, women and animals, tons of "properties," and a few acres of scenery would be appalling. When Burnside spent $235,000 in the production of "Happy Days" he was staking the whole sum on a single throw. And he alone had to shoulder the responsibility for winning or losing.

Burnside himself makes each production, from beginning to end. Rather, he does it from end to beginning. For he often decides on and develops the last scene in the performance, the "big punch," first, and then creates the other scenes and builds them toward that. Manager Charles Dillingham backs him with lavish financial resources, and there is an amazing wealth of mechanical equipment at his disposal. But his predecessors also had generous backers, and the same equipment to work with, yet sometimes they lost their "bets." In ten years Burnside has never lost one.

In addition to being one of the best judges of human nature in the world's show business, Burnside has another asset that helps make his success probable. It is an ability to gobble up an amount of work that would break most men.

By his employer, his employees and his associates he is always referred to as "Zipp." That little nickname speaks volumes. It is a tribute to his energy, his speed, his hustle, the fact that his motor is hitting on all its cylinders, and has plenty of them to hit on.

No matter how fast Zipp may be traveling, however, he is always watching people, observing how they act and react, making mental notes of what appeals to them and what doesn't. Even when he is walking along the street his mind is always actively in the market for new ideas.

I SHOULD like to take to the Hippodrome a certain grocer whose shop windows face the Boardwalk at Atlantic City (we shall call him Grocer Schultz—I don't don't know his name) and sit beside him while Zipp unfolds before Grocer Schultz's awestruck eyes one of the most stirring and lovely scenes of "Happy Days," sit there while the grocer revels in the wealth of dazzling colors, the flashing of myriad lights, then softer moonlight-glows, ever changing to new splendors, the thunders of great choruses while brasses crash and trumpets bray, the always-moving human garlands of resplendent youth, twining and weaving, weaving and twining through it all in living lines of shifting, shimmering beauty.

"Atta boy, Schultz!" I'd yell above the tumult of applause when the scene had ended. "You sure did give Zipp a great idea there!... Huh? Yes, *you!* You put a package of breakfast food in your window where Zipp could see it while passing on the Boardwalk; and that package of breakfast (*Continued on page 218*)

Photo by Apeda Studio

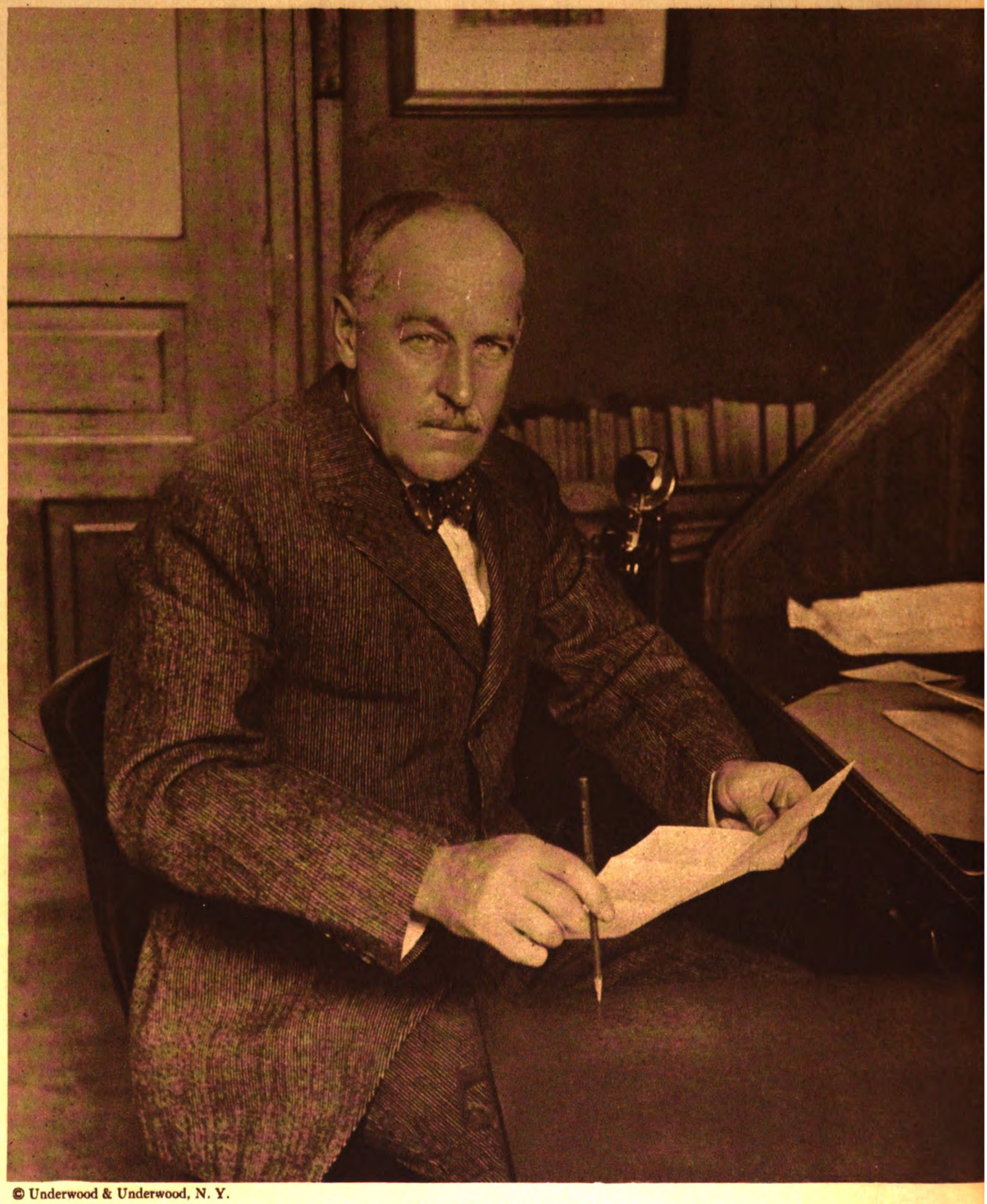
Photo by White Studio

Photo by C. Curtis Photo News

Photo by Abbe

"Zipp" and Some of His Actors

R. H. BURNSIDE, or "Zipp," as he is known to his fellow workers, is the man who invents and manages the great Hippodrome shows in New York. As it costs almost a quarter of a million dollars to produce one of these shows, it behooves "Zipp" to know what people like. The pictures on this page, of actors in "Happy Days," the present Hippodrome performance, illustrate some of the things he has discovered. For instance, elephants are the most popular animals with an audience. People always want to borrow them for parades, and during the war the Hippodrome elephants "sold" thousands of dollars' worth of Liberty bonds. "Zipp" knows, too, that we all love children and fairies; so he has some wonderful fairyland scenes in "Happy Days." Mr. O'Malley tells in his article, beginning on the opposite page, how "Zipp" plans and works.



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W. W. Atterbury

A REMARKABLE railroad man. Vice president in charge of operations of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He began as a three-dollar-a-week shop apprentice. One subject upon which he has decided ideas is the importance of delegating authority to good men. He says:

"When you give a subordinate freedom to work something out, he has a sense of responsibility. And, just as the judge in a lower court does not relish having his rulings found unsound, and consequently reversed, so those lower down in the organization do not relish having their judgment found faulty and reversed. Perhaps I inherited this idea from the late President Cassatt of our company, one of the biggest men America has ever produced."

"Give a Good Man Authority—"

"That will help him to develop initiative—" So says W. W. Atterbury, whose story is told here

By B. C. Forbes

"SEND the ablest railroad man in the United States," General Pershing cabled Secretary of War Baker in July, 1917.

The man sent to General Pershing was W. W. Atterbury.

How Brigadier General Atterbury made good in France has been told by the newspapers. But what never has been told is how William Wallace Atterbury *qualified* as "the ablest railroad man in the United States;" how he set about rising from a three-dollar-a-week machine shop apprentice, sharing a bed with the night policeman, to be general manager and later the vice president in charge of operations of the largest railroad in the world.

First, let it be said that the choice of Atterbury as commander in chief of our overseas army transportation was hailed with approval by the entire railroad world, both officers and men. The rank and file of railway employees were eager to serve under him, for one of the principal explanations of Mr. Atterbury's success as an executive is his ability to inspire the respect, confidence, and loyalty of workmen.

"To handle men you must understand men," he says. "Fortunate is the executive who has had to push his way through the ranks. By starting at the bottom and living the same life as the other workmen, sharing the same burdens, and wrestling with the same problems, you learn to speak their language, think their thoughts, sympathize with their troubles, understand their aspirations.

"Your friendly attitude toward them is not veneer. No executive need hope to fool a body of American workmen by trying to affect a friendly, democratic attitude if at heart he is cold and autocratic, and would be domineering if he dared.

"The executive who has been through the mill from cellar to the roof has this other advantage in handling men: he has demonstrated that he has mastered his business. And this knowledge, that the 'boss' knows how to do things, by having done them successfully himself, tends to inspire the respect of the men.

"They know he is no idle theorist. They know he could show any of them how to do their job. They know he was once where they are. And in most cases they recognize that he won his advancement by merit, not by favoritism. They, therefore, do not resent having a man of this type put over them.

"Another thing: An executive who has come through many offices, rising step by step, realizes that the *best* 'bossing' consists of the *least* 'bossing,' that best results are attained where you give the men the greatest freedom to perform the duties committed to them. Consequently, this type of executive never goes slinking around looking over men's shoulders, nor does he stand over them with a stop watch. He outlines to his subordinates what he wants done, if need be telling them how to do it. Then he goes away and leaves the job to them.

"This method, followed from the top all through an organization, develops a sense of responsibility, a sense of honor, and inspires men to throw their whole vitality into their work. Having been given a full measure of freedom to achieve results, they feel it is up to them to produce the most creditable results they can."

An illuminating incident occurred when General Atterbury arrived home and was met by a trainload of Pennsylvania Railroad men and other well-wishers. Through the crowd he pushed—to shake hands with Bill and Dick on the engine; "Bill" and "Dick" to him, for he had known them in the days when he, too, was "Bill." What mattered it that he was being received, much against his will, with pomp and ceremony, as a returning hero of distinguished accomplishments, a brigadier general in the United States Army, and recipient of such signal honors as the Distinguished Service Medal, U. S. A., Commander of the Legion of Honor, France; Companion of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath, England; and Commander of the Order of the Crown, Belgium? It wasn't a bit of stage play; he just followed the promptings of his heart. For his heart is with the men, and his cooperation is with them in every honest, honorable, rational aspiration.

Yet he is not afraid to tell them, or to tell labor as a whole, what he thinks when unwise action is proposed. Read these ringing words recently spoken publicly by Mr. Atterbury:

"The railroad managements have lived to rue the days of the 'Public Be Damned' policy of a generation ago. Let the labor unions keep on with their present policy of damning first the public, then the President, then Congress, and finally the Supreme Court, the most sacred institution of our democratic Government, and I am satisfied that the public, through their representatives, will tie the labor unions, hand and foot, in as radical a manner as the railroads find themselves tied to-day."

Atterbury is no milksop, no pussyfooter, no kowtower. A giant in stature, he keeps his body as rigorously in trim as when he worked in the shops as a mechanic. He is only fifty-four—he was made general manager of the world's greatest road at thirty-seven.

Let us trace, (*Continued on page 105*)

Is Your Office Full of "I" Folks or "We" Folks?

MR. ATTERBURY explains as follows the difference between "I" folks and "We" folks in an organization:

"When you give a man scope you are then able to give him credit for successful results. And since I am always prepared to give credit to those working under me, these men learn to give credit, in turn, to those under them, and this in time permeates the whole organization. Nobody, therefore, goes around strutting and claiming that 'I' did this and 'I' did the next thing. Everybody avoids the first person pronoun, and talks about what 'we' accomplish. This creates what we on the Pennsylvania System call the organization spirit. We all feel that we are working, not for any one individual, not for any one boss, but for the good of the Pennsylvania Railroad."

Try These Tests on Your Eyes

You will find that you don't always see what you think you do. You will also find out why some things please your eyes and others irritate them

By Alon Bement

NOT so very long ago a newspaper man had an article in this magazine which told some very interesting things. He claimed that readers instinctively look first at the upper right-hand corner of the page; and he gave this as the reason why you always find the headlines of the big news article in that spot.

He was mistaken on one point. Most people do *not* look first at the upper right-hand corner; but, in the case of a printed page, at the upper *left*-hand corner. At least, that is where you *instinctively* look first. You don't do it now with newspapers because you have learned not to. You know by experience that the biggest head line is at the right. But you had to be trained to look for it there.

There are many curious things about the way your eyes do their work. For instance, for some reason which we do not understand, it is easier for your eye to move from left to right than from right to left. If you doubt it, stand in front of a wall where a number of pictures of about the same size and color are hung, and see if your eyes do not instinctively begin at the left and travel toward the right. Or stand in front of a desk or a table; see if you do not look first at the left-hand end.

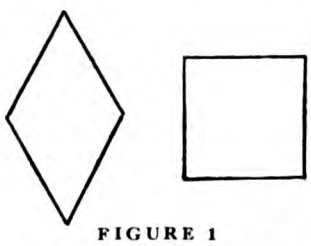


FIGURE 1

Which shape is more pleasing to your eyes? The great majority of people prefer the diamond. Do you?

Examine any picture, and if you do not look first at the left portion of it you are an exception to the rule, or the picture itself is an exception.

I doubt if many artists know consciously this trick of the eye; but they must know it unconsciously, for most pictures have the chief point of interest at the left, or else the movement of lines begins at the left.

With this magazine in your hands, make a practical test. Look at the artists' illustrations. Not the photographs, because most photographs are made of scenes just as they happen to be. But take first the picture on the cover. It "begins" at the left, doesn't it? Now turn to page 10 and see how the movement begins with the girl's figure and and sweeps upward to the man's face.

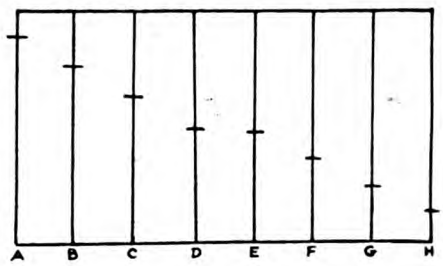


FIGURE 2

These lines are divided in different proportions, the ones marked C and F being nearest to the "golden mean" preferred by artists. The "golden mean" is a proportion of three to five

Turn the page and notice the same direction of movement, beginning with the girl's hands. On page 22, the glance begins with the girl and goes on to the man, once more moving from left to right. The same thing is true of the picture on pages 30 and 31, although in this case the movement is from the upper left-hand side, downward toward the right.

The picture on page 33 shows an artist concentrates the interest by means of strong lights and shadows. But you will notice that he has placed the lantern at the lower left-hand corner in order to get the natural movement from that point. On pages 44 and 45, the movement is again from left to right, although downward. But this gives you the desired impression of weariness, drooping energy, exhaustion.

The arrangement on page 50 is more complex, but again you find the eye caught by the milk bottle in the lower left-hand corner, and led upward to the right. The same thing is true on pages 52 and 53, the white-haired man furnishing your eye its point of departure. On page 56 your glance rests first on the girl's figure at the left, goes down to the man's face, and is then carried upward again to the group above and to the right of him. Page 59 again causes you to look from left to right; or rather, it agrees with your natural inclination to do this. So does the picture on pages 62 and 63, and the one on page 64. You will find it interesting to study other pictures with this principle in your mind.

You may think that your eyes have formed this habit through reading from left to right. But in that case you are putting the cart before the horse. You do not instinctively look from left to right because you read that way, but you *read* that way because you instinctively *look* from left to right.

FIGURE 3

A right angle, an acute one, and an obtuse one. Most persons like the right angle least. It is equal; and equal parts have symmetry, while unequal parts have proportion—which our eyes generally prefer

Do you realize that all our written and printed languages, except a very few, are read from the left? And there is a good explanation to account for those which reverse the method.

Chinese and Japanese are the striking examples of the right to left movement, and the reason is simple: Japanese and Chinese writing is done with a delicate brush, held almost upright in the hand. With this brush, held in the right hand, it is easier to make marks from the right to the left. That explains the manner of their writing. And, of course, when they began to print their printing followed the same method, because people were used to it.

FIGURE 4

To find the blind spot in your right eye: Close your left eye and, with the right, look steadily at the spot marked A; hold the diagram rather near and move it slowly straight away; soon the triangle (B) will disappear; you can see C and D, although you must keep your eyes fixed on the spot A; but B will have vanished; bring the diagram back close to the eyes, then move it away until the figure C vanishes; do the same until the black square, D, "goes out." Reverse the diagram to make the experiments with the left eye

The easiest movement of the eyes, and therefore the one that is most agreeable to us, is an upward movement from left to right. We cannot provide this movement in the reading of a printed page, because in that case we are forced to begin at the top. But if you want to arrange other things, just remember that this is what the eyes like best.

The eyes are governed to a great extent by mental associations. In most cases, our hands move more easily from left to right, and we instinctively turn the same way. It has been proved that when people enter a building, a church for example, most of them will go over to the right aisle. The crowd entering a store moves from the center to the right. The eyes, therefore, may have formed their habit because of this other tendency.

But the liking for certain movements is not the only way in which your eyes show their preference—or *your* preferences, if you want to put it that way. There are certain shapes which are more pleasing to us than others. Look at the square and the diamond in Figure 1, and see which of them you like the better? Some people say they like the square better, but by far the greater number prefer the diamond.

You like certain angles better than others. In Figure 3 a right angle, an acute angle, and an obtuse angle are shown. Which is most pleasing to you? Probably you like the right angle least. That is what most people say.

THE reason is that you have, or should have, an instinctive sense of proportion. The right angle suggests equal parts; and equal parts are not as pleasing to the eye as unequal parts which are in the right proportion. Equal parts have symmetry; unequal parts have proportion.

Look at these straight lines (Figure 2) divided each into two sections. Which ones do you like best? Most people prefer the ones marked C and F, and the reason is this: The eye seems to prefer a line which is divided in the ratio of three to five. It doesn't like one part of a line to be, say, four times as long as the other part.

There is, of course, a certain agreeableness in symmetry. Indeed there are times when only symmetry will satisfy us. We want a person's two arms to be of the same length; the eyes to be of the same size; and we should decidedly object to one ear being three fifths the size of the other ear.

But while we want this symmetrical arrangement of duplicate features and members, we like proportion between the different sections of the body. Imagine a human figure in which the head, the trunk, the legs from the thigh to the knee, and from the knee to the ankle, were of the same length! Such a figure would not only be a monstrosity because it was contrary to all our habits of thought about the human body, but it would be artistically bad. We recognize this instinctive love of certain proportions when we say that some people's legs are "too long for their body," or their shoulders are "too broad for their height."

PAINTED BY COROT

FIGURE 5-A

"The Dance of the Nymphs," by Corot. The diagram below shows how the eyes are caught by the curves of this picture and held there

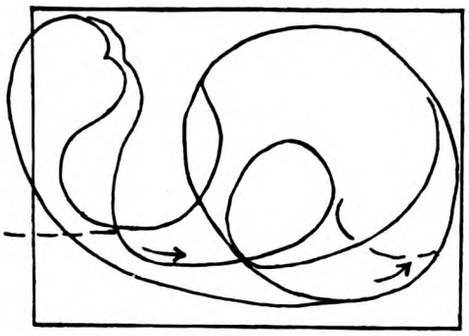


FIGURE 5

The eye "enters" by the dotted line and then follows the course shown by the arrows. This picture is a famous example of the way the eyes are "led around by the nose," so to speak

The proportion of three to five is what artists call "the golden mean," and you will find it employed over and over again in their pictures. A group of painters in New York were talking of these things recently, and one of them declared that he actually measures the sections of his pictures on the canvas before he begins to paint.

Suppose you hunt up a good picture which is composed of land, sea, and sky, and do a little measuring for yourself. Nine chances to one you will find that the sky is either three eighths or five eighths of the picture—probably the former. And you will find that the land and the sea are also divided in the same proportion of three to five.

You will find this study of proportion interesting, and also helpful. For instance, suppose you are going to buy even so simple a thing as a water pitcher or a cream jug. I speak with feeling on this point, because we have a cream pitcher in our household which defies the laws of proper proportion, and which also refuses to get itself broken or damaged. Just to show you the difference between what may be and what should be, I am giving you (Figure 8) a portrait of that cream pitcher and, by way of contrast, a drawing of a Greek urn.

IF YOU want a striking example of differences in proportion, study the motor cars as they pass your window. The most pleasing are the ones in which the lengthening of the lines of the front section (the radiator and hood) make it approximate the golden mean ratio of three to five. Of course it is impossible actually to make the radiator section three eighths the length of the whole car; but by making the lines continuous, your eye is deceived as to the internal construction.

You probably have no idea how constantly your vision is being led about by the nose, so to speak. You think you look here and there by chance. But a student of these matters could tell you in advance just the route your eyes are going to travel.

For instance, when you are about to enter a strange room, the first thing you see is the floor. Oh, yes, it is! You probably are not conscious of it, but it can be proved to you.

If, just at the threshold, someone should suddenly stop you, have you close your eyes, and ask you whether the room was carpeted, or was spread with rugs, or had a wood floor, or a marble one, you could tell even though you had not set foot upon it.

For the explanation of this you must go back and count the centuries during which we have been learning to "watch our step." Our primitive forebears did it in the jungle, the caves, the mountains; and we have been doing it ever since. As we walk along the street, we think we are looking at a hundred things. But the eyes are always, without our conscious volition, keeping watch of the way before our feet.

I have been told that among our soldiers the men who are the hardest to train in marching are the mountaineers and woodsmen. You know a soldier is supposed to march with head up and eyes looking straight ahead. But the man who is used to rough country instinctively looks down to see where he is putting his feet.

"Get that hump out of your back!" shouts the sergeant.

He is bucking the recent habit of years. But it is the habit of centuries which makes all of us flash an exploring look at the floor as we enter a strange room.

WHAT happens after we get into the room is shown in Figure 6. Unless something distracts your attention, your glance is pretty certain to begin at the floor and then travel upward and to the right. When you come to the pictures, the process is still more interesting. If the first one has parallel figures or shapes of about the same value, your eye enters at the other side.

But suppose that it comes next to such a picture as the familiar one by Corot, called "The Dance of the Nymphs." This picture is so famous an example of how the eye can be managed by a skillful artist that I am reproducing it here.

As your glance approaches that picture, it enters at a point where it is "easy to get in." This is shown in Figure 5. Once in, it is caught in a marvelously ingenious arrangement of curves which carry your eye around and around, and make it almost impossible for you to look away. The curving line of dancing figures leads you to the one at the right, with her arm upstretched toward the tree; the tree, in turn, curves back toward the left—bringing your eye with it—and there it is caught by the smaller trees, perhaps goes back to the figures and up by the same route again. Or it follows the figure to the left and does some circling in that direction. In any case your glance is caught and held in these wheeling curves.

It is highly probable that many of you have defiantly used that well-known bromide, "I don't understand pictures; but I know what I like." However, it is easy to know why you like them. One reason is that the pictures you like are the ones that make things easy and pleasant for your eye. The artists knew these little tricks of the eye, the paths it likes to travel, the curves and angles it finds agreeable, and proportions which satisfy it. You will like pictures all the better if you will analyze them on the basis of knowing why they please you.

There is one more interesting point about our tendency to look to the left. An oculist told me that in testing vision he had found that most people not only begin at the left, in looking at anything, but that the eye exaggerates the left portion of what it sees.

If you try to divide a horizontal line into two equal parts, the chances are that you will make the left section longer then the right one. If you try to hang two pictures at equal distances from a central point, you probably will put the left one too far away. Try it and see how accurately your eyes can measure distance.

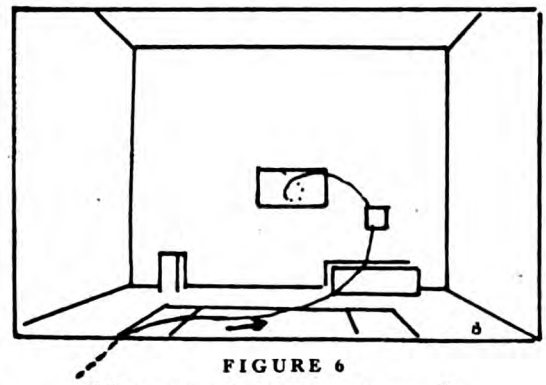


FIGURE 6

When you enter a room you see the floor first. Then, unless your attention is distracted, your glance follows a course similar to the one shown by the arrow—upward and to the right

It is not only easier to look from left to right, but it is easier to look from a lower point up to a higher one than to begin at a high point and look down. When you look at a church, your eyes begin at the bottom and go to the steeple. They do not begin at the steeple and come downward.

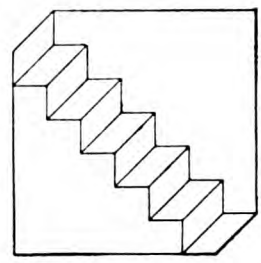


FIGURE 7

The "staircase illusion." Can you see these steps as if you were looking at them from below, as well as from above?

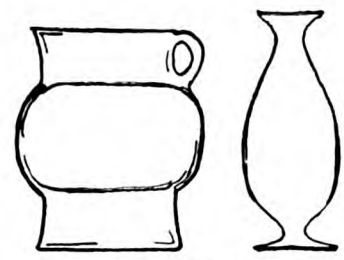


FIGURE 8

At the right, a Grecian urn, an example of beautiful proportion; at the left, a "portrait" of a badly proportioned cream pitcher

In studying pictures, you will find exceptions to this principle, for artists use many devices to control the eyes, especially in concentrating the interest by means of light and shadow. But the fact remains that the easy and natural thing is for the glance to travel upward.

Which do you find easier to look at, a pyramid standing on its base, or one standing on its apex? The former, of course, because the eye wants to move upward from the base to the peak, not downward. You would rather see a rocket shoot up from the earth than see one shoot down from an airplane. You like, in decoration, to see a fleur-de-lys, a torch, anything that has an upward movement. The higher a fountain springs before it begins to fall, the better you like to watch it. These things are very simple, but they may help you a great deal in making your home attractive and "easy to look at."

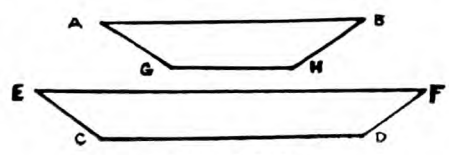


FIGURE 9

The line A-B is the same length as C-D, but you fool the eye by putting a longer line in between

Your eyes are not only led around without your conscious knowledge, but it is easy to deceive them. If you doubt it, look at Figure 9 and see whether the lines A-B and C-D appear to be of the same length. They do not. But they are, exactly so.

The reason is that a long line, E-F, is interposed between the other two, and the eye unconsciously measures A-B, and its still shorter base, G-H, by E-F, and therefore thinks that A-B is very short.

One of the most famous of these optical tricks is the so-called "staircase illusion," shown in Figure 7. As you look at it, your first impression undoubtedly is of a staircase, and that you are seeing the upper side of the steps. Now look at it steadily, and try to see it as if from underneath the steps. Can you do it? You may find it rather slow in coming, but perhaps all of a sudden you will catch that impression. You can also make yourself see it as a strip of paper that has been folded in plaits and then partly opened out. And—although you will find this perhaps the most difficult of all—you may be able to forget both the staircase and the plaited strip, and to see only an arrangement of black lines.

I don't know of any use to which you can put this little trick; but it is entertaining, and it also shows how our preconceived ideas affect what we think we see. Our experience has given us a preconceived idea of that arrangement of lines as a staircase; and it is almost impossible for us to see them as anything else. It is undoubtedly true that our preconceived ideas affect *most* of our visual impressions; and it therefore behooves us to be a bit cautious about claiming absolute certainty as to our observation of things.

IT MAY be news to most readers that we actually have a blind spot in each eye. It is a little to one side, next to the nose. If you want to prove this, follow the directions under Figure 4 with this article.

One reason why drunken men have so much trouble in seeing clearly—finding the keyholes, for instance—is that these blind spots are so enlarged in cases of alcoholism that there is vision only around the edge.

Here is another interesting experiment which may shake your confidence in your ability to see things just as they are. Take some sheets of paper, or some pieces of silk or cloth of different colors; red, yellow, blue, green, black, and white. Now cut some gray paper into strips and lay a piece on each of your (*Continued on page 90*)

The Mercenary Little Wretch

The story of a girl who said she wouldn't marry a bookkeeper

By Wilbur Hall

WELL, it had taken a year to penetrate, but now he knew. Alice Mayo was nothing but an ambitious, grasping, climbing, mercenary little *wretch!* Boyd Kinney felt a bit ashamed of himself for applying such words to Alice Mayo. Yet what else could a fellow think? He remembered vividly, and with his cheeks burning, what she had said when he first asked her:

"Why, Boyd, I simply never could marry a shipping clerk!"

That had made him more determined. A year later, after his feeble little promotion and the fifteen-dollar raise, he had asked her again. That time she had said, with her saucy little nose in the air:

"Oh, no, Boyd; I couldn't marry a filing clerk!"

He had gone on blindly and believed in her stubbornly until now. Last night's experience made him hot and cold. There had been supper at the Palace, which he could scarcely afford, and dancing afterward. He had taken the taxicab recklessly, had held her hand—and been permitted to do so. Boyd swallowed angrily as he thought of it.

"But really, Boyd," she had said, very positively, "I have no intention in the world of marrying a bookkeeper!"

Now he had her number! She was just mercenary. Why hadn't he thought to sneer, like the villain in the piece, and ask cuttingly:

"I suppose the very least you would consider would be a sales manager!"

That would have floored her, because everyone in the home offices of the Pacific Petroleum Corporation knew that Nixon had been attentive to her for months. That's what he should have said to Alice. But he hadn't thought of it.

BOYD growled at his mirror, because even a safety razor will cut if it is abused and dragged around and maltreated. He applied a caustic pencil, dropped blood on the cravat he had laid out, tried to wring the towel out while it was still too hot—and flung it down with a violent expletive.

"Oh, damn!" he said, and added, "Damn Nixon!"

It was not until the middle of the morning, and in the middle of the Dexter and Simpson page, that another thought came to Kinney. He looked up and across the room to where, behind a glass partition next the auditor's private office, he could see the top of that coil of brown hair that had been somewhere in his picture of the future ever since he had known the saucy, clever, laughing little owner of the coil. Alice had smiled and nodded when she had come in that morning. Boyd, whispering "Greedy and mercenary!" to himself, had returned the greeting a little coldly. But now, bang in the middle of Dexter and Simpson, and the line,

4 bbl Ajax cup grease No. 34 at 7.80 $31.20,

he had looked up and stared and pondered a new thought.

She could have had Nixon—not to mention half a dozen others Boyd could name—any time in the last year; but she hadn't taken them!

At ten minutes before twelve o'clock Boyd Kinney left his high desk and crossed the room to where that brown coil of hair was bent over the flying and capable fingers of Alice Mayo.

"I simply have to talk to you, Alice," he said. "Will you go to Ballard's to lunch with me?"

"Dutch?" she asked, brightly.

"Well—yes. Dutch if you insist. I'd rather—"

"No, I'll go Dutch. Run along now—I'm busier than a crossing policeman!"

BOYD ran along, wondering perplexedly whether he had ever seen Alice hand a smile like that to Nixon, or any of those other fellows. One minute he thought he had; the next he made up his mind that he hadn't. Supposing, now—

That luncheon talk mixed the young bookkeeper up more than ever.

"But I'm not a bookkeeper because I haven't the ambition to reach further!" he growled protestingly. "You know why I began with Pacific—I thought a big corporation would be the place to start with, the place where I could stand the best chance of working up. But they don't even seem to know I'm alive."

Alice smiled, and then looked grave.

"I know," she said. "It is discouraging. But there's one thing certain!"

"What's that?"

"If you crawl into any pigeonhole they give you and lie there without a peep, they'll let you lie."

"But what can I do? You don't want me to walk into Lane's office and punch his nose, do you?"

To his surprise Alice did not laugh. "Well," she said unexpectedly, "you might even do that. He would know you were on earth, anyway!"

Boyd pondered her answer. But it was manifestly a foolish one.

"No," he said, "you can't crowd yourself forward too much. They don't like that. It makes office politics and rows, and disturbs things and upsets the shop—"

"Then upset the shop!" Alice cried, impatiently. "If I were a man, I would dynamite the place before I'd let them keep me in a rut!"

"You think I'm in a rut?"

"Aren't you?"

"Well, look here, Alice—"

He didn't know just how to say it, and yet he had to know.

"Are you—would you— Oh, hang it all! Do you want to marry just because of the salary a man gets, or his high position, or something like that? Are you going to marry for money— No, I don't mean that exactly."

Alice was looking directly at him, and he stopped. There were dangerous red spots on her white cheeks and warning lights in her brown eyes.

"Boyd Kinney," she said, very distinctly, "I think we'd better talk about the high cost of living, or the weather!"

Yes, taken all around, the luncheon talk was decidedly mixing to a serious-minded youth who wanted something very badly but had not the faintest idea in the world how to go about getting it. The more he thought about it the more perplexing it seemed. How was a bookkeeper, even with the best excuse in the world—the excuse of a provoking, tantalizing and wholly desirable brown-eyed girl—even with the excuse of Alice Mayo, how was a bookkeeper going to attract the attention of Auditor Lane? Boyd was certain that he was keeping the Carr to Ellison books as well as they could be kept. On several occasions he had caught errors in billing or invoicing, had made neat memoranda of the facts, and had submitted them to Pierson, the chief accountant. Pierson had grunted. That was all. *Grunted!* And how the dickens was a fellow going to get himself boosted out of the rut by head accountants who merely grunted? There was no answer. Boyd began to consider again the probability that Alice Mayo was simply a mercenary little wretch.

But oh, how he adored her! It made him ache to think about it!

TWO or three days later Alice stopped him as he was going by her corner of the room and asked him how many barrels of oil the company's tanker "Olinda" carried. Boyd grinned.

"What are you doing—kidding me?" he demanded. "Why don't you ask me how to drill an oil well?"

Alice was always making unexpected retorts. "I may, some day," she said quietly, and went back to her work.

Boyd was puzzled. Now, what the dickens had she meant by that? How was a bookkeeper to know anything about the capacity of a tanker—or the drilling of oil wells? His business was to keep books. The Pacific employed men to do accounting, and other men to know about tankers, and other men to drill wells! Certainly Alice must have been kidding him.

A few days later Lucy Bennett, a friend of Alice's, came to Boyd's desk one morning and said:

"Mr. Kinney, do you know the difference between our (*Continued on page 167*)

You Cannot Bluff the Camera

But you can turn the best side of your face toward it, wear the right kind of clothes, and be photographed at the time of day when you look the brightest

By Gotthelf Pach

OF COURSE, as the saying goes, we have to deliver the goods through life; but sometimes luck steps in and helps us out. It played its part in my life, and in the life of Pach Brothers, probably the oldest photographic firm in the United States. Like other businesses, we had our birth. But President Grant was present at the ceremony—in fact, acted as godfather. Anthony Drexel and George W. Childs paid the bill.

It was during Grant's Administration that one morning my brother and I were sent by the photographer for whom we were then working over to Long Branch, New Jersey, at that time summer capital of the country, to get a picture of General Grant, Mr. George W. Childs, and Mr. Drexel. After we had photographed them in group—and the process was long in those days—Mr. Childs spoke up.

"Why don't you boys go in business for yourselves?" he asked.

"We haven't the money," my brother replied.

"How much will it take?"

"It will take a thousand dollars," we said—and a thousand dollars was a considerable sum then.

Mr. Childs turned to Mr. Drexel. "Tony," he said, "what about backing these boys up to the tune of five hundred apiece?"

Mr. Drexel put his hand in his pocket and brought out five hundred dollars. "Just to call your bluff, George," he said. Mr. Childs did not have five hundred on his person. But a few days afterward, when we went over with the proofs, President Grant came to us smiling—and handed us one thousand dollars.

And that was the beginning of Pach Brothers.

But the matter was not to end here, for the good will of President Grant was still to follow us. Shortly afterward he sent for me to come to Washington, where I made some pictures of him and of members of his Cabinet. They must have been good pictures; at least General Grant must have liked them, for he handed us on, as it were, to his successors in the Presidency. And thus a sort of tradition was built up, as a result of which we have photographed every President since that time, all of them in the White House, except Mr. Wilson, whom we photographed elsewhere.

I have found the Presidents to be like other men. They are hard workers; their task is no easy one; they haven't a great deal of time to give to sittings. But without exception they have been approachable and charming men. Perhaps Grant and Roosevelt made the deepest impression on me—Grant because of his quiet, stanch friendliness, Roosevelt because of his approachableness. Not only was I always given an audience by Mr. Roosevelt, but so were any of my friends whom I mentioned to him. Of them all, President Harrison was the most aloof; and I felt that I never came to know him as I knew the others.

I say they were like other men; and one of the things which we, as photographers, had to look for in them was the best side of their faces.

Perhaps you do not know that, unless you are an exception to the rule, unless you are one man or woman out of a thousand, one side of your face is better than the other. Do you know, for instance, that one of your eyes is differently placed from the other? That your nose is probably a bit one-sided? That your mouth may droop at one corner and turn up at the other? That even the expression of one side of the face may be different from the expression of the other?

An inspection of your face before the mirror will probably convince you. A pencil or any straight edge, or perhaps a sheet of paper, held down the middle of the nose will show a difference in the two sides of the mouth, or a straight edge held horizontally will show the difference in the "placement" of the eyes.

The picture of Edgar Allan Poe found in the average textbook on American literature is a striking illustration of this truth. "One side angel, the other devil," a writer has said of him. And if you will get down an "American Literature," and turn to the picture of Poe, you may be able to see this at a glance. If not, take a piece of paper and cover one half the face, so that the paper cuts forehead, nose and chin in two. Then turn the paper over, bringing out the other half of the face. The result is startling: one half smiles at you, the other sneers.

This is an extreme case; not many faces will show a dual personality as Poe's face does. But a scrutiny of your own face, unless, as I have said, you are an exception to the rule, will show a difference in the two sides. It may even show a difference in the color of the eyes. And an examination of the family album with the help of a sheet of paper might bring some interesting results, and you might not have to look very closely, either.

Not only were the Presidents akin to us all in this particular, but it is safe to say that, like most other men, they did not particularly enjoy having their pictures taken. For one of the things a photographer soon learns is that the average man hates to face the camera. But for the demands of the public—if he is a public man—or of his business, or

Are Men More Vain than Women?

MR. PACH points out this difference between men and women:

"A woman's ideal of a photograph is different from a man's. Her ideal is beauty; a man's is individuality. If a woman's hand or foot is a trifle too large for symmetry it must be placed in the background or shaded so that the figure as a whole will express grace. The result is that more care has to be taken in a woman's picture than in a man's, and more retouching has to be done later.

"'Don't smooth out those wrinkles,' a man will say of his own picture. 'It took me fifty years to get them.'

"I cannot imagine a woman's saying such a thing; I cannot imagine a woman's being proud of the scars time has left.

"Which attitude indicates the greater vanity? Well, a man as a rule wants to be taken as he is; we may be justified in inferring, therefore, that he is pretty well satisfied with himself. A woman, on the other hand, wants her picture to conform to some ideal, and we may infer, therefore, that she is not satisfied with herself as she is. As to which of these attitudes indicates the greater vanity, I leave it to you to decide."

of sweetheart, wife, or children, there would not be so many photographers as there are.

Two conspicuous cases of this reluctance come into my mind—those of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and of Mr. James J. Hill.

For years, family, friends and business associates of Mr. Morgan had wanted a picture of him; and none existed. It was my good fortune at last to meet Mr. Morgan in a most pleasant way. One day he sent for me. He had before him a photograph of President McKinley, a warm personal friend of his, and he wanted to know if I could take as good a picture of him as I had taken of President McKinley.

Of course I told him that I could; of course I told him that I was anxious to get a picture of him. The result of the conference was the photograph by which he is known. So I might say that the morning over at Long Branch, New Jersey, when I made my first picture of General Grant, which in turn got for me the opportunity of photographing all the Presidents, was responsible also for the picture of Mr. Morgan.

BUT the affair didn't stop with Mr. Morgan. Like other businesses, the photographer's must depend on satisfied customers; they are, after all, the best advertisement. On the morning that I took the proofs of Mr. Morgan's pictures to him in his office, it happened that Mr. James J. Hill, the famous president of the Great Northern Railway, dropped in, and Mr. Morgan, after talking to him a while on other things, finally said:

"By the way, Mr. Hill, if you ever want a picture taken of yourself, this little man here does excellent work."

Then Mr. Hill showed that he, too, possessed the trait which, as I have said, is common to so many men—reluctance to having pictures taken. For fifteen years, he said, his wife had been after him, had been trying to get him to go to a photographer. He supposed he might as well give in. Would I call for him on the following morning?

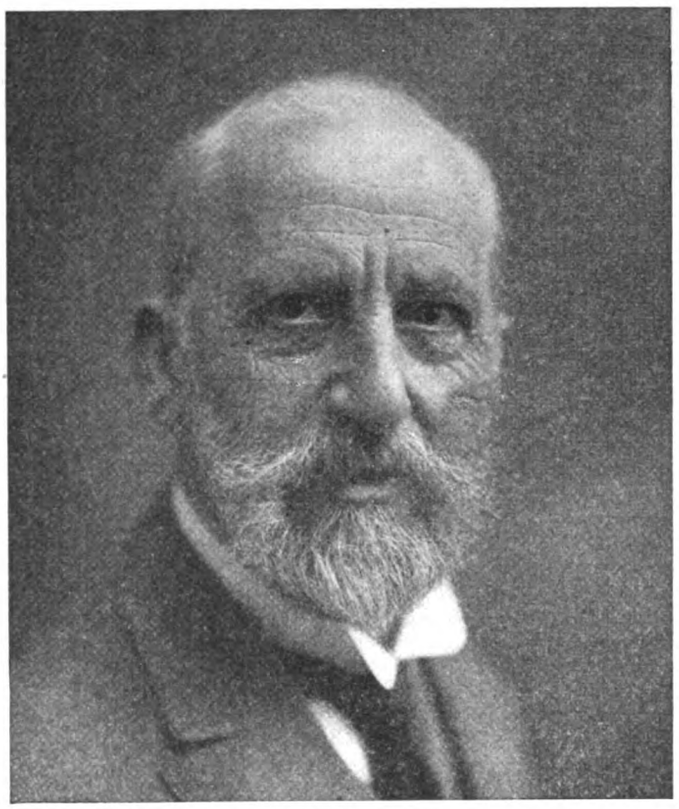
Of course I called. Then, when the pictures had been made, Mr. Hill showed another trait not uncommon. Having taken the plunge, he rather liked it. I had got him in several positions, and when I carried him the proofs he spent two hours going over them.

"I tell you what you can do," he said finally: "you can just send me a thousand dollars' worth of these—assorted."

As for women, I do not think they show the same reluctance toward having their pictures taken that men show. A few men are a bit superstitious about it. They look upon a picture as they sometimes look upon a life insurance policy, as a sort of death warrant. Others regard it simply as loss of time; still others as an indication of vanity.

There is some ground for this last idea, because there is a type of vain man who takes up more than his share of the family album. He is proud of his face; he wants as many people as possible to have the pleasure which he has had of gazing upon it. The Kaiser was a conspicuous example of such vanity. His face was known to the world by countless pictures taken of him long before his deeds had made him an object of the world's hatred.

But a woman is not thought vain because she has her picture taken. Whether or not more women than men go to the photographer I am not prepared to say. My firm has always made a specialty of men, and I have no comparative figures to go by.



GOTTHELF PACH

One of the most famous photographers in the country. He is the youngest and the last to survive of the three brothers who, right after the Civil War, started the New York firm of photographers now known as Pach Brothers. He was born in 1851. The business of Pach Brothers is now managed by Alfred Pach, son of Gotthelf Pach

But this I know: a woman's ideal of a photograph is different from a man's. Her ideal is beauty; a man's is individuality. If a woman's hand or foot is a trifle too large for symmetry it must be placed in the background or shaded so that the figure as a whole will express grace. The result is that more care has to be taken in a woman's picture than in a man's, and more retouching has to be done later.

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I have seen photography change a good deal in my day. Time was when comparisons were drawn between going to the photographer and going to the dentist. And there was some reason for it. The old-time gallery looked somewhat like an operating-room; there was a mechanical appearance about its trappings. And, as you may recall, there was in common use a certain implement of torture most inappropriately called a "head rest," whose function it was to impart to the sitter the rigidity of a statue.

Also, the old-time photographer had a way of saying, "Smile, please," or "Look pleasant, please." And these manufactured smiles or desperate attempts to beam happily looked as artificial as they really were. People can neither smile nor look pleasant to order. They must feel at ease, or they cannot look it; they must feel like smiling, or they cannot smile naturally.

NOTICE how many pictures in the family albums of a generation ago look solemn, and how many others look artificially pleasant.

The real, everyday man or woman is not there. The family album victims were "having their pictures taken," and they show the effect of the ordeal.

It was the snapshot camera that showed us what ought to be done. People began to discard artificial photographs for snapshots. We found that our best likenesses were those taken when we were off guard. Our friends wanted real likenesses, not artificial ones.

The shortening of the time necessary to get a negative marked a new era. It is possible now to catch people in their natural expressions. The camera can get us in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye. Our heads are not fastened in a rigid vise; we are not told to look pleasant; the parlors and reception-rooms are furnished to give a homelike and reposeful atmosphere. The gallery itself is free, so far as possible, from artificial and mechanical devices.

Everything is contrived to do away with self-consciousness, or a feeling of haste, or of the unusual. In fact, the best pictures are (*Continued on page 136*)

"Count a Thousand—Slow—Between Each Drop"

A hero story of thirst in the desert

By Edison Marshall

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. D. KOERNER

NIGHT on the desert is quite a different thing from night in the farm lands, or over the mountains. Over the farm lands it is a great caressing shadow, full of such beloved smells as new hay, and clover blossoms, and such low, lullaby sounds as humming insects and the call of night birds. The mountain night, dropping so fast that it seems as if it must have weights fastened on its fringes, is a very curious and rather terrible mystery that a man dies without ever understanding. The night on the desert is simply lightless silence.

As the night draws on, and the earth cools, and the camp fire burns to ashes, the silence seems to be something one can cut in slices with a knife.

It is a kind of desecration to disturb it. Maybe that is why the desert men become so silent themselves.

But two such inseparables as T'rantler Bill and Texan John had a great deal to say to each other; and they had talked a long time as their fire burned out. Occasionally they had addressed words, couched in genial profanity, to Long-Ear Joe, who had roamed cheerfully at the very border of their firelight. And once Long-Eared Joe had replied in kind—a bray that rollicked over the desert and wakened every living thing for miles around. A burro's bray is a marvelous and stupendous thing. It seems to be much larger than he is, and how smooth animal membranes can produce such a raucous sound is a mystery beyond the ken of man.

They had a dry camp, these three. Such a camp is inconvenient at any time, and a permanent dry camp is worse yet. In their case, the only source of fresh water at all was miles and miles across a terrible desert, blasted and shimmering in the sun.

But they did not particularly mind. Their quartz mine was gratifyingly rich, in the first place. That made up for everything. They had been digging and blasting for a matter of six months, and their pokes were already substantially heavy. If ever better lines of communication could be established, and stamp-mills built, they wouldn't be able to drag them about at all. Besides, they had plenty of fresh water for their modest needs. Ever so often they went down to Red Sage, hired freighters, and had the precious stuff carried up by the dozen barrels. The casks stood about their camp now, the most precious of their stores. Since baths were not considered particularly necessary by either of them, and since they had no army regulations insisting on a daily shave, and since they kept only one burro, whose stomach was evidently lined with fur, these barrels lasted long weeks. And their greatest cause for contentment was that they were prospectors, born and bred, and the great, sun-blasted, merciless desert was their home and their life.

"Put up that pizinous pipe of your'n," T'rantler Bill remarked to Texan, "and come to bed. You ain't no night-hawk."

It was hard to determine, at first glance, where Bill had ever acquired such a deadly name as Tarantula. He didn't look deadly

Both men were staggering in the sand, but

at all. He looked more like some child's good-natured and contented old grandfather, the kind of man to whom long years are a benediction. His eyes, though sharp as gimlets, were kindly and good-natured, and now and then a cheery cackle, issuing forth from the white growth over his lips and chin, made them pucker at the corners. Perhaps his small, spider-like body had got him the name; for, compared with the vast Texan, he seemed a child. He was withered and skinny and bow-legged past words. But it didn't pay to presume too far on this little body and these kindly eyes. The body seemed to be made of fine steel, always at a tension and ready to spring, and his eyes, when they wished, could gleam very coldly along a pistol barrel.

Texan John was just as far different as any man could possibly be, as far as physical aspects were concerned. He was six-feet-two when his shoes were off, and big in proportion, and he was the kind of man that Texas used to grow when the state was young. Like most big men who are secure in their own strength, he was as gentle a creature as ever wore buckskin and holster. He had a voice that for volume almost equaled that of Long-Ear Joe.

"WHAT'S the use of goin' to bed?" he replied to T'rantler. "Nothin' to do but get up in the mornin', and go back to diggin' and blastin'. Wastin' our precious youth in this 'ere blasphemy of creation!"

T'rantler paused in the work of removing his boots—which as a rule constituted the one alteration in his garb between night and day, and grunted with scorn: "Why, you antiquated old relic! You white-bearded old Methus'lum, Texan."

But Texan's thoughts were far away and he did not heed. His eyes sought the stars. Then he sighed—softly, inaudibly.

"We sure have left the shinin' threshold of youth—both of us. The only young one in the party is Long-Ear, and he's misusin' his youth."

"Long-Ear is a dog-gone liability," the other interrupted.

It was true. It would have been much cheaper for them to have let the freighter who carried their water take the burro back with him. The burro did not work at their camp, and consumed as much water as the two of them put together. But he was one of their trio, and they could not let him go.

"We've sat in too long and busted ourselves," Texan continued gloomily. "No homes, no firesides, no little children—"

"Don't go gettin' sentimental," T'rantler rebuked him. "But it's not for me to blame you, Texan. Now if Maud Gaskin hadn't just snuck off with that there drummer—"

"Now don't begin on that heartrendin' tale of Maud Gaskin again," the other complained. "I'm goin' to bed and want to get some sleep."

The two old bachelors lay down side by side. The firelight ever grew more tender, more subdued. Sleep comes quickly to the

always the blind advance continued. The long trail of their lives was almost at an end

T'rantler Bill and Texan John had a great deal to say to each other. Occasionally they had addressed words, couched in genial profanity, to Long-Ear Joe, who had roamed cheerfully at the very border of their firelight

sons of the desert, but wakefulness is quicker still. And both had just dropped to sleep when both were awake again, aroused, upon their elbows.

"Did you hear it?" Texan whispered.

"What did you think I woke up for, to count my toes?" T'rantler replied in disgust. "'Course I can hear it. Can you hear it out of them pore deaf ears of your'n?"

THEY listened. Far in the remote distance they heard the faint rumble of a heavy wagon.

"Some freighter, travelin' late," Texan whispered.

They lay down again, and listened. The sound grew louder. Then the moon showed them, grotesque and huge across the desert, an approaching prairie-schooner.

Both men stood up as the wagon drew near, and raised their old voices in a shout. Men shout to one another on the desert, whether they are acquainted or not. It is good to hear the sound of another's voice. But the driver, concealed in the covered wagon, did not seem to hear. The mules plodded steadily on.

Both men shouted again, more loudly. They watched the wagon drag past at a distance of about one hundred yards. Then Texan started to recline again.

All at once T'rantler stood erect. "Texan, there's something queer about this deal," he whispered.

T'rantler still kept his eyes on the vanishing prairie schooner. They were narrow and intent. Then he scrambled to his knees. "Where'n blazes is my shoes?" he cried. "I'm goin' to catch that rig." He began to jerk on his boots, and Texan did likewise. "It's off the trail for one thing, and the second, the mules are carryin' their heads as if they ain't nobody drivin' 'em. I'm goin' to look and see."

And now both men were racing across the moonlit desert in pursuit of the wagon. They caught it in a moment. Texan seized the bridle of the animals and T'rantler leaped on the whipple-trees. And at first the moonlight was too dim to reveal him the truth.

"Well, I'll be—" he began. But he was too amazed to complete the sentence.

There were two still forms in the wagon, and at first glance he thought that both of them were dead. But his cry of amazement was not at this. Death is a most common thing on the desert, as every vulture knows. There is the sand, and the heat, and the thirst, all of which are more deadly than the diseases of a tenement. He cried out in amazement when he saw that one of the passengers, and the smaller, was alive.

One of the two was an old gray-haired man, and evidently death had overtaken him in the driver's seat. He had toppled backward, his hands had dropped the reins, and the mules, because there had been none to bid them halt, had continued their plodding advance through the night. He had died peacefully, perhaps of old age, or perhaps of some lingering malady. The other of the two was a little girl, perhaps nine years old and yellow-haired, blue-eyed, and pretty, even in her coat of dust. She lay in peaceful slumber in the bottom of the wagon.

THAT night a grave was dug on the desert. It was not the first. Brave men, and women too, following a dream of a greater West, lay beside the same trail. Who could wish a better resting place or a more honored grave?

They worked through the night hours, the two white-bearded men. The little girl was wakened by a gentle hand upon her shoulder, and in the moonlight she kissed the cold face good-by. She cried, too, partly in sorrow, but more in fear. It was her uncle, she said, and her father was far away. And Old Texan held her in his great arms till she went to sleep again.

Then the mules were unharnessed, watered from the barrel in the wagon, and started back on the trail to Red Sage. They could not be kept in the camp. There was not water enough for them. By running fast through the cool night and into the next day they could reach the settlements. If they turned aside, they would die.

As the dawn came up, the two of them had a long and serious talk before their breakfast fire.

"Maybe we ought to take her back to Red Sage," Texan suggested. "She may have kin-folks there."

"No use of that. They'll come to look for her when they see them mules."

Both men growled hoarsely in their throats. They didn't like either of these ideas. They were lonely men, childless and homeless, and it was as if the night had brought them a child of the desert for their own.

"I don't take much stock in her kin-folks," Texan remarked. "Anybody who'd let an old man and a little girl start out together in this purgatory don't deserve no (*Continued on page 145*)

Is That Your Dummy—And Is That You Hiding Behind It?

An article on fear—and how to be rid of it

By Frank P. Norbury, A.M., M.D.

President of the Board of Welfare Commissioners, Department of Public Welfare, State of Illinois

IF SOMEONE asked you whether you are afraid of anything, you might, if you were strictly honest, say: "Well, yes; I'm afraid of automobiles! When I start across a busy street, every motor-car in the block seems headed straight for me."

Or you might admit that you are afraid of horses, or dogs, or even cats. You might say that you were afraid of the "flu" last winter; or that, if you heard a burglar in the next room, he might take everything he could find! You wouldn't try to stop him.

But whatever fear you confessed to, there is not one chance in a thousand that you would name, or even think of, the most common one in life, the one which affects you more profoundly than any other—the fear of yourself! Yet it is probably there; has been there perhaps since childhood, a secret of your own soul; a lurking thing which dictates many of your actions and is responsible even for the manner you have more or less deliberately cultivated.

For there are two kinds of fear: the fear of things outside of us and the fear of something within us. The first is a natural feeling, instinctive and even necessary. Without it the human race would have perished long ago.

Away back in the days when wild beasts were plentiful and men were few, the beasts would have finished off the men in short order if human beings hadn't been so afraid of being eaten alive that they got together in groups for safety. That was a plain, common-sense move which laid the foundation for society as it exists to-day. And it is just as sensible for us to be afraid now of what can hurt or destroy us: a speeding motor-car, a vicious horse, a mad dog, a man with a gun. It is the old instinct of self-preservation, useful and necessary—when the danger is really present.

If a soldier in the trenches said he was not afraid of gas, and refused to put on his mask when the gas came over, he would be a fool. But if, now that he is home again, he wore his gas mask to business, or put it on for an evening party, he would be crazy. No, this occasional fear of outside dangers does not cut much figure in our daily lives. But a fear based on what we think is within ourselves does affect most of our actions.

Sometimes it is easy to confuse the two kinds. For instance, you may be afraid that you are going to lose your job because business is bad. That is a natural fear, which ought to have the common-sense effect of making you work so hard and so efficiently that your employer cannot afford to let you go.

But suppose that, in spite of business being *good*, you are afraid you will lose your job because you are secretly convinced that you are not the kind of man that can swing it. You may be a salesman, for instance. And you have a notion that, to be a successful salesman, you ought to have an easy, confident, self-assured manner.

But you never *have* been easy, confident or self-assured. By temperament you are quiet, slow to make friends, rather shy about meeting strangers. You believe in the goods you are selling, but you don't believe in yourself as a salesman. When you were a boy, your mother used to lecture you about being bashful. You didn't know you were "bashful" until people commented on it. You liked folks—when you got to know them. But your way of getting to know them was quite different from the way your brother Bob went at it.

Bob was hail-fellow-well-met with everybody. At home, they were always drawing comparisons between you two boys, and always to your disadvantage. When you left the little town to go to the city, your father had a straight talk with you, and told you that you'd never amount to much unless you braced up and had more self-assurance.

"Jim," he said, almost solemnly, "you're always sitting back and waiting for other people to make the advances. You've got to be a good mixer if you expect to get on. I want you to be more like Bob. (*Continued on page 127*)

This Man Has Built for Himself An Unusually Fine Dummy

HERE is Doctor Norbury's story of one man who has worked up a beautiful "alibi" for himself:

I have in mind a man who belongs to a large family, all of whom have prospered, except himself. Of course this is probably a bitter pill for him. He really hasn't enough ability to make a conspicuous success, as his brothers have, and he isn't man enough to go ahead, doing the best he can, without being envious of his brothers and bitterly conscious of the contrast.

So he has fallen back on bad health as an alibi. He has some minor ailment, nothing serious enough to keep him off the active list; but he has seized on it as an excuse for invalidism. He has built up a dummy, which in his case is, "Just see what I could have been if I wasn't sick!" And he hides his real self behind it.

He sits on his porch in summer, or in front of the fire in winter, and *talks* business by the hour. And it is almost always about his brothers' affairs that he holds forth. To hear him, you would think he was the real genius of the family. He will shake his head over a deal one of them has made, and say, "If John had consulted me about that—"or "Now, if I had handled that little matter—" and so on.

He wants everybody to think that he could have made just as big a success as his brothers have. Perhaps he makes himself believe it. For it is a fact that we do sometimes fool even ourselves into thinking that the dummy we set up is the real person.

People Who Are "Slow Pay"

Interesting facts discovered by a well-known credit man

As Reported by Albert Sidney Gregg

DON'T neglect your credit; it is the barometer of your business standing in the community. It is just as important to you as a good batting average is to a baseball player. The scouts pass you up if your average is low. If it is high they fall all over themselves to sign you up."

The speaker was W. H. Gray, secretary of the Cleveland Retail Credit Men's Association. Knowing Gray to be a sort of super-credit-man I had called at his office, which is the center of the largest single retail credit organization in the United States, to find out some of the important facts that Gray had learned in his studies of the 550,000 charge customers who deal with Cleveland stores.

It is unlikely that another man in the big Ohio city knows so many facts about so many people as does Gray. More than five hundred merchants and other business men turn to him when a customer wishes to open a charge account. Thirty direct lines from leading stores run into his office—and they are kept busy most of the time. On cards in his files are facts about more than half a million Clevelanders, and these facts are so minutely classified that Gray can give an accurate "size-up" of any one of them within a few minutes.

"What class of people are most negligent about their credit?" I asked Gray.

"That's a little hard to say," he replied, "but I think that young women just beginning in business offices are the most frequent offenders. This is especially true of girls who live at home and suddenly find themselves independent—getting a good salary.

"Take for instance, a young stenographer. She sees other girls in the same block wearing nice clothing, and she naturally wants to dress as well. She does not know the salaries of the other girls, but she feels she must maintain their standard of dress. As a result, she buys gowns, hats, and shoes thoughtlessly.

"If the young woman is employed by a reputable firm, it is very easy for her to open a charge account and, once opened, she is likely to work it overtime. The trouble is that she never sits down to face honestly the question of income and outgo. Credit managers are indulgent about holding such a girl rigidly to account, but the day always arrives when she reaches the limit—and comes to see me. I am usually able to give her a new outlook on facts.

"Here is a case in point: A young woman employed in one of the big manufacturing concerns came to me one day in great distress. Her credit had been shut off and she did not know which way to turn. She wanted to buy a lot of new things, and she had neither money nor credit. The trouble with this girl was that she had never taken the trouble to face the facts. She admitted that she knew she was in debt, but did not know exactly how much. So we put down the items and did a little figuring, and with the information on my records and the data she gave me we reached the grand total. At first she insisted that she must have a lot of new things, among them a new dress. Finally, after telling her that the dress she had on was practically new and good for a lot of wear yet, I gave her a good talking to about paying her debts before buying more clothes. She did not like it at first, but finally admitted that I was right, and agreed to pay her bills. She was game and stuck to it until she had paid every cent and had fully restored her credit at the stores that had sent her to me. I'll tell you it takes courage of the rarest sort for a girl who craves "nice things" to wear old clothes for the sake of keeping square with the merchants, but it pays in the long run. If a lot more folks would learn to do without rather than to overload their credit, it would be much better for everybody concerned.

W. H. GRAY

Who tells in this article some of his experiences with folks who buy things and then don't want to pay for them. He is Secretary of the Cleveland Retail Credit Men's Association

"Another instance was reported to me where a girl learned her lesson in a different way. This young lady was good-looking, dressed well, and also liked "nice things." Her weakness was to buy expensive presents for her family and intimate friends. The first thing she knew she was facing loss of credit, for her salary was not big enough for the demands upon it. One day her boss noticed that she was very sad and asked her the cause of her trouble, whereupon she blurted out the whole truth, which was the best thing she could have done. Arrangements were made with her creditors by her employer by which she could pool her debts and pay them off by the month. She is now toiling away on those obligations, giving up many little things that she might be enjoying if she had not run into debt. This girl, however, was enterprising. She hustled around and got another job at larger pay so she could get out of debt quicker. Maybe, after all, her experience will be of lasting benefit to her, for debt sometimes is a blessing in disguise. It may bring out qualities that we did not know we possessed; but at the same time I would not recommend making store debts recklessly just for that purpose.

"Girls are not the only ones who take care of a bunch of insistent creditors by making pools. There was one fellow who owed twenty-three concerns, and they all wanted their money at once. When he failed to pay up, they refused to let him have any more goods on credit. In talking the matter over with me, after we had compiled a list of his creditors, he proposed this plan: He would pay me $50 a month, and I would divide the money among the creditors in a way that would be mutually satisfactory. This arrangement was carried out and the man was able to regain his credit."

Another story that Gray told me concerned a high-up corporation official, who

had a big home, a high-priced automobile, and who received a large salary, but who had become deeply involved in debt. The stores finally cut off his credit and turned him over to the expert care of Mr. Gray. After a very interesting session, Gray made a list of his debts, which were scattered among thirty or forty merchants. Arrangements were made whereby he applied a certain amount of money on his accounts each month. For a while he paid up promptly; then he became careless again. Gray drafted a letter notifying the merchants that the account had been referred back to them to collect in any way that they found best. Then he asked the delinquent to call, and when he came in Gray showed him the letter to the merchants, and announced that if he would not come to time the letter would be sent out. The man then explained that sickness in the family had interfered with his payments, but that he would meet his obligations in the future. He did.

SOON after a certified business accountant married, he and his wife began running a number of accounts, which they paid with bogus checks. The man was arrested. Gray saw him in jail. The accountant finally confessed that he was buying extensively with the expectation of going to New York and "making a big splash." Gray arranged with the merchants not to prosecute him, and got him a job on the promise that he would pay all that he owed. The wife obtained a place as school-teacher in order to help her husband. While they were working off their obligations, the accountant learned of an opening in another city, paying a larger salary, and with Gray's consent he took the new position and finally cleaned off all his old bills.

Another interesting case is of a man who bought expensive gowns and hats lavishly for his wife, whom he deeply loved. The wife was greatly distressed over her husband's extravagances, and came to see Gray. As the result of this conference, the secretary had a talk with the man and advised him that he would please his wife a great deal more by paying up his bills and keeping out of debt. The advice was taken, and trouble ended forthwith.

A mechanic's wife got into trouble which any woman will understand, but which is beyond the comprehension of the "average man"—perhaps. She wanted to change the color of her hair, so she went to a drug store and bought a concoction that threatened to take hair, scalp and all, instead of transforming her into a charming peroxide blonde. Then she had to patronize a beauty doctor to save herself from a calamity, and in running from one peril she ran into a still greater peril, for the beauty doctor took all of her money, or at least a big slice of it. She borrowed from her household allowance and from her neighbors, and let bills run. Finally her husband discovered the trouble and told her that she had to stop her nonsense and live within her income. She was good for a while and then she had a second mix-up with the beauty doctor. This time the husband was not very gentle with her. And so the unhappy woman sought the advice and aid of Mr. Gray. She wanted to "pool" her debts and pay them off on the instalment plan.

"I guess it can be arranged," he replied, "but your husband must know about it."

"Oh, no!' she exclaimed in fright. "He must not know. If he knew he might beat me up. Can't you fix it without telling him?"

"No," replied Gray firmly, "he must understand all about it."

The woman cried a while and begged Gray to help her out, but he firmly refused and she went away. How she finally arranged matters he does not know.

On another occasion a man came in and gave Gray this interesting story:

"My wife and I have agreed to disagree and get a divorce. She is a good girl, and I guess she thinks I am all right,but there are serious points of difference, so we have decided to part. Now, all the store accounts are in my name, and I want to make an arrangement so the accounts can be separated. I don't want to do a thing that will injure her credit."

"Of course you understand that you are responsible for her bills so long as she is your wife," replied Gray.

"Yes, I know all about that," the man replied, "but she is not going to hold me. She gets a good salary and can pay her own bills. Now, how can we fix it?"

"Perhaps the best way is to state the case to the credit managers, and have her open an account in her own name. You could then keep the old account in your name or close it, just as you pleased."

"That's a pretty good idea," replied the man, much relieved, "and I guess we will work it that way."

Another story coming to the attention of Gray illustrates the folly of a woman's "borrowing" from the allowance given her for household expenses. In this case the husband first learned that something was wrong when the grocer threatened to sue him for an overdue grocery bill.

"I don't owe you anything," was the hot reply.

"Yes, you do, and if you don't pay up I'll sue you at once."

"But I give my wife plenty of money for the groceries and other expenses."

"Fight it out with her," was the terse reply. "I don't know anything about that."

WHEN the husband demanded an explanation from his wife she broke down and confessed that she had lost the money playing whist, and had been trying to catch up a little each month, but had not been able to pay fast enough. Now the husband carries the pocketbook and pays the household bills, while the wife reflects on the folly of playing whist on borrowed capital.

"Do merchants ever send well-to-do delinquents to you?" I asked.

"Not exactly, but they do make complaints about rich customers," was the response. "Usually I have only to write such a person a letter, and by the next mail I will receive word that checks in payment of the bills are on the way. Once again, you see, I can do what an individual credit manager would not dare to do—call a wealthy delinquent to account.

"I remember one man, he is known the country over, who bought a lot of jewelry on credit and neglected to pay the bills. A complaint was made to me, and I wrote this man a polite but emphatic letter, and received word immediately that checks in payment of the bills were in the mail. In another case, an advertising man rated at one hundred thousand dollars was refused credit because he was riding the retailer too much. He put his ready cash back into his business and let the storekeepers wait. He was a very angry man when he came in here, but he cooled down after I had showed him his record and made him face the facts. When he saw just where he stood, he went out and paid up his old bills, among them being a good-sized account that a merchant had charged off to profit and loss.

"It happens that I am in a position where I can say things to a delinquent creditor, no matter how rich or powerful he may be, that the credit manager of an individual store would not say for fear of losing a paying customer. So we have some very frank talks in this office, which I believe have led to satisfactory reforms of financial conduct."

"WHAT about professional swindlers. Do you have much trouble with people of that sort?"

"The number of out and out swindlers is remarkably small, but they are dangerous. A bogus check writer can do a lot of damage in an afternoon. Our chief trouble is with people who are living too fast—who move rapidly from place to place and who find it difficult to hold a job. Our system of exchanging credit information with other cities enables us to keep a fairly good check on people who move away without leaving a forwarding address."

An important part of Gray's system for protecting the merchants against swindlers is to give warnings against such operatives in his weekly bulletin, which goes to four hundred offices and stores. It contains very specific information about individuals. Here is a sample warning:

"YOU MAY QUESTION HER GOOD (?) LOOKS, BUT NOT HER ABILITY TO PASS CHECKS.

"This woman check worker has been in Duluth, probably preparing for the St. Paul convention, and may come to Cleveland. Her specialty is to open a bank account, identify herself and secure credit. Within a brief period she selects Saturday afternoon, when the bank is closed, and leaves all the checks she can write and pass. Described as about 5 feet 8 inches, weighs 155 pounds, large hands, round face, and large front teeth. Chin comes forward. Grips pen quite far back in writing."

The information in the foregoing was obtained by Gray as part of his system for keeping track of crooks as well as delinquents. Data of this kind is passed on to credit organizations in other cities.

In case a report reaches Gray that a swindler or a shoplifter has left tracks in a certain store, Gray and an assistant go to his telephone exchange and begin calling up the merchants on each side of the store making the report. Thus the warning runs along the street and in many instances the swindler is caught before going half a block. Sometimes a fine-looking, well-dressed woman will rent imposing quarters, hire an automobile, entertain parties at luncheon, and otherwise do things that create the impression that she is a woman of wealth, all for the purpose of obtaining (*Continued on page 105*)

Egan went on stolidly, although it was sheer luck that he didn't slice his fingers. It was his first experience, since his undergraduate days, in this amateur sort of domesticity which has so many fatal endings. He thought that Martha had never appeared more adorable

Egan Comes Down to Earth

A Serial Novel

By Holworthy Hall

More Tangles of Love and Business

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESLIE L. BENSON

INTRINSICALLY, it was a beautiful Monday, but it would have seemed no less beautiful to Egan if it had been raining cats and dogs. On his way down-town he was conscious of a grip on life that was almost a physical grip. His mouth was set in a smile which almost ached. And yet, for the first time since he had returned to Plainfield, he was apprehensive to the point of true modesty. A few weeks ago he had arrogantly believed himself capable of becoming a chief executive overnight; this morning, with a record of defeat after defeat to look back upon, he was praying that he might not disgrace himself too soon. All he wanted was to have a chance to learn.

The seventh floor of the "Times" Building was still a reverberating chaos, and only one other of the Air Traffic staff was attempting to compete with the carpenters. This was Hoyt, the treasurer, who greeted Egan cheerfully. "You're the early bird, all right!"

"Ought to be on time the first day, anyway," said Egan.

"Tough luck the boss isn't around to know it! We'll have the place pretty much to ourselves for a day or two. Say, I guess your office is about done. Want to see it?" Hoyt stepped through a labyrinth of partitions to an open space. "Here it is, right next to mine. Name on the door, and everything."

From gazing at the cubicle, freshly varnished and heaped with new furniture, Egan turned to the ground-glass door, swung inward against the wall. It bore, in letters hardly dry, the gold-leafed inscription:

Director of Flying Operations
Capt. Bronson Egan

"Yes," said Hoyt, "we're going to use your title, for a while, anyway. It's an asset. . . . Now, if I were you, I'd get up an organization chart of your own department to show what you're going to need in personnel and equipment. Richards likes concrete things. You'll want to begin to negotiate with pilots in a hurry, too."

"Am I to hire the pilots?" Egan looked aghast. He knew that he could pick men to fight with, but the responsibility of picking men to work with was different. He knew that a good pilot is as difficult to select, on sight, as a good cook. And one or two bad choices would reflect so strikingly against him.

"You sure are. I've got about a thousand applications already for you to look over."

"Then my job, as I see it—"

Hoyt waved his hand. "Your job is to get the ships from one place to another on time. Maintenance furnishes the ships in proper condition, including fuel and oil. Traffic loads and unloads 'em. You get the ships there and back. How you're going to do it, *I* don't know; that's what you're here for."

"Well, it's simple enough." He meant this as a broad and pleasant sarcasm, for the size of the job was further impressing him, but the treasurer took it seriously.

Hoyt sat down on the edge of a desk. "It is, and it isn't. Richards doesn't think the express and passenger business is all there is to it by a long shot. He thinks there are all sorts of side lines we can make a profit on. Think over the possibilities. Maybe we'll act as consulting aëronautical engineers. We can give lessons in flying. We can act as agents for sport and commercial planes. We can sell accessories. We can get up sightseeing trips, and rent ships for long-distance parties. We can have exhibitions. We can get up advertising stunts. Well—you're the doctor on the flying end of it. Let's see what you think up."

HIS brief outline had pushed Egan's perspective almost out of sight. "You're going to try to do all these things at once?"

Hoyt shrugged his shoulders. "Why not? The men who've put money into this concern aren't pikers. They can afford to lose every nickel they've put into this. Of course, it's an experiment. But we've got the jump. The people who manufactured battle planes have had miles and miles of free advertising that we're trying to capitalize. I believe that the first transportation companies to cash in on all that publicity, by specializing in ships and engines that everybody knows won the war, will have the inside track right from the start, *provided* they go out after business in a big, broad way."

Egan drew a long breath.

"There's plenty to do, then, all right."

"Plenty for everybody, especially you. You fix up your office to suit yourself, and get a couple of stenographers and wade right in. Go over the pilots' applications. Start on your charts. I'd try to be under way by to-morrow if you can. Richards'll like it. . . . Now let's look over the other offices. We've hired another floor already, and we may need three. Watch out for those nails!"

BY URGENT invitation, he went over to the Plainfield House that day to lunch with the Honorable George Perkins and Stanley Adams. Both of them had news for him, news which couldn't wait until dinner time.

"I've seen Garrity again," said Adams. "Remember I said he told me he'd lost ten thousand dollars on a speculation? Well, I took a chance, and I was right. *He* bought Egan stock, too—through Eddie. And he told me two other people he knew who'd done the same thing. He used to be too afraid of Eddie to talk about it, but he's got a new angle; he says Eddie's going to be licked!"

"We're getting to the point, Bronson," said the judge. "It's beginning to be clear that Eddie persuaded six or eight comparatively poor people, Mrs. McCain and Garrity and others, to chip in to buy that stock from the Citizens Trust, so that he or his principals wouldn't appear in the transaction, and got these people all to give him their proxies, which he voted at the annual meeting a year ago October. He reëlected the old directorate, putting himself on it in place of the Old Man, and the old directorate made Garrity president, and gave him free rein. Then the company went on the rocks. I *know* it was done deliberately. All the evidence is that way—"

"Garrity says he took his orders from Eddie," chimed in Adams.

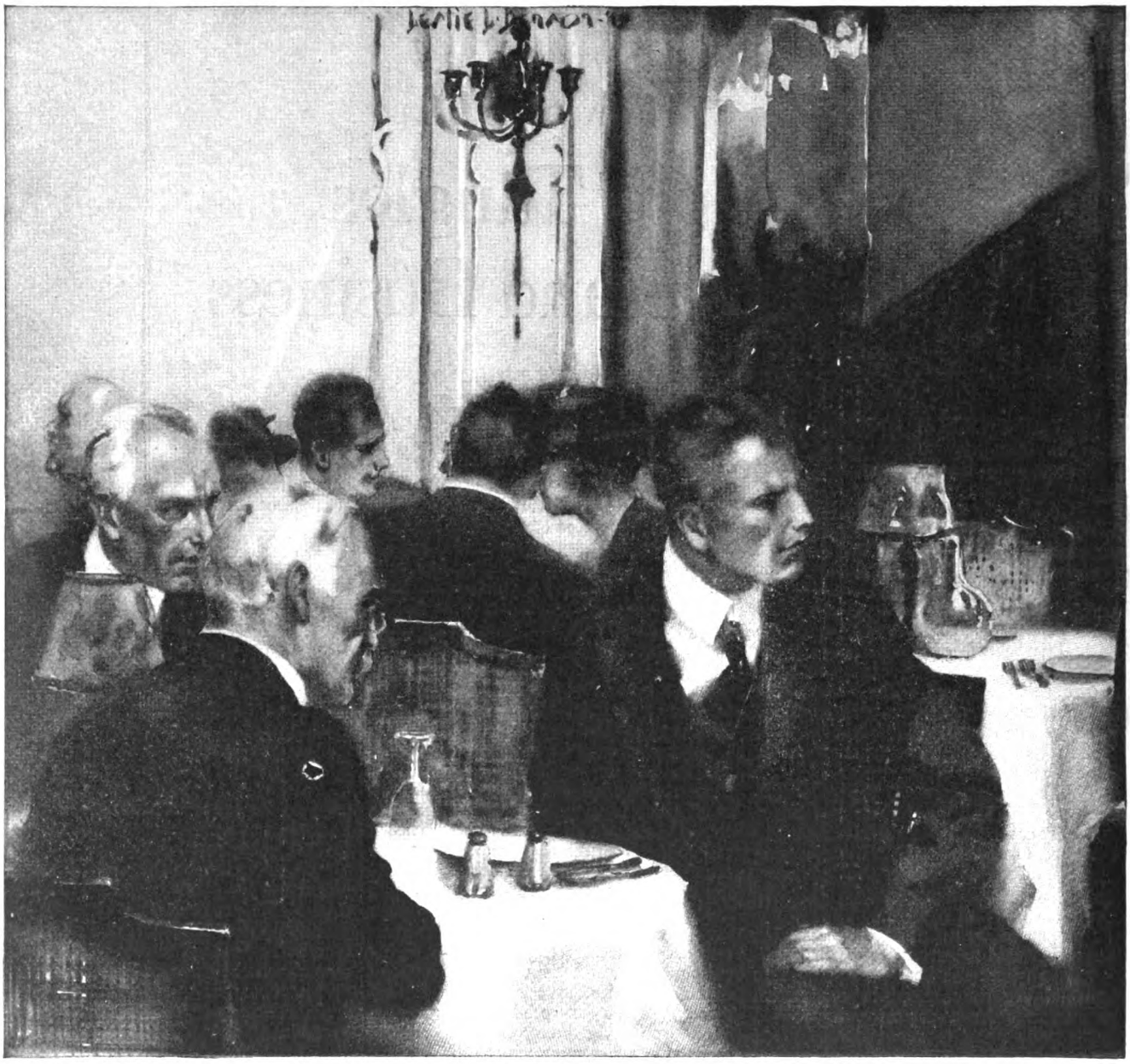
"Exactly. And who did Eddie take his orders from? Who would possibly be interested in having the Egan Company crash? Only two—George Kent and Martin Henderson."

"Sh-h!" said Adams suddenly. They were seated in the main dining-room, and the daughter of George Kent and the daughter of Martin Henderson had just appropriated a none too distant table. Everyone bowed.

"More likely to be Henderson," said the Honorable George guardedly. "Old Man Egan always said he—"

"Kent's tried to play horse with *me*," said Adams; "but that was a political defense. I hardly think he'd go so far as to try sabotage."

For reasons unknown even to himself, Egan had never told of his interview



"Sh-h!" said Adams suddenly. They were seated in the main dining-room, and the daughter of

with Henderson on the train, nor did he tell now. But Macklin's distress whenever this interview had been mentioned was something to bear in mind. It looked dark for Henderson. He wondered if Henderson's showy kindness to him had been mere alibi. The Kents had at least played in the open. All he had against them was Mary's fickleness, and the colonel's attack on Adams—pure politics. And Kent had been wrathfully aroused and suspicious at mention of that train interview, and Macklin had acted guiltily. H'm!

"The one bright thing about it," said the judge, "is that the receiver says the company's coming out fine. Henderson bought the patents for a big price. It looks as though sooner or later there'll be perhaps a couple of hundred thousand for the stockholders."

"Really?"

"So he says. And that means that the McCains and Garrity and the other lambs'll get back as much as they lost, and you'll have—oh, sixty or seventy thousand, anyway. But not for a year or more."

Egan was thrilled, too thrilled to be regretful that the salvage was too late for him to fulfill his independent visionings.

"That's wonderful!"

"I've sort of taken the responsibility of loaning a couple of thousand of it in advance for you. Of course, you don't *have* to do this, but if you want to loan Mrs. McCain enough to send that girl of hers to a good school, I'll put up the money temporarily, and then later—oh, you'd get it back safe enough. And it seems to me sort of appropriate. It was the Egan failure that stopped her education."

"Yes," said Egan; "gladly I'd like to."

"ONE more talk with Garrity," said Adams, "and if I give him *that* information—maybe we'll have the answer out of him. And whether it's Kent or whether it's Henderson, it nails Eddie."

"Are you going to publish what we all know about Eddie?"

"The day after he's nominated," said Adams grimly. "And that'll kill his mayoralty chances, whether we get the goods on him the other way or not."

"Even if—they retaliate?"

Adams colored.

"Oh, what difference does it make to me? Ever since *you* knew it, I feel as though everything's all right."

"Oh, by the way, Uncle Stanley! Is there anything in sight for you yet?"

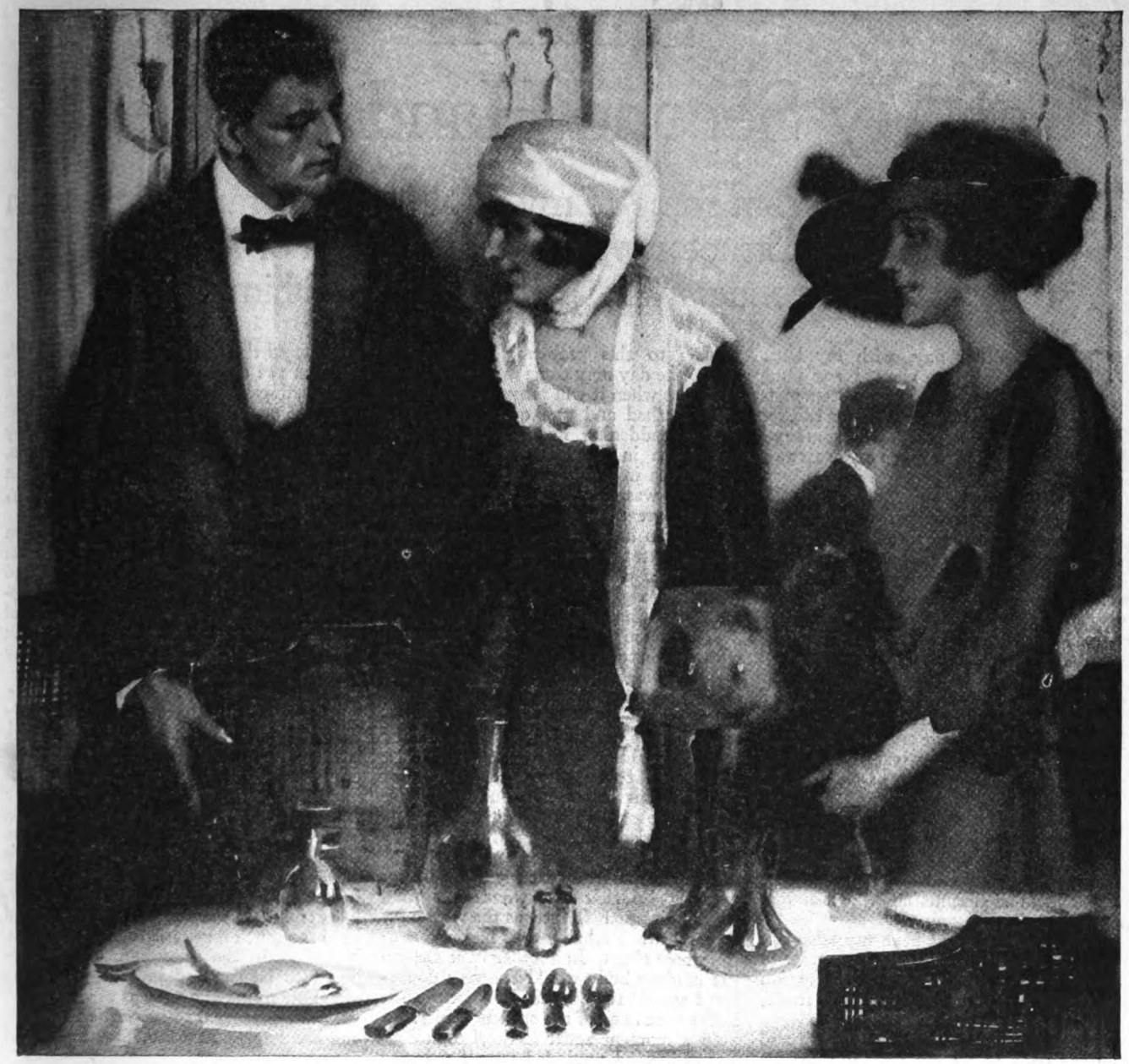
"A job? No. Got one for me?"

"Yes, I have. Assistant."

Adams's eyes brightened, and then dulled. "Do you think that crowd would stand for it?"

Egan borrowed some of Henderson's vocabulary. "When I'm put in charge of a department, I'll take on anybody I like, and get an O. K. afterward. Besides, it's a great chance to pick up ideas. Didn't you notice that every one of the old Egan directors, and Henderson, and both the 'Herald' and 'Times' men are on this board? What did you think *I* went into it for, if it wasn't that?"

Adams laughed, and nodded toward the nearby table.



George Kent and the daughter of Martin Henderson had just appropriated a none too distant table

"I'll take your job, anyway," he said, "provided you don't mind a teetotaller. . . . What? Why, *sure;* I've cut out the booze. Now that you two fellows can talk things over with me, and cheer me up, and boost me along, I don't seem to need any other stimulants . . . and the doctor said I was getting liver trouble, anyhow."

On his way out, Egan stopped at the table where Martha, as it appeared, was entertaining Mary Kent in a farewell ceremony. "Yes," said Martha, not looking at him as directly as she usually did, "we're going back to Dayton to-night. Father's staying over for one more meeting. Won't you sit down?"

Egan declined, with profuse apologies. To sit between these two girls was rather too much of an ordeal. "Did you find a house?"

"Yes, rather a nice one. We're to move in the first of February."

"It'll be splendid to have her over here, won't it, Bronson?"

"Oh . . . splendid," he agreed.

He couldn't decide whether it was more difficult to be at ease with the daughter of Kent or the daughter of Henderson. Innocent as children, both of them, but the father of one or the other had probably— "I beg your pardon?"

Martha was smiling at him, a little wistfully. "I said, if you happen to come to Dayton, you must be *sure* to look us up."

Sitting, so to speak, directly under the guns, it was the most cordial invitation she could venture.

EGAN glanced at Mary; Mary was outwardly very tolerant.

"I'll scratch your eyes out, Martie," she said humorously. "Didn't you know I'm his chaperon? I am, too; aren't I, Bronson?"

Underneath the humor, however, there was a tone which chilled Egan.

"I'm afraid there's not much chance of my getting over; but if I ever should—"

"Don't forget us, please." As though he could! For a single hour of a single day!

"Good-by, then, Miss Henderson."

His clasp was meant to be as formal as the time and place demanded, but presently he awoke to discover that Martha was growing roseate.

"For goodness' sake, Bronson," said Mary Kent, "don't you know you shouldn't hold hands in public? I'm amazed at you! Right in front of your chaperon, too!"

There had been an instant when his heart had glowed with new warmth, but the chill which Mary gave it endured surprisingly.

At the office, Hoyt was lying in wait for him.

"Oh, there you are!" he said. "I was just going to send out a searching party! Directors' meeting at the hotel at half past three, and they want you."

"Me? What for?"

"Third degree, I guess. They want you to outline your whole idea."

"My whole idea? *My*—"

"Just so. Put up a workable project."

Egan was alarmed. "Why, Mr. Hoyt, they've got the cart before the horse!"

"I know it." (*Continued on page 226*)

"Snickers at My Second-Hand Clothes

That is what I get from some of my pupils."—The frank confession of a college instructor who is near the end of his rope, and wonders what is to become of him

THE other day, with my back turned to the class, I was illustrating a problem in economics on the blackboard when a snicker interrupted me. I swung around quickly to discover two men on a rear row of seats obviously enjoying a joke.

It did not occur to me that I was the object of their merriment. That realization came later and brought its own measure of shame and chagrin. At the moment, however, my feeling was merely one of irritation that the class should have its attention distracted—an irritation heightened perhaps by the personality of the offenders.

They were clean, clever young chaps, both of them well-dressed, and typical of the rather over-sophisticated college student of to-day. I have tried to give them the best that I have: just as I try to give it to all the unending procession of youngsters who travel through the classroom and on into the world. I have tried to forget that one of them is the younger brother of one of my own classmates, who started business in the job that might have been mine, and who is to-day more than a millionaire.

That classmate has been my friend in ways so intimate that I could not refer to them, were it not for my determination to make this story unblushingly frank, for whatever good it may do.

He has been generous and helpful; and I have tried to let my gratitude for his generosity be unmixed with any touch of envy. That sounds as if it should be easy of accomplishment. Surely envy is a mean vice, a vice of little minds, utterly unworthy of any place in the character of a man who is fit to guide the education of youth.

So I would have thought and said ten years ago or even five; no man would have said it more emphatically. That five years should have worked such a change inside me, should have transformed a man who once gloried in his work, and his ideals, into a mere slot-machine, snapping at pennies and hoarding them—this is the bitter thing.

There is envy inside me—how can I deny it? I am jealous of John Williams, my successful classmate, jealous of every man who can feed and clothe his children and bring them up in comfort. And, in spite of all my effort, something of my jealousy for John Williams must now and then have crept into my attitude toward his sleek, well-dressed, obviously self-contented younger brother.

On the day when he interrupted with his snicker I spoke sharply:

"It will be worth your while to give attention to this problem, Williams," I said; "the day may come in your business activities when it will prove very useful."

He flushed and was quiet; but there was a maddening mixture of insolence and scorn in his look such as I had never seen in the eyes of a student before. It was such a look as the son and heir of a great house might turn upon the butler who had rebuked him, as though to say, "I realize that you are older than I, and in a position where you have the temporary right to speak to me. But do not go too far; remember your place."

The memory of that look continued with me through the afternoon. I found myself trying to analyze it, searching for an explanation. Surely I had shown young Williams no intentional discourtesy; I had done nothing to make him resentful. What could there be in our relationship that would provoke the kind of feeling in his heart that found such unmistakable expression in that look.

And suddenly, like a flash, the explanation came to me, covering my cheeks with red and making me grit my teeth in hot revolt. So that was what they were laughing about! That was the reason for their scorn! Probably they had told it to the whole class! In another hour the entire student body would know it; doubtless I should read a veiled reference to it in the next issue of the student paper.

In a moment saner feelings took control of me. I reminded myself that the two youngsters had something of the instincts of gentlemen; I need not fear that they would publish my shame broadcast. The wound was relieved, but not healed.

I HAVE said that John Williams had rendered certain very intimate services to me. As a matter of fact, some of the most useful and most intimate of them he had rendered unconsciously. Every fall for a number of years he has sent a large box to my home, containing suits and overcoats, shoes and shirts and neckties, all somewhat worn, but still presentable. With each box would be a little note to this effect:

> I've never forgotten the struggle we had, Ben, to keep ourselves decently covered those four years while we were working our way through. The stuff I am sending you is not new, but it's a lot better than most of the things you and I had in those days. If there are some poor devils among the undergraduates who are hard up, slip them these things, and they can use them or throw them away or sell them to Sam, the old-clothes man, as they see fit.

When the first of these boxes arrived I distributed the contents as John directed. So with the second and the third. But the fourth came at a time when the strain of living was beginning to make itself felt so keenly in my own household that my wife, looking over the things, said, "Ben, no one can possibly need these more than you do. They would fit you perfectly, too. Try them on."

I tried them on reluctantly, feeling a distinct sense of shame. They did fit; they looked better than the clothes I had been wearing. The first day when I appeared in public, clothed in second-hand raiment, I felt as though every man on the campus must read my secret and cry aloud. But no one noticed or spoke.

The next day I was less self-conscious, and gradually I found it possible entirely to forget where the clothes had come from. The habit of wearing John Williams's cast-off things had become a matter of mere routine.

It was this, then, that had caused young Williams to laugh. From some spot on the back of my coat, some tiny tear or other familiar and remembered sign, he had discovered it as his brother's, or perhaps one of his very own. The thing had been too much for his sense of humor. An instructor in the classroom, a man supposed to be engaged in teaching young men how to make a success of their lives, yet himself obliged to go clothed in a second-hand suit and a second-hand pair of shoes!

I understood the look then, even though I could not forgive it. Why should he tolerate a rebuke at my hands? Why should he allow me to assume to tell him what points in economics would or would not be of help to him in his business life? He must have asked himself, what could all this stuff I was teaching him be worth, anyway. What had it got me? Not even an earning power sufficient to clothe myself.

WHEN the feeling of shame and resentment was on me in full force my impulse was to take that suit out behind the house and burn it. I would never wear it again, I said to myself. But even the luxury of resentment was denied me. If I burned it I should have to buy another suit; I could not appear before the class in overalls! And a new suit would cost not less than forty dollars, even in the cheapest store in town.

Forty dollars! When have I seen forty dollars that was not mortgaged in ten different directions before ever it entered our house?

I can understand that many who read this will have a feeling of skepticism.

Surely this is an extreme case, they will say. This man has already shown himself, by his own confession, to be an envious, small-natured fellow. Undoubtedly he is just one of the great army of bad managers who never learn to make a success of anything; he is a failure at teaching; he would have been an equal failure at anything else.

The worst of it is, I am not a failure at teaching. I am a success. If I stood as high in the law, or in medicine, as I stand stand in my chosen profession, my income would be at least ten thousand dollars a year.

As to whether the instance I have given represents an exception I can only refer the reader to President Hibben's article which was published in this magazine some months ago. In that he told the story of a university professor—the head of a department in a great university—who buys his shoes second-hand from a shop near a big hotel, where the boots discarded by the hotel guests are sold.

Only the other day I met a man who asked me if I thought that story was true. And I told him that I did not need to think—I *knew*. I know the professor, know him intimately. And if I were to publish his name it would bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of thousands of the alumni of the institution where he teaches. Those alumni spend almost half a million dollars a year to see their team play football and baseball games—and one of their best loved professors buys his shoes second-hand!

We are not a pleasant sight to look upon, we teachers, in these days. We are a group of anxious and harassed men; some of us almost on the verge of a breakdown from sheer worry as to what the morrow may bring forth. Why any successful man, who wants his children to be successful, should send them to us, in the present state of our morale, is a question that sometimes puzzles us. Yet these young men are sent, in numbers that are taxing the capacity of every institution in the land. I, myself, am teaching fifty per cent more men than in any preceding year. Teaching them economics—the science of the production and distribution of wealth!

IT IS to my father that I owe the tastes and instincts which led me to become a college teacher. He was a merchant by force of circumstances, but a scholar by instinct. His chief pride was in his library, and if fortune had dealt more kindly with him he would have retired early and lived among his books. The happiest memories of my childhood cluster around his spacious library, with its cheerful open fireplace over which he had inscribed in Gothic script the legend:

I would rather be a beggar and dwell in an attic than a king who did not love books.

In the place of Mother Goose he fed my boyish mind on the myths of Greece and the old Norse legends. I reveled in Plutarch's Lives; and I shall never forget the wonder of the evenings when I sat curled up in one of his big leather chairs while he told me of the siege of Troy, and of Ulysses's long wanderings.

A home without books, he would say, is not home at all; and being an outspoken man, careless of the opinions of others, he made no secret of his contempt for some of his business acquaintances who filled their houses with rich furnishings for the body, and provided nothing in the way of sustenance for the mind.

"A man who loves books has made himself master of time and circumstance, my son," he said (*Continued on page 159*)

Sid Says:

Here is one way to teach the young to worship the almighty dollar

I HAVE just had a look at an extraordinary report made for the trustees of one of our great universities. It is a report on the financial condition of eleven typical professors. Here are a few items:

Of the eleven, ten couldn't make ends meet during the past year. They ran in debt all the way from $71 to $1,169. The one who did make ends meet succeeded in saving $115.

The professors' wives all dread to go out to parties, because their shabby clothes make them look ridiculous beside the well-dressed students.

The professors cannot be called on for faculty meetings or other work befo.e the middle of the morning on Mondays, because they have to stay home and help do the family wash.

The most that any professor's family spent for recreation during the year was $141, and the least was $8. None of them can afford to buy books or magazines. It is just one mad scramble to keep shirts on their backs. They never can go to the theatre. The 15-cent movie is about their limit. And the grim humor of the situation is that they are criticized for being behind the times!

I could go on and quote more of the details of this report—but the facts are familiar to everybody.

If a great satirist like Voltaire or Dean Swift were alive, what fun he could have with teachers! Here would be some points for him:

Teachers educate themselves to appreciate good books—but they can't afford to buy any.

They study to get an understanding of great plays. They would enjoy Shakespearean productions more than most people—but they haven't the price to see them.

They train themselves to appreciate the best music, and would give anything to hear the latest operas—but they must leave all that to successful haberdashers and paving contractors, and be satisfied with listening to the cat that sings on the back fence.

They know history, and would enjoy trips to see great paintings and relics of the past. But they lack the price of admission, and must stay home and admire the town hall.

In other words—they prepare themselves for the highest enjoyment of culture—and end up by eating at the second table. What better layout for his savage pen could a satirist want?

Now to the point:

Young people are, first of all, tremendously impressionable. They see what goes on around them. They see these teachers with their patched pants and rundown shoes. What kind of an idea does it give them? Doesn't it give them the notion that the thing to do in this world is to let your ideals go, and make a dash for the dollar? Why fool with ideals if the pursuance of them takes you to the poorhouse?

It strikes me that it would be awfully shrewd and far-seeing to give teachers enough so that they could appear well. Why advertise to the young the penury of the highly educated? Isn't that a way to help drive them into the rankest materialism?

He had met her at a dance at the Country Club, and thought her the most wonderful girl he had ever seen

"Which Woman, John?"

A story

By Cora Schilling Lawson

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH

JOHN CHANDLER acquired a fiancée and a stenographer the same week. As to the fiancée, he scarcely knew how it all came about. He had argued most persuasively with himself that he was not in a position to marry; that he had plenty of time; that he didn't want to get married; and—more foolish yet—that there were other girls in the world besides Madeline Haire.

He had met her at a dance at the Country Club, and thought her the most wonderful girl he had ever seen. She was so pretty that she quite took his breath away. However, Madeline had done that to men before; but the men were all breathing normally again, all but Chandler. He had met her several times after that, and finally at the Golf Tournament Ball, during the thirteenth dance—he wasn't at all superstitious—he offered her his heart and hand and anything else she would deign to accept. Now, after a week of engagement, he found that she accepted everything he offered and demanded much that he could not give her.

"Billy Norton gave Grace the sweetest little finger ring," she pouted on the sixth evening of their engagement. "It just fit my little finger, and looked a lot nicer than on Grace's fat, puffy hand." Madeline spread out a smooth white hand that had never known work.

"I'll bet it does," Chandler agreed promptly, taking it and kissing one finger just below the diamond ring—ten dollars down and ten a month. "I wish I could give you pretty things, too. Some day, when I'm started—"

"Oh—started!" she interrupted, sitting forward and looking at Chandler with the softest blue eyes he had ever seen. "Do you know, when I first heard you were an architect, I thought you were enormously rich. I thought all architects were," with a little laugh. "They build such big buildings and seem so important."

Chandler thought of the four jobs that adorned his office at that moment: two country schoolhouses, a small-town business block, and a seven-room bungalow.

"But I'm just starting," he explained, trying to make his voice cheerful. "I can't expect to build skyscrapers at first."

Madeline brushed her fingers lightly through his hair. "But I don't see why you have to start for yourself. I was talking to Billy Norton, and he's sure you could get a position with the United Tobacco Company. Billy says they always need salesmen. And they make good money, too. Billy said so."

"But I don't want to be a tobacco salesman," he explained patiently. "I want to be an architect, even if I have to start small."

Madeline shrugged her shoulders: "Well, I'm sure if I had to work at all, I wouldn't care what I did, just so I could make good money."

And back and forth, until in mercy Madeline allowed the situation to rest.

ENGAGING the stenographer was the result of long consideration and careful computation as to ways and means of paying her. When he first started in business for himself, Chandler acted in the combined rôle of office boy, architect, draftsman and stenographer. In his spare moments he even made his own blueprints, providing the sun happened to be right, and took care of his books, which was a far simpler task than he wished. But then he had started in with one job; now, with four buildings on hand and an exacting fiancée, he felt the need of help.

Accordingly he called up a business college, figuring that he might get a beginner at a lower salary than if he demanded an expert. He even intimated that the work was not heavy and that the salary was in proportion to the work. The manager assured him that they had "just the girl for him," and Chandler sat down to wait for her, visioning a seventeen-year-old with red hair and a wad of gum in perpetual motion. Chandler hated gum and red hair, and he wasn't old enough to appreciate seventeen.

Madeline had urged him to get a "homely" stenographer.

"If you don't, I'll be fearfully jealous," she had assured him the night before. "And I'm coming up to your office every so often to keep an eye on you."

And when the stenographer came, Chandler believed he had carried out Madeline's request. There was some consolation, though; she was past seventeen, and had brown hair and no gum. In addition, she was tall, fully six inches taller than Madeline—Chandler compared all girls with her—and positively thin. And her nose was long and possessed of a slight hump on the bridge.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Chandler," she said, closing the door behind her and looking for a private office.

Chandler offered her a chair—he had one room only.

"I'm Chandler," he observed, sitting down across from her.

The girl looked surprised. "But I thought they said he—you were an architect."

He glanced down at his shirt sleeves apologetically. "I always work this way," he explained, adding with a slight blush, "and I'm older than I look."

The girl laughed, and Chandler decided he liked her laugh. Some way it seemed to clear the atmosphere.

"My name is Patterson, Jessie Patterson," she vouchsafed, and looked at him questioningly.

Chandler cleared his throat. "Did Mr.—did the manager of the school say anything about the work?" he asked hopefully.

Miss Patterson shook her head. "I guess I can do it, though."

"That's not it. Quite the reverse. The work is very light," he explained. "I thought a beginner could do it. It's a shame for you to waste your time—"

"I'm just beginning."

"Oh!"

SILENCE. . . . Chandler tapped the arm of his chair and wondered how to approach the subject. Miss Patterson glanced about the disordered office, at the single drafting table, at the typewriter desk in the corner, at the blueprint pan underneath, and a friendly, understanding little smile played around the corner of her mouth. She was the first to speak:

"I'm just beginning at stenography. I've worked before in a store, and I helped out in a contractor's office. I can take off material; I thought that might help me with this work."

"I'm afraid you wouldn't want to waste your time and talents here," Chandler answered shortly, pulling down his sleeves.

Jessie Patterson looked surprised. "You're making fun of me now," she protested.

"Not at all. You just don't understand. I mean I couldn't pay you the salary you would wish. I'm just starting up, you know."

"Oh!" She looked at him with a new light in his eyes. Chandler had seen it often in his mother's expression. Then, "It's you who don't understand. I'm looking for an easy place. I live at home, and don't need much money."

"Do you mean," Chandler leaned forward in his chair, "do you mean, you'd come for—for fifteen dollars a week?" It was the sum he had figured on as his highest price.

"Why, of course. Shall I begin at once?"

"Do you mind," she asked a little later, as he was getting his hat, "if I clean the office while you're gone. It looks rather—well, rather messy."

Chandler looked around. "It does look pretty bad," he admitted. "But it hardly goes with your work. If you want to, of course—"

"I do," she declared emphatically; "my hands just itch for a broom and a dust cloth. Then, when clients come—"

"They don't seem to hurt themselves coming, though," he interrupted.

"You never can tell at that," she flashed back. "I knew a contractor who cleared ten thousand dollars the first year he was in business."

Chandler paused at the door. "You never heard that about an architect, I'll bet," and made his escape in the laugh that followed.

THE office did look better, he decided on his return. It seemed larger, too, with all the countless odds and ends that make up a draftsman's tools out of the way. And it was pleasant to have company in the office, although they seldom talked, except when he dictated to her or brought his problems to her for a consultation. And it was she who usually found a solution; her taste was good, very quiet and unobtrusive, to match his own; and her optimism in looking for the clients who never came was unfailing.

But one noon she greeted him with a radiant smile. "I've wonderful news for you," she began before he was in the room. "Mr. Richards, of Prairie, was in, and awfully sorry you were gone. He had to take the one o'clock train out, but he's coming back on Friday, and I took down all he said." She produced her book. "He wants you to draw plans for a bank building, two stories high, with a bank on one side of the first floor and a store on the other—something like the one you're doing for Mr. Whittlemore. They're brothers or cousins or something."

Chandler drew up his chair. "Tell me some more," he demanded eagerly. It was his fifth commission in nearly a year.

An hour later, Miss Patterson reached the end of her notes. "That's all," she finished, "except that he wants the preliminary sketches as soon as possible. I know he'll approve them. Oh—" her voice faltered—"I meant to tell you right away. There was a 'phone call for you. A girl, or woman, said for you to call Miss Haire."

Chandler flushed just the faintest bit under Miss Patterson's gaze.

"She'll have to wait, I guess," he said with a show of ease. "Business first."

And then his blessings came in the proverbial couples. Mr. Whittlemore decided to make his building five stories instead of two. It would double the cost—and the commission.

After he had gone, Chandler sat long and talked with his stenographer.

"I don't know what on earth to do for help," he puzzled; "I can't do it all alone, and I can't get the man I want until next week. If I could just get a kid to do the tracing and lettering—"

"Maybe I could," Miss Patterson interrupted. "I was fairly good in drawing in school. And I know I could do the tracing. I used to do all my geography maps that way," with a little reminiscent laugh. "Of course I'm not a kid."

Chandler looked at her, and saw her in a new light. He discovered her eyes and hair for the first time. "Not very old at

that," he mused. "How's twenty-four for a guess?"

"Pretty close, but," a little ruefully, "I'm nearer twenty-five."

And so it was arranged that she should help with the tracing and lettering, and that they should work that very evening. They ate a hurry-up lunch he had sent up from a restaurant below, and discussed the need of larger quarters when the new man came. Then Chandler fixed a little table for her next to his and brought a stool for her to use.

"There," he said when it was all fixed. "I can keep my eye on you now."

And something in that remark sounded familiar. "Keep my eye on you." It was what Madeline had said about him. Madeline—he had almost forgotten her. He reached for the 'phone and gave her number.

"Hello—Madeline."

"Oh, it's you, is it?" Her voice sounded not so sweet as usual.

"I didn't have a chance to call you up earlier," he explained. "Good news to-day—two new jobs, that is, one new one and one enlargement."

"And do you consider me of less importance than your work?" coolly.

Chandler hesitated. "No, of course not; but I've got to tend to business."

The receiver of her 'phone was slammed up hastily. Chandler put his hand to his ear as he returned the receiver to its place. Then he looked over at Miss Patterson, but her brown head was bent over her board. Without a word he returned to work.

At nine-thirty he quit. "Time to stop," he told her. "If we try to do too much we'll not be fit to work to-morrow." His cheerfulness was a little forced. "I'll see that you get home safely."

She interrupted him. "I should say not. I'll take the car at the corner, and it stops in front of the house."

Chandler did not protest. "Some day, pretty soon, I hope, I'll have a car, and I'll take you home in that," he promised.

Her good night came over her shoulder as she opened the door. "If business keeps up, you'll certainly need one."

LEFT alone, Chandler reached for the telephone again. But Madeline was tired, her mother informed him, and didn't wish to be disturbed. Chandler stayed in the office until midnight, smoking, but doing little else.

Two days later Madeline consented to see him, and after crying a little over his neglect, permitted him to apologize profusely and promise her a jade ring she had long admired. Then she allowed him to kiss her, and harmony was restored.

"Isn't it funny," she said, dabbing at her eyes for an elusive tear, "Grace and Billy Norton had a fight the same night we did; but they made up yesterday. Billy gave her an aquamarine brooch as a peace offering. It's simply lovely. Brooches are awfully handy, and I love aquamarines." She rested her fluffy head on Chandler's shoulder and sighed wistfully. Chandler sighed too. Billy Norton always kept one jump ahead of him.

"Billy is going to take Grace to the theatre on Saturday," she reflected. "It's Otis Skinner in some French play. I can't remember what it is or who wrote it. I love French plays, don't you?"

Chandler reflected too. "M'mmm, not particularly. Besides, I'm going to work that night. I've decided to move into a larger office on the fourth floor, and I'm going to move Saturday afternoon and evening, because it's a half holiday and I can have the elevator."

"Well, I just hope you'll have a pretty office," she declared. "Why don't you get thick, velvety rugs and drapes like those Mr. Pendleton has in his private office? I love pretty things."

"So do I," said Chandler, looking down at her, and for that Madeline consented to let him off on Saturday.

MOVING day was a busy time. The janitor gave feeble assistance with the heavy pieces, but was obliged to divide his attention with other calls—and Chandler and Miss Patterson did the most.

"I declare," she said, when the last of the equipment was brought down, "I'm a sight. Why didn't you tell me?" She tucked back her hair and brushed the dust from her dress. "But," she continued without waiting for reply, "it looks fine—or will when we get it fixed up."

They had two rooms this time, a little box of a room for a private office ("Mr. Chandler, private" was written on the door, and he felt a reasonable thrill of pride) and a larger room, with an alcove separated from the rest by a counter. The drafting tables were in the alcove, to keep the plans safe from curious, peering eyes. In the outer portion, near the door, Miss Patterson had her desk.

"It's just perfect," she repeated. "I don't know what we'll do with all the room."

Chandler laughed joyously. "I'm going in to see how it feels to be in my own private office."

As he went into the little boxlike room, Jessie Patterson sighed. "Poor boy," she murmured, taking out a few hairpins and tucking them into her mouth until needed. With a quick glance at the private office, she took down her hair and began to twist it up at the back of her neck.

"Perhaps I'm mistaken, but I thought this was Mr. Chandler's office. It looks more like a beauty parlor."

Miss Patterson turned quickly, to see her visitor, a small, fluffy-looking girl with enormous furs and a picture hat.

She removed the hairpins. "It is Mr. Chandler's office."

"H'mmmm," the girl turned and surveyed the place and smiled unpleasantly. "And you, I suppose, are his stenographer."

Jessie Patterson adjusted the final hairpin. "I am."

"Then, perhaps," the smooth voice went on, "you can explain why you don't call Mr. Chandler for me. I'm not well versed on the duties of a stenographer, of course—"

There was something in the tone that made Miss Patterson's blood boil.

But before she could answer the door of the private office opened, and Chandler came out. At first he saw only the stenographer.

"Well, I surely feel like a plutocrat," he began. "Why, hello, Madeline, how on earth did you get here?"

She smiled sweetly. "I always promised you a visit."

Chandler turned to Miss Patterson. "Madeline, I want you to meet my able assistant, Miss Patterson. Miss Patterson, Miss Haire."

The girls faced each other. The stenographer nodded and murmured an indistinguishable something. Madeline said nothing, but coolly surveyed the other girl. Then, turning to Chandler with a sudden change of manner:

"I've come to steal you. You work altogether too hard, and, besides, I'm starved."

Chandler looked about at the still cluttered office. "Madeline, I can't. We've been working all afternoon and aren't half done. Some other time."

Madeline pouted. "Some other time won't do. I told you I was starved."

Chandler hesitated.

"Oh," Madeline broke out. "I just hate your old business! I hate this bare, cheap-looking office! I don't blame people for not bringing work to you. I wouldn't, either. If you'd get a big office and fix it up like Mr. Pendleton's and hire people to do the work—" She stopped suddenly as she saw the expression on his face. "However," she added airily, "if you're too busy to pay any attention to me, I'll go. I guess I can see when I'm in the way." She looked at Jessie Patterson meaningly.

"Madeline!" Chandler's voice rang out and stopped her at the door. "Wait a minute. I'm going with you." Then, turning to the other girl, "Miss Patterson, don't work any more to-night. You must be tired; I know I am. I'll come up to-morrow and finish—break the Commandments, you know," with a forced smile.

THEN he picked up his hat, brushed it off, and followed Madeline down the corridor and to the street. They did not speak until they reached the restaurant—Carleton's. She looked up in surprise as he stopped in front of the elaborate doors.

"Are we going in here?" she asked, a little frightened.

"Yes," grimly.

"If you're too busy—"

"Come on." He held the door open and they went in.

They sat in silence through the meal; Madeline made feeble efforts at conversation when the waiter was serving them, but received little encouragement. And then the coffee was brought on.

"Madeline," Chandler began, leaning one elbow on the table and looking across directly into her blue eyes. "I want to ask you two questions. May I?"

"Why, of course," with a little laugh. "Don't be so silly."

"All right. Do you ever do any thinking?"

Madeline shrugged her shoulders. "You're the funniest man, John. I don't know what you mean."

"I just wondered if you ever thought why you were on earth," he explained. "Your one idea is yourself, and, of course, your relation to a good time."

Madeline drank her black coffee with a bored air. "Now don't go off like that, John. Don't spoil a perfectly good evening."

"The second question I want to ask," he went on, ignoring the interruption, "is, do you ever read the Bible?"

"Why—" she looked at him in surprise.

The girls faced each other. The stenographer nodded and murmured an indistinguishable something. Madeline said nothing, but coolly surveyed the other girl

"I always go to church on Sunday, if that's what you mean."

"But you don't read it any other time, I suppose. Then you've never read the second chapter of Genesis? I thought not," as she shook her head. "I'll tell you one of the things you'll find there, though you ought to read it yourself. Just after God made man, He decided that it was not right that man should be alone. So He said, 'I will make him an help meet for him,' and he made woman. Do you think you're much of a help to me?"

Madeline threw her head back and laughed; but Chandler did not smile.

"I see what you're getting at now," she said. "Just because I dragged you out of that mussy, cluttered old office."

"I'm serious, Madeline."

"So you don't think I'm a help meet," she laughed. "What about that tall, hungry-looking girl in the office?"

"I'd never thought of her in that connection," Chandler returned, "but I'll admit right now that she is a great deal more of a help to me than you are—or than you try to be."

"I wouldn't be a stenographer for you, that's sure," Madeline flashed back, an angry red crimsoning her cheeks and forehead.

"I wouldn't want you to be," Chandler's voice was very gentle; "but I've been disappointed. I thought you would try to encourage me a little; that you would take some interest in my work. It's not been easy at times, and a little encouragement—well, a woman can do a great deal that way for a man. She can make him—or break him. You're not a child any more, Madeline. You're twenty-three."

"But you treat me like a child. You take me out in public and make a scene, and scold me and compare me with your stenographer." Her voice became shrill and Chandler glanced about to see if anyone heard. "If you're not satisfied with me," the girl went on, "why don't you go back to your old help meet. If you think I'm altogether satisfied with you, I'll tell you right now that I'm not. You don't spend half as much money on me as Billy Norton does (*Continued on page 93*)

Why I Never Will Leave the City Again

By Charles Hanson Towne

I AM a guttersnipe. There is no denying it. I have always loved nature, but I like human nature ten times more. I can't talk to mountains; but I *can* talk to people.

There is nothing like realizing just where you stand in this troubled world. I am no more ashamed to say that I prefer sleeping in a comfortable bed rather than sleeping on the hard ground, than a cowboy would be ashamed to say that he prefers riding a broncho in the open to writing on a typewriter in a stuffy office.

Why should I fear to acknowledge that God made me—even to the extent of giving me the last name I bear—what I am? Can anyone hold it against me that I love the open road yet love open plumbing just as much?

You can't tell me that civilization, the civilization of great cities, hasn't some distinct advantages. For one thing, I am used to cities. I know them, and I love them. I was born in one—in Louisville, to be exact; and I came to New York when I was four years old. I've lived there ever since, and I am not sorry. Everyone in America who can gravitates toward the metropolis sooner or later. Why? There must be a reason. There is.

It is because Opportunity is writ large on the gateway of Manhattan; and a man isn't worth a tinker's dam who doesn't want to embrace Opportunity. You can be anything or anybody you wish to be, in New York. You can rise or fall on its perilous tides; and you are blind indeed if you cannot see the terrible beauty of Fifth Avenue on an April afternoon, or on a cold winter's night. You have no imagination if you can't see the wonder of the Woolworth Building. I have stood on Brooklyn Bridge at the rush hour, and marveled at the glory of this throbbing town that has come to mean so much to me. Those honeycombs of light that rise in a golden miracle from this city by the sea—what is more terrifyingly beautiful? I have laughed in New York, laughed loudly and long; but I have also suffered and wept in New York. Yet I love it still.

I went to its public schools. I went for a time to its college, that old, abandoned building still on Twenty-third Street; and I love the cobblestones of Broadway, the theatres, the lights, the hotels; and—yes!—the homes. Don't forget that there are homes in New York, no matter what her carping critics may say. Some of the most wonderful evenings of my life have been spent beneath the soft lamplight of a house in Gramercy Park, or one on Madison Avenue, or another way over on the unfashionable East Side, where you, perhaps, have never penetrated. Rooms lined with books, where there is quiet talk and good-fellowship—how many such I am privileged to know, right in the heart of this teeming town that the stupid say has no soul!

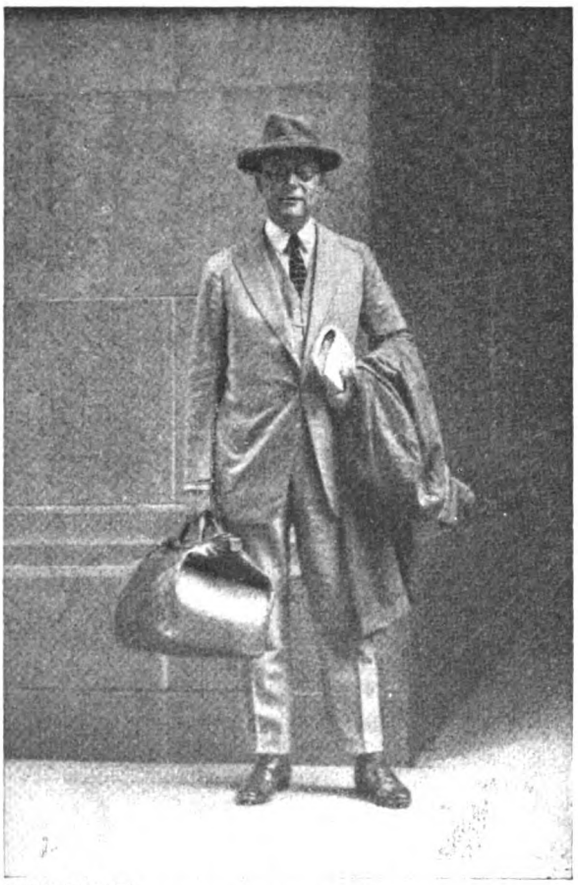


PHOTO BY BROWN BROS.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Well-known poet and editor. Formerly editor of "The Designer" and of the "Smart Set" and managing editor of "McClure's Magazine." Mr. Towne was born in Louisville, but he has lived in New York since he was four years of age. This picture of him was taken at the Grand Central Station in New York. He looks as if he might be going away on quite a trip. But even if he is going a considerable distance, he will be back as soon as possible—for he likes New York

Yet there are people who come here from the West and South, and go away with the impression that we New Yorkers do only the things that they, on their holiday, planned and did. Ask a Parisian if he has ever been to the Moulin Rouge. No; such places are only for foolish visitors, he will tell you.

Not long ago I was invited to a friend's house to meet a distinguished man from Iowa. It was to be a strictly intimate party, just six of us who knew one another well. I wanted to talk to that man, to get under his skin, to know his point of view, for I had been a tremendous admirer of his work. He was the only person who came in evening clothes; and just as we had settled down to our interesting talk he announced that he had to leave. He was going to a theatre way down-town, and his taxi was waiting.

I looked around the room in dismay. Here were we poor old New Yorkers, five of us, and none of us had even heard the name of the show he was going so religiously to see! He broke up a pleasant evening. It was the gay glitter of Broadway for him, while we reveled in the deep silence of Riverside Drive, and sat and looked out from my friend's high windows above the tree tops to the Palisades.

We don't hurry and scurry at all here—we who have lived in New York all our lives. We leave that to our visitors. I can shut my door and be as thoroughly alone as I could in a desert. I frequently unscrew my telephone as many another cityite does, so that I won't be bothered when I want to work. And behind the unilluminating exterior of my little house there is a garden that the shopgirls and the clerks who pass me in the morning and evening know nothing about. The Metropolitan Tower tries its best to peer into it, like some curious giant. He just misses invading my privacy. New York noisy? New York mad? Well, I wish you could see me this quiet Saturday afternoon while I am writing this! There isn't a sound anywhere around except the click of my honest typewriting machine; and as I pause between sentences I glance into my garden, where the sun dial shines in the light and the birds come to drink from a marble basin just outside the pergola. There isn't a breath of wind to stir the leaves on the two big trees that help to shade my rooms. I am farther from confusion than my friend from Iowa. No one rings me up—for there is no one in town. Oh, the peace of it—right here on the iron breast of New York!

In many ways, New York is the friendliest city in the world. Ask a returned soldier or sailor. You will find those, of course, who have never touched the warm

pulse of Manhattan. That goes without saying. But friendship and love do blossom, even through the agate and granite of New York, even as a rose pushes its way through the stone wall of your garden.

To me, a skyscraper is as wonderful as a skylark; a human face, as magical as a sunset; a bridge, as beautiful as a tree. Such faith have I in great cities that I prefer to spend my days in them rather than on any hit-the-trail holiday that could possibly be arranged. It is because I have lived both in the town and the country that I have made my deathless choice. This does not mean that the country, *per se*, has failed to interest me. It simply means that cities continue to interest me more; and though I still love, and always shall love, the whisper of the wind through the pines, I love even more the whisper of moving crowds, the sound of feet on hard pavements, the laughter of hotel corridors, the tinkle of telephones—all those sounds that spell and symbolize the very Heart of Life.

YOU can no more explain a love like mine than you can explain some of the marriages of your friends. Why does Pete Dickson love that frump, Molly Anderson? And why are Phil Durkin and Sal Alcott so happy together? They're not a bit alike; yet they get on amazingly well. And so you cannot divorce me from the town. I got separated once; but a final decree—never!

This is how it happened: A lot of us—oh, yes, we're mighty good friends even in the hard city!—took it into our heads that we were getting rusty and stale. We needed a change. There were cobwebs on our brains, and everything we touched went bla. Something was the matter, and so something had to be done about it.

All of us lead sedentary lives. We decided that what we needed more than anything in the world was a month or so away from our desks. So we looked up places, and discovered that we could go out West and drink in the air of the Rockies, and it would be as wine to our jaded systems. We would camp out—oh, heavenly phrase! We would sleep beneath the stars and the moon. We would hear the wind in the trees. We would do our own cooking—or hire a guide to do it for us. We would fish. We would ride horseback. And we knew we would come back home one hundred per cent to the good.

On a certain day we started, with high hopes and higher hearts. I had not been on a vacation of any duration for several years, and I confess that I waved good-by to little old New York with delight. She had been an exacting mother for many, many months, watching every move I made, demanding this and that of me, as she does of all her children. For if she receives you cordially she makes you pay later for all the favors she flings at your feet.

It is a curious sensation for one like myself to get away from the telephone. I can't realize, the first few days I am gone, that I am really unhampered by the exigencies of the humming town. It is hard for a fellow like me to adjust myself to solitude and waste spaces. Four days and three nights found us far from civilization, in one of the most glorious regions it has ever been my good fortune to be. Mountains capped with snow leaned into my bedroom window. They stood like great gray ghosts in the dawn, imperishable, majestic; and I felt their healing touch on those first quiet days in the wilds of the Rockies. In one valley where we went the giant hills seemed to have been pushed apart, so that we could glimpse, beyond, another range, that seemed painted, like a mammoth back drop at the opera; and you expected to see Brunhild come out and sing the cry of the Valkyries. Instead, there was that intense golden silence that one dreams of, but so seldom experiences; and the days folded themselves away, melted into one another, until one lost all sense of time. Not to know the day of the week—that was a curious sensation! Not to see a New York paper, or to know what was going on in the rest of the world! A great peace settled down on us. Nothing mattered, after all, save that we were here in this sanctuary of the hills.

That was wonderful. But the tragic hour came when we started on our camping tour! Ah! Had we but known the aches and pains that awaited us! But mercifully we never even guessed; and with the enthusiasm of all converts we pushed our way into an unknown land astride the freshest-looking horses, and with a galaxy of guides, who, like high priests, were to reveal to us a new religion.

That first morning of sun and splendor—how could we ever forget it? The world was a dazzle of light; and our initial glimpse of a pine forest set our hearts on fire with love for the whole world. The loveliness of nature—who can deny it? Our steeds leaped over barriers, and, cityites that we were, and full of fun, we began to page one another in the corridor of the woods. The scenery looked like picture post cards, we said. The sharp trees clustered on yonder distant mountain looked like a mammoth toothpick holder at the Waldorf. And the foliage reminded us of a scene in an old melodrama we had once viewed at the Academy of Music. Gutter-snipes, every one of us! But we hadn't known what confirmed ones we were until this moment. It was a terrible self-revelation, an awakening to a sense of what we really were, what the hard city had done to our souls all these years! Could we never learn to think in terms of decent naturalness? Must everything always be painfully artificial to us? Were we never to get away from our metropolitan similes? What poor, pitiful creatures of habit we were! We *would* be natural! We'd show the country what was in us! Basically, we knew we were all right.

Basically! Three hours later how we ached! Yes, every bone and muscle of us seemed to radiate torture; and now we knew what years of cushioned city living could do to one; now we knew why editors' chairs were called easy-chairs; why we had put on a little too much flesh during the last few rushing years. We all probably had flat feet, and didn't know it. I looked around me as we loped down the trail. Practically every man among us should go in for girth control. Ye gods! is this what the city did to us? Couldn't we stand a few days on the breast of Mother Nature without experiencing all the pains in creation? To the dickens with New York and her flowery beds of ease! Was roughing it going to make invalids of us all? (*Continued on page 97*)

Where I Live—And Why I Like It

Prize Contest Announcement

CHARLEY TOWNE likes New York—and doesn't care who knows it. A few months ago "Ding," the famous cartoonist, told THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE readers why he hates New York and likes Des Moines.

Now come on and tell where you live—and why you like it. Be just as enthusiastic as you please, but be as specific as possible. Don't just pour out a basketful of adjectives. Get down to business and tell exactly why you are happy where you are.

Anybody in the world can enter this contest. Write about the farm you live on, or the little town that is your home, or the big city. Let's hear from everybody, all the way from New York to the man who lives in a lighthouse. Probably we shall have letters from people who live alone far up in the mountains—and maybe we shall hear from men who spend their whole lives on ships. Who can tell!

For the best letters of about 500 words we offer these prizes: $20, first prize; $10, second prize; $5, third prize. Competition closes March 15th. Winning letters will appear in the June number.

Contributions to these contests will not be returned unless postage is enclosed *with* the entries. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover addressed to the Editor of the magazine.

Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

After supper, at the first opportunity he slid gratefully onto the piano bench, and started

Dick Tresco and

A story

By Lewis

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

DICK Tresco, pale, disheveled, his tall and active body smeared from head to foot with the grime of the mine, faced his father nervously across the table in the shaft office, fumbling with his candlestick as he awaited the outburst that he knew was coming. It was in the early days of Ontario's most famous gold camp, and the father, his mouth a hard, straight line, without its customary humorous quirk at the corners, was acting in the dual rôle of manager of the Algonkian mine and father of a boy with whom he was evidently out of patience. White-haired, lithe, habitually truculent, he was now sprawled back in his chair and staring at his son with cold exasperation.

"First little thing goes wrong, ye come up th' ladder like a scared rabbit. Where's your pride? That my son should do so before th' men!"

"But I tell you, Dad, his head—it smashed—it smashed. . . . He was working with me, and then— And when they put him on the stretcher, his face—"

The boy, apparently about twenty years old, was stammering wildly, eyes dilated, face white under the rock dust. His father's voice cut in coldly:

"That'll do. What's a bit o' loose? Ye'll see many such when ye've followed minin' as long as I have. 'Tis unfortunate, o' course, that th' man was killed; but a certain number o' accidents cannot be helped. Now get back underground before ye make a talk o' yourself, and let it teach ye to bar down th' back before ye start to rig up."

"I won't." Dick steadied, and looked down defiantly at his father. "I'm not going underground any more. I'm through. You can do what you like. I'm

to unburden his soul, with fingers that for six weeks had ached for the feel of the keys

the Yellow Streak

of pluck

Parsons

HARRY TOWNSEND

not going . . . down the mine . . . again." He jabbed his candlestick into the table, and stared moodily out of the window.

The father did not move from his seat, but his gray eyes snapped under his bushy brows and his gnarled frame grew tense.

"So. Ye're afraid. Th' son o' Jack Tresco is afraid to go underground." He paused, then leaped to his feet in sudden fury, leaning over the table and pounding it as his words poured forth:

"Go back to Cornwall—go back and ask after the Trescos o' Redruth. Six generations o' miners, and every one a *man*. Your great-grandfather, th' first Richard, that got seventeen men out o' th' burnin' Polgreen, and w'en th' fire was h'out, they found 'im with 'is fingers in th' clothes o' th' eighteenth. And you—'is namesake—six weeks 'ere and ye quit! . . . It's my fault, I suppose. Comes o' sendin' ye to boardin' school, and then minin' college. Didn't want ye should do as I 'ad to—I started at fourteen in th' Polgreen. Comes o' wantin' ye to 'ave th' chances I 'adn't—a decent amount o' play w'en ye was a boy, and a education, so ye could go to th' top. And ye spend your time a-playin' th' piano! 'Eld back, I've been, all my life by lack o' education. Shift boss w'en I should a-been cap'n, and cap'n w'en I should a-been manager. Forty-eight years o' sweatin' underground work, a-savin' against th' day w'en my son would be able to pass me. That's it! A better man than 'is father! An' now look at ye!" He spat disgustedly. "If I'd a-put ye to work at fourteen mebbe ye'd a-been a man, instead of a piano-playin' quitter."

Dick whirled, and stared at his father with level eyes.

"I'm not a quitter, and you know it.

I'm afraid of the mine, yes. It . . . suffocates me. But that's not why I'm quitting. I'm quitting because I don't like it, because I don't intend to spend my life in a hole in the ground. I want air, sunshine —why, you've never even heard me play!" He steadied his rising temper. "You'll know, if you'll use a little of that justice you're so proud of, that I'm not quitting because I'm afraid."

"Ye'd have to prove that to me. Say what ye like, th' reason's th' same. What'r ye goin' to do now? Play th' piano, I suppose! And a fine success ye'll make of it! It takes somethin' besides weight to mine, or fight, or succeed at anythin', and ye've none of it. I wouldn't 'a' minded so much if ye'd come to me straight, with th' grit of a man. But ye come snivelin' up th' ladder, ye, ye—"

Dick's temper, which had withstood the first tirade, suddenly burst forth.

"That's not so! You've known all along I hated mines, but you were just too stubborn to see it—you think because you've got six generations of miners back of you, everybody's got to be a miner. I've heard of the 'Trescos o' Redruth' till I'm worn out. If your eyes could see anything except a mine, you'd have known long ago you couldn't make it stick. And you *can't do it any more*. I'd have been half way through the conservatory by now if it hadn't been for the time I've wasted studying mining. I hate mines, and I'm through. I've gone to your—your darned old mining school till I'm sick of it, and I'm not going . . . underground . . . any more."

WHEN the father answered, his temper was apparently gone, a slight trembling of his voice the only remaining sign; but his cold incisiveness chilled his son even more than the hot fury of his first assault:

"Ye're right, ye're not. Not in this mine, ye're not. I'll give ye one hour to get off th' property, bag and baggage, and at th' end of that time if ye're not gone I'll call th' watchman and have ye pitched off. And an easy enough time he'd have of it, for all your hundred and ninety pounds. Ye've a yellow streak down your back th' breadth of a shovel, and I'm through with ye. We'll see how long ye'll last at music school when ye don't get a check every month. Now get to th' office for your time, and then get out. Quick! Or I'll sic th' watchman on ye and scare ye to death!"

"Are you quite through?"

His father, without answering, turned to the desk and busied himself with the mine report. Dick looked at him for an instant, hesitated, then walked out the door, head up and very straight. As he turned the corner of the building he passed its only window, through which, had he stopped to look, he would have seen a quick change come over the figure seated at the desk. The truculent set of the head, the squared shoulders and tense fists, melted imperceptibly; the little wiry body seemed to grow still smaller; and quite suddenly the virulent fighter was gone and in his place, limp, head propped on hand, was an old man, weary and disappointed. But Dick, full of the injustice of his father's stand, swung rapidly by without a glance toward the window, took the well-worn path to the bunk-house, and as soon as he reached his room began to change his clothes.

Twice the size of his father, there was still in his straight and graceful carriage an elusive resemblance to the old veteran who ruled the Algonkian, a resemblance, however, that was less evident in his face. His eyes, at present snapping with the effect of the quarrel, were, ordinarily, dark and imaginative, contrasting oddly with the cold gray ones of the captain; the features of the fighter were softened, veiled, by something friendly and more welcoming; and when his sensitive mouth broke into a smile, the warm, magnetic smile of one who loves mankind and is loved in his turn, the resemblance was completely gone. Dick, of course, did not know this; his lovableness, sent from the gods, was as unconscious, as instinctive, as his love for music. People he was thrown with always seemed to make him welcome, for which he was duly thankful without trying to analyze it.

But now his friends were all working or sleeping after the night shift, and as he went about his packing Dick felt very much alone. Slowly, however, the resilience of twenty began to make itself felt; his movements became less hurried. Then a quick flash of his smile softened, for an instant, the unnatural set to his lips. It was as if there were another influence soothing his troubled spirit, blotting into the background the quarrel with his father and the chattering rock drills that he hated. He thought wonderingly of the mother he could not remember; and another vision brought the color into his cheeks and fire into his dark eyes. He was in the wings of a crowded hall, the hum of voices from the expectant audience coming confusedly; in the center of the stage the single piano, black and curiously dwarfed; the quick burst of applause as he walked hurriedly on, his throat tightening queerly; the hush as he seated himself; the first throbbing notes. . . .

WHEN, washed and changed, he straightened from locking his trunk, the new glow in his dark eyes almost concealed the brooding trouble that had clouded them increasingly for the past two years. He went to the office and received the pay due him, and then returned to his room for his trunk. As he picked it up there came a patter of small feet along the passage, and a tiny figure, breathless with running, burst in the door. It was Jimmy Danvers, son of one of the hoistmen, who had brought in his family and was keeping house in a log cabin.

"Hello, Dickie," he panted. "Why aren't you down the mine? An' what you doin' wiv your—wiv your—" he struggled with the word—"wiv your twunk? I saw you come in, and I runned after you," he confided. "Why aren't you workin'?" he asked accusingly.

Dick set his trunk down and caught the boy up on his shoulder. Suddenly he did not feel so much alone. He began to hum, softly, "Sweetest li'l' feller, . . . ev'rybody knows . . . Dunno what to call him . . ." He tickled the boy till he squirmed, and then sobered quickly.

"I'm going away, Jimmy. Not very far for a while, I hope."

Jimmy from his eminence rumpled his fingers through Dick's hair and looked down at his face.

"You been fired?" he asked tremulously.

Dick nodded. "I'm afraid so, little man."

Jimmy struggled down.

"No!" he stormed. "No! I'll speak to my favver. He'll make you stay." He took hold of Dick's fingers, one in each hand, and tried to pull him out of the door. "Come wiv me—now. I'll see my favver right away."

Dick gently disengaged his hands, and patted Jimmy's head affectionately.

"I'm afraid it's no use, Jimmy. And now, hadn't you better come to your mother?"

"No. I'm goin' wiv you." He waited a moment. "Pick up your twunk," he commanded. "I'm goin' wiv you."

"Now listen, Jimmy. If I go to the store and get you some candy, the little red ones that you like, will you come back to your mother?"

"No. Don't want candy. Want to go wiv you. I'm goin' wiv you." Having disposed of the matter, he waited for Dick to pick up his trunk.

And Dick, with a little catch in his heart, had to carry him back to his mother, in whose arms he left him crying inconsolably. He missed his friends; his father was not to be seen; and as he shouldered his trunk and stepped out into the hot June sunshine he could still feel that tiny grip upon his fingers.

THE first part of the trail followed the shore of the lake, which lay almost up to the mine shafts, and was level and easy going. Dick carried the trunk until he reached the location stake that marked the boundary of the Algonkian claim. Here he paused long enough to dump it just off the property, to wait until he was ready to return for it—he knew his father —and then continued rapidly on his way. Soon the trail turned from the lake and plunged abruptly into the bush, becoming more uneven as it skirted muskeg swamps and low glaciated rock mounds, not over thirty or forty feet high, that formed the characteristic relief of the country. On every side was a tangle of spruce, jack pine and poplar, mostly of recent growth, hot and dusty from the many weeks without rain. Black flies swarmed around him as he walked, tapping against his hat brim, crawling over his face and hands, following him with the persistence of their kind. A rabbit scurried with much rustling, and was still; and then, as suddenly as he had stepped into the bush, he stepped out of it into another clearing, with another lake, close to the shore of which stood the office and plant of the Endicott mine. He asked for Mr. Gordon, the manager, a friend of his father's whom he had met three or four times at the Algonkian, and was immediately shown in.

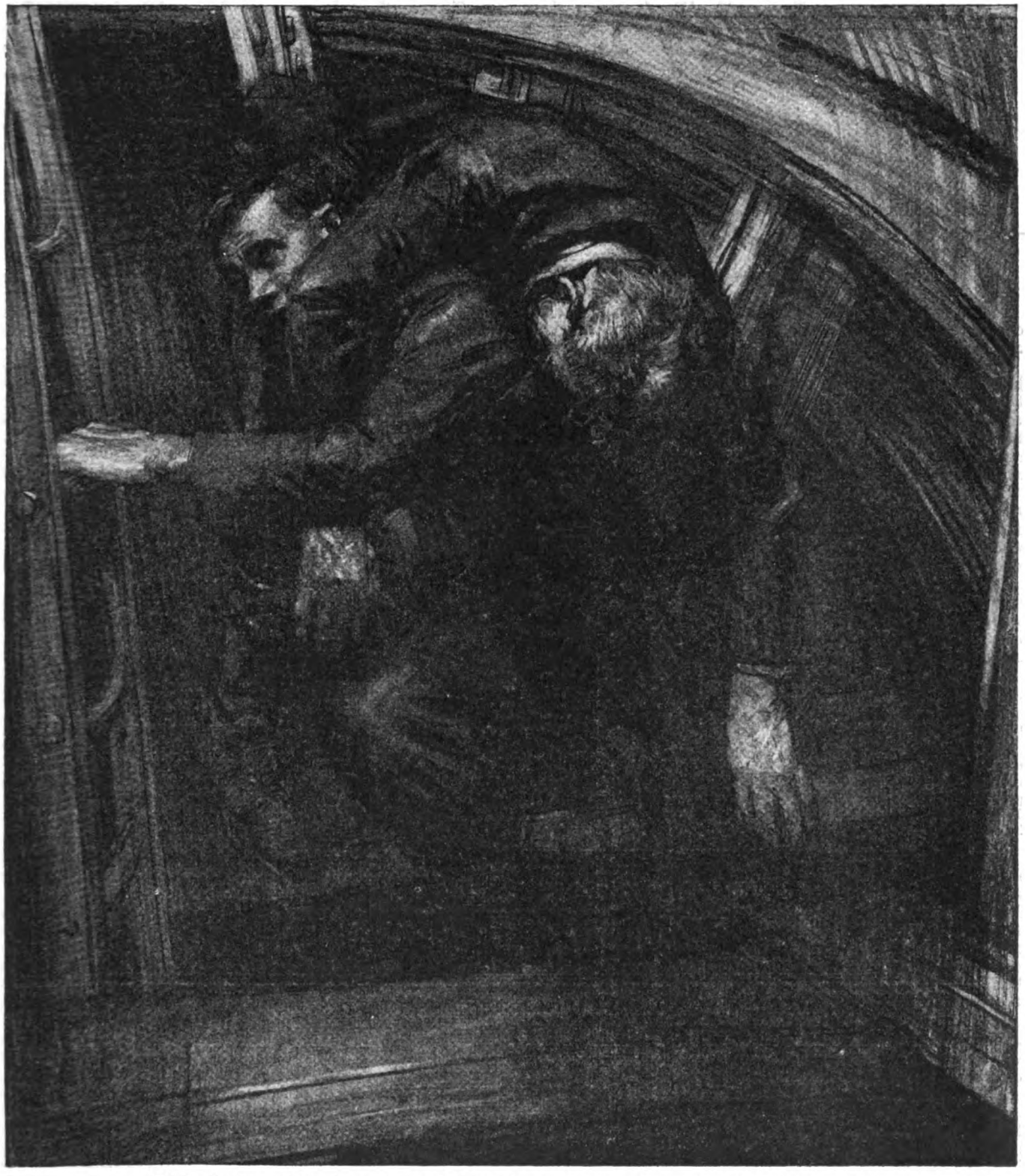
"Good morning, Dick. What can I do for you?"

"I want a job, Mr. Gordon."

The manager raised his eyebrows. "Underground?"

"No, not underground. On top." He met the other's glance squarely. "I don't like underground work. I—hate it. I've tried my best to please my father, and it's no use. So I've quit it—for good."

"Why, sure, Dick, I can give you a job; but not anything very much, I'm afraid. The worth-while jobs are pretty well all



With all the will in the world, the double load was more than his outraged nerves and numbed muscles could carry far. As he felt for each rung his mind grew more bewildered, his muscles more lax, until it became his main effort to keep from sliding back the ladder

taken. I can—er—put you on in the lumber yard?—twenty-five cents an hour."

"I'll take it. Have I time to get my trunk?"

"Of course," with a smile. "See Williams. He'll fix you up in the bunk-house and start you at work." He rose, and gripped Dick's shoulder in his strong fingers. "I've an engagement to-night, but I want you to come around to the house some evening soon. I'll let you know when." His eyes grew thoughtful. "It may do you good to get something off your chest. And I've a piano there you may want to try. They're scarce around this camp at present. You haven't one at the Algonkian, have you?"

Dick flushed. "No, we haven't one there. Dad wouldn't even have one on the place. Why," his resentment suddenly flooding him again, "he's never even heard me play! But I can't talk about it," he broke off hurriedly. "I'll come around, gladly, some evening if you'll let me know when."

Four days later, following a definite invitation, Dick went to Gordon's house for supper, his heart pounding a little at the prospect of the piano there. As he entered the door, Gordon was just finishing a telephone conversation; he hung up casually and presented Dick to his wife. Dick, preoccupied, did not notice a slight embarrassment in her manner or, during supper, an occasional attitude as if she were listening for something. His mind on the evening ahead of him, he thought of little else, holding up his end of the conversation by habit; (*Continued on page 270*)

I Wish I Had Not

Take a warning from

By Ellis

WHEN a man is as old as I am, he is apt to go aside with himself where he will not be interrupted and think over the million and one asinine things he has done in the past, and wish he had not done them.

As I look back over my bright and beauteous career, and reflect that I am living in a capitalistic era, and that it takes about six dollars to buy a ham, the thing I wish most is that I had not been a well-frog.

No doubt you all know the story of the well-frog. It is one of those pathetic tales of animal life that are placed before the very young in a more or less cryptic form. The story of the well-frog first met my eye in an arithmetic and was something like this:

A frog 3½ inches long was at the bottom of a well 37 feet 9 inches deep. If the frog could leap 8½ times its length and make one leap every 1½ minutes, how long would it take for the frog to get out of the well, provided that it slipped back 29½ inches each time it leaped?

It was evident to the most casual observer that it was going to take that frog a long time to get out of that well. There were thirty-five students in my class when the well-frog with the backward-slipping habit first intrigued us (as the authors who live in duplex apartments now say it), and while there were thirty-five different answers submitted to dear teacher, the unanimous opinion was that the poor frog had considerable jumping on hand. The boy I usually call Swatty figured that the frog would be out of the well in 932 years, 5 months, 7 days, 8 hours and 3 minutes. This, I am sure, was an exaggerated statement of the frog's pitiful career. Swatty himself thought so, for he said to me, after school: "Garsh! I knowed I was wrong, because if it took the poor guy that long he'd better've stayed in the well; he'd've been dead before he got out, anyway."

In the human menagerie the well-frog is the poor guy who, like myself, slips back 2 feet every time he jumps 8½ times his 3½ inch length financially.

You can take a pencil and figure it out; or you can take my word for it, but 8½ times 3½ inches is 29¾ inches, and every time the poor well-frog jumps that far he slips back all but ¼ inch. He does 29¾ inches of first-class jumping and has only a quarter of an inch gain to show for it.

I don't call a man a well-frog if he works six days a week to earn $29.75 and then has to spend $29.50 of it to feed and clothe and support himself and his family. That is something that cannot be avoided; but the man who works his head off to save $29.75 and then takes $29.50 and "invests" it the way I have made most of my investments is a flat-headed, yellow-bellied well-frog, with about as much brains as repose in the middle section of an angleworm that has been cut into three pieces.

If I could write an article that would prevent young men from making fool investments of the kind I have almost invariably made I would be a more valuable citizen than General Pershing, Woodrow Wilson, and J. P. Morgan rolled into one. I would deserve a gold statue on top of the Washington Monument—a solid gold one, not a plated one—and in ten years' time the young men would save enough to pay off the national debt of the United States, and hardly miss the money.

Making an investment is often the wisest thing any man can do, especially a young man. Neither do I think any man should go out to the woodshed and hang himself because a stock or bond in which he has invested declines somewhat in value. My experience with stocks and bonds is that they always decline when you and I buy them; they go up when the other fellow has them. All I ask of a stock or bond now is that it shall not decline and decline and decline until it is worth eighteen cents less than nothing. I have four thousand dollars' worth of thoroughly neat stocks, at the present moment, that are worth about two cents per ton. When an investment declines from four thousand dollars a pound to two cents per ton, I do not call it a good investment. I call it one of Papa's mistakes.

When I think how many nights I worked until midnight to earn the four thousand dollars I put into those now worthless stocks, I wonder if the world would not have been better off if Gutenberg, or whoever it was that invented printing presses, had died in infancy.

I remember now, one day soon after I came to New York, and when I was earning fifteen dollars a week, I stood beside one of the magnificent office buildings and placed my hand on one of the stones of its façade, and said to myself, "Just think of the thousands and thousands of dollars that are represented by this one building alone, and of the thousands and thousands of similar buildings in New York, and I haven't enough money to buy this one small block of marble against which my hand reposes, in this one building's front." And then, when I had saved my first thousand dollars, I bought a sheet of paper labeled "7% Cumulative Preferred Stock." I could not sell that thousand dollars' worth of paper now for enough to buy the sand in the mortar that holds that one stone in place.

I am not on any "sucker list." I ought to be, but I am not. I have never bought a share of "fake" oil, copper, or silver mine stocks. I am particular about that; I save my money and invest it in legitimate enterprises, that immediately sicken and have to be carried out in the back yard and buried before the neighbors complain to the health department.

I do not buy stocks from smooth-tongued strangers who come with four-page prospectuses of the Evaporated Squashbug Oil Company, or the United Washout-Fishgill Copper Company. I send them away with scorn, and wait

Butler Suggests a New Sob Song

"WHAT the average American man needs as much as a liquor prohibition law is a fool-investment prohibitory law. The 'Father, dear Father, come home with me now' sob story never came within a million miles of most of us, for we were never the people who put a foot on the brass rail and kept it there until the rail and the foot were welded together. What we need is a song that would begin

"Father, dear Father, quit buying bum stocks,
Or our whole caboodle will go on the rocks."

Been a Well-Frog

me and don't be one

Parker Butler

for a close personal friend to sting me to death with stock of the J. O. Whiffenpoof Company of New York, which manufactures aluminum corset bones, or something else that nobody wants any more.

It is a great deal pleasanter to be stung to death by a personal friend. He can sting so much deeper.

I am not so particular when it comes to lending money. I lend money to absolute strangers; but I buy stocks only from close personal friends in whom I have the utmost confidence, who tell me they have invested in the stocks they wish to sell me and that they have come to me because I am a friend and they wish to do me a favor. I am always willing to accept a favor, but I wish my friends would, sometime, sell me some stocks that did not immediately droop like a wilted petunia.

The other day a man who had bought one hundred dollars' worth of Liberty bonds mentioned the fact to me and said he was pretty sore because they were selling at $95 on the Stock Exchange. I looked him firmly in the eye and said: "You poor goof, you don't know when you are well off. Your bond is paying you 4¼ per cent, and when it is due you will get $100; and if you sell it now you will only lose $5, and you can charge that up to your patriotism account and swell out your chest for the rest of your life; but you ought to see some of the investments I own."

"Are they low?" he asked.

"If they got any lower," I said, "they would come up on the other side, in China or somewhere."

"What are they quoted?"

"I haven't seen the paper this morning," I told him, "but if they are quoted it would be among the Bolshevik activities or other outrages."

He smiled.

"I know what you mean," he said. "I have a couple of thousand dollars' worth of Mexican rubber plantation stock that I used to line a trunk with because wall paper is so expensive since the war."

As he now seemed to be in a cheerful mood, I said, brightly and in my business-like tone:

"I'll tell you what I'll do! I'll trade you my $3,000 J. O. Whiffenpoof Company of New York stock and my $1,000 Imperial Sawdust Cheese stock for your $100 Liberty bond, and throw in a good-as-new set of the Rise, Decline and Fall of the Aztec Empire, in twenty-four volumes, half morocco."

"What do you think I am? Think I'm crazy?" he said.

WHAT the average American man needs as much as a liquor prohibition law is a fool-investment prohibitory law. The "Father, dear Father, come home with me now" sob story never came within a million miles of most of us, for we were never the people who put a foot on the brass rail and kept it there until the rail and the foot were welded together. What we need is a song that would begin, "Father, dear Father, quit buying bum stocks, or our whole caboodle will go on the rocks."

Any way you look at it a dollar is a dollar. You can turn it up edgewise, or lay it down flat, or toss it in the air, and it is still a dollar. You can call it an "iron man," or one hundred cents, or a cart wheel, but it is still a dollar, and usually a "dollar saved" represents the thin edge peeled off the edge of a great many "dollars earned." When a man, or a woman, has saved a dollar he has done something, and it usually stands for many hours of hard toil.

I LIKE to think of dollars as wheat. Wheat is food. It is the basic food of the human race. If we have wheat we can get along pretty well without lobster salad and chop suey, and still keep the human machine going. A dollar is, now, about half a bushel of wheat, and I like to think that when I am saving dollars and storing them in a safe place, I am storing good, sound wheat that I can eat when I want to, and that my wife can eat, and my children can eat.

I work as hard for my saved dollar as the farmer does to grow the half-bushel of wheat. It means wheat to me, and when I take it and pour it into an unsafe investment I am about as wise as a farmer would be if he took his good sound wheat and poured it in the creek. Before the farmer pours his wheat into the bin he looks to see that the bin is sound and fairly rat-proof, and that he has a reasonable chance of getting it again when he wants it. When he sows his wheat he makes sure first that the field is reasonably fertile and sweet; and I have never yet known a farmer to sow his wheat on a friend's tin roof merely because the friend has a well-intentioned but wild-eyed notion that wheat grown on tin roofs ought to produce diamonds. The farmer keeps his wheat safe and sound until he is ready to sow it or sell it.

Of course, sometimes, when he has sold the wheat, he invests the money in lightning rods that don't work, but that is another story. He then becomes a well-frog, like the rest of us.

There are enough no-account, absolutely defunct stocks and bonds owned by Americans to reach from the southwest corner of Wall Street and Broadway to Mount Copernicus on the moon, wrap around the mountain three times and then reach back to New York again. The money I have invested in stocks and bonds that immediately got the pip, plus the money I have loaned to dead-beat friends, plus the money wasted buying houses that are too large for me, and similar articles of value only to idiots and the feeble-minded, would send my four children through college, pay for a trip around the world and endow a bed in the Flushing Hospital.

I have a keen sense of humor, but I have not yet been able to laugh when I think of paying twelve dollars per year for a safe deposit box in which to keep a wad of stocks that no bank would lend me ten cents on.

But I have grown wiser as I have grown older. There were years and years when any friend who came to me with an optimistic disposition and an engraved stock certificate could take my money away from me, but of late I have become as callous as a mule's heel.

Only a few days ago a friend wrote offering me the chance of a lifetime. I had every reason in the world to have faith in his business ability, because he once wrote a story and asked me to criticize it, which I did. He immediately gave up story writing. Later he wrote a sort of guide to good English, which I criticized, and which he could not sell. It can be seen that he was deeply indebted to me, and I was not surprised when he telephoned me and said he was sorry, but that he had given up literature and was going to Oklahoma to investigate oil properties. I thought he was probably one of those ungrateful cusses who would immediately forget all the favors I had done him; but this was doing him an injustice.

He had hardly reached Oklahoma when he wrote me a long letter in the most friendly manner, saying he had little expected to be able to repay my many kindnesses so soon, because he had not dared to hope to discover any oil properties of vast possibilities so quickly, but that by the merest chance he had hit upon a group of oil properties that would, so to speak, make the Count of Monte Cristo's wealth look like one third of a canceled two-cent stamp. Because of my extreme kindness to him he was writing me, in order that I might pick up a good lot of stock before someone else got it.

NOW, I have not the slightest doubt of the honesty and good intentions of this friend. It is quite possible that the stock he mentioned will jump from the price he offered it at to one hundred times as much, but it can jump until it is blue in the face, for all I care. I don't know anything about the oil business; I don't know that my friend could learn all about it in a couple of weeks, and I don't know that those who do know about it ever really know anything about it.

The minute I got that friend's letter I reached for my (*Continued on page 86*)

A Man Whose Creed Is: To be Not Simply Good, But Good for Something

DR. D. M. GANDIER

A California preacher who has done a wonderful work. He is a tall, gangling man of the Lincoln type. He also has some of the characteristics of the great President

IF YOU are one of the millions that have read "The Prospector," by Ralph Connor, you won't need much of an introduction to Dr. D. M. Gandier, of Los Angeles, California. For Doctor Gandier was the original of the hero in that book.

Doctor Gandier is a tall, gangling man of the Abraham Lincoln type. He has the same length of arms and legs, the same slight stoop of the shoulders; and his face —like that of the great President—is seamed with the wrinkles of experience, the sort of experience which enriches and brightens life, not only for him but for all with whom he comes into contact.

The two men met first at Hamilton, Ontario, in 1899, when Gandier spoke before the General Assembly of the church. The force, fire, and common sense of his address so thrilled his preacher audience that after the meeting was over, Ralph Connor said to a friend:

"I have a new story to write! I'm going to put Gandier into a book."

When he published "The Prospector," a few months later, the insiders recognized at once a faithful portrait of the young preacher.

Gandier was born in Ontario fifty-one years ago, and even while he was yet a boy had made up his mind that he was going to be a minister. He had four brothers, however, each of whom had his own ambition. One of them had chosen the ministry for himself, and the other three had determined to be physicians. That meant five expensive educations; and with only a moderate family purse to meet the demand, it was evident that it was up to each of the boys to make his own way.

To begin with, they must find the money for the necessary college courses. Young Gandier turned to the Canadian woods for his. He set out to earn his first year's college expenses by working as a logger.

Naturally a leader of men, the middle of that first summer found him a foreman of a gang of woodsmen. Evil he *has fought ever since.*

"Liquor was the curse of the men in the woods," he told me. "They spent for it all the money they could earn. It was little use to talk to them. The evil was deeper seated than their small part in it. The thing to do was to drive it out."

His friends tell how young Gandier made his first fight.

After a pay day, one busy summer, not a logger showed up for work. He waited vainly for his gang, only to learn that they were still in the saloons of the nearby town, spending the last remnant of their month's wages on liquor and gambling. When the gang returned to camp and sobered up, he told them it was not to happen again. And he tried to make them see what they were doing to themselves.

They listened because they liked him. But when the next pay day came, off they trooped into town again, and headed straight for the saloon. The young theological student who was their boss saw them leave. He knew what they were going to do. But he also knew what *he* was going to do.

A crowd of drunken loggers is no Sunday-school meeting, but he followed them to the town, and traced them to the saloon. Then he began bringing them out. Some of them he carried out on his broad shoulders, and some of them he threw out bodily. The rest took warning, and decided that the determined young man who didn't mind a fight of the stiffest sort was no sort of opponent. They meekly followed him home.

His first ministry was at Rossland, British Columbia, a mining town where no minister had ever ventured before. His first sermon electrified the entire town. It was a sermon against the saloon and vice. It was a regular cyclone. The result may be imagined. The whole town was up in arms, half for him and half against him. Several times during the first few months there, he was again obliged to demonstrate that his fists as well as his tongue could fight.

When he left Rossland, in 1900, after a pastorate of three years, because his young wife's health demanded a warmer climate, his going was described by the local papers as a calamity.

He accepted a call from the Presbyterian church at San Bernardino, California, and the first thing he did on his arrival there was to launch a bombshell at the liquor interests. And he continued to launch them with increasing regularity,

force, and sureness of aim. In 1905, his fight against liquor attracted the attention of Rev. Dr. Ervin S. Chapman, then superintendent of the California Anti-Saloon League, and he was asked to become assistant superintendent.

After a succession of fruitless fights against the liquor interests in Los Angeles, which is located in the heart of a grape district and was the wettest of the wet, he went before the legislature in 1909, asking the passage of a local option law. He got it, went home, and began his fight all over again.

In 1917 he drafted a saloon-closing ordinance for Los Angeles, and to the surprise of all California it was adopted at a special election in November of that year, becoming effective April 1st, 1918.

"It was just a question of keeping at it," he explains. "And the same plan is what will win any good fight."

Doctor Gandier is now giving prohibition lectures in Australia. From there he will go to New Zealand, Malaysia, China, and Japan. If he can secure passports, he will go to Scotland and England to lecture, preparatory to the 1920 local option vote.

Doctor Gandier is a born fighter, the kind that never quits till the desired end is attained. His wife and daughter are in Los Angeles waiting for him to come back, confident that he will succeed in his ambition to make the whole world dry.

Here is his creed, and if you have read "The Prospector" you will recognize it at once: To be, not simply good, but *good for something*. To meet each day serene in the knowledge that it is *your* day which God has given you; but to remember, also, that the other fellow is there, and that you are both human beings, liable to err in the use of that day.

To know what you want, and then to go after it with every ounce of physical, mental, and moral strength God has given you; but to be ready always to stop on your way and lend a helping hand to the fellow who trudges by your side.

BETTY DISHON

From Railroad Clerk to Grand Opera Composer

THE Robin Woman, Shanewis," produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, is the most distinctively American opera ever written. A startling statement? But one born out by facts. Its theme, the love story of an educated Indian girl, is essentially American; the setting is in California and in an Indian reservation of Oklahoma; and the music was written by Charles Wakefield Cadman, an American of six generations' lineage, whose entire musical education was received in America.

In the music of the North American Indian Mr. Cadman finds many of the motifs he uses in musical composition, and he visions a type of American music as marked in its characteristics as the Russian school of to-day.

He struck the note of Americanism early in life. When, following a subdued "twing-twang-twong" in the schoolroom, the teacher questioned, "Charles, did you make that noise?" he truthfully answered, "Yes,'m." In her outstretched hand he placed his first musical instrument—a pill box, across whose opening rubber bands were tautly stretched, in such fashion as to give forth gradated tones.

The boy of ten was no more given to lying down under rebuffs than is the man of to-day. After school, he ran home to construct another stringed instrument. But on the way he had an inspiration, and in due time he played "Home, Sweet Home" on a new musical contrivance—pins of graded length, stuck in a pine board.

About this time he left school to become errand boy to Joseph Schwab, superintendent of the Carnegie steel mills of Duquesne, Pennsylvania, and for a time music was thrust into the background. But not for long. Many coupling pins lay about the mill yard, and the new errand boy found that, properly arranged and struck, they would give forth musical tones. This metallophone was crude, but it gave partial expression to the music even then struggling to come forth.

Within a year a piano came into the home, and Charles began to study music. Every Saturday morning for one hour he was released from duty at the office. His teacher lived at the top of a long, steep hill, and in order to have a half-hour lesson Charles had to run both ways.

But in fifteen weeks his savings were exhausted, and need for his help in the home kept him from getting together another fund. Doggedly he worked on by himself for three years, practicing in the leisure moments of the evening.

Not that music was forgotten during the day. An errand boy's time is fitfully employed, and Charles found many moments in which to exercise a newly-found gift—that of setting down on scraps of paper given him by the draftsmen certain notes, which, tried out in the evening on the piano, made real tunes. His fellow workers laughed. "Caddie thinks he can compose," and, "He'll be

C. ELMORE GROVE MARYLAND HOTEL PASADENA

CHARLES W. CADMAN

An American, educated nowhere except in our own country, who has written a successful grand opera which has been produced at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York

a big man some day—we don't think."

Eighteen years of age found Charles Cadman a clerk in a railroad office in Homestead. When the great ironmaster gave the town its library, "Carnegie Library March" enlivened the dedication exercises, and at an arranged point in the program the young composer handed Andrew Carnegie and Charles M. Schwab each a copy of the March, neatly tied with red ribbon. Apparently this fluttered a signal to Fate, for Mr. Schwab expressed his appreciation thus: "Young man, come to my office in Pittsburgh, and I'll see that you have a chance to study."

But though Charles, clean-collared, repeatedly sought the great man's office, the inner sanctum never opened to him.

"And a good thing it was for me," says the man who recalls his disappointment as a boy. "The thing you struggle for, if you finally attain it through your own hard work, has a value that cannot be won in any other way."

This door shut, he opened one for himself. He left the railroad office and invested his entire capital, thirty dollars, in five hundred copies of "Carnegie Library March," and sold them from door to door. For one and a half years he canvassed Allegheny County with this and a later composition, "The Country Dance." Between times, he taught music, receiving thirty-five cents a lesson, and, self-taught, played a pipe organ on Sundays. So doing, he earned the money for twenty lessons on orchestration. And all the time he composed.

In 1902, over a clothesline in a back yard, he met Mrs. Nelle Richmond Eberhart, and the next week the collaboration began that culminated in "The Robin Woman, Shanewis." Their first essay was not so ambitious. Mrs. Eberhart wrote a hymn, Mr. Cadman set it to music, thereby earning respectively one dollar and one and one-half dollars. Thus encouraged, they determined upon regular, systematic work. For Mr. Cadman believes in work. "Composition is just inspiration, isn't it, Mr. Cadman? Your songs, I am sure, are written down just as they come to you from God," once gushed an admirer.

"Possibly one third of composition is inspiration. But certainly two thirds is hard work," was the grim reply.

He knows. No American composer has been more prolific, and none has worked harder. His indifference to rebuffs has been phenomenal. If a song sent out sixteen times failed to sell, it went to find a publisher on its seventeenth round. If five houses refused "The Land of the Sky-Blue Water," the sixth had a chance to buy it. What if, for a year after publication, it met with scanty recognition? Charles Cadman went on teaching, playing, composing, and writing musical criticisms for the Pittsburgh "Dispatch." So, in the round of his daily duty, he wrote of Nordica's appearance in the Smoky City.

The article pleased Nordica, and she sent for Mr. Cadman. The following night, in Cleveland, she sang "The Land of the Sky-Blue Water." Straight to the hearts of her hearers it went, and to-day it is sung in every country in the world, even Heliogoland.

From that time to this the history of Charles Cadman's persistent effort to advance Americanism through the various forms of musical composition has been one of uninterrupted progress. But this is true only because the habits of work formed by the obscure boy are the rule of life for the widely known man. Two entire days each week are given over to musical composition, and leisure on other days means only added opportunity for yet further creative work, and for editing and revising music already on the press.

Whether formulated or unformulated, behind every success in life lies a philosophy of living. Briefly summarized, Mr. Cadman's is this: Be single in your aim; be absolutely unmindful of rebuffs; and WORK.

So living, you will grow, you will be happy, and to achieve happiness is the only real success.

MABEL ANSLEY MURPHY

A Westerner Who Made Bees Change a World-Old Habit

GEORGE MITCHELL MACDONALD has given the world an invention which will revolutionize bee culture and open a vast new field for investigation. His inspiration came after a seven-hour conversation with a noted old bee man named Marcellus Seagers, now retired, of San Bernardino, California. MacDonald had known little about bees until this interview, which was altogether by chance. It was a case of an aged scientist passing on to a young man all that science had achieved in experience. MacDonald now wanted bees. With a great deal of spare time on his three-thousand-acre California ranch, he decided forthwith to invest in ten stands of bees as a nucleus for a hobby. In a short time, with care and devotion to his pet scheme, he had multiplied the ten stands to three hundred. All went well, and bees began to look to him like Standard Oil stock.

But disease, known as American foul brood, invaded the colony and, in the second year, what had given so much promise of success had become a dismal, black failure. All the bees were dead. Twenty-seven hundred dollars were wiped out like the snuffing of a candle. Nothing was left but the boxes and the lifeless forms of bees; MacDonald was down for the count, completely knocked out.

"What I wanted," he says, "was to have the control of that disease in my hands. Books were full of learned data, theories, and all that, but no scientist had mapped out a practical cure. The county bee inspector had no remedy; the learned professors to whom I applied said there was nothing else to do but start all over again. Apiarists within a radius of six miles of me lost more than ten thousand dollars in diseased bees. Many of them gave up, and quit the bee business.

"Here was a problem worthy of any man's time and energy, I reasoned—to get a comb which the bees would accept and which could be sterilized without destroying it. As I rode along one day on my horse the idea of metal came to me. Why not a metallic comb? To the best of my knowledge no one had ever tried it. At any rate, none were in use. Then my thinking apparatus began pounding out this idea of metal combs. Metallic combs could be sterilized and the disease eliminated. Would the bees accept them?

"With the crude idea of a metal comb in my mind I went to a machine shop. The manager looked me over critically without speaking, heard most of my story, turned impatiently on his heel, and without ceremony ordered me out of the shop. I went around to the rear of the establishment, where some of the men were working and exploded the idea to them. Everybody laughed at me. 'Bees have been making their own combs for the last five thousand six hundred years,' one of them volunteered, 'and nobody has ever made them change their ways. And you think you can? Gears wrong, old man?'

"But I stuck, in spite of all the darned fool nonsense they poked at me. And finally, in order to get rid of me, they agreed to make a little machine, which cost twelve dollars. I hung around that shop a good deal. Finally I infected a youthful machinist with the idea of metallic combs, and he got the bee-bug so strong that he has since devoted the best eight years of his life to the perfecting of the metallic comb.

"After an enormous amount of labor, we produced our first metal comb, which was made of steel. It was a pretty crude affair and weighed sixteen pounds. I put this comb into an experimental hive and, to my great delight, the bees accepted it and filled it with honey.

"But people said I was getting ready for the state asylum. They hinted around in the neighborhood that I be examined by a physician to test my sanity. The neighbors began to shun me, and I was 'Poor George' here, and 'Poor George' there. Then another young man got bees in his head, and that proved a great relief to me. Here was somebody just as sympathetic, or just as insane, as I was.

"We had no capital but youth, the sting of defeat, and a steel comb filled with honey. An unbreakable will to win was our greatest asset. We had accumulated so much inertia by willing to achieve, that we could not have stopped had we wanted to. I obtained permission to set up a humble shop and laboratory in the lean-to of an old barn. A three-horse-power motor was put at my disposal when it rained. That young man and I prayed morning, noon and night for rain, against all the recorded meteorological data.

"Every time we heard a flivver we scrambled up into the haymow thinking the sheriff on our heels to serve a complaint or writ of attachment. The gas company lost heart because of a few dollars owing to them, and shut off the

gas. We just kept body and soul together, and worked. My pal had a wife and two babies, and no money. We were always on the ragged edge.

"About this time I offered half of the United States patent rights in the steel comb for one hundred and fifty dollars. 'Man, you're swarming!' I was told again; 'Better tend the ranch—more money in it.' The same old rebuffs, the same lack of faith, and always just the same old armored conservatism still on the job.

"Steel had proved too heavy, and I turned to a special paper, only to find that the paper suitable for the comb was 'made in Germany.' Some of my men urged an inferior paper; but I wanted the best or nothing. From that I went to aluminum. Without a moment's hesitation I proceeded to buy aluminum to the full extent of my bank account—fifty-five cents.

With this sum I managed to get hold of some old worn-out cooking utensils. I borrowed a plumber's pot and ladle, and in a blacksmith's shop made the first cast, aluminum comb with cells seven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter, with walls one three-thousandths of an inch in thickness. And the bees put their honey in that, likewise. Convictions? Why, I was ready to be burned at the stake for my faith.

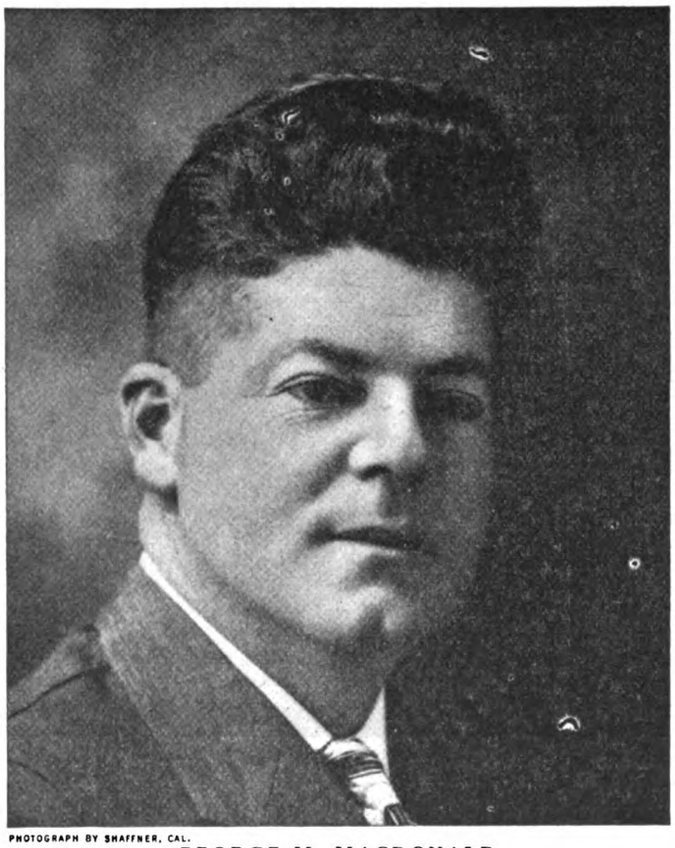
"A bookkeeper had heard of my story, and one day she came to me and, without asking any questions, handed over two hundred and fifty dollars in cash. With this we bought groceries, some more machinery, transmission gears with which to equip an aluminum rolling machine and a few other luxuries of like character. We felt like the Federal Treasury. Now we had to move to respectable quarters. Can you imagine what kind of a heaven it was to us to find a sick man with all kinds of machinery lying idle, and willing to allow us a corner in a shop?

"We worked for this man to pay the rent. Then we moved our families into a corner of this factory, and again set to work. My pal and I slept on automobile cushions. When all of our money was gone, I would take the stock book of our humble little company to Los Angeles and hold up anybody who would listen to my story. When I returned to the factory I would vigorously wave my hat from afar as a prearranged signal to indicate that I was bringing home 'the bacon,' and the force and the families would hold a sort of jubilee meeting to relieve the pressure of poverty and to celebrate this new step in our success.

"When visitors came to the factory we always managed to have a pot of metal ready and everybody working with hundred per cent absorption in the job, to make the best showing.

"I had taken a long shot in the attempt to make paper combs, and had advertised them. To my great astonishment we got orders immediately for three thousand dollars' worth of combs, but we did not have a dollar's worth of the special paper out of which to make them. Then came the war with Germany; trade was cut off. I couldn't deliver the paper combs.

"I had all but bankrupted myself during the eight years of my struggles to perfect this thing which would give me control of disease in bees. I had sold 650 cattle, a 55-acre ranch, and had mortgaged my house and lot, and put all of the proceeds into machinery to make this metal comb. Our first machine cost us $14,000; we can now make it for $2,500. And there were streams of tears in that machinery. There were many times in my struggle when sorrow and a swollen heart actually robbed me of speech.



PHOTOGRAPH BY SHAFFNER, CAL.

GEORGE M. MACDONALD

Who has given the world an invention which will revolutionize bee culture and open a vast new field for investigation

"The suffering of my family and that of my pal, the rebuffs that were incidental to raising cash, the perfidy of those who wanted to take advantage of the patent and gain the controlling interest, now that it was a proved success, and the fact that my own home town had not the vision to accept this invention—all these things added to the almost constant torment with which I had been burdened without a let-up.

But all this painful struggle was merely the necessary whip, the necessary birth-pains to bring into successful being the idea which I had conceived to be possible, and which I had proved to be not only possible but practicable.

"We had made the egg stand on end once more; we had persuaded bees to use twentieth-century labor-saving devices, and had added, after five thousand six hundred years of recorded time, a great abundance of scientific data to the humble records of the old Roman, Virgil. What is more, the real investigation has just begun.

"With the aluminum comb of varying sizes I gradually became master of a number of very important problems in bee culture. The comb is now in extensive use. It has been patented in all of the leading countries of the world. The English bee world has ranked it in importance with the invention of a sewing machine and the aëroplane. It is rapidly replacing other devices among bee men. The extremely cautious and conservative Apis Club of London has pronounced it a complete success.

"With its use, it is absolutely possible to control the sex of the bees. A comb with cells three sixteenths of an inch in diameter will raise only worker bees; a comb with cells a quarter of an inch in diameter will produce only male bees, or drones; and three-eighths-inch-diameter cells, from five to seven eighths of an inch in depth, will produce only queen bees. The secret of this lies in the pressure or absence of pressure, respectively, upon the queen bee's body when she backs into the cell to lay the egg.

"The main big factor is, however, that the metal comb enables the bee men to eliminate disease in the comb, at any time of the year, by the simple process of sterilization in hot water. The comb is not destroyed, and can be immediately placed back into the hive. It saves the bee all the labor necessary to draw out the comb, and likewise saves the honey out of which it is made. In summer the comb cannot melt down because of the heat. The size of the cells cannot be disarranged. It will stop the inbreeding of bees—that is, the breeding of very closely related bees, such as brother and sister bees—and in a great measure do away with bee diseases originating in inbreeding, by facilitating selective breeding among hardy stock.

"It was a hard, hard game. But the battle is over now, and everything is going along smoothly. In addition to achieving what I set out to achieve, one of the greatest satisfactions that I cherish is that I found men who were game to the last ounce of their mental and physical strength, and who stuck until success came.

"Perhaps that is the supreme satisfaction, after all. If my first stand of bees had not died and left me with a sting of defeat, perhaps the metallic honeycomb might not now be in existence. A man is defeated only when he accepts defeat."

JOHN A. HADALLER

A Woman in the Banking World

IF ADELE H. KIRBY had been born twenty-five years earlier she would have run the local church suppers, attended to the books of the Ladies' Aid, supervised her sister's household, and have been conscious of a small aching part of her somewhere near the heart as she crawled into bed at nights. Even in this day there are women of her kind doing just that, capable, brainy, sympathetic, active women.

But Miss Kirby, because of some little kink in herself those other women lack, or, according to her own statement, "because of the exceedingly broad-minded, liberal lot of men who run The Plainfield New Jersey Trust Company, finds herself well on the road of high finance, with the title of assistant secretary-treasurer to the company, a host of duties, and her life so completely filled that there isn't room for the shadow of an ache. How can there be when there are struggling commuters to be looked out for, old ladies to be cared for, helpless wives whose rents must be paid and whose servants' salaries must be met, children who must be educated and started out in the world, clubs to be formed, contests to be organized and judged, all of which tasks fall in large measure to her, and many of which are her original contribution to the bank's business?

Plainfield is said to have eight thousand commuters; the purchase of a commutation ticket is a matter of standing indefinitely in line —literally for hours, at times.

Some months ago Miss Kirby sent to the depositors in The Plainfield Trust Company a card stating that any depositor of the bank might have his ticket purchased monthly for him, receive said ticket in the mail on the last day of the month, having it charged to his bank account. The only responsibility on his part was the signing of an order, and the countermanding of the order when he ceased to commute.

Depositors who had developed stiff knees and irritable tempers in the monthly crush hastened to sign their slips. Miss Kirby's department mails tickets to hundreds of them monthly, and, as a further aid to the harassed souls of the daily travelers, encloses with each a neat time-table which fits exactly into the ticket wallet, the railroad time-table being of a size to demand an entire coat pocket to itself.

In still further aid to these commuters, Miss Kirby has had designed a map of the New York subways, that mystic maze which has foiled so many a full-grown intellect, in which the green and black and all other arrows are indicative of the trains to be taken to reach a certain point, so that no Plainfield citizen can, under any circumstances, be lost and telephone home that he has missed his train. It is a well-cared-for commuter from Plainfield who must be held responsible for this article, for his gratitude to Miss Kirby and the Trust Company sent him forth in search of publicity for such rare service, and sent me hastening to investigate the truth of his assertions!

ADELE H. KIRBY

Assistant secretary-treasurer of The Plainfield, New Jersey, Trust Company. She began as a stenographer thirteen years ago. She is one of the few women bank officials in the United States

But commuters, however grateful, are but a minor part of Miss Kirby's responsibilities. As one of the managers of the trust department she has a diversity of charges. By a system of "voluntary trusts" she pays for individuals likely to forget or to have few ideas on the subject of philanthropy regular (or irregular) sums for benevolences. If a depositor in The Plainfield Trust Company wants to give his tithe during a year, or a lifetime, or even longer, he can create a "benevolent trust," mention his intentions—and be certain that Miss Kirby will see that his gifts are promptly paid. If he has no ideas on the subject, Miss Kirby will advise him.

According to a system of "living trusts" a husband who is to be away from his home for a short or long time may consult Miss Kirby and arrange with her for the maintenance of his home during his absence. He may ask her to do the same while he is ill or disabled and unable to attend to his affairs. For a month, a year, or a lifetime, Miss Kirby will agree to see that his house rent is paid, that his servants' salaries are met, and, generally, to assume his financial responsibilities, although she does draw the line firmly at auditing the grocery bills.

"In this day," she says, "it is difficult enough for the purchaser to do that."

In accordance with the liberal policy of the company on trusts, Miss Kirby has come into some strange responsibilities. She has now in her care a certain old invalided lady, willed to her by the lady's husband, for whom she is responsible as to the hiring and paying of nurse, companion and maid.

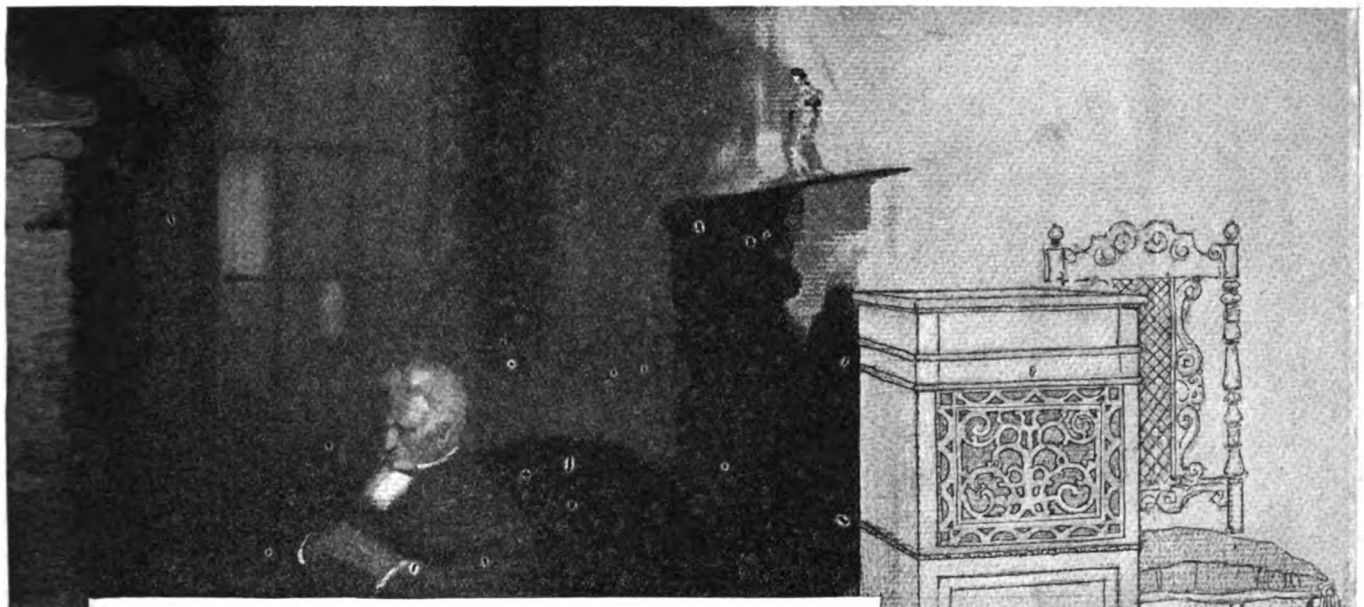
Last year when everyone talked economy Miss Kirby went to each public school in Plainfield and, as she put it, "advertised the idea of thrift." She has organized Christmas savings clubs, vacation savings clubs, gardening contests, with prizes for the best gardens, the best flock of chickens and the best ear of corn. She instituted tax clubs, for which certain city officials as well as private citizens expressed warm thanks. Tax clubs pay property and other taxes by a monthly system of savings.

Within the walls of her own bank she started a class in banking for the women employees, of which she was leader. As a result, the bank estimates three times the interest and attention to work, and incidentally reports women in the positions of paying teller, assistant receiving teller and in responsible posts in the bookkeeping and transit department.

Miss Kirby is the first woman to hold a bank officership east of the Mississippi. For years she was the only woman bank officer to attend the New Jersey Bankers' Convention, and she is the only woman who has addressed this organization. When she was first made an officer of The Plainfield Trust Company, the company regarded the innovation as so serious a change that her name appeared on all stationery as A. H. Kirby, and it is only within the last few years that her full name has been used. She came to The Plainfield Trust Company as a stenographer, thirteen years ago. She was not known to the officers at that time, and, as she expresses it, "worked her way up."

Her assistant-secretary-treasurership covers her responsibilities as advertising manager, manager of the trust department, and general superintendence of the women employees.

HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT



Heppelwhite and their contemporaries were then creating what are today known as the period designs. These masterpieces have stood until this day as the highest expression of furniture art.

THERE is, then, only one way through which a phonograph can enrich the decorative art of your home. Its cabinet design must be derived from a pure period source.

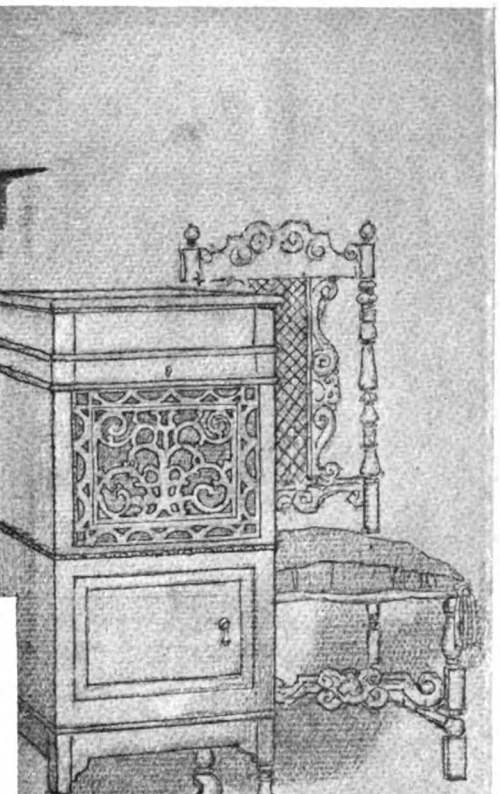
This is precisely the viewpoint from which Edison's designers created the cabinets for the New Edison. They went to the original sources of every representative period and chose its finest examples. They established seventeen different designs in all.

The entire wealth of furniture's Golden Age is yours to choose from. You can have a New Edison cabinet which expresses the dignity of England's best periods, or the elegance of France in its most luxurious days, or the esthetic beauty of Italy's inspired furniture art.

WHICHEVER cabinet you select, your choice will have the endorsement of Miss Elsie de Wolfe and Lady Randolph Churchill. In the minds of these two women, considered the greatest furniture authorities in the world, the New Edison stands supreme. Stray period motifs are easily borrowed; but Edison cabinets preserve entire the characteristics and feeling of the Old World's master designers. The workmanship embodied in these Edison cabinets is a monument to the beautiful craftsmanship of the eighteenth century.

The New Edison gives all that is in music and all that is in furniture art. May we send you, with our compliments, our interesting book on music and furniture?

THOMAS A. EDISON, INCORPORATED, ORANGE, N. J.



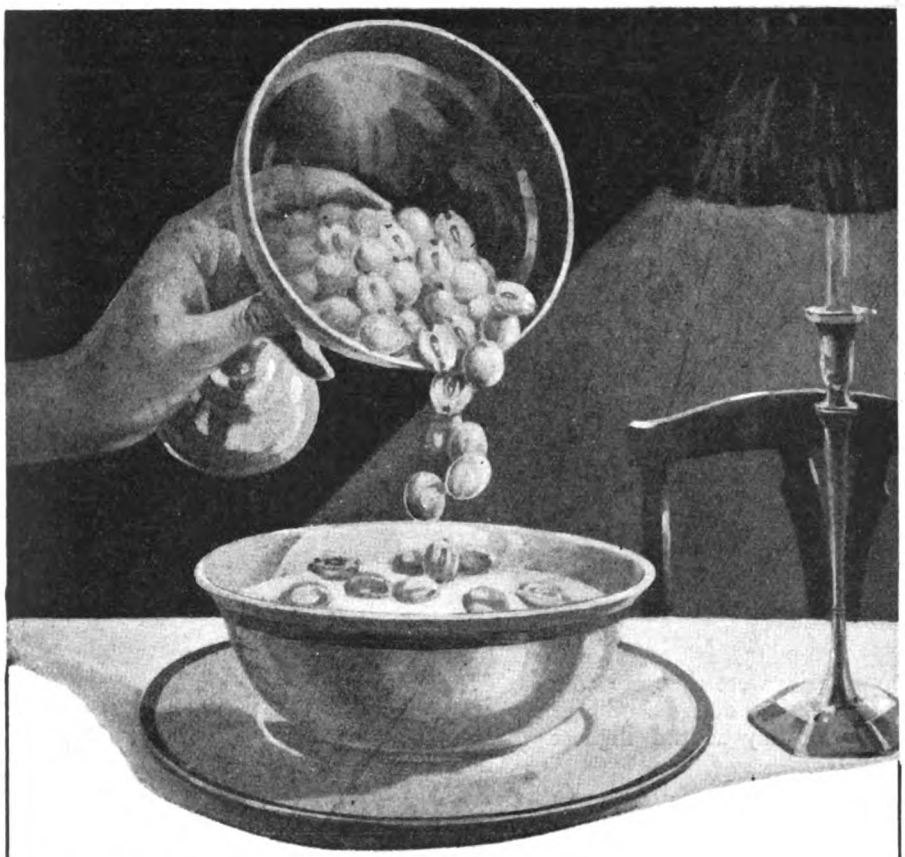
WILLIAM and MARY
(1689—1702)
This case is charmingly expressive of the taste and delicacy which distinguished English furniture in the days of William and Mary.

CAROLINA LAZZARI
prima donna contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company
From a photograph which showed her in the act of comparing her voice with its RE-CREATION by the New Edison. Lazzari sang. Suddenly she ceased to sing—and the New Edison took up the same song alone. The human ear could detect no difference.

MISS ELSIE de WOLFE
America's foremost designer of household interiors
"From the characteristically diminutive and graceful Heppelwhite to the costly replicas of historic pieces, the superior furniture value of Edison cabinets can scarcely fail to impress the lover of good furniture."

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"



Bubble Grains At Bedtime

Foods Easy to Digest

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not for breakfasts only. Serve them for luncheons and suppers. Float in every bowl of milk.

These are bubble grains, airy, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times the normal size. No other dainty in existence makes the milk dish so enticing.

Every Food Cell Blasted

Consider Puffed Wheat. Here is whole wheat made delightful, both in texture and in taste.

Under Prof. Anderson's process, every food cell is exploded. Digestion is made easy and complete.

It supplies whole-wheat nutrition. It does not tax the stomach. It makes milk inviting, and every child should drink a pint a day.

Serve as a breakfast dainty. Mix with your fruits. But don't forget that Puffed Grains also form the ideal bedtime dish.

Puffed Grains are the greatest of grain foods and the most enticing. Serve all three kinds. Let children revel in them.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn Puffs
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

A New Pancake Delight

Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes fluffy pancakes with a nut-like taste—the finest pancakes ever served. The flour is self-raising. Simply add milk or water. Ask your grocer for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour and you'll have a new delight.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

3275

The Seven Baker Brothers—Bakers of Pittsburgh

(*Continued from page 27*)

'you can be sure we are not going to fail.'

"'But you have no security,' he protested.

"'But you know us,' I replied. 'You know all of us boys. Look how we work.'

"'Well,' he said; 'we've a meeting tomorrow and I'll take it up.' Lou and I didn't sleep that night, but the next day we called him up.

"'You get it,' he said.

"So we had a factory, with a hoodoo on it to work off and a debt of thirty thousand to pay. We had to start on something, so we started on a bread campaign. In a short time our business went forward so fast that we became short of working capital. We brothers held a meeting and decided to incorporate for $100,000, retaining common stock for ourselves and selling preferred to our friends and customers. In a short time we had sold it all ourselves without a cent of commission to pay. We made the stock pay seven per cent annually, and we have paid every dividend. When we were selling, Lou went to a prominent business man in town and offered him some stock.

"'Where is the prospectus?' asked the man.

"'I'm the prospectus,' said Lou. He sold the stock. Since then the capitalization has been increased to $200,000, and this year will be increased to half a million. So much for buying a place with a hoodoo. Men may be hoodooed, but there is no such thing about places."

In passing, it may be well to remark that one of the widest and biggest boulevards in Pittsburgh now runs right past the factory of Seven Baker Brothers and they own the land on both sides of it.

THE bread campaign put three wagons on the job and started the new factory. When the Seven Baker Brothers decided that the people were tired of hearing of bread, they began a cake campaign. They had always baked cakes, but now they tried new kinds, and more expensive kinds. They evolved fifty-three different kinds of cake, which they baked, and which they still bake and sell. Then they started on cookies and small cakes. They have half a hundred kinds of these.

In the fall of 1918 Lou Baker decided they needed a new idea. Michael and he thought it over for some time, and finally it was decided to try a pie, a pie undreamed of by anyone, a pie whose lusciousness and flavor were beyond any pie that ever had been made. Lou Baker had a mincemeat recipe that his mother had left him, and with care he believed it would make a pie such as no baker had ever sold. The crust would be entirely butter shortening.

"We'll ask a dollar for it," he said.

The brothers thought he was crazy, except Michael. They had no idea anyone would pay a dollar for a pie. Michael got up some advertising, and Lou sent out his salesmen to take orders for a dollar pie

Remember *Little Bobbie*, a small cigar, but very high in quality—8c; 2 for 15c
Box of 50—$3.50

The Verdict - Mild Havana

THE present trend is, obviously, toward cigars of the milder type having *full Havana* fillers, like Robt. Burns. In this connection the rapidly increasing popularity of Robt. Burns is worth a moment's thought.

In achieving mildness, coupled with Havana fragrance, Robt. Burns has steadily upheld the Havana tradition which no true smoker would dispense with willingly.

The natural vigor of his *full Havana filler* is tempered to just the right degree of fragrant mildness.

All hand workmanship goes into Robt. Burns. His leaf is rolled by men who understand how good cigars are made.

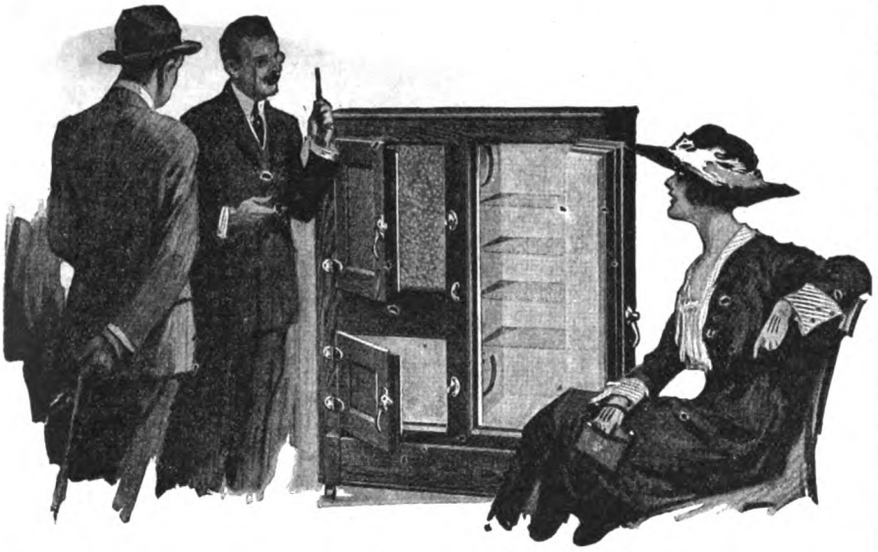
Experienced dealers know the futility of offering "just-as-good" for Robt. Burns. But let your own smoke palate be the judge. Mild Robt. Burns is bound to back up good words with good deeds.

General Cigar Co., Inc.
119 West 40th Street, New York City

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY?*

Robt. Burns Cigar

BOBT. BURNS
Longfellow
(Foil-wrapped)
15c
Box of 25—$3.50



An Investment that Pays 100 per cent *in* Refrigerator Satisfaction

IF you buy the right kind of refrigerator, you will buy only one in a lifetime and it will be a joy always. If you buy the wrong kind you will soon begin to discover the many troubles a refrigerator is heir to. So don't be in a hurry. Buy carefully.

LEONARD Cleanable Refrigerator

The Leonard is the result of 37 years of refrigerator building. In appearance it is handsome. In construction, honest and sturdy. 10 walls of insulation keep the warm air out and the cold air in.

It operates on a natural principle, creating a gentle current of dry, cold air that circulates continuously through its compartments. The food in this dry, frigid air retains all its sweetness and purity. This kind of refrigeration means food economy.

The lining which extends clear to the edge of the door-frame is just one piece of pure-white, glossy-smooth porcelain without a crack or a seam to collect grease and so thick and hard it cannot be scratched.

In the Leonard Cleanable you will find many exclusive patented features. The front corners inside the door are rounded, making this the most cleanable refrigerator in the world. Running down inside the drain pipe is a wire that prevents the pipe from sweating and making the bottom damp. Back and under the lining of the ice chamber is an arrangement that prevents leaking. These things mean satisfaction and long life.

There is a style and size Leonard to meet every purse. Rear icing door and porcelain lined water cooler if desired.

Look up the Leonard dealer in your town and inspect the Leonard Cleanable. If you fail to find him, don't be satisfied with one of the "Just as good" kinds. Write us for illustrated catalogue and Mr. Leonard's booklet on the selection and care of refrigerators. We will see that you are supplied.

GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR COMPANY
Dept. 5-C, Grand Rapids, Michigan

for Christmas. They came back one by one and oozed into the office. Not one of them had a single order.

"The grocers are scared," they protested. "It can't be done." Lou Baker got mad.

"Can't, eh?" he said. "I tell you you're all asleep. Look here." He pulled out the telephone and called up a friend.

"Ever heard of a dollar pie?" he asked.

"No," replied the friend promptly.

"Well," said Lou, "how'd you like to taste one? How'd you like to eat a pie that cost as much as a dollar?"

"I'd like it," replied his friend promptly; "must be some pie to cost a dollar. If you've got one, send me one; no, send me twelve. I'll give them to the office force for Christmas presents."

Lou marked the order and called up another number. He stuck to the telephone all day. Business, other business, waited. Lou Baker was justifying himself to himself on dollar pies. He sold five hundred the first day. Then he called in his salesmen.

"Now," he ordered, "look here. You thought no one would pay a dollar for a pie. They will pay a dollar for anything that's worth a dollar. That pie is worth it. It weighs three pounds; its crust is made with all butter, and I personally inspected every piece of meat and everything else that went into it. Get out and sell pies."

THEY got out and they sold four thousand. All Pittsburgh heard of the dollar pie, and not only Pittsburgh. The Seven Baker Brothers went on the map from coast to coast as bakers who were not afraid, as bakers who knew the public wasn't composed of pikers, but of people for whom nothing could cost too much, provided it was worth the price. The dollar pies made the Seven Baker Brothers famous.

The dollar pie marked a record-breaking Christmas. All the day before, the Baker Brothers delivered pies. The hired drivers went home to their families, but the Baker Brothers still drove wagons and delivered pies. At eleven o'clock Christmas Eve, the married Baker Brothers went home, but the single ones kept on delivering pies.

"I was on the wagon until 2 A. M. hunting up people we couldn't seem to find," said Frank Baker. "And then Will and I had two pies left, and we couldn't find the place, and we were near dead, and all the people had stopped trimming trees and had gone to bed. We never disappoint a customer; but we took those two pies back to the factory and Lou got them out the next morning and sent them special delivery.

It was the dollar pie which was mainly responsible for the Baker Brothers reëntering retail trade. People couldn't forget those pies. They bragged about them when visitors from other towns came, and then the Baker Brothers' telephone rang and another order was given for two dollar-pies, one for the visitors' treat and one to take out of town. They hired a building for a pie plant, and still the orders came. It was evident a new factory would have to go up, but meanwhile the people were demanding:

"Can't we get those pies in town?"

Some of the Seven Baker Brothers were not at all anxious to return to the retail

IT is easy to see why our belief that the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world, is so widely shared by others.

For example, *The Comfort Car* is held at a consistently *higher* cash value, in any used-car market.

The fact is that these valuations are basically *sound.*

They go right back to long life, noteworthy economy, satisfactory service, and conspicuous performance—the sound and substantial foundation stones on which the good name of the Hupmobile has been built.

16 inch, 2 light lamp
antique gold finish
amber glass shade

MILLER
Library Lamp

MILLER Lamps combine artistic design, sound construction and moderate price. They make their appeal to those who appreciate utility when expressed in terms of beauty.

The Library Lamp here illustrated has a purity of line and a refinement of detail which makes it suitable for any living room which is furnished in good taste.

The price is very moderate, which is made possible by the co-operative buying of the companies below listed. They will be glad to show you this lamp or to answer inquiries by mail.

For Sale by

Brooklyn Edison Co.....Brooklyn, N. Y.
Chattanooga Railway & Light Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Commonwealth Edison Co.....Chicago, Ill.
Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power Co.
Baltimore, Md.
Dallas Power and Light Co.....Dallas, Tex.
Subsidiaries of Henry L. Doherty & Co.
In various cities
Eastern Shore Gas & Electric Co.....In various cities
Edison Electric Illuminating Co. of Boston.
Boston, Mass.
The Electric Shop.....Providence, R. I.
The Hartford Electric Light Co.....Hartford, Conn.
Indianapolis Light & Heat Co.....Indianapolis, Ind.
Kansas City Light and Power Co.
Kansas City, Mo.
Kansas Gas and Electric Co.....Wichita, Kan.
Little Rock Railway & Electric Co.
Little Rock, Ark.
Minneapolis General Electric Co.....Minneapolis, Minn.
Nashville Railway & Light Co.....Nashville, Tenn.
Nebraska Power Co.....Omaha, Nebr.
Penn Central Light & Power Co.....In various cities
Philadelphia Electric Co.....Philadelphia, Pa.
Portland Light & Power Co.....Portland, Ore.
Potomac Electric Power Co.....Washington, D. C.
Public Service Electric Co.
In various cities in New Jersey
Public Service Co.
In various cities in northern Illinois
Sioux City Gas and Electric Co.....Sioux City, Iowa
Utah Power and Light Co.....Salt Lake City, Utah
Union Electric Light & Power Co.....St. Louis, Mo.
United Electric Light and Power Co...New York City

and Electric Light Companies in other cities in the United States

CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS
Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Edward Miller & Company
Established 1844
Meriden, Connecticut

trade. But some of them were ready. As three of them expressed it to me:

"We could see that we would have to open at least one store of our own, a retail store in the heart of the city where the people could buy our goods fresh from the ovens."

I HAVE heard that the Baker Brothers' is the cleanest, whitest store in Pittsburgh. In any event, it is a clean, white store.

"There wasn't a decent, clean bake store in Pittsburgh when I first came here," confided one gray-haired man to me as I stood beside the counter; "my wife used to bake all our stuff. She has forty-two recipes. She used to bake cakes for Christmas presents. But we buy here because, the price of things being so high, it's cheaper. And these boys have made good and their stuff is good, no doubt about it."

The Baker Brothers insisted upon my seeing their vouchers.

Pure butter at sixty-two and seventy cents (for sweet) was going into their cakes and pies.

"Never," every one of them assured me, "have we let down on quality. We have a slogan now: 'Seven minds with but a single thought—Quality.' It's the truth. You can't stay in business unless you get repeat orders, and the two things that will bring them are service and quality. We use nothing but the best, no matter what it costs, and we never cut prices on anything."

"I'll never forget my first big order," said Mr. Frank Baker. "It was from a pickle and preserving plant here, and they needed bread for making a product. They asked for samples and bids. When I got in, the president of the firm was just going out the door, and my bread and the other fellows' breads were all there, and someone had evidently picked them apart and analyzed them."

"Mr. Baker," said the purchasing manager, "we like your bread. But you are asking a whole cent a pound more than anyone else. How about a come-down in price?"

I shook my head.

"But our bread is pure," I insisted. "And you can't make good, pure bread and sell it any cheaper than that." I thought that was all, but he grinned:

"'Well,' he said, 'you get the order for forty-five thousand pounds.' I thought he said four to five thousand, and it was some minutes before I woke up to the fact that if we filled that order we would have to hustle. Since then we have supplied this company many times; and judged on chemical analysis we have succeeded in getting permanent orders from the Government Health Hospital, the Tubercular Hospital, and the Allegheny General Hospital."

"And then service." It was Lou Baker who talked to me on service. "I just sent eight loaves of bread to a grocer the other side of town," he said. "He had eight ordered and our man who was to take them was sick. I sent them up in one of the touring cars belonging to one of the boys. Of course it didn't pay, but equally of course that grocer isn't going to ask me to do that once in five years. The point is that those eight women who ordered those eight loaves of bread are going to hold us responsible if we don't get them there.

Big Business a National Necessity

For an industry to have attained size is proof, in the eyes of the economist, that it must have served the public well. But to the muck-raker it implies monopoly and extortion, and provides grounds for the wildest of charges and attacks.

IT is time for the public to recognize the real facts about big business—to know that its function is an essential without which the commerce of a country so vast spread as America would today be impossible. This is especially true of the packing business, for no other industrial undertaking is so closely allied to the comfort and security of the nation.

Armour and Company have grown in response to the demands of a national need. Today five-sixths of the marketable livestock of the country is raised west of the Mississippi River, while the large consuming centers lie at the other side of the continent. To link the one with the other required an organization doing business on a national scale.

There must be volume in order for Armour and Company to successfully manufacture by-products from the part the small butcher throws away. There must be volume also to justify Armour's building and operating refrigerator cars in number to keep meats and other foods flowing in a steady stream to consumers. There had to be the expectancy of a nation-wide market for Armour and Company to invest year after year in the past 90% of their earnings in plants and equipment.

It is obvious that size and efficiency are both the cause and effect of the service Armour renders. Without size it would be impossible to supply millions daily with their fresh and cured meats. Nor would it be possible to create outlets for the livestock producer in sufficient numbers to encourage him in continuing to raise livestock.

Certainty of meat supply is all important. We may do without many of the luxuries that modern civilization regards as necessities, but we cannot do without *food*. The present system of handling America's meat supply is the result of fifty years of accumulated experience, of growth keeping pace with population increase and livestock increase. And such a business cannot be adjusted backward.

To destroy its finely adjusted organization would be to turn back the hands of the clock of progress —to the injury of producer and consumer alike.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

"Save the surface and you save all"—Paint & Varnish

The Satisfying Pleasure of Keeping Perfect Floors

There's real satisfaction in lustrous, brilliant, well-groomed floors and woodwork.

Better still, there's the happy relief that comes to the housewife when she knows that everything is "fit" and "shipshape" for the unexpected visitor.

It's very easy to make the floors, furniture and woodwork of your home look new and **stay so** with

Kyanize
KY-AN-IZE
VARNISHES and ENAMELS

For all interior woodwork, furniture and floors use **Kyanize Floor Finish.** Because of its great durability—it is made especially to endure the rough abuse to which floors are subjected—it is the ideal varnish for all woodwork and furniture. Eight beautiful and permanent colors, from Light Oak to Dark Mahogany await your choice. Clear varnish also, if you want it, and all are waterproof.

Go to your *Kyanize* Dealer today. You'll see Winthrop Wise in his window and find satisfaction at his store.

Clear and Eight Colors. Ready to Use No Mixing

BOSTON VARNISH COMPANY
610 Everett Station, Boston, Mass.

Write For FREE Booklet
We'll gladly send "The Inviting Home," a real helpful book, illustrated in colors, if you will simply request it on a postal.

Kyanize
KY-A-NIZE
for FLOORS-FURNITURE-WOODWORK

We have to keep straight with the housewife. She is our great buyer; she is the great buyer for all the world. And we study her wants and her likes every time we can.

"Most Americans want white bread baked in pans. Despite all the talk of brown bread for health, white bread is the big leader. People of foreign birth and of foreign parentage want mainly the crusty loaves baked on the brick floors of the ovens, known as French or Vienna bread. Americans will eat this bread, but they buy three or even five of the other kind to one of this. Brown breads and whole-wheat breads will never make an ordinary baker rich. He sells little of them by contrast.

"When it comes to rolls, Americans and foreigners join. They all buy more of the hard crusty French rolls than of any other kind.

"In pies, at the factory the apple pie is the standard, the best yearly seller, the best all-round pie any baker puts out. Winter or summer, more people eat apple pie than any other kind. But down at the store the favorite pie is cream custard, and the apple falls to second place. Next to apple more people eat lemon and lemon meringue than any other kind. Then come peach, raisin, pineapple, and the berry pies in season. Cherry pies are not at all popular. Cherries, in the East at least, cost so much that a cherry pie is expensive, and a housewife looking over a row of pies and finding she can get almost any kind for ten or fifteen cents cheaper than cherry lets the cherry stay and buys another pie.

"Cocoanut and chocolate cakes in layers are the standard cakes of bakers the country over. They sell almost in the same quantities. But in our down-town store we find Lady Baltimore cake running ahead, and next a fancy cake known as strawberry cream pound layer, then devil cake with cream or mocha icing, then cream maple nut cake, and the old-fashioned chocolate cocoanut come in about there. Still, in our whole business chocolate and cocoanut layers are the leaders.

"In small cakes there is a white mountain with frosting that leads.

"NEXT to quality and service, our advertising has helped to make us. Back in our early days when Mike and I had time to turn about and think, Mike said to me:

"'Say, Lou, let's get a man and give him a bucket of black and white paint and have him paint our name on all the boards about he can find.' So we sent out a man with the bucket of black and white. There was no law against such things in those days and we found good results from those buckets.

"We had very little advertising advice from outside, Michael does it all and he studies 'ads' all the time. We built our advertising on our personality. We believe in keeping in personal touch with our customers, always remembering that our success in the last analysis depends on the housewife who buys the bread. We have a lot of sentiment mixed up with it. A woman came in here not long ago and told us how her brother, just before his death, enjoyed one of our dollar pies. Some joker may find a laugh in this, but it has another side. Dad built wonderful wed-

ding cakes, and we are building wedding cakes for the children of those people. They come in and tell us what Dad's cake was like, and they want their children to have one—up-to-date but just as good. That is the kind of trade that makes a business, *the kind that remembers your name through a generation.*

"When I was a boy, even when I was seventeen and took over this business, I didn't think I would stick. But I looked into the matter. For a long time I asked every girl I met whether she could bake, and whether her mother could bake. I have those results yet. Out of forty-seven mothers, forty-one could bake; out of the forty-seven daughters—I asked the girls—only twenty-three could bake! Then I knew I was in a good business. For in addition to the natural growth of population and anything I could build up on merit I had a market increase of over fifty per cent to meet—for I verified these figures. The day of the home baker is over, and the day of the public baker is here. The boys see it now, and they have stopped kicking about the baking business.

"People won't buy what isn't first class. The dollar pie taught us that, and we're not half through with that dollar business. We have a dollar counter in the new store where you pay your dollar even and get your dollar's worth in pies, cakes, assorted fancy rolls or French pastries. The public isn't half as much afraid of paying for things as people seem to think—only they want value for their money.

"We like people to keep busy. You might think that they have to eat whether they are busy or not. But strikes are bad for our business. The moment we have a strike on we sell less bread. This isn't only economy, but when men accustomed to heavy work hang around they don't eat half as much, and we suffer."

THEN Michael went on to tell about the early days. "Why, when we bought our first mixing machine," he said, "we kind of thought we ought to consult Dad. We had bought the business and were running it, but when we had run it for six weeks we knew we needed machinery."

"'Why, you're crazy,' said Dad. 'I've mixed dough by hand for thirty years.' Of course he had, but of course we had the business. He warned us we'd go bankrupt, but we bought the mixer. In eight months we owned it, and we've bought machinery, all we could buy, ever since. There is practically no hand work in the factory now. From mixing to wrapping the work is done by machine. The only hand work is the putting the bread into the oven, or lifting the dough from one machine to another."

Any one of the Baker Brothers will tell any young man how to do it, how to succeed:

Make the best product you know how out of the best materials obtainable.

Then advertise it everywhere.

Don't be afraid of it, charge every cent it is worth. Believe in it.

But play straight. Play aboveboard. Don't ever do anything crooked.

Give service, first, last and always.

Look ahead as far as you can see.

Ask for all the advice you can, from anybody you can, and take all you can.

Treat your employees the way you would want to be treated in their place.

AND WORK.

HEINZ

Spaghetti

Ready cooked ready to serve

Heinz Spaghetti is a delicious dish. That is the testimony of thousands of women who have found it so acceptable and satisfying to the whole family that they are serving it more and more frequently.

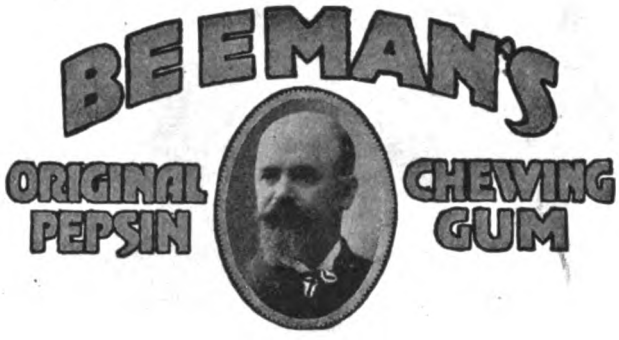
It is an exceptionally good change from too much meat. It is nutritious and economical. We make our own dry Spaghetti and prepare and cook it from the recipe of a famous Italian Chef.

It is cooked with the well known Heinz tomato sauce and selected cheese. And all you have to do is to heat it and serve.

***Some of the* 57**

Vinegars
Baked Beans
Cream Soups
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

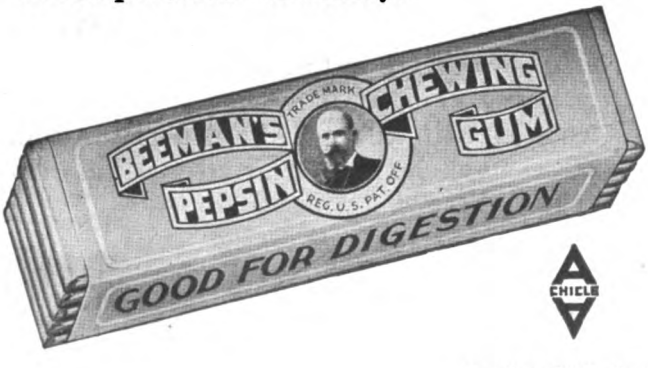


100% Efficiency

Many a business firm suffers from the digestive disturbances of some of its officials or workers.

100% efficiency and indigestion are incompatible. Nervous depression, diminished optimism and worry pursue the dyspeptic.

If the dyspeptic will eat more regularly, masticate properly and chew a stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum for ten minutes after each meal, he will soon note a decided improvement in his digestion, and usually a valuable gain in his personal efficiency.



CHICLE

American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

There are already employees in the Baker Brothers plant who have stock in the company. Lou Baker is at present working on a better plan on the profit-sharing order. If anybody has any advice on the matter, employee, customer or stranger, he wants it.

"The only trouble is we just can't move fast enough," four of them said to me.

"But you are so young," I protested. "This is only the seventh year of your factory business."

"But there are seven of us," came the ready answer. "Seven of us ought to have—"

I will not confide the dream of the Seven Baker Brothers. Enough for the reality. If any man thinks this is a drear, dead world where opportunity and natural talent is lost, obscured, and held down under fetters, let him visit the Seven Baker Brothers.

I Wish I Had Not Been a Well-Frog

(*Continued from page 67*)

check book and wrote a check for my last month's grocery bill. It made no difference to me how high his oil stock was destined to jump. I know mighty well that a well-frog that jumps 29¾ inches and slides back 29½ inches only gets ahead ¼ inch per jump, and I am not going to let any friendly advised investments slide me back any more of those 29½ inch slides. I am trying to resign my membership in the Great American Order of Backsliding Well-Frogs.

You may never have invested. You may not yet have joined the Order of Well-Frogs. You may still have the dollars you saved salted away in the old sock or the savings bank, but, sooner or later, the temptation to invest will come to you. When it does I beg of you to do one of two things:

1st. Ask your banker, or any banker, what he thinks of the proposed investment, or,

2d. Send the money to me.

If you send the money to me I will send you, by return mail, registered, one share of J. O. Whiffenpoof Company of New Your cumulative 7% preferred stock for every hundred dollars you send, and I will guarantee that it is not worth a cent. This will relieve you of all worry. You will know, immediately, that you have bought a lemon, and you will not have to wonder why the dividends do not come, because you will know from the first that you are not going to get any.

If you are going to make the kind of investment you probably will make, I might as well have your money as anyone else. I am now in a position to treat money in a kindly and hospitable manner, and I guarantee not to let it get away from me.

Perhaps you are a man earning an income of $5,000 per year and can save $1,000 per year by the most heroic efforts. Perhaps you earn more than that, or less than that, and save more or less. Whatever the amount you may be able to save

Picked By the Government Chosen By Big Business

GMC ¾ to 1 Ton Truck, Through Reliability and Endurance in War and Every-Day Commercial Use, Wins First Place as High Grade All-Purpose Truck

Since the very beginning of the motor truck industry the whole country has been looking for the all-around Truck.

Just as the ordinary, general-purpose wagon is the evolution into a standard design of many varying types, men have expected a standard all-purpose truck to some day be developed.

This long-expected product of experience in truck building and truck utility actually has arrived in the finished and proved design of Model 16, GMC ¾ to 1 Ton Truck.

Its makers, as happens in many a success, builded better than they knew. The ¾ ton GMC took hold and reached out away beyond even what its designers had set as its standard of utility.

When trouble broke out on the Mexican border it was put into strenuous ambulance service. When the United States joined the Allies in the World War the GMC ¾ Ton Model was put into active service both here and overseas with high credit.

When the War Department sought to classify the various motor trucks according to a fixed number of standard models this GMC ¾ Ton Truck was picked as it stood for class AA in place of a design developed by Government engineers.

Again the GMC ¾ Ton Model had measured up to the need — it had done more, for its great margin of safety justified Government engineers in adopting it for both the ¾ ton and 1 ton classifications.

GMC Model 16 has speed and flexibility for the greatest range of action over roads of the most extreme character. It possessed the super-strength of chassis and developed motive power that enabled it to qualify in the one ton class.

The success of Model 16 is the outcome of a very definite principle—the principle that a truck will yield in service only according to the quality in its construction.

GMC Trucks are made by the General Motors Truck Company, the exclusive truck making unit of the General Motors Corporation. Behind GMC Trucks, then, is the backing of the strongest and most important organization in the automotive industry.

What the Government Did

Adopted GMC Model 16 just as it stood; as the AA standard for all military purposes in both the ¾ ton and 1 ton classes. Its record can be told by any returned soldier.

What Big Business Is Doing

Selecting GMC Model 16 in larger and larger numbers for both ¾ ton and 1 ton requirements, in fleets and for single truck service, proving by experience the correctness of the Government's judgment.

Model 16 is only one of the GMC Family, every member of which has equally as good a record

General Motors Trucks

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO.
Pontiac, Michigan (592)

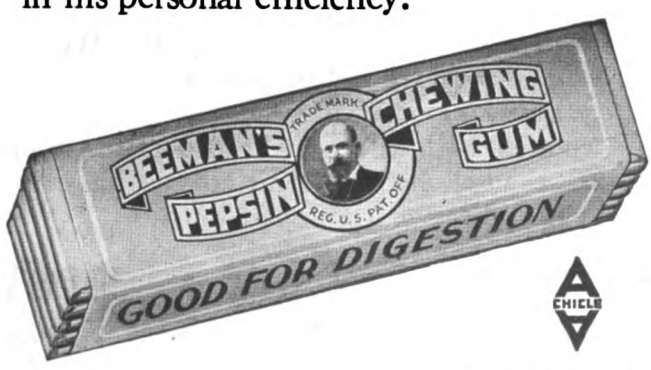
BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

100% Efficiency

Many a business firm suffers from the digestive disturbances of some of its officials or workers.

100% efficiency and indigestion are incompatible. Nervous depression, diminished optimism and worry pursue the dyspeptic.

If the dyspeptic will eat more regularly, masticate properly and chew a stick of Beeman's Pepsin Gum for ten minutes after each meal, he will soon note a decided improvement in his digestion, and usually a valuable gain in his personal efficiency.



CHICLE

American Chicle Company
New York Cleveland
Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Rochester

There are already employees in the Baker Brothers plant who have stock in the company. Lou Baker is at present working on a better plan on the profit-sharing order. If anybody has any advice on the matter, employee, customer or stranger, he wants it.

"The only trouble is we just can't move fast enough," four of them said to me.

"But you are so young," I protested. "This is only the seventh year of your factory business."

"But there are seven of us," came the ready answer. "Seven of us ought to have—"

I will not confide the dream of the Seven Baker Brothers. Enough for the reality. If any man thinks this is a drear, dead world where opportunity and natural talent is lost, obscured, and held down under fetters, let him visit the Seven Baker Brothers.

I Wish I Had Not Been a Well-Frog

(Continued from page 67)

check book and wrote a check for my last month's grocery bill. It made no difference to me how high his oil stock was destined to jump. I know mighty well that a well-frog that jumps 29¾ inches and slides back 29½ inches only gets ahead ¼ inch per jump, and I am not going to let any friendly advised investments slide me back any more of those 29½ inch slides. I am trying to resign my membership in the Great American Order of Backsliding Well-Frogs.

You may never have invested. You may not yet have joined the Order of Well-Frogs. You may still have the dollars you saved salted away in the old sock or the savings bank, but, sooner or later, the temptation to invest will come to you. When it does I beg of you to do one of two things:

1st. Ask your banker, or any banker, what he thinks of the proposed investment, or,

2d. Send the money to me.

If you send the money to me I will send you, by return mail, registered, one share of J. O. Whiffenpoof Company of New Your cumulative 7% preferred stock for every hundred dollars you send, and I will guarantee that it is not worth a cent. This will relieve you of all worry. You will know, immediately, that you have bought a lemon, and you will not have to wonder why the dividends do not come, because you will know from the first that you are not going to get any.

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General Motors Trucks

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO.
Pontiac, Michigan (592)

IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

★ *Reproduction of an actual newspaper clipping, but with names omitted.*

This could not happen with an IVER JOHNSON

A JOLT—an accidental discharge—and a fatal injury.

Such accidents are impossible with the Iver Johnson. It simply can't go off by accident. And yet its safety is automatic—no buttons—no levers—nothing to adjust—nothing to remember to do to make it safe. Drop it, kick it, thump it, "Hammer the Hammer"—it can't go off accidentally.

Just one way to fire an Iver Johnson—pull the trigger all the way back. At that point only the revolver responds with lightning quickness.

Drawn tempered piano-wire springs make the Iver Johnson always ready for use. And the perfect rifled barrel speeds the bullet straight as a streak of light just where you aim.

Choice of three grips: Regular, Perfect Rubber, Western Walnut.

Three Booklets—One or All Free on Request

"A"—Arms; "B"—Bicycles; "C"—Motorcycles

If your dealer hasn't in stock the particular model you want, send us his name and address. We will supply you through him.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
130 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers St., New York 717 Market St., San Francisco

HAMMER THE HAMMER

Iver Johnson Single and Double Barrel Shotguns combine accuracy and dependability.

Iver Johnson "Superior" Roadster Bicycle. $55. Other models $37.50 to $65.
[No extra charge for Coaster Brake]

for investment, take a hunch from my experience, and before you "invest" go to your banker, or any banker, and ask him this question regarding the stock or bond you propose to buy: "How much will your bank lend me on it?"

At present most banks will lend 90 per cent of the listed value of Liberty bonds and 80 per cent of the listed value of other stocks and bonds. There are thousands upon thousands of these. You will know what to think of the proposed investment, then, if the banker says, "My dear man, this bank will not lend you a red cent on the insecurities you propose to buy," and the chances are ten to one that that is just what he will say.

I AM not grouching about those who rush in and buy wildcat stocks of the sort that are printed by the million reams for no other purpose than to be sold to suckers. The man who buys that trash is not a well-frog, he is a plain and unadulterated jackass. I am trying to lay open a leaf from my own experience as a buyer of stocks recommended by good friends of mine, and sold to me by good friends of mine, and in which those friends hopefully and freely invested their own money—or said they did.

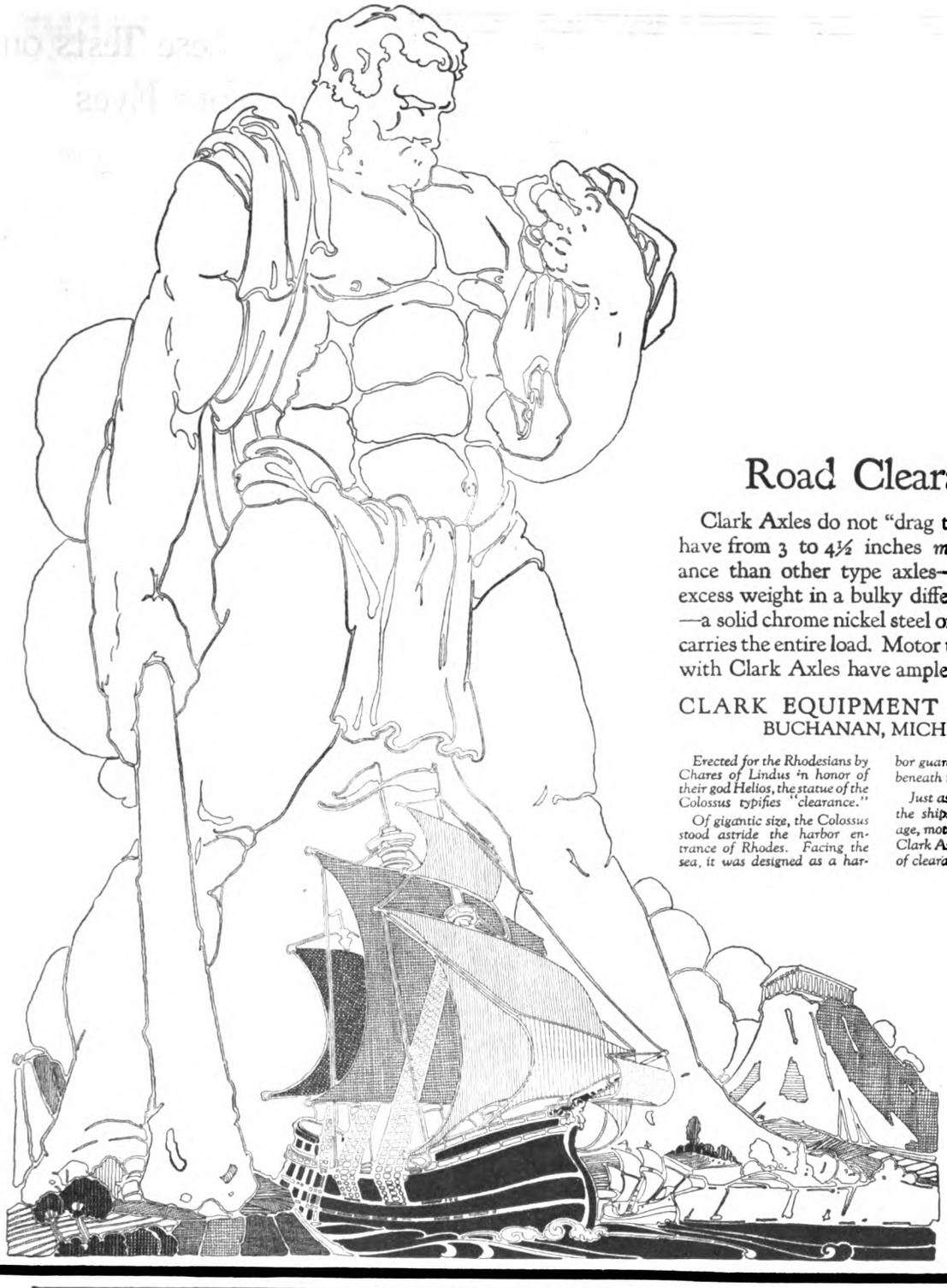
A well-frog is not a jackass, but sometimes I think that if you pinned a pair of ears on it it would look mightily like one. I wrote a story once that was published as a book and had a wonderfully large sale, and the royalty I got was just five cents per copy. About that time I went to a Yale-Princeton football game with my wife and, when the game was over, all the vast multitude of spectators rushed down from the seats and filled the football field as they hurried for the gates. There were thirty thousand of them! I had just received the first statement from my publisher, and I turned to my wife and said, with awe: "Just think! My book has sold thirty thousand copies already! There would be one copy for every man, woman and child in all this mighty crowd! Isn't it wonderful?"

She said it was.

I think, now, that it is a whole sight more wonderful that eighty thousand copies of that book had to be sold to give me the four thousand dollars that two good friends took from me and turned into worthless paper. I think it is a whole sight more wonderful that all over the United States to-day thousands of men are cheerfully giving up thousands of hard-earned dollars—each good for approximately half a bushel of sound wheat—for just such stocks that, in a year or so, will be just as worthless as mine are.

I wonder if you have bought your lemons yet, or if you will buy them to-morrow?

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER has packed an unusual amount of humor and sound philosophy in his article, "How's Your Climate," which appears next month. This is not an article on meteorology—and the latitudes and longitudes it mainly discusses are those that lie within the mind and heart of every human being.



Road Clearance

Clark Axles do not "drag their feet," they have from 3 to 4½ inches *more* road clearance than other type axles—they carry no excess weight in a bulky differential housing—a solid chrome nickel steel one-piece forging carries the entire load. Motor trucks equipped with Clark Axles have ample road clearance.

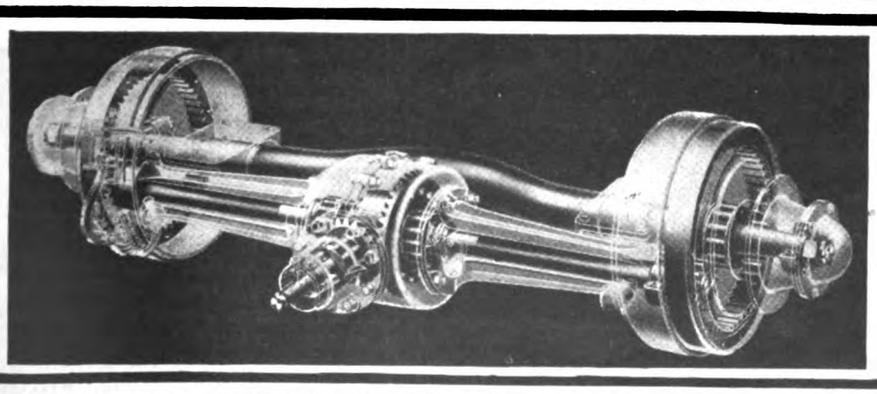
CLARK EQUIPMENT COMPANY
BUCHANAN, MICHIGAN

Erected for the Rhodesians by Chares of Lindus in honor of their god Helios, the statue of the Colossus typifies "clearance."

Of gigantic size, the Colossus stood astride the harbor entrance of Rhodes. Facing the sea, it was designed as a harbor guard. All shipping passed beneath it.

Just as the Colossus cleared the ships of that long passed age, motor trucks equipped with Clark Axles have a safe margin of clearance on all roads.

James Cady Ewell



Exhibiting at
Boston Motor Truck Show
March 13 to 20, 1920

CLARK
Rear Axles-Steel Wheels-Locking Differentials For Motor Trucks
EQUIPMENT

Clark Steel Disc Wheels make good motor trucks better—for solid or pneumatic tires

CLARK INTERNAL GEAR DRIVE MOTOR TRUCK AXLES

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

In Rock of Ages Granite

EVEN a casual glance at the accompanying illustration impresses one with the dignity, grace and appropriateness of this memorial. The delicately portrayed figure and bronze cinerary urn add to its uniqueness.

The sculptor could not have expressed himself so adequately had he not intended the reproduction to be in the fine texture and light gray color of ROCK OF AGES GRANITE, which adds permanent beauty to any memorial, public or private.

To assist you in consulting your local dealer in memorials, send for the booklet telling the story of ROCK OF AGES GRANITE.

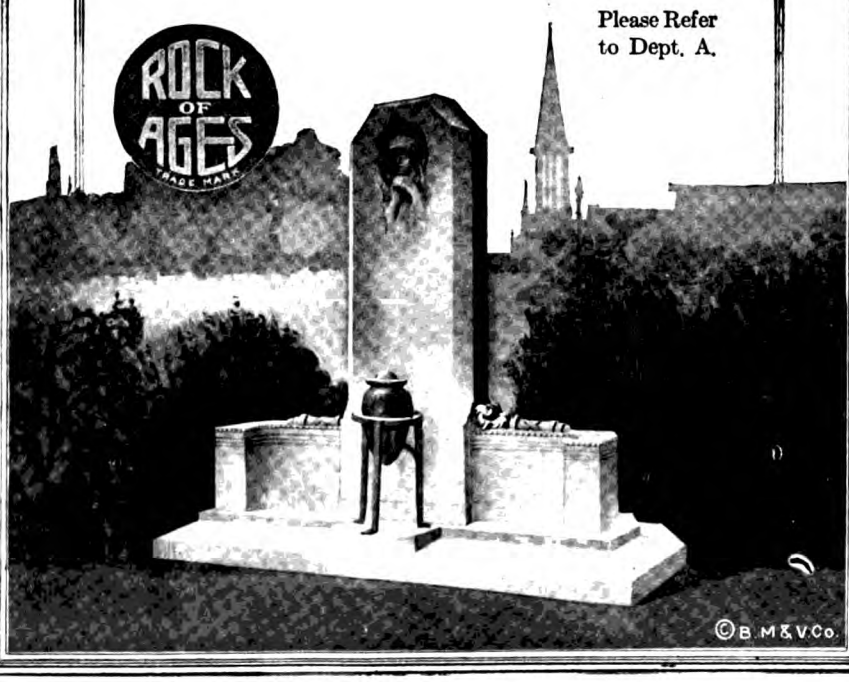
BOUTWELL, MILNE & VARNUM CO.
Montpelier, Vermont

Quarriers of

ROCK OF AGES GRANITE

The Distinctive Granite, Quarried at Barre, Vermont

Please Refer to Dept. A.



Try These Tests on Your Eyes

(*Continued from page 40*)

colored sheets. In spite of the fact that you *know* all the gray strips to be of exactly the same shade, no two of them will seem to be alike.

The reason is that when you look at the red sheet, for instance, the dominating idea in your "mind's eye" is of red; and the shock of not finding red when you look at the gray strip, causes a rebound of sensation. Because you expected red, the gray looks even less red than it is. It goes to the opposite extreme and seems slightly greenish, green being the complementary color of red. The gray strip on the green sheet looks slightly red; and so on, each one taking the opposite contrasting color of the sheet on which it is laid.

I RECENTLY came across a very peculiar case of a confirmed "eye habit." The man was a jeweler in Maiden Lane, New York, who has for years worked on fine watches. The result of this long concentration upon a narrow and close field of vision is that his eyes have become unable to see clearly anything beyond that range. If he drops a piece of paper on the floor, he cannot see it. The only way he can find it is to get down on his knees, put his face close to the floor and search for it. The muscles which contract and expand the pupil have kept on the job so long and so steadily that they have lost the power of adjustment, except for near vision.

If your work requires constant and close use of your eyes, you should rest the muscles occasionally by looking off to something at a distance. Get up and look out of the window a few minutes.

Sometimes when you have been reading steadily for a long time, your vision is blurred when you look up. That is because certain muscles of your eyes have been held rigid for so long that it is hard for them to "let go." It is just as when you grasp something tightly in your hand for a long time, and then try to release those muscles and open your hand. It isn't easy.

You probably say that your hand is cramped. Well, the muscles of your eyes become "cramped" if you keep them on one job too long at a time.

The eye is a marvelous mechanism in itself. And it has more curious little habits and ways than we realize. It will pay you to study it, to find out what it likes to do, how it is gratified, how it is irritated, how it is deceived.

"JUST What Has Been Done to Communicate With the Dead" is the title of an interview next month with Dr. James H. Hyslop, secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research. In this article, written by Mary B. Mullett, Dr. Hyslop explains, among other things, what scientific investigators regard as real evidence of communications with the dead.

"Which Woman, John?"

(*Continued from page 59*)

on Grace, and he's always taking her places. He gave her a wrist watch just the other day, and he's taking her to the theatre to-night. All you care about is your old work, and you never give me things." Her voice rose wildly as she aired her wrongs, and the man at the next table glanced over.

Chandler put out a restraining hand.

"Please don't talk so loud," he cautioned her.

Madeline glared at him. "So you don't like the way I talk, either. Well, I'll just tell you, I won't let any man talk to me as you have." She drew the diamond ring from her finger and pushed it across the table to him. He sat and looked at it blankly.

"Why, Madeline! I didn't mean anything. If I've said anything—"

"Said anything! Said anything! Oh, no, you've not said a word. I'm just thankful I found out how hateful and horrid and cranky you are before I married you." She dabbed at her eyes with an absurd bit of lace and linen.

Chandler leaned across the table. "Madeline," he said, "let's not quarrel. I hate to see you cry."

She threw back her head and flashed an angry look across at him.

"If you think I'm crying about losing you, you can do some thinking yourself. It's just that I had a chance to go on a perfectly grand boat-ride with a friend of Billy Norton's, and I turned it down."

Chandler looked at her a second in wonder; then he picked up the ring, and, standing, motioned to the waiter for his check. He led Madeline out of the restaurant.

"If you'll find me a taxi, I'll go home," she declared. "I've had enough for one night."

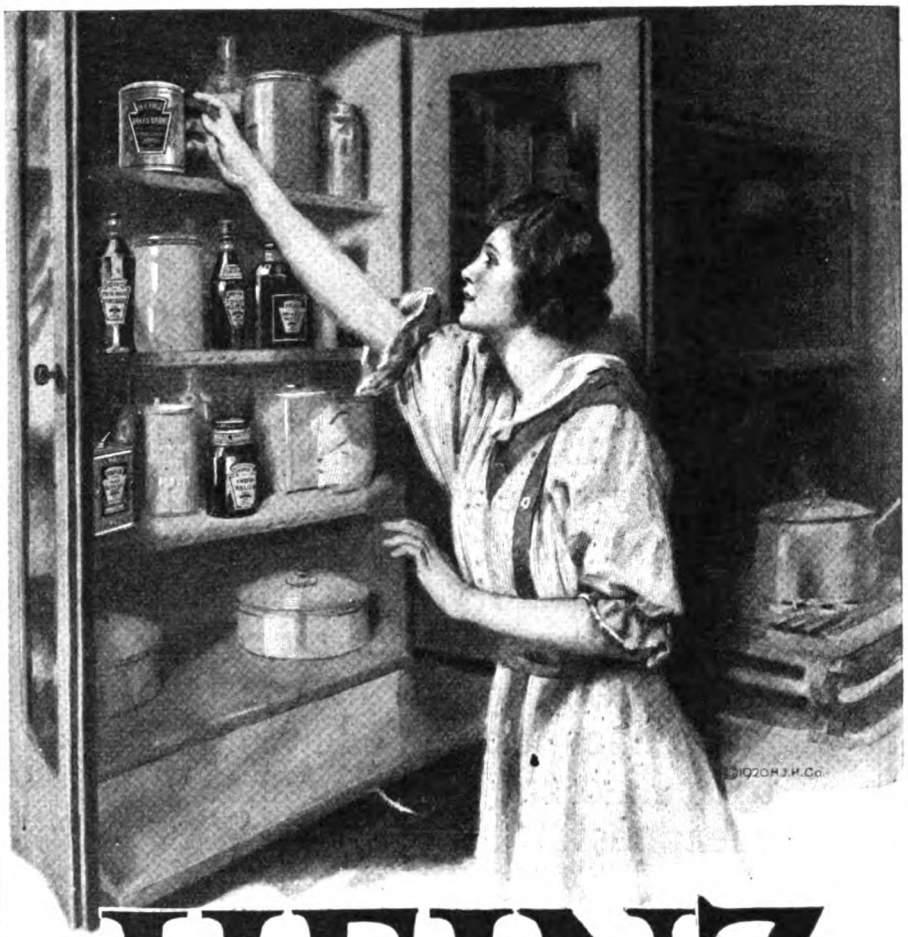
He found a car, and they rode to her home in silence. At the curb he dismissed the taxi and took her to the door.

"Is what you said to-night final?" he asked.

She looked down at him from the top of the steps. "It certainly is. And if I'd known how poor you were I wouldn't ever have been engaged to you at all. Final! I should say it is!"

CHANDLER walked the two miles back to town. The fresh winter air invigorated him, tearing away the cobwebs that were tangled in his brain. Final—yes, it was—and he tried to keep down a certain feeling of relief. Poor little Madeline! She had a lot to learn. And now he could really work. He planned new office hours. He could work evenings without being scolded the next day. No more parties; no more shows; no more late suppers. He was done with girls; but he added a modifier to that sweeping statement—until he found one with sense.

Half unconsciously his steps took him back to the office. He inserted the key in the lock and pushed the door open.



HEINZ

OVEN BAKED BEANS

There are three strong appeals in Heinz Oven Baked Beans. The appeal to the palate, the appeal to reason, and the appeal to the pocketbook. Selected, first quality beans, baked in the Heinz way—in dry heat, in real ovens—combined with the Heinz rich tomato sauce and tender strips of pork. A ready cooked food that is delicious, nutritive and economical.

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
Heinz Baked Pork and Beans (without Tomato Sauce) Boston Style
Heinz Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce without Meat (Vegetarian)
Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Some of the

57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Cream Soups
Tomato Ketchup

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In Building, too, The Best is the Cheapest

INCREASED costs in almost everything we buy have taught us the true value of quality. As a nation we have come to recognize that in the long run the best is the cheapest. We have come to realize the extravagance of cheapness.

Investigation will convince you that this principle is as true in building your home as it is in your every-day purchases.

Other building materials have their merits and make their appeal, but looking at the building problem on all sides, no other material approaches Face Brick in the structural and artistic values it offers—permanence, comfort, safety from fire, beauty, and economy.

The slight difference in first cost over less durable materials is soon wiped out by the many savings that go with a Face Brick house.

You will find this subject fully discussed in "The Story of Brick," an attractive booklet full of pictures and information that will interest every prospective builder.

Send for your copy today

AMERICAN FACE BRICK ASSOCIATION
1136 Westminster Building, Chicago

A·F·B·A
USE FACE BRICK
—it Pays

The lights were burning, evidently Miss Patterson had forgotten to turn them off. He threw his hat down on a chair and brushed a weary hand over his head. Then he looked around. The place was cleaner than when he had left. The files were in order and the plans and specifications were laid away in their cabinet. From the inner office came the sound of vigorous swishings. He walked over and quietly opened the door.

"My goodness," Miss Patterson exclaimed, "you startled me. I didn't hear you come in."

Chandler had involuntarily stepped back. Now he came in and looked at her in wonder. Her straight brown hair was rumpled and fell across her eyes; a towel pinned around her waist served as an apron; her high collar was unfastened and turned down in a modest V. She looked positively pretty, he decided, and so sensible.

"See here, Miss Patterson—Jessie," the last quite boldly. "This won't do. It's nearly nine o'clock, and you've been working ever since nine this morning. I thought you were looking for an easy place."

SHE laughed. "Well, I was, but—I'm sorry you came back. I wanted to surprise you when you came to-morrow, have it all cleaned, you know."

He looked down at her, just the least bit; their eyes were almost on a level. "Why?" he asked. "Why did you want to help me?"

She returned his look frankly. "Oh, I don't know. I always like to surprise people."

"Pleasantly, you should add. You're that kind. Some people like to surprise their friends unpleasantly." He laughed rather feebly. "I guess I'm feeling kind of grumpy to-night."

He drew out his watch and glanced at it. "It's a quarter of nine. Let's get out of here and go somewhere. I don't care where. We'll be in time for the last show somewhere, if you hurry."

And this from a man who had forsworn girls.

"And I want to tell you right now," he went on, "how much I appreciate your help. You've tided me over some pretty rough places—and done all sorts of things not required of you. But I certainly appreciate it and—I appreciate it—"

He was going around in circles now, so Miss Patterson came to his rescue. "That sounds like a farewell speech. You're not going to fire me, are you?" She smoothed back her hair and unpinned the towel.

"Fire you? I should say I'm not! I'd like to sign you up for a life contract, right now," he retorted.

But Miss Patterson pretended not to hear, and Chandler decided to let the matter rest as it was.

EDWIN BALMER'S story, "On the 7:50 Express," which appears in the magazine next month, is a fine study of the reactions of a little bunch of neighbors in a suburban residential district when calamity overtook one of their number.

Why I Never Will Leave the City Again

(*Continued from page 61*)

I heard groans all around me. So I wasn't the only one in pain—and we but a day out! Well, that was some compensation. I would not be ashamed before these equally exhausted tourists from town; and when I literally fell from my horse that first evening—we had ridden fifteen miles—the others reached the earth through the same process.

"Don't you want to catch some trout?" I heard a guide say.

I could have killed him! For I knew I would never walk again. I was certain of it. Where were the crutches and the stretchers? Surely, in arranging this journey, they had known we would need them? I had laughed gayly when someone mentioned that this would be a "hard trip;" that there could be no turning back once it had begun; that we would be "in for it," and all that sort of thing. Why, I could stand anything! I was in perfect health, of that I was sure. I hadn't had even so much as a cold for ten or twelve years; but I forgot that I also had not been on a horse for that length of time.

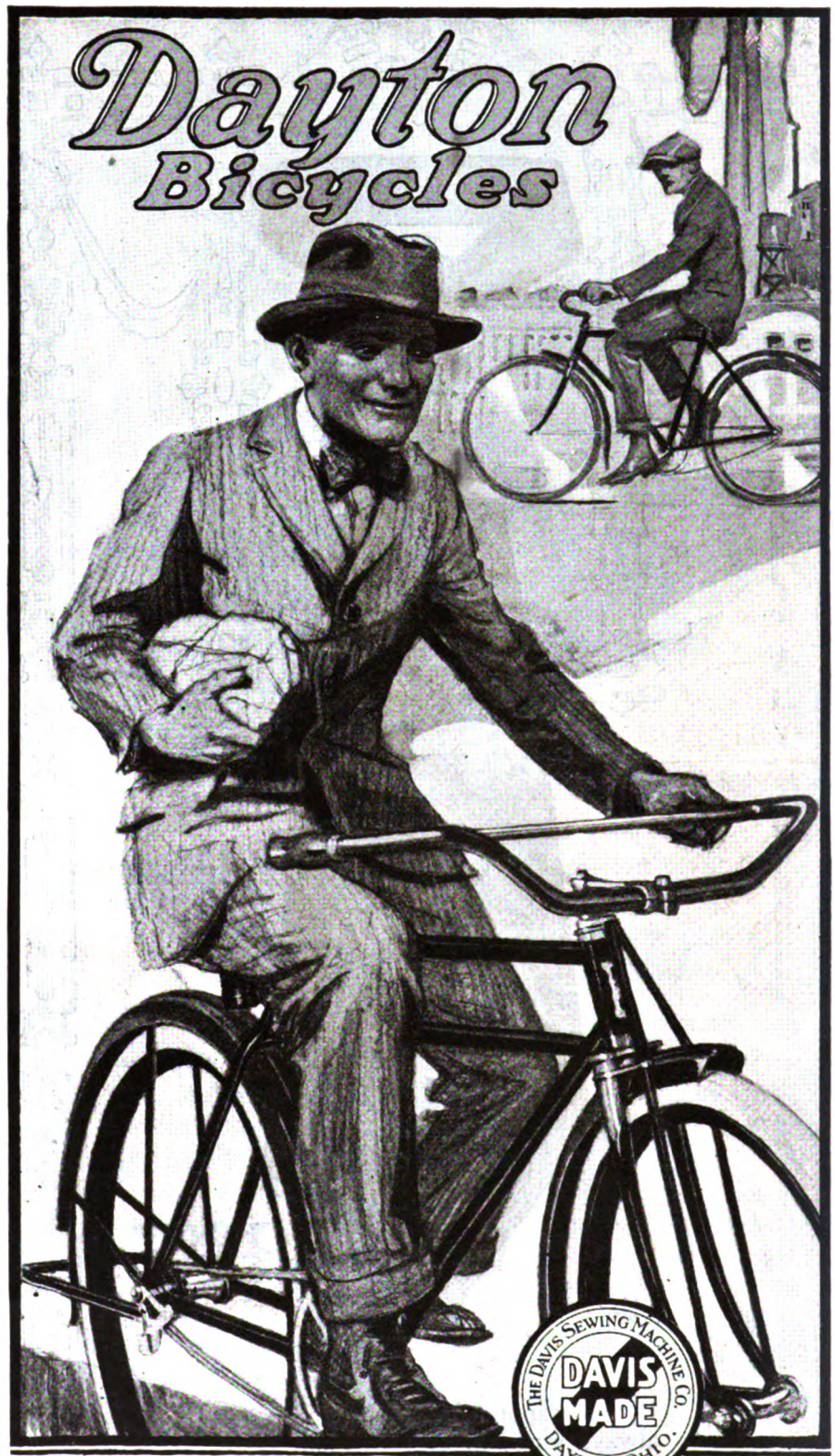
WE PITCHED our camp by a rushing stream, and an hour later we were all our old blithe selves again. Around that first outdoor supper we gathered, and laughed ourselves sick over these first scandalous aches.

"You'll be all right in the morning," one of the guides was good enough to prophesy. Alas! he was a professional Pollyanna. In the words of a guttersnipe, he was joshing us.

I had made up my mind that I would see this thing through in the right way. If the others cared to sleep in tents, those miniature apartment houses of the open, I would do nothing of the sort. I would get me out under the blue panoply of heaven, and for once in my life sleep with no other roof above me. What was the use of this experiment unless I went the whole distance? Moreover, I wanted to get all the health-giving glory of it that I could; for perhaps never again would I be able to break away from business long enough to feel the breezes fan my city-white cheeks.

So I found me a place to bunk in some tall grass, within a stone's throw of a cluster of bushes; and here I placed my sleeping-bag, which I had purchased at great expense, and which looked too snug and comfortable to be true. I really wanted to get into it. A cleverer contrivance I have seldom seen, and I marveled at the ingenuity of the brain that had conceived it. In the midst of eiderdown I would while the night away, and I could pull a little arrangement at the top down so that my eyes would not be smitten by the dawn's early light.

"You must get some boughs to put under you," said "Red," my favorite guide, who had perhaps been touched by my chalklike countenance and even chalkier hands.



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We back this Trade-Mark with our Reputation

THE WONDERFUL DAYS of Spring are "just over the hill"—and right now is the time for you to be choosing and buying the Dayton bicycle that will make your every day a happier, more profitable day. For nearly 25 years Dayton Bicycles have been leaders in design, workmanship, quality, service and rider satisfaction. They are built with extra care and are best appreciated by those who demand superiority and painstaking attention to every little detail. Beautifully illustrated catalog pictures and describes 8 new 1920 Dayton models —for boys, girls, men and women. Free. Write for catalog 46 today.

Cycle Dept., THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO., Dayton, Ohio

"Ride a Bicycle"

My blankets looked so thick that I wondered why he suggested anything more to aid my comfortable sleeping.

Now they say that the city lures men, as the Lorelei does, and then breaks them on her iron heart. But Mother Nature's breast is as hard as steel; and so far as I can see, there is little choice between stone pavements and the stern bosom of that much-advertised woman who spreads herself all over the universe. Even with boughs between us, she prodded me into wakefulness every few moments of that first night of anguish. I turned and tossed, I fumed and fretted, but I could gain no position that suited me. I thought it was the unaccustomed out-of-doors that kept me wakeful—I, who am always such a sound and easy sleeper. But it was the ground, the hard, cold, lumpy ground, and nothing else. How unbending it was—and I had thought it so soft and sweet and smooth, a cradle that would contain my weary body when I sought its green folds.

Somehow, I know not at what ungodly hour, I fell into a fitful slumber; only to dream, tragic guttersnipe that I am, of a buzzing telephone and a Central who would never ring off. I awoke with a start, thinking it must be morning. But no; the stars were high above me, dancing at first like fireflies on the velvet background of the night. And then I realized that the telephone bell was not a dream at all. My horse, hobbled securely, had come up to the very edge of my bed, and was bending over me. A bell around her neck jangled and jingled in my distracted ears; and I, who had come into this distant region for peace and quiet, was to hear for the rest of that memorable night the chime of that bell, the iterant ringing of that symbol of her captivity! Out in these calm wastes I was not to be denied the sound that I so loved—in its proper place.

THERE came another buzzing; and kind Mother Nature, who seems to wear such a beatific smile—from a distance—had summoned to her throbbing heart all that host of insect life of which Fabre writes so enthusiastically, but which I confess I abominate to the very roots of my being. Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-! how they hummed about me! Mosquitoes by the thousands, not content to bite me, but anxious to announce their horrid coming by singing in a minor key. If they would only have bitten me while I slept, got all of my blood that they could carry in their wretched little bodies, I would have been grateful; but they must needs awaken me, too. The refinement of torture, the exquisite cruelty of the fiend that not only wishes to slay you but to know that you know you are being slain!

I remembered my net, which I had been cautioned to bring with me; and, at first half awake and then thoroughly aroused both in mind and body, I got it from under my pillow, put it on as well as I could in the darkness, and fell back, a feeling of triumph swelling in my heart, while a feeling of something else swelled on my arms and neck. The net simply acted as an added attraction to those industrious insects. They seemed determined to invade it; and as it sagged on my now swollen countenance, all they had to do was to stand upon its outer surface and then

The famous Valspar boiling water test

"It's lucky the floor is VALSPARRED"

EVEN scalding water from a leaking radiator will do no damage to a floor that is varnished with Valspar.

In fact, Valspar is known as "*the accident-proof varnish*," because it protects floors, woodwork and furniture against all sorts of things—steam, ice water, hot greases, ammonia, vinegar, alcohol, and even strong acids.

Valsparred floors, woodwork, linoleum and furniture are so easy to keep clean. They can be washed with soap and warm water without the least injury. Your bathroom, nursery, kitchen and pantry can be kept clean and sanitary if you use Valspar.

Valspar is easy to apply and dries hard over night. Floors, furniture and woodwork varnished with Valspar may be left bright or rubbed to a beautiful dull finish.

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 456 Fourth Ave., New York

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston TRADE VALENTINE'S VARNISHES MARK Toronto London Amsterdam

W. P. FULLER & Co., San Francisco and Principal Pacific Coast Cities

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The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Special Offer

For 25c. in stamps we will send you enough Valspar to varnish a small table or chair. Or, if you will write your dealer's name on bottom line you need send us only 15c. for sample can.

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American 3-20

wait until I breathed, when it would droop toward my skin, and they pierced each pore until I groaned in agony.

Somehow, as they used to say in the old novels, the night dragged by. Worn and haggard, in the interval of darkness I had tried to decide which was better: being bitten to death or being smothered to death. If I pulled the blankets and the head covering of my bed over my face, I almost suffocated; and if I lay with my face toward the clear sky I was almost eaten alive. Between such a Scylla and Charybdis I passed the endless night, till dawn, like a sword, finally brought relief by cutting the curtain of the dark.

TO SHAVE, or not to shave—that was the question! One glance in my tiny mirror, and I decided that I would not only not shave but I would not appear for breakfast. Like a fool, I had worn no hat on the previous day, riding through the hot sun; and I was blistered and burned till I resembled nothing so much as a piece of toast that the cook has left on the back of the stove. A black fly had caught me in the left eye. It had swollen until it was almost closed; and my poor nose, which looked like a pear, oozed, on its upper crust, a thin, strange, yellowish liquid that, no sooner rubbed away, returned magically, like the drippings on a cellar wall. I thought I must be dying, and I dreaded that anyone should come around the bend and catch a glimpse of me. And they had told me the night before that this was to be the day for taking the motion pictures of our party—close-ups, and all that sort of thing! There was, moreover, a photographer in our party who was forever on the job. I never knew such a man for posing you. "Lift your left arm just a little—there! Now raise your chin—that's it!" I will hear him to my dying day. Already he had snapped us sixty-eight times, he authentically told us around the camp fire; and his films were limitless.

So intent was I examining the crustations on my fevered face, that I did not hear a sharp clicking sound—an incessant little grinding noise that at that moment was worse than the warning noise of a rattlesnake. I looked up, like a startled doe; and there was the camera man turning his heartless crank, only four feet from me! I shall never forget that moment. "If you take another inch of me I'll break your machine into a thousand bits!" I cried. But he jubilantly smiled, and took up his camera and ran, knowing that not for three minutes could I extract myself from the mysteries of my sleeping-bag. If that film is ever shown, my only prayer is that no one will realize that behind that bloated flesh is the real face, plain but happy, of one C. H. T.!

We would corral our horses and pack them and be off every day at ten o'clock or so. Always we must make another camp, stopping on the way for luncheon, often beside a brook that sang in the sun; sometimes in a valley or on a hill; and never did we meet a human being. One who is used to motor-cars every other step, misses the contact with people; and the mountains are like solid walls that hem one in.

It had been a hot, dry summer. No rain had fallen for two months, and ever in the distance was the smoke of smoldering forest fires. One of these pursued us on a blistering day; and until we had forded a stream, which caused us to get drenched to our waists, we didn't feel safe. In the night an irritatingly light rain fell; and what had been smoke in the afternoon leaped into violent flame when darkness came down; and though the fire was a good five miles behind us and there was a river between us, we hardly slept, and feared we would have to break camp at the zero hour and try to make our way through a certain exit in the hills. But the flames dwindled, through some miracle. The knowledge that no one is within call, that there is no one to help you fight that yellow monster, doesn't make you sleep any the better. If we could have sent in an alarm to Firehouse No. 17, we would have felt more at peace; but there were vague rumors that we might have to remain on the trail for days—until all our food gave out—and do our best to quench the fast-speeding flames. As we carried no extinguishers with us, just what the method would have been I do not know.

We pressed on the next morning, early; and I was never happier than when a turn came that led to another valley from which I could no longer see the menacing smoke behind us. It is one thing to have a fire in the next block in the city—somehow you never think of your own house catching, too—and hear the engines crashing down the street; it is quite another to have an unleashed peril in the woods, with no weapon but your own hands to block its terrible way. Give me hose carts and husky firemen every time. I love 'em!

ON ANOTHER memorable day, when we were making a narrow trail high on a mountainside, a hailstorm, accompanied by terrific thunder and lightning, broke just as we struck a dizzy turn. One misstep, and we and our horses would have plunged five hundred feet into a chasm. The artillery of heaven let loose suddenly, and the blackest clouds I ever saw marched in a dense procession over our heads. The cold, steel-like hail struck us in the face. There was nothing to do but plunge ahead. The heavy cannonading kept up incessantly—and we had fourteen miles to go before we could reach any sort of shelter. Never once did that storm abate; but we sang through it all, and cried out:

> "It is not raining rain to me,
> It's raining daffodils!"

One thing I learned, and learned it well; that is, there is nothing a human being can't stand. I can bathe in a thimble, and I can shave in the most outlandish position. I can sleep with the rain pouring over me and running in rivulets down the side of my sleeping-bag, and feel only in the morning that I have been baptized by nature and made ready for another day. How few personal effects we need! You can get along with a couple of shirts, a razor, a tooth brush and a comb. Thoreau was right. Man surrounds himself with too much impedimenta. The simple life is the best life; but, as we used to sing along the trail, concerning our own particular selves,

> "I was meant for corridors,
> Silks and eiderdown;
> I was never meant to be
> Far from the town!"

I wouldn't give up the experience of camping out for a million dollars. It taught me self-control, for one thing. But when our train thundered into the Grand Central Station on a certain bright morning, and once more I smelt gasolene, and heard newsboys shouting, and saw people hurrying to work, all the old yearning for the morning mail came to me—I had had no letters for a month. Why is it that we are such slaves of habit? Is it wrong thus to love the man-made town? If so, then I am a sinner through and through; for the city cries out to me, and I rush breathlessly to her arms. She is my first love; and always, always, must I be faithful to her.

DON'T misunderstand me. The winding road—with surprises at every turn; with friendly houses smiling at me as I pass; with hidden new delights and raptures for my city-weary soul; with glimpses of orchards in full bloom when May dances down the world—the winding road is still for me and my sometimes tired heart. I shall always love to loiter in some summer glen, or fall asleep in the grass when June is lord of the earth.

But I am city-bred. I do not like gypsying, caravanning, or camping out. And I do not like mosquito soup, caterpillar pie, ant pudding or insect coffee. The rush and roar of traffic are music to my ears. I love the sense of power that great cities evoke. I love humanity so much that I am interested in anyone, from a bootblack to a king. I find more people in the city—and I am slapped upon the back as frequently as I wish to be. I hear as many happy "Good mornings!" in town as I do in the distant country, and as many other friendly salutations. If *you* don't, it's your own fault—not the city's.

Some years ago I wrote this phrase, the opening line in my poem of "Manhattan:"

> City I love—and hate!

There it is—my whole feeling, and perhaps yours, concerning this restless, turbulent, crowded, cruel, tender, wonderful, sad, glad, mad maze that we call New York. I love it—and I hate it.

But mostly I think I love it; for where one's friends are, there is Life—and Love.

"WHY I Am Glad I Married a Suffragist" is the subject chosen by William Dudley Pelley for a personal-experience article next month. Every man will be sure to find this article absorbing—whether or not his wife ever paraded down Main Street in an equal suffrage demonstration. Women readers, too, will find some interesting observations about themselves—as seen by a man.

People Who Are "Slow Pay"

(*Continued from page 49*)

credit. Then she buys to the limit, and leaves the city before she can be caught. Sometimes such a woman will try to make a favorable impression on Gray when she is advised to see him, but always fails, for Gray has a keen eye for sizing up swindlers.

GRAY'S career is briefly told. Much of his life has been spent in newspaper work in Cleveland. After a varied business experience, he was selected for his present job. He regards himself as a sort of composite of the individual credit men and women of Cleveland. It is his business to know who are the "prompt pay," the "slow pay," and the "never pay," among the residents of the city, also among those who move to Cleveland from other cities. By means of connections with credit associations in other parts of the country, Gray is able to furnish credit ratings to Cleveland merchants on a newcomer from any other city or town. In the same way, he locates delinquents who leave for "elsewhere," but he does not make collections.

After we had talked for some time I put a question to Gray that will doubtless be of great interest to many people.

"What should a man do to keep his credit good when he simply hasn't got the money, or has had sickness or bad luck?"

"Tell the truth," was his emphatic reply. "Take the credit man into your confidence. Honesty of purpose will carry you through and over the troublesome places. Merchants will go the limit with any man or woman who shows the right stuff. When a man finds that he is falling behind it is a mistake to wait until he can make a substantial payment before he has an understanding about the account. By all means, have the understanding first. A man may owe ten merchants for a long time, and still maintain the highest credit, because he has an understanding with them and keeps his agreements. In the final analysis, I would say that keeping your credit good is merely a matter of meeting your obligations fairly and squarely as they come due, or arranging for an extension before they become overdue."

"Would you advise people generally to pay cash and not run any charge accounts at all?"

"No," was the reply. "I do not think such a plan practicable. Moreover, it is a valuable asset for any person to have credit rating with a number of stores. The big point is to give credit its proper place and not abuse it. The entire business and industrial world rests on credit, and it would be a physical impossibility to reduce all transactions to a cash basis. The Government, through the Federal Reserve Bank System, grants credit to your banker, the banker extends credit to the manufacturer, the manufacturer to the retailer, and the retailer to you. My advice to every person who has a charge account is to make it a rigid rule to pay every thirty days. If that were done I would be out of a job; but I'm not letting that worry me any. It is a splendid plan for any man who has numerous outstanding accounts to make a grand clean-up and pay every bill that he owes at least once a year, even if he has to borrow money from the bank with which to do it.

"Perhaps the most delicate question that credit men have to consider is the family financial relations between husband and wife. Many men give their wives a free rein in buying on credit and, when the bills come in, pay them without question. But they do not permit the women to handle the money directly. It would be a fine thing if more men would put their wives on a regular allowance, and let them manage their own finances. I know a man who deposits once a week to his wife's credit an amount large enough to cover all the household expense and meet her own personal requirements. She buys as she thinks best and pays with her own check. Sometimes the husband will surprise her by paying off some of her bills out of the allowance that he reserves for himself.

"Where there is perfect frankness between man and wife about the family income we rarely have any difficulty over the question of credit. It is where one or the other insists on freedom of action without mutual agreement that the trouble occurs."

"Give a Good Man Authority—"

(*Continued from page 37*)

step by step, how and why he achieved so phenomenal a record.

He had the initial advantage of being well born, as distinct from being wealthily born. His maternal ancestors run back, through Elias Boudinot, President of the Continental Congress, to a noted Huguenot family which settled in New England in 1650; while the first American Atterbury came from England in 1800 and laid the foundation of a family that became prominent in the pioneer days of the Middle West. His father, a lawyer in Detroit, gave up money-making to take up religious work, becoming first a Presbyterian minister and later secretary of the American Bible Society before his strenuous activities hastened his death. Born at New Albany, Indiana, William moved with the family to Detroit when he was five years old.

He was "fired" out of the public school for fighting with the teacher. "This," Mr. Atterbury recounts, "taught me one of the first lessons I ever learned. I was then only a little shaver and he was a great big giant. My heart was more in the out-of-doors than in books, and I've no doubt I was at fault. But he gave me such a vicious kick down-stairs that I vowed to myself that, giant though he was, I would some day get even with him.

"Shortly after I graduated from the mechanical engineering course at Yale, my father died, and I visited Detroit. Meanwhile, I had entered the Pennsylvania Railroad shops at Altoona as a special apprentice; and as I had stretched up to over six feet, weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds, and had muscles well hardened by heavy work, I felt fit to tackle the fellow who had kicked me out of school so brutally. But when I ran across him he was not the giant of my boyish conception! He was just a little bit of a shriveled-up chap, and instantly all my thirst for revenge vanished.

"Then and there I decided that revenge was a thing not worth while; that it was senseless and even despicable. That first lesson has guided me ever since in all my relations with men. Revenge can hurt only the man harboring it."

AS AN apprentice in the railway shops young Atterbury's pay was five cents an hour for the first year, seven cents the second year, nine cents the third, and fourteen cents the fourth year. His father having died, he determined to prove no burden to his family. Instead of working the regular ten hours a day, he worked thirteen or fourteen hours whenever permitted. Also, he joined the night policeman at the station in hiring a room, the policeman occupying the bed through the day and the apprentice using it at night. By the middle of his second year, although his pay was only seven cents an hour, he was able to meet all his pared-to-the-bone expenses.

Here he learned another lesson on how to get along with other men even under injustice. The annual shop picnic was a red-letter day of the men's year. There was no prohibition at that time, with the result that many of the workmen did not show up the morning following the picnic. The morning after one of these affairs the foreman of Atterbury's gang was in a belligerent mood. He pounced on Atterbury, and as the latter was not in any way at fault, words ensued. The foreman reported Atterbury to the shop foreman, who sent for Atterbury. Conscious that he was in the right, and knowing that the work he did was worth far more than he was paid for it, Atterbury was prepared to quit if called down. He walked up to the foreman ready to tell him to go to blazes.

THE GENIUS

SOMEWHERE in the United States Uncle Sam approves the gifts that his sons of genius create for the glory of his name.

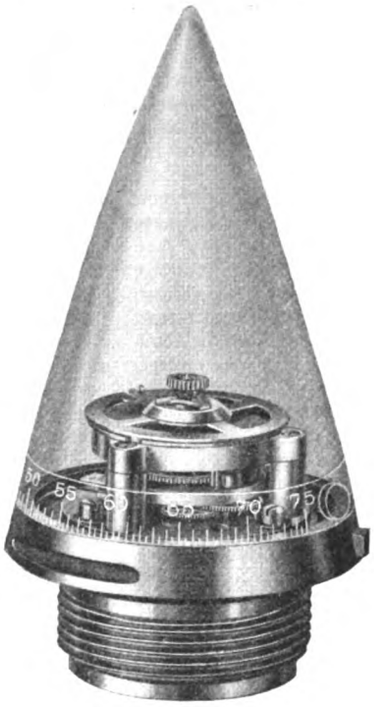
It is night. A few hooded and powerful electric lights search the darkness to reveal a huge gun, around which are gathered a few men who serve this giant of strength.

A sharp word of command! A flame of fire! A concussion that rocks the earth! The roar of a shell! A few tense, numbered seconds! Then, out there on the far horizon, a burst of fire miles away — an explosion timed to infinitesimal moments by Waltham.

This, the triumph of Waltham genius — a time-fuse that splits a second into a hundred parts — that far exceeds in instantaneous accuracy all other time-fuses hitherto invented — that sends each shell to its destination governed by Waltham's inventive genius hidden in the apex of the shell.

Imagine this device, light enough and of such delicate accuracy to explode the charge at a hundredth of a second, fired in a shell with a velocity of 2,700 feet per second and leaving the gun's rifled barrel at 25,000 revolutions per minute.

Talk of "position" time-keeping — here is a whirligig of motion — a "position" test that subdues competitive argument. And imagine a timepiece strong and durable enough to endure a blow, a strain, a stress of two pounds to each grain of its weight. A terrific reaction for the honor of America when the gun is fired.



Waltham Time-Fuse

Never in the world's history has there been such miraculous time-keeping, such performance, such absolute reliability under such abnormal conditions. As Americans, we have a right to be proud of Waltham genius.

Waltham genius! What is it — but doing for nearly three-quarters of a century extraordi-

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

OF WALTHAM

nary things in an extraordinary way. If genius means taking infinite pains, then Waltham genius in this time-keeping invention has won its supreme tribute.

But if it had not been for nearly three-quarters of a century filled with work *behind* the Waltham time-fuse, it would not have been years *in front* of all others. Pre-eminence is its own reward.

Years of concentrated development on an infinitesimal unit — ofttimes out of sight in the works of the watch — have added renown to the name of Waltham.

The Waltham Watch, upon whose universal time-keeping the sun never sets, is but an older brother of this marvelous time-keeper in the shell.

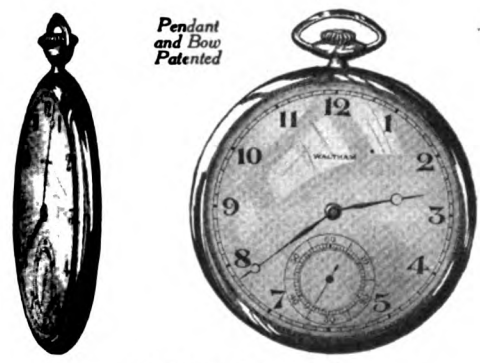
We have made many statements of Waltham invention in the mechanics of watchmaking — we have opened the door of the "works" in a Waltham Watch and created American pride in this Waltham masterpiece. We have claimed world leadership in watchmaking. "Here are the proofs" has been our challenge and our pride.

Proofs we have given and still more proofs we intend to give: science at its utmost in the alloy of a metal, in the polishing of a part, in the setting of a jewel, in the hardening and tempering of steel, in the design of a balance staff, in the bend of a guard pin or the structural curve of a spring — little things, hidden things.

Yet it is these scientific inventions, developments — call them what you will — that have carried the fame of Waltham unto the uttermost ends of the earth.

And we are about to write another illuminating chapter that will take you still closer to the heart of fine watchmaking, and give you still clearer reasons why the little things of Waltham genius add their quota of proof to Waltham dominance.

Read these advertisements, wherein we put the magnifying glass in your eye to see the hidden reasons why this truly American watch is justly called Waltham, "The World's Watch Over Time."



Waltham Colonial A
Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy
Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels
$150 to $275 or more
depending upon the case

This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a liberal watch education. Sent free upon request. Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

A Source of Daily Comfort

The Rex All-Seasons Top is nothing less than a permanent improvement, affording, as it does, protection against the cold and snow of winter, the chill and rain of spring and fall, and the heat and dust of summer.

The very fact that the Rex All-Seasons Top is specially designed and built to meet the varying body styles and body dimensions of the cars on which it is applied, lifts the Rex out of the makeshift class.

Your dealer thinks so well of the Rex that he is showing touring cars and roadsters, fresh from the factory, converted into handsome sedans and coupes by the use of this perfect fitting top.

And he has a Rex All-Seasons Top in stock which, when applied to the car you already have, will increase both the utility and the value of that automobile.

The Rex All-Seasons Top is sturdily constructed, readily convertible and moderately priced—the most satisfactory and inexpensive way to motor in complete comfort the year 'round.

REX MANUFACTURING CO., Connersville, Indiana

Manufactured under license in Canada by
Carriage Factories, Ltd., Orillia, Ontario, Canada

There is a Rex All-Seasons Top that is specially designed and built for each of the following makes of touring cars and roadsters:

Dodge Brothers	***Buick***	***Paige***
Studebaker	***Reo***	***Nash***
Essex	***Hudson***	***Elgin***
Lexington		***and others***

Rex

ALL-SEASONS TOP

MANUFACTURED AND LICENSED
UNDER OUR OWN BASIC PATENTS

But instead of being trounced, the shop foreman began to talk to him quietly and kindly.

"Remember," he said, "you came into the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad as a gentleman. Never forget that. Don't forget, either, that although you may not be able to respect the man under whom you are directly working you must respect his position and do what you are told, because he is the representative of authority; unless you recognize authority there can be no discipline; without discipline there can be no organization; and without organization nothing can succeed."

He suggested that Atterbury go back and apologize to the foreman.

"I recognized the soundness of his advice and I readily agreed to apologize," said Mr. Atterbury. "This incident taught me two things: it taught me the absolute necessity of discipline; and it also taught me how subordinates should be treated to gain their coöperation and good will."

SO INDUSTRIOUSLY did Atterbury work, so much overtime had he put in, and such progress did he make that his period of apprenticeship was materially curtailed and he was promoted rapidly. In 1889, although only twenty-three, he was sent to Philadelphia as assistant road foreman of engines. Here he learned how *not* to do things. The road foreman was an old man who never answered any correspondence. His flat-top desk stood a few feet from the wall, and when papers accumulated so rapidly that he had no space on the front of his desk, he just pushed the whole mass a foot or two back. Everything that fell down the back was carted out with the floor sweepings.

Within six months Atterbury was promoted to Pittsburgh, where his superior was of a very different type.

"This man, J. K. Russell, made as strong an impression upon me as any man I have ever met," declares Mr. Atterbury. "He was on the job by six o'clock every morning and never quit until midnight. He not only worked long hours, but he never wasted a minute, and he used his head with the greatest intelligence. One couldn't serve under him without wanting to help him to the limit, early or late. It was an inspiration to work under such a leader."

Atterbury's next shift was to Wilmington, where he was under a still different type. The greeting he received was, "Well, young man, have you come here to work?"

Atterbury replied that he had.

"Do you want to do all the work?"

Again Atterbury replied, "Yes."

"Then I am perfectly willing to have you," replied the old man.

This gave the young man opportunity to shoulder responsibility, to exercise initiative, and to deal with large numbers of men.

A year or so in this field qualified him for still further promotion. At twenty-six he was made assistant engineer of motive power; and shortly afterward he was advanced to the responsible position of master mechanic on the Pennsylvania's Western Lines, in charge at the Fort Wayne shops. Here Atterbury learned a lesson in religious tolerance. The workmen at Fort Wayne were divided into two antag-

onistic camps, Catholics and German Lutherans. Bickering and strife reigned almost continuously. A study of the problem convinced Atterbury that no Catholic foreman could get along with any German Lutheran workmen, and that no Lutheran foreman could get results from Catholics. A realignment of the whole force solved the problem, and thereafter harmony and efficiency took the place of discord and inefficiency.

SOME successful men claim that all that is necessary to enable a man to rise to the top is to do the day's work the best way it can be done, and let fate, or fortune, open new and wider doors. Others urge that a man must demonstrate that he is bigger than his job, must show originality, and must accomplish things not called for in the bond. This has been Atterbury's method. He has always been eager to shoulder extra responsibilities, or to work additional hours whenever he could do anything for the good of the organization.

The superintendent on Atterbury's division was not robust, and was willing to let anyone share his responsibilities. Atterbury saw his chance. After finishing his own duties, he went every night to the dispatcher's office, ostensibly to watch how the engines were doing, but in reality to learn as much as possible about the dispatching and operation of trains, vital to successful transportation. Thus he qualified for a wider field. And as the superintendent's health became worse, Atterbury virtually filled his place.

Then came the crisis, when the memorable strike of the American Railway Union broke out in Chicago in 1894 and rioting ran rampant. The job of keeping the Western Division of the Pennsylvania road running was put up to young Atterbury. *And he kept it running after every other road was forced to stop.* Not every train was run on time. But every train was run.

How did he do it? All he can be induced to say is: "My job was to get the best men we could to keep the trains running. I hustled around and got them."

But there were other railway executives, many of them older and more experienced than this young master mechanic, who were "hustling around" to get men to run their trains and who did not find them. Perhaps the fact that he himself mounted the engine and ran the first train through the trouble zone, getting down and turning switches and changing signals as he went along, had something to do with his success. And is it not safe to deduce that Atterbury's reputation for playing fair and square with his men, his democratic intimacy with them, his proved capacity for doing things, and his absolute fearlessness, contributed to draw to him enough men to keep the wheels going on his road while all other roads were idle?

This achievement put a feather in young Atterbury's cap—he was only twenty-eight. Other roads envied the Pennsylvania, because of what he had done. That he would climb much higher was recognized in the railroad world. And he did. At thirty he reëntered the huge Altoona shops which he had left seven years before at the end of his apprenticeship. But this time he entered as superintendent!

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make any card game more enjoyable. They are easy to shuffle because they slide easily and never stick or gum. They insure accurate dealing for the same reasons. Their large, easily read indexes speed up the game and save eye-strain. The quality material used in their manufacture enables them to outlast several ordinary decks.

Congress Playing Cards have gold edges, full color art backs, and come in telescope cases. Ideal for prizes, gifts and social play.

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The new, mysterious deck that reveals the past and prophesies the future. One color back, tuck case, 50c. Colored back, gold edges, telescope case, 70c. At your dealer's or postpaid.

Send this coupon with ten two-cent stamps and we will mail, postpaid, "The Official Rules of Card Games," and Mr. Foster's new booklet, "Auction at a Glance," free.

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Please send postpaid the new Official Rules of Card Games" and Auction at a Glance." I enclose 20 cents.
Name .....
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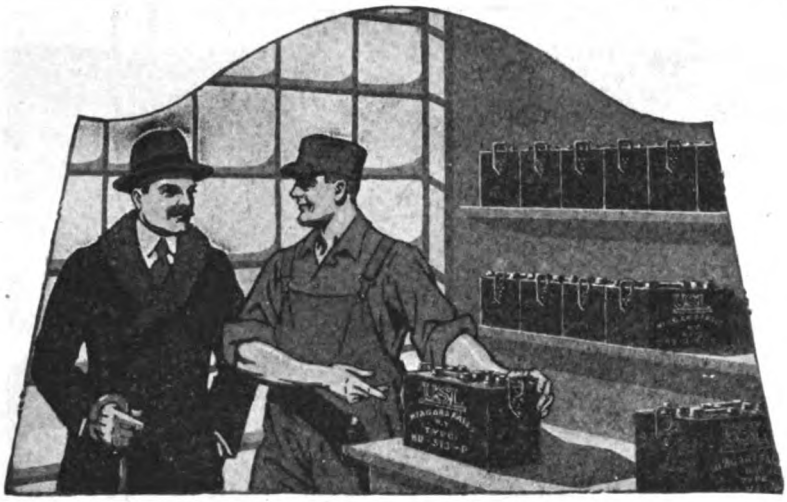


"Its life starts today – it is USL DRY-CHARGED"

WHY penalize yourself with a *"new"* battery that is *really* old? Why be taxed for wasted battery-life—*wasted* before service to you *begins?*

All storage batteries are high-strung and ambitious. Unless restrained by the new method they are no sooner born than they begin to chafe inwardly—to wear away their vital elements in an eagerness to do something. And this wearing away, slow but sure, proceeds, through the months "on the shelf" at your dealer's or at battery stations.

That's the *old* method of distribution to the public. Regardless of the maker's best intent, the newest possible battery you buy the *old* way, may actually start to work for you with an eighth—possibly a half or more—of its life done for. Yet *you* pay for this lost life—this wasted serviceability.

Not so with USL Dry-Charged Batteries. The USL unique and exclusive Dry-Charged, distribution-method frees batteries from all before-sale deterioration.

The USL Battery does not leave the factory half finished to avoid "wet-shipping." Everything needed to make the battery ready to work is accomplished *at the factory*, because only there can it be done with *sure* results.

Then, the USL Battery is at once drained of electrolyte, thoroughly washed, and effectually air-sealed to protect it from self-attrition and shipped to your Service Station. While in this condition it is resting, doing no work—using up none of its full measure of battery-life.

When you need a new battery, your USL Service Station restores the electrolyte, gives the battery a few hours' freshening charge and hands you a *new* new battery with a full measure of vital energy and life.

Twenty-five hundred USL Service Stations and dealers make this direct-to-owner-delivery of *new* new batteries possible, both for regular equipment on new cars and for replacements on old cars.

Thus batteries are saved from before-service wear and owners freed from the money tax for prior-to-purchase loss of battery-life. That's the *exclusive* USL DRY-CHARGED principle.

(1) USL Batteries are *USL Dry-Charged.*
(2) USL Batteries have *exclusive machine-pasted plates.*
(3) USL Batteries are *sold on a guaranteed adjustment-plan.*

Only *three* of a *number* of reasons why automobile owners should have a USL.

U. S. Light & Heat Corporation, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

FREE *Our 50-cent Battery Book that answers every battery question. It's a book you can't afford to be without if you own or drive an automobile. It's free if you mention the make and model of your car.*

USL U. S. LIGHT & HEAT CORPORATION storage batteries

A little later a certain general superintendent held one of his periodical inspections of the lines under his charge, accompanied by his staff. Mr. Atterbury, as superintendent of motive power between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, was a member of the party. Entering the general superintendent's car at the beginning of the trip, Atterbury was introduced to him and received a rather gruff welcome. The young man then turned, walked to the other end of the car, and sat down. As he did so, a member of the staff seated beside the general superintendent, turned to his superior and asked: "Who in —— is this fellow Atterbury?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "Somebody new they have shoved in on us from the West."

Five years later, Atterbury was general manager and boss of everybody who had been in that car, including the general superintendent!

ATTERBURY'S superior at the shops had years before filled Atterbury's place as superintendent of motive power; and this man thought he knew more about the job than its new holder did. The older man, however, had not kept abreast of the times in mechanical matters, whereas Atterbury had been actively and eagerly learning every new wrinkle that had come out; and he had also learned a few things by his own experiments. Full of enthusiasm, he brought forward plan after plan to accomplish desired results—things had got into rather a bad tangle—but he always met the same reply: "No, we tried that years ago, and it was a failure."

Realizing that his hands were tied, but remembering, also, the sound advice he had received under that same roof when an apprentice, Atterbury decided that it would not do to go over his superior's head. On the other hand, he must find a way of getting around the stone wall, or his tenure of office would be short. He had already learned the value of tact. He had studied human nature. And he finally concluded that, instead of rebelling against the foolish decisions of his superior, he must win him over by diplomacy and suavity. Whenever Atterbury came along with a new plan, therefore, he prefaced his suggestion with the remark, "This was suggested to me by something you once said." After that, he encountered no further obstruction! And he soon had the Altoona shops working smoothly. Although his positions had always been in the mechanical and engineering branch, Atterbury had missed no opportunity to study railroading in all its phases. The United States, it will be recalled, enjoyed tremendous industrial expansion in the late '90's and early in this century, the period when the mammoth United States Steel Corporation was organized. The Pennsylvania Railroad was deluged with more traffic than it could handle. The general superintendent wrestled heroically with the complex problems which arose, and Atterbury found opportunity to assist him in many ways. Under the night-and-day strain, however, the general superintendent broke down and had to step aside.

Although he brought his end of the road up to a high state of efficiency the congestion and confusion became worse and worse as general business, and particularly

the steel industry, expanded by leaps and bounds. Pittsburgh became hopelessly clogged during the boom year of 1902. The master mind of the Pennsylvania Railroad system at that time was the late A. J. Cassatt, one of the ablest railroad giants America has ever produced. Mr. Cassatt realized that something drastic must be done. So he started out to investigate.

When he arrived at the scene of the trouble he had in his car the principal operating officers of the railroad. Mr. Atterbury had been picked up at Altoona in case Mr. Cassatt should want to ask any general questions about motive power —Mr. Cassatt being strong on asking questions.

Time after time he would put a query to a general superintendent or some other old official who, unable to answer it, "passed the buck" to his subordinate, who in turn was unable to give a reply and passed it on to someone else. Atterbury, after giving everyone else a chance, answered successfully many questions relating not only to his own end of the business, but to everybody else's.

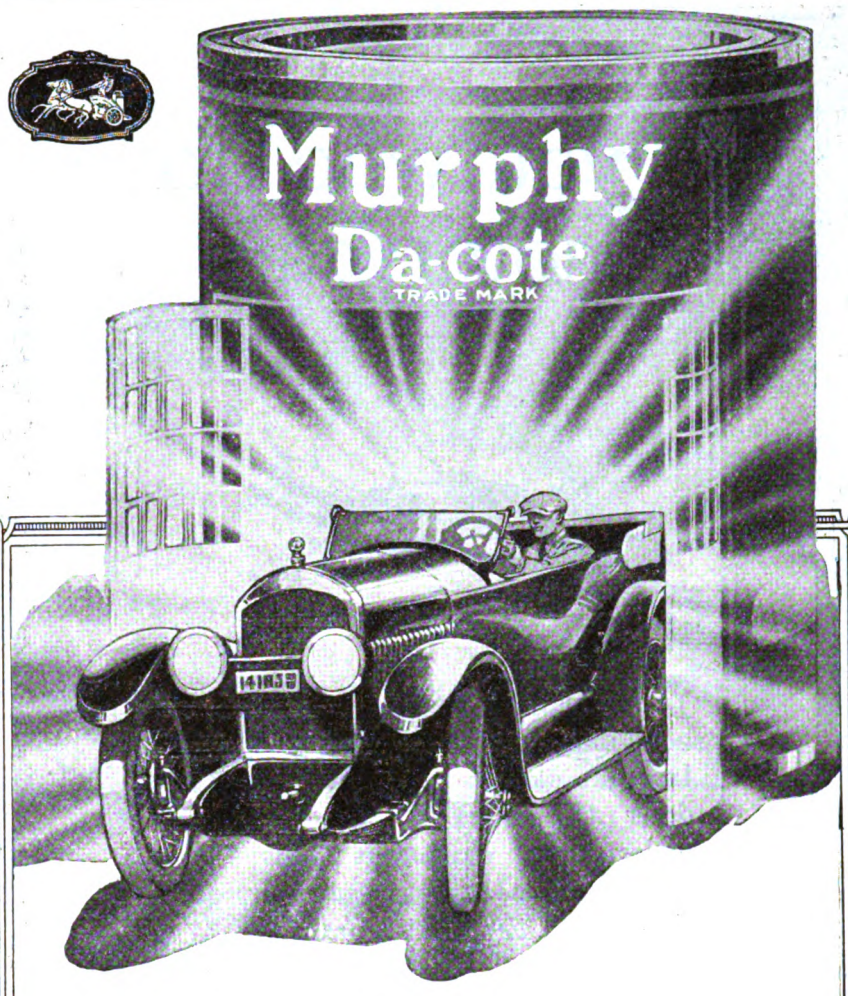
It soon dawned on Mr. Cassatt that the young superintendent of motive power knew more than anyone else in the car about the Pennsylvania Railroad, including not only motive power and mechanical matters, but grades, curves, maintenance conditions, car and train movements, and other purely transportation questions.

On the return trip, as they neared Altoona, Mr. Cassatt told Atterbury that he did not want him to get off there but desired him to keep on to Philadelphia. He did so, and had a long private conversation with Mr. Cassatt the next day.

WITHIN a week, Mr. Cassatt startled the railroad world by taking a man out of the engineering shops and making him general manager. To advance this thirty-seven-year-old engineer over the heads of all the general superintendents and other operating experts caused widespread comment and, to be truthful, not a little resentment among older Pennsylvania officials. For no man of that age, or of purely mechanical experience, had ever been installed in this tremendously important position. Cassatt, however, knew what he was doing. Atterbury quickly justified his selection by straightening everything out and having traffic moving smoothly and swiftly.

"Mr. Atterbury," says one of the veterans who worked under him, "was liked by us because he always made us feel that he was one of us; that his job was not to boss us but to help us to do whatever work we had on hand. He never put on any airs. He never went around blustering and swearing. He wasn't a slave-driver, yet there wasn't one of us but was *willing* to slave to help him to straighten out a difficulty at any time, day or night.

"When he was made 'G. M.' he must have worked at least eighteen hours a day. He was constantly out on the road, going from one point of congestion to another. It began to be a common saying that when the new 'G.M.' arrived on the scene it meant that the tangle was as good as straightened out. Everybody learned to have confidence in him. That meant that everybody was willing to tackle anything



Out She Rolls—All Brilliance And Glory!

LIKE a butterfly from its cobwebbed Chrysalis — a regular phoenix of a car from the ash-heap of neglect — *your* car, retrieved from dilapidation by your own handiwork—with a can of Murphy Da-cote Motor Car Enamel!

Solid satisfaction now, and keen pleasure, bowling down the main thoroughfares, beaming back at the curious glances of erstwhile critical friends. Clean and glossy as a beautiful thoroughbred, your car threads through the city.

Professional work is the best and worth all it costs. We say that without reservation. But the artistic fun you can have with Da-cote will yield splendid satisfaction if you cannot afford the services of a professional painter.

Da-cote is made of the finest Murphy Varnish and finest pigments, ground into a creamy enamel that flows on so smoothly that no brush marks show. Its durable brilliance defies the hardest usage.

Let us send you the name of a Murphy Merchant, and a book of the popular colors in which Da-cote is supplied.

Murphy Varnish Company

Franklin Murphy, jr., *President*

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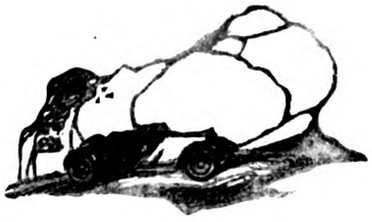
To you who drive motor cars



You—who sit at the wheel—realize how much depends upon the brakes. In tight places; when the other fellow does the unexpected; thoughtless pedestrians; dangerous hills; blind curves; these things call for quick action and *dependable* brakes.

Raybestos brake lining gives complete control. It holds. It grips. It WEARS well. It's "there" when you need it and you need it all the time. Why take chances with ordinary lining, with unknown lining, with inferior lining, when it is so easy to get Raybestos?

Raybestos
BRAKE LINING

Raybestos is guaranteed to WEAR one year. No matter how far you travel. No matter how many miles you drive—that guarantee protects you, your car and pocketbook.

Look for the Silver Edge

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
BRIDGEPORT CONN.

he wanted done, feeling sure that the job could be done, and done right."

Here is the modest way Mr. Atterbury himself explains how the greatest traffic deadlock on the country's largest railroad was removed:

"My job was to go out and find what was the matter. I visited the different points where the congestion was worst, and tried to get a thorough grasp of the situation. Then all I had to do was to get the local fellows to remedy it. I simply gave them the authority to do certain things necessary to relieve the jam. Generally the local men knew the causes of the trouble, but hadn't the authority to take the necessary measures. I just gave them the authority and they went ahead and did the job. The introduction of more powerful locomotives and larger cars helped to get things moving again satisfactorily."

"Your method of handling men and overcoming difficulties sounds very simple," I remarked.

"I BELIEVE in giving men authority," he replied; "in giving them freedom to exercise their own initiative. Ever since I have been an executive I have followed this policy of giving my subordinates absolute authority to do things falling within their sphere. I do not, as a rule, tell a man how to do a thing. That is his business. But all decisions and all results must naturally come to me, and the men are very careful, therefore, to use their best judgment, so that they will not have to be overruled.

"When you give a subordihate freedom to work something out, he has a sense of responsibility. And, just as the judge in a lower court does not relish having his rulings found unsound and consequently reversed, so those lower down in the organization do not relish having their judgment found faulty and reversed. Perhaps I inherited this idea from Mr. Cassatt, who was one of the biggest men America has ever produced.

"When you give men scope you are then able to give them credit for the successful results. And since I am always prepared to give credit to those working under me, these men learned to give credit in turn to those under them; and this in time permeates the whole orgaization. Nobody, therefore, goes around strutting and claiming that 'I' did this and 'I' did the next thing. Everybody avoids the first-person pronoun and talks about what 'we' accomplish. This creates what we on the Pennsylvania System call the 'organization spirit.'"

"Have you ever found a tendency on the part of the men to misinterpret your democratic friendliness, your calling of your old co-workers by their first names, and to take advantage of your intimacy with them and their intimacy with you?" I asked, for I knew that he is still "Bill" Atterbury to those who knew him in his machine-shop days and during the years he held subordinate positions.

"Not once!" Mr. Atterbury replied very emphatically. "I treat all the men in a man-to-man fashion because—well, I suppose because I feel that the fact that I now wear a collar and have an executive title is no reason why I should go around strutting or trying to make any other honest workmen feel that I consider myself

better than he is. We all pride ourselves on the Pennsylvania Railroad's *esprit de corps*. It is, as you may perhaps know, rather famous in the railroad world. We all feel that we are members of the same family. We all just try to discharge our duties as capably as we know how—and with not too long faces. Neither President Rea, nor I, nor any other official, feels that the men are working for us, but that we are working *with them* and that they are working *with us* for the success of the system."

FROM a veteran employee I obtained the following incident: During Mr. Atterbury's general managership, an old engineer ran past a signal near Bristol, Pennsylvania, and caused a bad wreck, in which several people were killed. It was very difficult to get at the exact cause of the wreck, whether due to carelessness or a mechanical failure, and the responsibility of the engineer was in doubt.

The usual investigations were carried out and in a day or two reports were made to Mr. Atterbury as general manager. He then said he wanted to talk to the engineer himself. It was learned that the engineer was in a state of almost complete collapse, both on account of remorse over the wreck and because he was afraid he would be held to blame and lose his job. However, he was sent for and was brought into the general manager's outer office by the general superintendent of transportation, who went in alone and told Mr. Atterbury that the engineer was in such a condition that it would be necessary to deal with him very carefully or he would break down entirely.

Mr. Atterbury said, "All right. Send him in."

When the engineer entered the door, Mr. Atterbury arose, put one hand on his shoulder, and said, "My friend, I'm glad you have come. We have been having some pretty hard luck, haven't we?"

The way in which he spoke put the man so completely at ease that he sat down and was able to give a clear and intelligent account of everything in connection with the wreck; and, incidentally, he completely cleared himself of responsibility.

Another anecdote from an employee, illustrating Atterbury's methods of handling men: Some years ago he was walking through the concourse in the Pennsylvania Station in New York with another officer of the company. It was early in the morning and very few people were about. He was headed for the first express to Philadelphia. Suddenly he changed his direction and started for the opposite end of the station, where an usher was standing by a gate that had not yet opened.

When Mr. Atterbury got quite close, the usher rather uneasily said, "Good morning, Mr. Atterbury."

Mr. Atterbury replied, "Good morning, my friend. I have a particular favor I would like to ask of you. Are you willing to grant it?"

The usher answered, "Yes, sir, I certainly will be glad to do anything I can for you."

"Then," said Mr. Atterbury, "I would like you to go up to the station master and report to him that I caught you smoking on duty. Will you do it?"

The usher, letting fall a half-smoked cigarette from the hand behind his back,

YOU have been entertained by a gracious hostess — a little dinner party perhaps to which you have been invited by a business friend. A gift of flowers next day will express the appreciation you feel. The girl you danced with, who was good to you in finding other partners — a gift of flowers next day is the tribute you owe.

For every occasion when some thoughtful attention on your part is hard to express in words — "Say it with Flowers," the gift acceptable.

Your local florist, within a few hours, can deliver fresh flowers in any city or town in the United States and Canada through the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Service.

The florist displaying the sign "Say it with Flowers" is a member of the Society of American Florists, which enables him to serve you better when you buy flowers.

Whose Birthday comes in

promised to do as requested, and Mr. Atterbury went off.

His companion asked, "Do you think the usher will report that to the station master?"

"I don't know," was the reply. "I think he will; but, at any rate, I don't believe he will smoke on duty again."

FROM general manager Mr. Atterbury was promoted to take entire charge of the operation of the Pennsylvania Railroad, as vice president, ten years ago. It was his masterly operation of this system which won for him such a reputation that when the call came from General Pershing to send America's "ablest railroad man" to France, no difficulty was experienced in naming the man.

General Atterbury, upon arrival in France, immediately cabled to America for men to form a regular railroad reorganization. Most of them were men he himself had trained. But at first he had no staff of trained lieutenants. At that stage word came to open up instantly the port of Brest. The general turned to a little fellow named Green, a train master from the interior of the United States, and asked him if he thought he could undertake the job.

"Sure," he replied; "I don't know what kind of a job it is, but I'll do it."

And, though he had never seen the ocean until he crossed to Europe, he took hold and made good! General Atterbury relates this story to illustrate the "gameness" of the Americans who went to France.

How, under General Atterbury's direction, a unique system of transportation was created in France with lightning rapidity; how a modern ten-berth dock was erected near Bordeaux out of the mud bank of the Garonne River; how ships were handled so rapidly that a third of a mill on troops were landed in one month; how the "Leviathan" was unloaded (including eleven thousand troops), coaled, reloaded and dispatched in eighty-four hours, as compared with eighty-two *days* on her first trip and thirty-four days on her second trip to Europe; how thousands of powerful locomotives and thirty-ton freight cars were shipped to France in pieces and put together in the twinkling of an eye (139 cars were erected in one day); how acres of warehouses were run up overnight; how yards, terminals, spurs, switches, sidings, coal pockets, etc., etc., were made to spring into being—how all this and more was accomplished by American transportation experts forms a proud page in the history of America's part in the World War.

It was characteristic of General Atterbury that he avoided all fuss over his return and went straight to his work. It was also characteristic that, though he can rarely be induced to make an address, he agreed to make a speech to a section of the road's employees and that he chose as his subject "The Rights of Those Who Labor."

"*Perhaps America's greatest gain from the war is our realization of the rights of those who labor.*" That's the conclusion formed by this man who took so active a part in prosecuting the war. It reveals how he regards workers, how close they are to his heart, how important a part he believes they play in the scheme

of things. When requested to stay on in Europe to assist in the big work after the Armistice, General Atterbury replied without hesitation:

"No. My duty lies with the mass of men—my friends all—with whom I have been associated for thirty years; the men, part of whom educated me, and part of whom I helped to educate.

"The rights of those who labor." What are they? The question is on every lip. Here is what this ex-apprentice, now chief operating officer of the world's greatest railroad, sees them to be:

"The World War brought home to me that what we fought for in '76, in 1812, in '61, in '98, and again in 1917-18, was real—that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness were the inherent right of all. I had always known that it was my right, but I do not know that I had ever had so keen a realization that it was the right of every other fellow. I tried to put myself in the other fellow's place. What did that right mean to me, and what did it mean to him?

"It seemed to me that the following at least were essentials:

"1. Steady employment;

"2. A good wage;

"3. Time for recreation;

"4. Opportunity to elevate myself in my employment;

"5. A voice in determining the rules and regulations under which I should work;

"6. A fair division of any profits after a reasonable wage had been earned and a sufficient amount had been paid to capital to attract it to an expanding business.

"I hate the word 'Labor' as ordinarily used, as it represents class distinction, for which there is no place in our American life. We all labor—some with our hands—some with our heads. Therefore when I say 'labor,' I mean 'all who labor.'

"Heretofore it has been considered a commodity, subject to the law of supply and demand; but from now on we must so set our house in order that all may have steady employment. A difficult job, I grant you, but one not impossible of solution by collaboration between producers, consumers, and transporters.

"Some industries, through competition, may not be able to support a good wage. Artificial restrictions may limit such competition, but in general the only answer in such cases must be: 'Get out of the business.'

"Some business, such as our railroads and public utilities, we cannot get out of. They must be carried on. Therefore, to support a good wage there must be either a subsidy from the Government, which then becomes a direct tax on all the people, or such increases in rates as will permit the payment of a good wage and a return to capital sufficient to attract its investment. This is a tax on the *user*, not on the whole people.

"WE AMERICANS have prided ourselves on our ruggedness and virility, and yet do you realize that during the war but fifty per cent of the draft were immediately available and physically fit? Curiously enough, these percentages were practically alike both for the urban and suburban population. In England during the war it was found that only one-third were physically fit, and this fact in itself

AutoStrop Razor

—sharpens itself

The most convenient razor, affording the quickest, smoothest shaves

1 AutoStrop Razor blades are made of the hardest, toughest steel produced for razor blade use. They provide the sharpest, most durable kind of cutting edge.

2 A remarkable, patented self-stropping device, simple and efficient, is built right into the frame of the AutoStrop Razor.

3 To resharpen the blade you slip the specially prepared strop right through the razor head—then pass the razor back and forth along the strop. You don't have to take the razor apart or remove the blade.

4 A touch of a little lever adjusts the blade to your type of beard—gives you a close, medium or light shave.

5 To clean, you simply hold the razor under the water faucet. Nothing to take apart, nothing to reassemble—you don't even remove the blade.

6 Self-sharpening razor, 12 blades and selected leather strop are contained in a small, neat case.

7 The AutoStrop Razor is the *only* safety razor that sharpens itself, shaves and cleans *without removing the blade or taking the razor apart.*

500 clean, comfortable shaves are guaranteed from each dozen blades

Ask your dealer today to demonstrate this remarkable razor

"Mr. Stephenson— meet Dr. Franklin!"

Chug, chugging along in his first rude steam locomotive, Stephenson did not look to "chained lightning" to render the invention safe and most widely useful.

Nor did Benjamin Franklin, as he flew his kite into the storm clouds, foresee how electricity would in a later day spur the "iron horse" on to greater achievements.

Yet today safety and speed in steam railroad operation are reconcilable only in proportion as electric signal devices are employed. Your protector is, ultimately, the electrical apparatus upon which every steam railway relies.

A railroad without telegraph or telephone would hurl itself into the scrap heap.

How else to reach out and warn a train rushing into unseen danger? How else quickly to spread the news of damage done by storm? How else to clear the tracks for the express which carries you onward to your journey's end?

All along the way, night and day, men are alert to shield you from harm. Train dispatchers, telegraph keymen, signal towermen at every city and way station, have no other concern except to see you safely through.

So that your trip to New York, Chicago or the coast is safer, quicker, pleasanter than ever Napoleon traveled in state from Paris to Marseilles.

Snugly quartered in a Pullman sleeper you command a thousand watchful hands and eyes for body-guards.

But their vigilance would accomplish nothing without equipment in perfect order. On such factors as the proper adjustment of a telegraph receiver and the responsiveness of an electric switch rests your "Safe Home!"

That travel has been made secure today is a tribute to the excellence of electrical equipment no less than the skill of operation and the care of supervision that our steam railroads have consistently maintained.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 4 *So completely does this organization serve the electrical field that every time you call up your grocer, switch on a light, or take a street car downtown, the chances are you are making use of Western Electric Equipment.*

was one of the causes of the social revolution that is taking place in that country. Time for recreation, and recreation itself, will not totally alleviate this condition, but it will go a long way toward improving it.

"In every man's breast, latent or active, is the desire to improve his condition. It has been our boast that America meant Opportunity. I believe this is as true to-day as it ever was. But industrial competition has forced us to methods which, as applied to many individuals, have made their work so monotonous and uninteresting that the seed of ambition has failed to germinate. On these the sunlight of opportunity, by education, and change of employment, must be allowed to shine.

"I asked myself, 'Ought not I to be taken into the confidence of my employer; be advised as to his aims and his troubles; be permitted to make suggestions in the light of my experience, and conferred with in regard to conditions of work so intimately a part of my everyday life?' I could but answer 'Yes!'—and with the feeling that I could thereby be a better man for my employer, for thus I become an active, intelligent and willing instrument in coöperation, instead of an unintelligent and unwilling tool.

"THE success of any business is gauged, generally speaking, by its profits. There are two elements to an established business: the capital invested and the personnel employed. A stable return to capital is as essential as is steady employment to the individual. Capital—mere money—has no brains and does not think. To the personnel of the business it is entrusted by its owners, who do think; and what they think gauges their point of view as investors.

"If the business is stable and certain, a low return is asked. If it is uncertain, a high return is asked. Nor can we change this. By revolution and anarchy we can wipe capital out, but with it go all rights to property of any kind, and even civilization itself. Therefore, we as individuals, unless we are anarchists, are interested in the success of the business by which we are employed.

"It is difficult, however, to make the large mass of those who labor appreciate the truth of this. So something tangible and direct is necessary to bring about the individual interest so essential to the success of the business. Let us grant this principle, and we shall have taken the first long step. With mutual confidence established I am certain that the way can be made clear."

Meanwhile, Mr. Atterbury, minus a general's uniform, minus medals, stars, and ribbons, is attending to his knitting, keeping the wheels of the Pennsylvania Railroad turning smoothly. And he is doing this by paying as much attention to the men as to the machinery. Neither his many war decorations, nor the honorary degrees bestowed on him by Yale and the University of Pennsylvania, have altered his innate democracy, his ability to inspire men, his faculty for getting results.

Few leaders are so constituted that they can command the confidence of both employers and workers, capital and labor. W. W. Atterbury is.

Is That Your Dummy—And Is That You Hiding Behind It?

(*Continued from page 47*)

Why, I'll bet Bob could walk into the White House and sell the President a pair of overalls!"

Perhaps you looked glum, and said: "I don't *want* to sell overalls to the President! He don't need 'em."

But all the same, deep in your heart you were saying: "I suppose it's true. I'm *not* that kind. But I'm going where people don't know that I'm bashful, and it's up to me to keep them from finding it out. I won't tell the folks here that I'm going to be different—but I will be!"

Then you go to the city to begin work. And all the time, back in your consciousness, is the fear that you lack the qualities necessary for success. So what do you do? You try to create an artificial self, a sort of dummy, which you want other people to believe is the real you. In manner, you try to be like Bob; and because it is not natural to you the imitation is probably a poor one. Instead of having unconscious ease, you are self-conscious and aggressive. Because you are afraid of being too quiet, you become too talkative. In an effort to overcome shyness, you become obtrusive.

THERE are countless thousands of men and women who are trying to hide their real selves behind some such dummy as this. And the motive is fear—a secret fear, sometimes even an unacknowledged one, of some fault or some limitation which they want to hide from others. You try to build up a figure of what you wish you were. And you are always fearing that people will see that it *is* a dummy, and that you, yourself, are something quite different.

This artificial self is often created for us by our parents when we are children, and we go through life trying to live up to it. Perhaps you recall some man, whom you knew as a boy, whose mother was always describing him as "such an interesting child." As a matter of fact, Johnny was just an ordinary sort of kid who would have made a good grocer or butcher. But his mother declared he had "the most logical mind" and that "his reasoning powers were extraordinary."

So Johnny's mother built a figure of him as a shining legal light which would set the world aflame. And Johnny fell for it. He grew up believing in this artificial figure of himself; and to-day he is a legal light, sure enough, but a mighty dim one, flickering feebly in a shabby office back in the old home town. His only real qualification for being a lawyer is a good pair of lungs, and they would have been just as useful to him if he had become a huckster.

I recall another case where the hand which constructed this artificial self, or dummy, was a mother's. She is the social leader in a town I know and is a

"The proudest moment of our lives had come!"

"We sat before the fire place, Mary and I, with Betty perched on the arm of the big chair. It was our first evening in our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary's eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

"Five years before we had started bravely out together. The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

"Then one night Mary came to me. 'Jim,' she said, 'why don't you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You'll make good—I *know* you will.'

"Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

"And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that 'Betty can be proud to grow up in.'

"I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within."

In city, town and country all over America there are men with happy families and prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools come to them in the hours after supper and prepare them for bigger work at better pay. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have advanced themselves through spare time study with the I. C. S. Over one hundred thousand right now are turning their evenings to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

You, too, can have the position you want in the work you like best. You can have a salary that will give your family the kind of a home, the comforts, the little luxuries that you would like them to have. Yes, you can! No matter what your age, your occupation, or your means—you can do it!

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- ☐ Telegraph Engineer
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- ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER
- ☐ Mechanical Draftsman
- ☐ Toolmaker
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN or ENG'R
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
- ☐ Concrete Builder
- ☐ Structural Engineer
- ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
- ☐ Sheet Metal Worker
- ☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
- ☐ CHEMIST
- ☐ Mathematics
- ☐ SALESMANSHIP
- ☐ ADVERTISING
- ☐ Window Trimmer
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- ☐ Sign Painter
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- ☐ ILLUSTRATING
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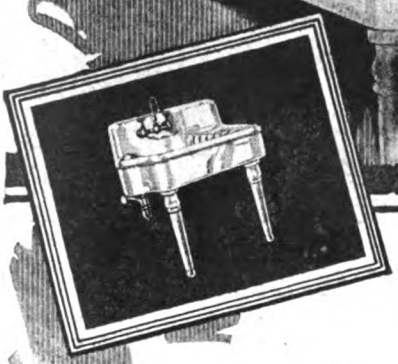
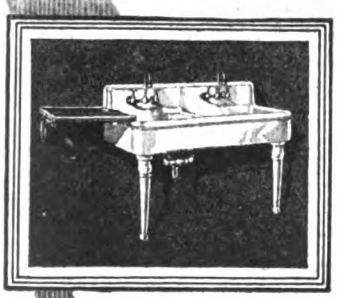
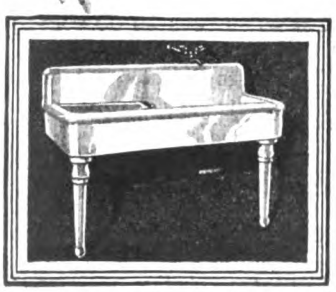


Beauty ~ Utility ~
"TEPECO" all-clay plumbing



NO matter how white, and clean, and sanitary, a kitchen sink looks when first installed, you will soon lose all pride in its appearance unless it is made of Solid Porcelain. No other material will withstand kitchen sink treatment and retain its smooth, white, fresh, pride-inspiring appearance.

Consider, too, the factor of sanitation. Where dirt can lodge and decay there is *bound* to result an element of danger, for often dishes are prepared for the table in the base of the sink—vegetables are washed in it.

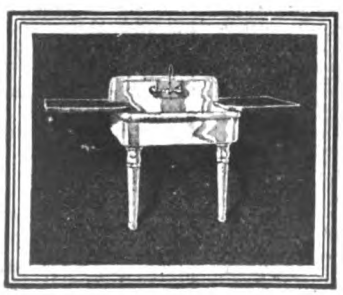


All-Clay "Tepeco" Plumbing

is clay—through and through—covered with a glaze (or enamel) and fired or baked to a degree of hardness comparable to glass.

It is this extreme hardness of surface that makes Tepeco All-Clay Porcelain Sinks so sanitary. Dirt finds no place of lodgment, even after years of use. A dampened cloth removes any trace of soil. Nor can Tepeco Sinks be discolored by vegetable or fruit stains.

You need never worry about metal to rust, **for even should the glaze become fractured, and it would take a very severe blow to cause even the smallest chipping, the solid clay body lies beneath and damage can go no further.**



The same virtues that apply to Tepeco Sinks are equally applicable to the entire line of bathtubs, lavatories, laundry tubs, water closets, etc. "Tepeco" ware is the most economical plumbing investment you can make, despite a slightly higher initial price.

If you intend to build or renovate your bathroom, be sure to write for our instructive book "Bathrooms of Character."

The TRENTON POTTERIES CO.
Trenton, New Jersey
Makers of the Silent Si-wel-clo Closet

woman of real force and ability. But she has a daughter who is about as commonplace a girl as you can imagine. She is just plain ordinary, neither beautiful, nor talented, nor fitted in any way to repeat her mother's success in society.

But from the time she could understand anything at all, that girl has been fed on the idea that she was the leader in her set. When she was a child, her parties were the ones all the other children yearned to attend. Later, it was a sort of subtle distinction for a boy to be asked to Sunday-night suppers at the Blanks' house. Her coming-out dance was the talk of the town. Her house-guests always get long notices in the local paper. And every move she makes is elaborately chronicled there.

The result is that her absolutely commonplace self is hidden behind this fake personage. She is just an ordinary girl, who might have developed into a nice, sensible woman if she had been allowed to grow up naturally. As it is, she is arrogant, conceited, and superficial. I often wonder if she suspects that she is a sham and would like to push her dummy aside and see what would happen. One of these days some man will marry her for what he thinks she is, and then there may be trouble for both.

I have known other women who hid behind a dummy intentionally, because they were afraid their real selves lacked the qualities they thought necessary for social success. Have you ever watched the women in the receiving line at a party, and noticed how few of them were simple and genuine in manner? They are afraid that their natural selves will not be charming and fascinating, so they assume an artificial gayety, laugh immoderately, talk in an affected tone.

Fear is at the bottom of it, fear that they will be overlooked, fear that people will think they are not making an impression. And watch the girls in a ballroom, and see how many of them show signs of the lurking fear that they may be considered wallflowers. It is rather pathetic to see their tense young faces, to watch the forced smiles when they sit through a dance alone—for they must smile, because they are afraid people will know they are unhappy at being passed by.

TO GO back to the man who is afraid of himself in business—a fear which is far more common than you realize. You remember that Stonewall Jackson, the great Confederate general, said: "Never take counsel of your fears." A good saying, that, and yet not altogether a wise one. For although you should admit fear to your council-chamber and let him have his say, if you listen *only* to him, you are a fool and a coward.

Fear is sometimes your friend. Therefore, listen to him. Fear of being kept away from your work may lead you to be careful about exposing yourself to sickness. Fear of a breakdown may cause you to take a needed vacation. Fear of losing your savings will make you choose your investments wisely. Fear of dishonor will make you cautious about your dealings with others.

So, you see, fear may be a good and prudent adviser. But what General Jackson probably meant is that you should not allow fear to rule the meeting.

For unless you keep him in his proper place, he is a good deal of a bully, and his rule is the most paralyzing of all rules.

Don't let him be your boss. Don't let him whisper to you that you never can win out on your own "front;" that what you need is a dummy to hide behind. Be yourself, but be your best self! Take your own qualities and use them to the utmost.

If the boy I spoke of—the boy Jim who tried to imitate his brother Bob—had done that, he would have succeeded better standing in his own shoes than in borrowed ones. What if he *was* quiet and no great talker? I believe that J. Pierpont Morgan was not a chatterbox. I seem to recall that various other successful men were quite the opposite of garrulous.

Suppose they had been afraid of that trait in themselves and had put their time, thought, and energy into creating a dummy self, modeled after somebody who had the qualities they lacked. Suppose that Abraham Lincoln had said to himself when he was going to meet Douglas in debate:

"I lack the suavity and grace and cultivated manner of Douglas. That is my weak point and I must keep people from seeing it."

And with that fear of himself in mind, suppose he had tried to make himself into an imitation of his opponent. Not only for that one time, but for his whole life. What would he have been? A nondescript—certainly not a Douglas. And the Lincoln who is an immortal figure in history would have lived and died behind an artificial creation not worthy to be remembered.

One of our modern poets expressed a universal truth when he wrote:

"I am the fear that frightens me."

If you want absurd examples of this fear of yourself just remember the time you made your first call on a girl. Your heart was in your mouth, your knees felt curiously shaky, your hand was so cold that you hated to have her touch it. Why were you in this parlous state? The girl would not do you any bodily injury? You knew that. Even her father—you had to go into the sitting-room and say "Good evening" to him—was not likely to do more than regard you with an amused twinkle in his eye.

Then what were you afraid of? Well, you were afraid you wouldn't make a good impression, first, on the girl herself; next, on her parents, who, you thought, would be listening to every word they could catch; and, finally, on yourself—for we are always more or less playing up to ourselves, trying to make ourselves think that we are the things we want to be.

LET us suppose that you are to be a guest at a dinner party. I think I am safe in saying that the uppermost thought in your mind is not whether there will be good things to eat, and people who will interest and entertain you, but whether *you* will make a good impression.

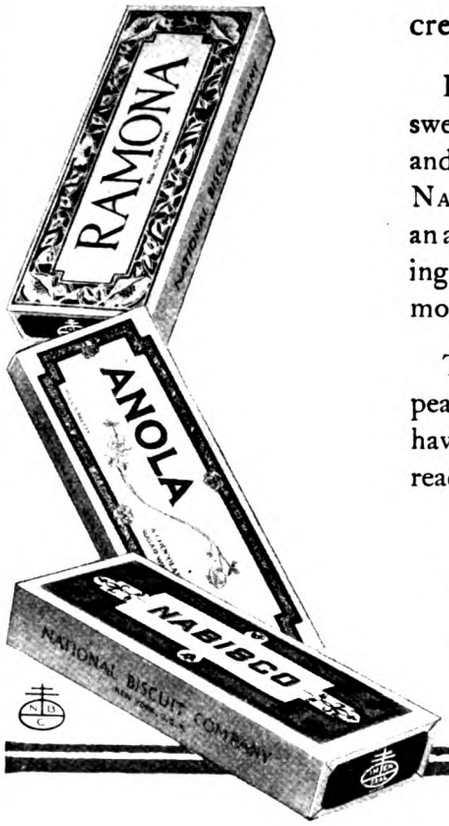
Perhaps you have not been much sought after as a dinner guest, but you have an acquaintance who is always in demand, and you try to analyze his success. People say of him: "Oh, let's have So-and-so! He's such good company." You know they say this about him, and you want them to say it about you.

When Sweets Appear

—and merriment abounds, then come the happiest sweets of all—Nabisco Sugar Wafers. A welcome always awaits them with their delicate outer strips and delicious creamy filling.

It's a case of sweets *with* the sweet when you serve Ramona and Anola Sugar Wafers with Nabisco. Together they offer an alluring combination of ravishing flavors that will charm the most indifferent palate.

The wise hostess knows the peace-of-mind that comes of having on hand a supply of these ready-to-serve tid-bits.



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How two girls transformed the living room

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Furniture — Table Tops
Woodwork — Pianos
Linoleum — Leather Goods

A COUPLE of hours' work after school while mother was down town, and Margery and Helen simply *transformed* the living room!

Margery applied a thin, translucent coat of Old English Wax to the floor, giving it a wonderful, subdued lustre, full of soft lights and reflections, and Helen with cloth in one hand and the little can of wax in the other, gave the furniture that "hand rubbed" appearance that will last for months—and joy!—be easy to dust!

For there's nothing in Old English Wax to collect dirt and darken the fine wood. Smooth as silk and hard as glass, nothing can get through it. It's impervious to heel marks, hot water, or grease. And it brings out all the beauty of the grain of the wood in addition to protecting it.

What it costs to "do over" your floors

Many people are surprised to learn that Old English Wax offers the most inexpensive method of rejuvenating floors. Take as an example a room 14 x 18, or 252 square feet.

Varnished, shellaced or waxed floor in fair condition

1 pint Old English Wax	$0.75
1 pint Old English Brightener	.70
	$1.45

(While only the Wax is necessary, better results are obtained if the floor is first cleaned and polished with Brightener.)

Varnished, shellaced or waxed floor in bad condition

1 gallon Var-ni-go Varnish Remover	$2.50
6 pounds Boyle's Paste Wood Filler	2.10
1 quart Old English Wax	1.50
(These prices for U. S. only)	$6.10

You can easily do this work yourself, or your servant or "handy man" can do it. And you can use the floor the same day you wax it since it dries almost immediately. Complete instructions on every can of Wax. For free booklet or special advice, address THE A. S. BOYLE CO., 1603 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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One pint can Old English Wax to purchasers of Old English Waxer and Polisher—the new device that makes the polishing of floors as simple and easy as dusting them with a mop.

If not obtainable at your paint, hardware, drug, house-furnishing or department store, remit to us: we will supply you both Polisher and Wax, parcel post, prepaid. Price, east of Denver, $3.50; Denver and west, $4.00.

THE A. S. BOYLE CO.
1603 Dana Ave. Cincinnati, O.

But you don't think you *are* good company! Ever since you were a kid your sisters have laughed at your awkwardness. Once, when you were fourteen, you spilled a cup of boiling coffee on a girl's frock at a party; and for years after that you want by the nickname of "Hot-stuff Bill." You never have forgotten that boyhood episode—and you think everybody else remembers it.

The result is that you are intensely self-conscious, and would rather toy with a loaded hand grenade than have to reach around your glass of water and pass the salted nuts at a dinner party. Of course you can't be "good company" when you are in that state of mind. You are possessed with a fear of your own awkwardness. You have let the memory of a foolish little accident, which in one way or another probably happens to a million people every week, set itself up in your mind and become an absolute ruler.

I AM taking examples of this inner fear absolutely at random; but I believe that most of my readers can duplicate them, either in their own personal experience or in their observation of others. Here is another: A business acquaintance was telling me the other day of a young man in his organization. Let us call my friend Brown, and the young man Jones. Brown knows that I am something of a psychologist and wanted my explanation of the case.

"This young Jones," he said, "is not in my department, yet every little while I get a memorandum from him setting forth some suggestion for my branch of the business. I am the sales manager, you know, and he is in the manufacturing end. How do you account for it?

"Are his suggestions good?" I asked.

"No," he declared; "I've never followed one of them."

"Is he a success where he is?"

"I believe his boss thinks he's a good man."

"Then it isn't because he's not doing well there and feels that he would be better off in the selling end of the business?" I asked.

"No, he doesn't want to change."

"Perhaps you've noticed his work and praised it. He may be trying to show his gratitude."

"On the contrary, I once told his boss that I didn't think much of him. And the man joked the youngster about it. Told him that 'Brown was from Missouri and had to be shown.'

"Oh!" I said. "Would you have any influence if there was a question of keeping or firing him?"

"Well—I'm a director."

"I think the thing is clear enough," I said. "He is afraid that he hasn't 'sold himself' to you, and he is trying to do it. He wants to make you think he is a wonderful chap, full of initiative and bright ideas."

Brown stared at me.

"I wonder if you're right!" he said. "Well, he doesn't get himself anywhere with those tactics. There's room in his own job for all the initiative any one man has."

As I see it, young Jones is simply a case of fear of one's self. At some time or other, he got it into his head that he lacked initiative. Maybe he really did. At any rate, that is his secret; and when he

found that Brown hadn't a high opinion of him, he immediately tried to set up a dummy self, a self so full of "pep" and ideas that one department is too limited a field for it. He thinks Brown will say:

"By George! but that young fellow is a live one! *He's* a comer, all right!"

And he overdoes the matter. Which is precisely what most of us do when we try to set up a dummy and hide our real selves behind it.

"WELL," you say, "what *shall* I do? If I know I have weak points, shouldn't I try to hide them? Wouldn't it be a good thing to set up this dummy, as you call it, and keep people from finding out my weakness?"

Emphatically, no! That is the wrong way to meet the situation. Faking never pays. And if you pretend you are something you are not, it is a fake. Your own qualities are your stock in the business of life. You didn't choose them, and you may wish they were different. But they are *yours*, and you have got to handle them. However, you *can* choose the best of them to put in your show window; and you can improve them and display them to the best advantage.

Take the case of a man who thinks he is too quiet to be a good salesman. Instead of being afraid of that trait, he can get fine results from using it. One of the most popular and successful men I know is so quiet that his friends call him "William the Silent." The quiet man is usually a good listener—and that is a passport to most people's liking.

Instead of trying to set up an artificial dummy of yourself as a good talker, think of the *other* man, be interested in him, draw him out with questions, let him do the talking, and let him find you listening with a concentrated attention which will certainly gratify him. If you believe in the thing you are trying to sell, study *it* instead of yourself. Get a few definite ideas firmly in your mind about why you believe in it. To say a few things, clearly and with conviction, makes a greater impression on most people than an hour of "hot air" talk, no matter how entertaining the hot air may be.

The trouble with these secret fears is that they make us self-conscious. Self-consciousness can become an actual disease, or, at least, it can produce a condition which results in disease. The fear of ourselves makes us uncertain in action, timid in decision, and prevents us from concentrating on whatever we have to do. The result is worry, which disturbs digestion and other functions.

In its extreme form, this fear of self may result in the nervous troubles with which the student of mental hygiene becomes familiar: morbid shrinking from meeting, or even seeing, other people; curious obsessions of various kinds; melancholia and nervous breakdown. The sanitariums are full of people who are there simply because they let some fear get the upper hand in their minds.

Don't think of the things you are not. Think of what you are, and see how you can make the most of your natural self. And don't think too much about yourself anyway. The best way to use your mind is objectively, not subjectively. That is, think about the outside world. Get interested in other people. Study them. Enrich your life by observation.

And the curious part of it is that *self-development* will surely follow. Nothing in nature grows by feeding on itself. Just think that over and see how true it is. The growth of character is no exception. And the way to make your character grow is to open your mind to outside influences, to watch other men, to be interested in them. To do this, with sincerity, will react on you without conscious effort on your part. The mind is a good deal like a plant. It instinctively takes the food it needs. But you must not be continually pulling it up, or tearing it to pieces, to find out what is going on. That is what we call "morbid introspection."

It is quite different from the examination of your *acts*. We ought to watch those carefully. We ought to face definite issues squarely, and think over what we are to do, or not do. But it is not wise to be always analyzing our "souls." To *act* honestly in a single instance, for example, will have more real effect on your character than any amount of introspective *wondering* whether you are honest, or *fearing* that you are not.

IT IS the same way with other things. You are afraid you lack initiative, and you let that fear paralyze you. If you will stop dwelling on the fear, and will fill your mind with thoughts of your *work*, the first thing you know you will actually be having impulses to do things, you will see opportunities to make improvements. In short, you will be likely to develop initiative *naturally*. The trouble with young Jones was that he tried to do it artificially, because he was afraid of himself and of Brown.

I want to make it clear that I am not saying you shouldn't try to overcome faults, or even weaknesses. But do it squarely and honestly. And instead of being afraid of the trait which troubles you, make it *serve* you. Suppose you have a quick temper, for example. There are some very good qualities involved in a quick temper. The man or woman who has it is alert, eager, responsive. The thing for you to do is to realize that you have these good qualities, but that you are misdirecting them.

I could go on indefinitely taking up these different secret fears. But the *modus operandi* would be the same in each case. Don't be afraid of them—make *use* of them. Don't be too introspective. Think about other people; don't wonder and agonize about yourself. Develop your own character; don't set up a dummy and try to hide behind it.

"TAKE a Census of Your Microbes" is the title of an unusual contribution next month. In this article a famous surgeon explains how indulgence in envy, jealousy, grief, worry, and all other forms of unhappiness, is a direct cause of ill health. He gives many rules for improving personal efficiency.

New Parker Patent Clip held in place like a washer 25c

IT'S a self-filler, yet you can find no opening in the barrel, projections or outside levers—that makes it safety-sealed; ink can't get out.

20,000 Dealers sell Parker Fountain Pens.

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New York *Chicago* *San Francisco*

You Cannot Bluff the Camera

(*Continued from page 43*)

sometimes made when the sitter himself does not know what is being done. An example of this in my own studio was that of the universally beloved Joe Jefferson, whose "Rip Van Winkle" is still a memory to make people smile. Mr. Jefferson had never succeeded in getting a picture of himself that satisfied his friends and, with his past experiences of failure to discourage him, was bored with the whole affair. One day he came to our studio. He wanted to get it through with as soon as possible and be gone.

I made my arrangements beforehand, and when he came, sat down beside him and began to talk of one thing and another—just the ordinary chat of two men at home or in the club. He did not see the camera pointed at him. For a moment he even forgot where he was, or what he had come for. Finally he looked around.

"This is very pleasant," he said; "but we ought to be getting down to business. I came here to have my picture taken."

"We've taken it," I replied.

"What?" he cried. "Well, if you have, it will be the best picture I have ever got."

And so it was. It is to-day the picture by which future generations will know the man who brought so much good cheer into the lives of their fathers and grandfathers.

A SUCCESSFUL picture of a child is a distinct triumph. It not only delights the heart of the parent, but of the photographer as well. For nothing is more appealing than the expression on a child's face when he is unconscious of himself.

But too often parents or nurses make it extremely hard for a photographer to obtain such a picture. They tell the child that he is "going to have his picture taken." They dress him up, get him excited, and he comes to the gallery breathless or frightened, or full of the idea that he is going to be the center of the stage.

Now a child likes to be the center of the stage. He is also a poser. He thinks he must live up to expectations. This is particularly true of little girls, who will ape the manner and expressions of grown-ups.

So there is the child in front of the camera. This is his great event; he has been prepared for it at home; now he is thinking about himself, and the task of the photographer is to get him to think of something else.

Fortunately, it is not often a hard thing to do. I sometimes accomplish it by talking of other children, for children are always interested in one another. "I have a little boy (or a little girl) at home just about your size," I say. Or, "I know a little girl or boy who does such and such a thing every morning."

Nine times out of ten the child's expression changes. His interest is projected to something outside himself. His mind is on that other child, and he has that sense of wonder, of eagerness concerning the unknown, which all children feel; and consequently he has that expression of wonder and interest which we all love to see on his face.

Or sometimes the mention of an animal will do it. Every boy has a dog, or wants one. Ask him if he has a dog at home, and see his face light up with pleasure if he has one, or, if he hasn't, with the anticipated pleasure of owning one.

Now is the time to "snap" the child. Now is the time to record what he is thinking about. For the camera is in a sense a mind reader. It gets you as you are—at the moment. But since it *is* at the moment, it is therefore important that the moment be your best one.

NEARLY everyone has a certain time of day when he is at his best. This is not always early in the morning, for some people wake up tired, but grow brighter as the day advances. Choose your brightest time of day and make your appointment accordingly. For remember that you cannot "bluff" the camera. If you are tired, the weariness will show in your eyes; if you hold up your head with effort, the camera will record that effort.

If you are a woman, and do not wish to have your picture taken often, do not wear extreme styles. The mutton-leg sleeve of half a generation ago, the high pompadour and hats tilted precariously forward of a little later period make the picture out of date once these styles have passed. Black or dark colors, and simple lines are best for stout women. Or if the portrait is to be a simple "head and shoulders," evening dress is good.

With men styles do not play so important a part, for men's fashions do not change as radically as women's. Clothes of some dark material, and clothes without lines or stripes, are best, in the man, however inconspicuous these lines or stripes may be. For the camera plays queer tricks with colors. Some time ago we took a picture of Colonel Langhorne of Virginia, father of the famous Langhorne sisters, celebrated for their beauty and brilliant marriages. The colonel wore a suit of clothes with a check so inconspicuous as to be almost unnoticeable. But the photograph showed him up in an apparently gaudy checked suit, far more fitting to the professional gambler than to the conservative gentleman he was. Of course the picture had to be discarded. Also, an almost invisible stripe in a suit worn by Mr. Frick turned out in the photograph to be glaring white stripes, which rendered undesirable an otherwise excellent photograph.

However, I ought to say that you need not bother about your clothes any more. Recent inventions have enabled the camera to record stripes and checks as the eye sees them. That is, if they are inconspicuous to the eye, they will be inconspicuous to the camera.

The question of full face or profile is one for you to decide, after consultation with the photographer, perhaps, or after a negative or two has been taken. It is said that nature gave us our profiles, and that we ourselves make our full faces. That is, our character affects our full face, putting into it lines of determination or of slackness, of kindliness or of hardness, lines which do not show when only the profile is taken. If nature has been kind to you, therefore, you may consider the profile; if you have been kind to yourself (and to others) then the full face may be the more desirable.

A receding chin or forehead will of course show up in profile, and may not do you justice. For a receding chin is not necessarily a sign of a weak or vacillating character, nor is a receding forehead necessarily an indication of a low order of intellect, though people believe that they are. As a matter of fact, many people whose faces are not strong in the accepted sense have a liveliness of expression, an indomitable spirit in the eyes, which indicate more force and greater strength of character than the conventionally prominent chin or iron jaw.

BUT a man naturally wants his picture to do him justice; and because of people's preconceptions, a profile may not do this. No just picture should call attention to those things about the face that are not pleasing. For instance, not many men like to be bald. Baldness does not do them justice; it is a mere incident. Therefore a picture which, because of the arrangement of light, calls attention to this baldness, is not fair.

Likewise, if a person has big or outstanding ears, it is an injustice to place him in front of a light background which will bring this fact out. His wife sees other things in him besides these ears; if he is a lovable man, she does not see them at all. A dark background that will bring out the genial face, and throw into shadow the prominent ears, is only fair to the man and to those who want a picture of him. But the really striking feature, the feature that shows personality, should be prominent. In Mr. Morgan's case it was his eyes; they were like diamonds. A competent picture of Mr. Morgan must, therefore, show those eyes. You should see them first in the picture, just as you saw them first in the man.

After all, then, what is a good picture? I think I have already indicated. It is not a matter of technique; every good photographer knows the technique of his trade, and to say that a picture is good technically is to damn it with faint praise.

I doubt if you can leave it to your own judgment altogether as to what is a good picture of you. Most frequently the photograph which a man picks out for himself is not the one his wife wants. In fact, you do not know very well how you look to others; and since the picture is intended for others rather than for yourself, others must decide.

A good picture is one about which your wife or your husband, as the case may be, or your children, or anyone who cares for you, can say:

"I love that picture!"

"I Never Could Have Married Anybody Else"

(*Continued from page 13*)

you sure that you want me to return it?"

She only nodded, because the door opened on Mary with the breakfast.

It was a relief to Elizabeth that day to find that her father was lunching with the dean. Her mother, looking at her anxiously, asked if she had slept, and the girl answered that the bright moon had made her wakeful. When she came home at night she was surprised to find the professor there before her. He called to her from the sitting-room as she started up the stairs.

"Will you come here, my dear? Your mother is at Mrs. Maynard's, and I want to speak to you before she comes. I—returned your ring, Elizabeth."

She hesitated in the doorway. "Thank you, Father. What do you want to say?"

"There is a good deal to say. You surely can't expect to break your engagement to a fine fellow like Aldrich, and give your parents no reason for the act."

The girl flushed. "Couldn't you trust me? I haven't done it lightly, Father, and—I love him. I shall never marry anybody else."

Her father's stern mouth relaxed into a smile. "That is an old, old statement, Betty. I remember making it once myself, when your mother was hard-hearted; and Barry—

"Did he—take the ring?"

The words escaped her in a breathless rush; and stooping down she stretched her cold hands to the blaze.

"He took it—temporarily. He is very much cut up, my dear, and unhappy. He thinks you have given him no adequate reason for such a step—and I must say that I agree with him."

"He—he *told* you?"

"He told me as little as he could; but you know, daughter, that I am rather quick to grasp things. I gather that marriage as you have viewed it close at hand, seems—disappointing?"

HIS voice sounded a little hard, and tears sprang to her eyes. "Oh, it's not *that!*" she cried passionately. "One would expect disappointments of course, and sacrifices. But I haven't a mind like Barry's, Father. I couldn't keep pace with him; and the time would come when I couldn't bear the hurt of it."

"But, my dear! a man doesn't eternally talk shop! Do you imagine that, after teaching chemistry all day, Barry would wish to pursue the subject in the evening?"

"Perhaps not—but there'd be times when friends would come to see him and talk *over my head*. Do you remember the night Professor and Mrs. Alden dined here?"

She stopped suddenly. The words had slipped out almost against her will. She wondered if her father had for a moment realized her mother's anxiety that evening. She looked up to find him gazing into space with knitted brows.

"Alden?" he said, puzzled. "I can't remember what we talked of; but if we talked 'over the heads' of the rest of you we were distinctly rude. What I do remember is how good the dinner was, and how sweet your mother looked at the foot of the table. She was so much prettier than Mrs. Alden."

The words surprised the girl so that she started preceptibly, which did not escape her father's eye. There was a silence in which he seemed to be searching for the truth; then he exclaimed, "Betty, my dear child, you don't mean that your *mother* was uncomfortable that night?"

"Oh, but I do!" cried Betty fervently. "Can't you see? You talked about things—well, even with what education *I've* had, I couldn't have kept up with you. Mrs. Alden managed a word occasionally, but Barry was the only one who could really talk. And there was Mother sitting at her own table, afraid to open her mouth for fear she'd show she didn't understand. I—I could have cried! And you never take her to the college parties, and—you don't kiss her—"

"What *are* you talking about?"

IT WAS Mary who interrupted. She stood in the doorway, her sweet face flushed from the outside air, her coat thrown back, revealing her pretty throat and snowy kerchief. Her husband stared at her a moment, then said, "We seem to be talking about you. This child has reached the conclusion that marriage, for you, has been a failure. Perhaps it would be well for us to hear your views about it."

His voice sounded rather strained as he took his wife's coat and moved a chair nearer the blaze. The professor had beautiful manners which, unlike some men, he did not leave behind him when he came home. As Mary sank into the chair she looked up at him curiously, to see if it were perhaps a joke.

"Failure?" she said, smiling. "Well, I should hardly call it that. My dear child, what's all this nonsense?"

"It is not nonsense to Betty," said her father soberly. "She has broken her engagement because of it."

"Oh, my dear!" cried Mary, "you can't mean it! I—don't see—"

"She thinks," went on the professor firmly, though his lips tightened, "that she doesn't want a husband who will eternally talk 'over her head'—as I do. Will you tell us, Mary, if this is true?"

An expression flitted across his wife's face that was new to Professor North. Once, years ago, when strolling in the woods he had come upon a squirrel in a trap. The little creature had looked up at him pitifully, and something in Mary's face brought the incident to the professor's mind. She shivered a little and moved nearer the fire. Then her eyes met his squarely and she smiled.

"There have been times," she said honestly, "when I've wished I—knew

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more. But Betty has been to college. Why should she fear—"

"You are evading the question," said the professor sternly. "Betty says the night the Aldens dined here you felt uncomfortable. Is this true?"

"In—in a way it is," she answered, flushing. "I—I was so afraid I'd drop a g, or something worse, and see you shudder. Early habits are so hard to break; and I couldn't bear that you should feel ashamed before—people like *that*."

THE professor winced; started to speak, but checked himself. He looked into the fire thoughtfully before he said, "Mary, have you *wanted* to go to the college parties with me?"

"Why, no!" she cried suddenly, "that is—oh, Betty, you mustn't blame him, dear, for *that*. I—I hated them so at first! The college people weren't so simple then, and I'd been about so little it made me miserable to be with them. I begged your father to let me stay at home; but—but—"

"Yes?" urged her husband gently.

"I—I mean," she stammered miserably, "I've sometimes wished you *wanted* me to go more." Then, seeing the expression of his face, she sprang up, laying her hand tenderly upon his arm. "But what do they matter—little trivial things like this?" she cried. "When I remember the years we've had together—how you've never failed me when I needed help; how I've never slept without your good-night kiss—and—"

"Good-night kiss!" echoed Elizabeth.

Her father smiled, though a slow red crept into his face. "That was another point, Mary," he said quietly. "I never kiss you! She thinks—"

"Oh, Betty!" cried her mother, "it's just one of his habits, not kissing me before folks. He was always afraid of acting foolish, even before you children. People can't all show their love in the same way, dear; but if he *does* love me, the other things don't matter, do they?"

"They matter very much to *me*," said the professor harshly.

He walked across the room and stood at the window, watching the big snow flakes descending lazily. When he turned again he came close to his wife, laying his hands upon her shoulders.

"So you think it doesn't matter that somehow I've failed to understand you all these years? You think it's a little thing that I've let you see I minded when once in a while—a very *great* while, Mary, —you dropped an innocent little g? And you think it's nothing that, because once, long ago, you hated college parties, I've gone on my way serenely, taking it for granted that you'd still hate them, when all the time I might have had you with me?"

She looked up at him mutely, without words; and at last he said, "Do you think it's a little thing to *me*, Mary, that because of my shortcomings the only one of our four babies left to us is breaking the heart of a man like Barry Aldrich, and her own as well?"

"Oh, Father," cried Elizabeth contritely, "I wouldn't have had you know it for the world! If I'd thought—"

"It is time I knew it!" interrupted the professor quickly. "You need not reproach yourself, my dear. I am ashamed

to have been so blind; but we must make you see—somehow—that, in spite of everything, it's all beautifully worth while.... Oh, Mary, tell me it's been worth while!" he added in an unsteady voice.

Then Mary smiled, though her eyes were full of tears and her lips trembled. "I—I never could have married anybody else," she said.

Her words brought a furtive smile to the professor's lips as he turned to Betty. "There they are," he said gently, "the same old words. Thank God you have someone to say them of, my dear. And what your mother tells us of early habits is very true. I contracted the habit of loving her about the time I had my first long trousers, and I have not been cured of it, appearances to the contrary. But I am going to turn over a new leaf. I believe I shall send her flowers for the college party!"

"I cannot go to the party," said Mary, smiling. "I have no gown."

"Then get one," ordered her husband, "and a good one, too, if we mortgage the house to do it. And speaking of habits, there is one that I shall make an effort to overcome, though doing so may cause me a good deal of embarrassment."

He smiled tenderly as he looked down on Mary's parted hair. It was a smile that no one but Mary had ever seen, and it brought the tears smarting to Betty's eyes. Then he laughed, almost boyishly, and slipping his hand beneath his wife's chin he lifted her face and kissed her.

"May I—come in?" asked Barry Aldrich from the doorway.

A little cry escaped Elizabeth, a cry that said infinitely more than words. She stretched out her arms, and apparently Barry did not share the professor's scruples regarding kisses; or possibly he forgot that he had an audience.

"I—I never could have married anybody else, darling," he murmured brokenly; and the professor looked into Mary's eyes and smiled.

"Count a Thousand—Slow—Between Each Drop"

(*Continued from page 46*)

consideration. What if we hadn't found 'em? She'd of died, too, in a day or so. The mules would've gone crazy from thirst. I don't see why we should put ourselves out none—or spoil the party—by notifyin' her folks."

T'rantler soberly lighted his pipe. "There's sagacity in them words, for once," he approved. "For once you show some small traces of pay dust in that ol' head. But you know, and I know, Texan, that we're prejudiced. We got selfish ends in view. Both of us is tryin' and tryin' to pacify our consciences to keepin' this child, for our own, as long as we can."

"I misdoubt whether you and me is fitted to be foster-dads," Texan remarked uneasily. "But I don't see how we can be blamed for keepin' her till someone comes after her, anyway."

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Are your horses sound investments?

Horses, too, are going up, and good ones are getting scarce. When you buy a horse these days you don't want a "weaver" or a "cribber" or a "wind-sucker." And you want to feed and water him properly, see to his comfort and his health, and also keep down costs. Dr. A. S. Alexander, the famous Wisconsin authority, tells you how to know and how to do these things. His talk is loaded with information invaluable to the farmer, breeder, and every man who owns or wants to own a horse.

Who pays the piper?

Are your pockets picked by the profiteer or do you throw your money to the birds? When the common laborer buys silk shirts, and the plumbers' helper has his own car—what then? Is anyone really trying to save, and live economically?—that's the question. We say food prices are exorbitant—we blame everyone but ourselves. No doubt the farmer is best able to give us an analysis of the food problem—he is the producer. E. V. Wilcox, formerly of the Bureau of Farm Management, Department of Agriculture, has made a very close study of packing, marketing, and cold storage conditions and their effect upon the high cost of living. In a vitally interesting article called "The Packers" in the March FARM AND FIRESIDE he discusses the national food problem from the farmer's point of view.

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Thus it was decided. Neither of them cared to work the next day. They sat on each side of little Nan, and drank in her childish words. They took her about the camp, and they cooked her private meals. Long-Ear Joe blared and brayed in vain. His nose was quite out of joint.

THIS was the first of a full week of joyous days.

Both of them were perfectly aware that the week was only a holiday. They wouldn't have admitted it for worlds; but they knew that her stay was almost at an end. They sat long hours, planning futures for their ward; but both of them knew that it was just a matter of days before their water supply would become so low that the three of them would be forced to go back to Red Sage. Once there, the child would be taken quickly from their hands. Likely she had relatives in the town; besides, not one of the few women that lived there would have considered the two old prospectors as fit foster-fathers for little Nan.

The two of them staked her out a claim, equally as promising as their own. And as the tenth day drew to evening, they knew that her stay was almost over.

"Only one cask full of water," Old Texan announced. "And that not quite full. That means we got to go in three days more, to have plenty for the trip."

"Two—to be safe," T'ranter corrected. "We can't take no chances with Nan." He sucked dreamily at his pipe. "You remember, Texan, what we was sayin' the night she come—about children and such? Didn't it just seem like an act o' God? But of course you and me ain't any more fitted to have the permanent destinies of a girl on our hands than a couple of rattlesnakes."

Texan nodded sadly. "You filled that ol' toothless cavity of your'n with words then," he agreed sadly.

"It's been a great old party, and it's got to end day after to-morrow. But of course we'll have a nice time goin' back. And maybe—maybe—"

Texan rested his great hand for a single second on the other's shoulder. "Don't be foolin' yourself with any maybes," he said, not unkindly. "We're prospectors, before and after. But nobody can say we ain't been fathers in our time."

Evening came down, and they made a soft bed with their own blankets for the child. It meant a few chill hours in the morning for themselves; but what did that matter? They sat till the fire burned low, and talked it over. They were bright-eyed and exultant in remembrance of every childish sentence, every prank and every peal of laughter. Then the stars shone down upon their quiet faces.

Texan awakened an hour later. He heard Long-Ear Joe stamping among the water casks, and heard the crack as he upset an empty. He drove the beast away with a well-aimed shoe. "Guess T'rantler didn't water him enough to-night," he observed, as he settled back to his cold sleep.

At the first gray of dawn he sprang up; and, as if called by a voice, walked toward the water casks. He tipped them about, first softly and easily, and then in frantic haste. The sand beneath one of them was soaked with water. And then T'rantler, rising too, came and stood softly

beside him. They swore softly—so as not to waken the child—with a strange, gray glaze on the face of each. Their last water cask had been broken and spilled in the night.

Silence, the lesson and code of the desert, was remembered even now. They said scarcely a word to each other.

Only their faces were set and strange. Texan immediately caught the burro and swiftly improvised a riding saddle. Moments were precious beyond all the gold in their mines. They had only the water that was in their personal canteens; and a few minutes' gain at the end of the journey might mean life to one of their number. T'rantler went to waken the child.

"Get up, little one," he called softly. "Get up, Nan, and no time to lose. You're goin' back to your kin-folks today."

Then they lifted the child to the burro's back, and started away over the desert.

They did not waste their strength in talk. T'rantler walked ahead, swiftly, silently. The burro came next, bearing the little girl. Texan, huge and shuffling as ever, brought up the rear.

The purple lights of dawn were on the horizon. The desert stretched down, seemingly infinite in breadth. The time would come soon when the heat waves would blur and obscure all the horizon; but they could see quite clearly now. Both men wore coats at first. But at the end of the first mile, T'rantler remembered his. He took it off, and left it lying in the dust. Texan dropped his upon it. Then they removed the little jacket that Nan wore and left it, too. Ounces mattered, in this effort. Then Texan dropped his pistol and belt; but T'rantler kept his.

"We might meet someone—with water," he explained softly. "We might have to take it away from them—for the kid."

Texan nodded gravely, and the advance continued. They rested sometimes for a space of a few seconds. They had been long enough in the wilds to know the value of short rests. The forces of the body, weakening, rally like soldiers for further effort.

Morning drew till noon. They fed the child—a few moist raisins and unsalted crackers. They gave her a sip of water, too.

"But I'm thirsty," she wept. "I want to drink."

T'rantler looked back and smiled at her. "You must be a little woman, Nan," he reproved gently. "If you drink now, you can't later—when you need it more. This is the desert, Nan,—and you must be a woman."

She checked her tears bravely, and the caravan started on. Neither of the two had even tasted water since the night before.

THE sun was blasting fury in the sky, by now. The rocks grew too hot to touch. The desert had receded to a little space of desolate brown, bound on all sides by a shimmering wall of heat waves.

On they trudged, through the long, still afternoon. Both men were suffering now. The first few hours of thirst are always the worst. Then delirium follows, and poisoned nerves that can carry no messages of pain to the parched brain. Their steps began to grow unsteady before the

"The Man In the Gray Coat"

By GEORGE W. CECIL

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN A. MAY

I WAS walking down the avenue with Frank Roberts. Suddenly he caught me by the arm. "See that man in the gray coat?" he exclaimed. "That's Tom Saunderson."

"What! Tom Saunderson, of Saunderson & Rhoades?" I ejaculated in astonishment. "No, no! It can't be. Why, he looks ten years younger. Wonder what's done it?"

"I don't know," said Frank. "I haven't seen him for a year. Let's find out."

It took but a moment for us to reach the tall, athletic figure just ahead. After an exchange of greetings Frank brought up the subject that was in both our minds, "How comes it you look so well, Tom? Been down to Florida and found The Fountain of Perpetual Youth?"

Tom laughed. "Hardly that, old scout—I never was a believer in miracles. And yet—common sense can sometimes work miraculous changes. It's a good story, and there's a moral in it, so I'll begin at the beginning.

"Just one year ago I had a birthday. I was thirty-eight years old. Some friends of mine got together and gave me a little party. They called on me for a speech and as I stood up I looked over all the old familiar faces. But one was missing.

"Half-jokingly I asked—'Where is Arthur Taggart?'

"There was a sudden hushing of voices and a deep tell-tale silence. It went through me like a stab. 'You don't seem to tell me'—I could go no further.

"Gradually I got the story. You two fellows knew Arthur—as fine a man as ever breathed. And strong—why, in his college days there never was a halfback who could go through him.

"He knew his strength, too. He told me once that he was going to live to be a hundred. Certainly he looked it.

"But one day—a sudden breakdown. No one worried at first. It seemed almost impossible to think of this big fellow as sick.

"The rest of it is the all too familiar conclusion. A fine fellow gone before his time—a stricken family—finances tangled—the usual trite though tragic 'if we had only known in time.'

"For days afterward the story kept coming back to me. And it always left me wondering if I was really as well as I thought I was.

"My partner caught me in just such a mood one day and he put his hand on my shoulder solicitously. 'Tom, my boy,' he said seriously, 'I want you to look into this matter of health.

"'I need you round me, and I know your family needs you. You're getting close to middle age and you ought to check up. Do you really know where you stand in regard to health and disease? Have you ever had a thorough top-to-toe examination?'

"I shook my head. 'No—do you know where I can get one?' I queried.

"For answer, he opened a magazine and pointed to one of the advertisements of the Life Extension Institute. 'There, my boy, is one of the greatest factors for good in the country today. Don't be skeptical about it, but fill in the coupon and get the full particulars.'

"So I did it—more to please my partner than anything else. Soon there came to me a letter and a booklet describing the Life Extension Institute.

"One of the first things that caught my eye was the list of officers. Ex-President William H. Taft is chairman of the Board of Directors. Associated with him you will find such men as Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, Major General William C. Gorgas, Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk, Robert W. De Forest, Vice President of the American Red Cross; Edward L. Pierce, President of the Solvay Process Company; Arthur W. Eaton, President of the Eaton, Crane & Pike Company; Henry H. Bowman, President of the Springfield National Bank, and Harold A. Ley, President of the Fred T. Ley Company, New York.

"And reading on I found that these men and others had founded the Life Extension Institute, not as a money-making scheme but through a sincere and honest desire to raise the health span of the nation and to make life better worth the living.

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"I have never, in all my life, had such a thorough physical examination as I got from the Institute's physician. I firmly believe this examination and the help I got from the annual health service of the Life Extension Institute have added ten years to my life.

"The Institute has a staff of over six thousand examiners throughout the United States and Canada. Its work is national. It comes to you wherever you are.

"In addition to the examination, the annual health service of the Institute also includes four chemic and microscopic examinations of the urine during the year. The Institute will supply you with special containers for all urine specimens.

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"The Institute gives appropriate hygienic guidance and instruction to all its members, but does not include medical or surgical treatment in its service. If the impairments found are serious, the member is told of the need of medical, surgical or dental attention, and is informed of the type of treatment that would be most advantageous.

"The Institute's complete survey of the body and life of the individual follows a system of standardized methods that has been approved by the 100 eminent physicians and scientists on the Hygiene Reference Board.

"These methods have been developed and perfected from the Institute's wide experience in analyzing the lives of thousands of men and women. I tell you—you fellows ought to look into it. You have everything to gain—you have nothing to lose."

As Tom Saunderson finished his story he shook hands with Frank Roberts and myself and hastened to catch his suburban train.

Frank started toward a nearby newsstand.

"What are you going to do?" I questioned.

"Going to get a copy of The American Magazine and send in that coupon of the Life Extension Institute before I forget it. It must be a good thing with all those big men behind it."

A-3-20

GENTLEMEN:—Please send me copies of "The Growing Movement to Prolong Human Life," "Neglect of the Human Machine," and other literature descriptive of the services of the Life Extension Institute. It is understood that this request involves no charge or obligation.

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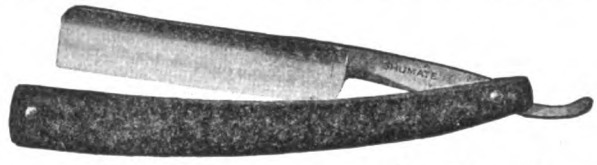

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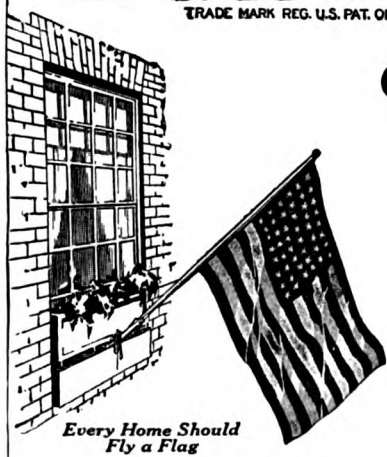

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long afternoon came to an end. The child wept; and from time to time they put a few drops of water in her mouth. Still, they took none themselves.

Nor did they stop when the twilight came down—when the heat-waves danced away and vanished in the sky. They knew that as many of the night hours as could be spent in walking, the greater would be their chance for the terrible day that would follow. They trudged on as the dark came down, every muscle stabbed with pain, and their thoughts already twisted and soaring from the body's anguish.

Only at midnight did they rest; and then for a little hour. The girl had been sleeping in the saddle long before, and Texan had supported her with his arm.

They laid her down in the sand; and they fell in their tracks beside her.

"One hour," T'rantler whispered.

"Just one," Texan replied.

Their voices were already thick and strange.

In an hour they sprang up, refreshed. Quickly they put the child on the burro's back. T'rantler took the rope from the saddle horn, and passing it beneath the animal's belly tied both of the little feet. Then they put a loop around her waist and fastened it to the saddle. Now no weakness nor exhaustion could cause her to fall from the saddle.

"No use of doin' that yet," Texan objected.

But T'rantler was wiser. "Might as well," he replied. "To-day is the big test, and we might not have strength enough to do it when the time comes. A man goes up all in a bunch. Besides—it saves your arm."

For an instant the eyes of the two met. "You're a cool one, T'rantler," Texan whispered as he stretched a tired hand. "You're the brains of this party, just as I've always known. And all I've said to the contrary notwithstandin'."

T'rantler shook the hand and smiled; Texan could see in the moonlight the curl of his lips through the venerable beard. "And you're a cool one, Texan," he answered. "You ain't the thing I've always said you was. But them pore big old legs is goin' to wear out before mine."

Then they started on again, out upon the merciless desert.

AGAIN they saw the angry sun rise in the east. And when the rocks began to swim again with the heat, when the waves did a death-dance all about them, they took their first drink of water.

"We can take a sip," T'rantler said softly. "It's best that we take a sip."

The desire leaped in Texan's eyes; but he held it down with chains of will. "Don't think we'd better, T'rantler," he replied softly. "Every drop we drink makes the kid's chances that much less."

T'rantler walked one moment in silence. He did not let the madness that was bursting in his brain affect his thought at all. "That ain't so, Texan," he replied at last. "If we don't hang on most of the afternoon, the burro won't have sense enough to get into camp. We've got to put him on the right road—the last fork in the trail. If we don't, he might take the wrong fork—toward the Lone Pine country at our old diggin's. If we fall before, the chances is too big against her."

So he took the cork out of the canteen on the burro's neck and passed it over. He turned his head away as Texan put it to his lips. To have shown the least doubt in his partner, at this hour, would have been an unforgivable offense.

Texan merely moistened his parched lips. And he, too, turned his eyes away while T'rantler moistened his. Then they went on into the fiery desert.

They gave the child a few drops of water at regular intervals—just enough to sustain life. All of Texan's flask was gone. There was a little left in T'rantler's; but both of them knew, as well as they knew the sun that blasted them from the sky, that the girl would need every drop to reach the settlements.

By three o'clock in the afternoon the desert had lost all semblance of reality to the two men. An hour in such a heat without water would have been hard to endure. Neither of these two had drunk, except for the single time they had wet their lips, for forty-two hours. In a cooler region, they would have suffered intensely, but their reserve strength would have been unshaken. Here they were stumbling at the frontiers of death itself.

THEY were no longer able to talk. It was pain to do it. Their dry tongues would not shape the words. Mostly their anguish was past—long since. They were walking as in some eternal, terrible dream. The heat waves were furies they no longer understood. They only knew one thing—that the burro and its precious burden must be kept upon the trail.

The animal was suffering, too; but generations in the desert had taught his breed endurance. The girl had enough water to sustain her. But they did not give her a drop more than her body demanded. There was not one drop to waste.

Then Texan began to sing and whisper as he walked. There was a strange ringing in his ears, and a strange fire in his brain; and he could not place his feet where he wanted too. T'rantler gazed at him an instant, but did not try to quiet him. The end was very near indeed.

"To the last man that dies!" Texan suddenly cried from his blackened tongue—and he lifted his empty canteen to his lips. Then he threw it in the dust—and became oddly quiet. "T'rantler, old boy," he whispered gently, "I've spent my poke, I can't go on no more."

"A few more steps," T'rantler urged him.

The caravan trod on. The burro was walking with lowered head. The child had ceased to weep. She was almost unconscious in the saddle. The ropes held her in place.

Both men were staggering in the sand, but always the blind advance continued. The long trail of their lives was almost at an end.

Then Texan went down. He went down softly, onto the burning sands. And T'rantler paused and came and stood beside him.

At first he could not speak. He tried again and again to shape the words.

"Are you done, Texan?" he asked at last.

"To the limit," was the heavy, strange reply. "Clear to the limit. The partnership's—broke—at last. But you'll take her on."

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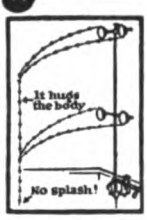

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T'rantler looked down at him and lifted the great hand in both of his. "It's a man that dies, Texan," he whispered. "Let never no one doubt it!"

He drew the burro close to the prone figure, and Texan by a great effort rose for an instant to his knees. "Why—why—" he began.

"So that you can give her—a good-by kiss," his pardner answered. "It's your right."

But Texan could not get to his feet again. He kissed the little dust-covered hand that hung at the girl's side. He kissed it twice.

Just for an instant the white head rested against the little body, and the child caressed it with her cheek. Then they went on and left him.

It was still a terrible four miles to the last fork in the road. T'rantler knew that, to guarantee the child's safety, he must lead the burro past that fork. Then surely it would find its way alone—with its precious burden. The four miles would be a desperate fight—every foot and every inch.

He plodded on, steadily, bravely. Every step was a fresh struggle. A mile, and then another, and then a third. They were almost to the forks of the trail. And T'rantler wet his lips once more from the flask.

THEY were on the last mile to the forks in the trail—and ten miles beyond them lay the settlements. His strength was gone; and only his will of iron kept him up at all.

He was lurching now from side to side. Again and again he went to his knees, only to fight his way back to his feet. And the time came, when the forks were still a terrible two hundred yards away, that he could not get up at all.

So he went on his hands and knees—foot after foot. He could not feel the hot rocks under his hands—all power of feeling was gone from them. Then the forks finally drew up to him—and they were past them at last.

By seizing the animal's shoulders, he was able to draw himself erect. He turned the burro's head on the right trail, and for a long moment he stood with the girl's hands in his.

He tried to shape the words for her final directions.

"Can you count?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Count a thousand—slow—between each drop. Then just take a sip. It'll last that way—clear to the end. I can't go on."

The girl's eyes dropped tears on his hands; and he looked at them unbelievingly.

"Good-by, little Nan," he whispered. "Keep old Long-Ear, and treat him good." He stroked the great head. "It's up to you now, Long-Ear!"

The burro did not lift his head, but perhaps he understood.

"Good-by, little Nan," the muttering voice went on. He kissed the child, just as Texan had done, and smote the burro to start him up. "And pray for our souls—Old Texan's and mine."

Then he went down to his knees again, as if in prayer himself. Out of his darkening eyes he saw the burro and its rider striking away into the heat waves.

Already they were blurred out of proportion. So intent was he upon them that he did not hear a faint rumble, like thunder infinitely remote, that came stealing over the sun-blasted desert. The shimmering heat obscured the black moving speck on the horizon.

THE two mules that the two prospectors had released ten days before had reached the settlements at last; and a party from Red Sage had come out to investigate the fate of Nan and her uncle. They had a prairie schooner, laden with casks of water.

It was little Nan, on her burro, who first saw these angels of mercy. At first they did not understand, nor could she explain to them. But it was little Nan who led them back along the sun-baked trail to the unconscious forms of her two protectors.

T'rantler and Texan wakened in adjoining beds in a hospital in a nearby city. They didn't wake up quite together. Texan was always inclined to be sleepy, and he remained in peaceful dreamland something over ten hours after T'rantler had wakened, and the latter had to throw pillows at him to get him to arouse himself at all.

"I always maintained that you was the laziest prairie-dog in California," T'rantler remarked, when finally Texan opened his eyes. "You ain't no seventeen-year locust. What do you think of these here nighties and these white beds?"

Texan looked about bewilderedly. But he was too tired to try to remember. "Scookum!" he answered simply—and started to go to sleep again.

But T'rantler threw another pillow. "Wake up, Texan, and listen what I've got to tell you. Lend me them pore deaf old ears. It wasn't any fault of Nan's pop that she struck off with nobody but her old uncle. It was on account of a mix-up in schedules. The old boy was in here today, while you was in swine-like slumber, and it seems he's a big minin' man from the East."

Texan had fully wakened now, and was listening with hands behind both ears. "Sell him our'n," he suggested.

"It's better than that yet," T'rantler went on joyously. "He says that if the girl's claim is as rich as we say it is, and our claims too, he's goin' to develop 'em for us—put in a big mill, and no more pick-and-shovel work for you and me. He'll come out there to live a while, and li'l Nan'll be there, too. And Long-Ear too, what I gave to Nan to ride around on. Texan, the millennium has come!"

And then, having nothing more important to talk about, each joyously began to tell the other what a sinful, ignorant, wuthless cuss he was.

IN "THE Mystery of the Red-Haired Girl," an interesting and unusual short story next month, the development of a mystifying situation, and the way in which it is finally cleared up, keeps one's attention from beginning to end. Among other short stories in this number are "The Making of 'Val' Pierce," by Conrad Richter, and "Nobody Else's Home Seems Just Right," by Ruth Fargo.

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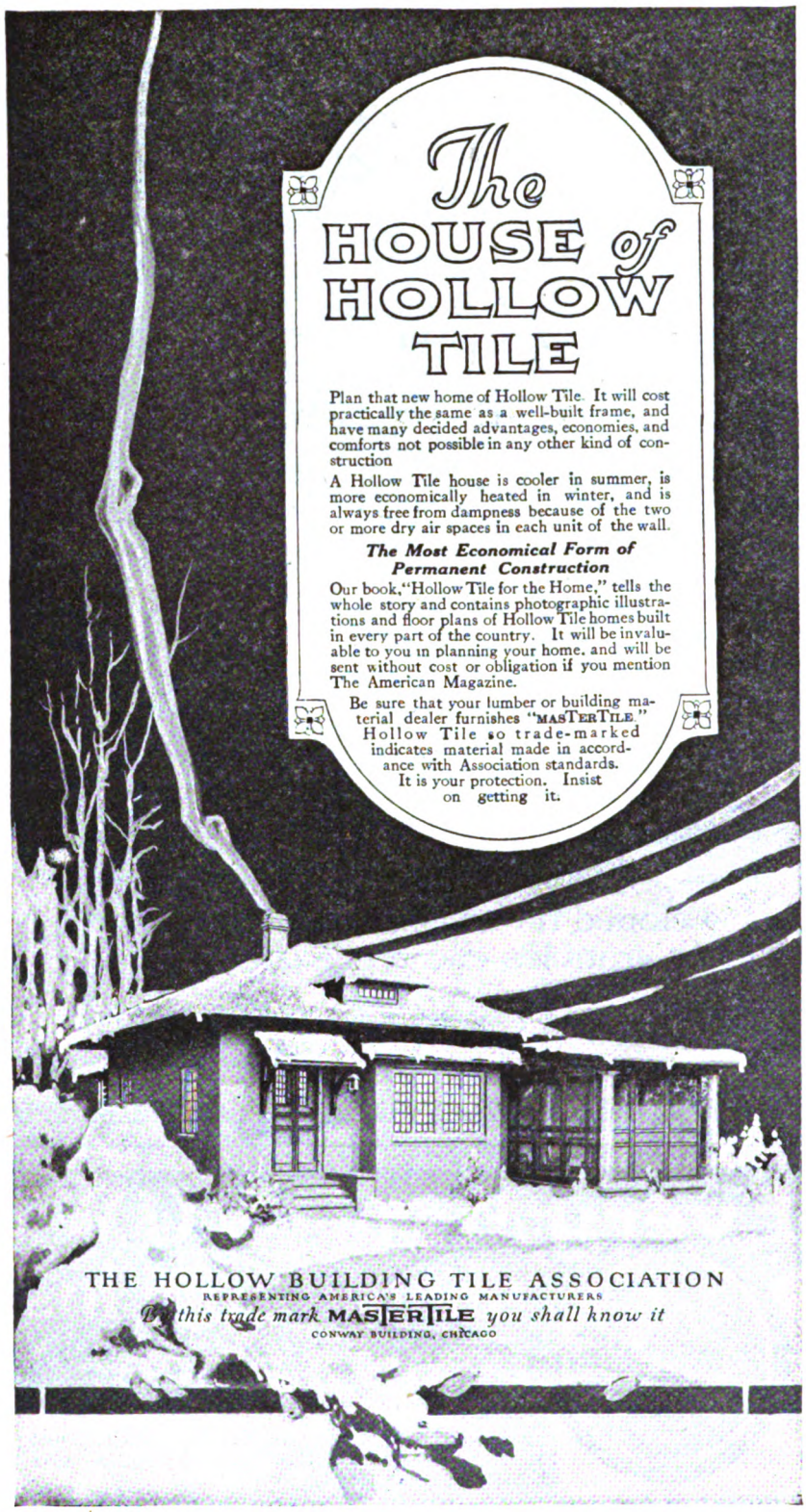

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035 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Briggs Tells His Own Story

(*Continued from page 20*)

Before that time I never had been able to summon up nerve enough to enter the office, let alone ask to see Mr. McCullough, who was the great newspaper man of the city. I told him that I was a newspaper artist who had worked in Kansas City and Omaha and Lincoln, adding Kansas City and Omaha for good measure. He said that Dick Wood was leaving the paper, that he needed an artist, and asked how much I had been getting. I decided that if it was necessary to lie it would be well to lie big, so I told him fifteen dollars. He promptly reduced me five dollars a week, and put me on at ten dollars, making me the happiest fellow in the city and the object of envy to my friend who was getting six.

A fellow learns from such things. I felt that I had set myself back by lying, and knew that the lie about where I had worked had not deceived Mr. McCullough one bit. He knew exactly what cub artists were paid, and perhaps had reduced me two dollars a week for lying.

I WORKED in Saint Louis for two years, worked hard on pen-and-ink stuff, but was tolerably happy and interested in the work and was making some progress. Then a catastrophe came which changed the entire future. The catastrophe was the invention of the half-tone process of illustrating newspapers. That was a hard blow to newspaper artists, and it looked as if it would drive the majority of us out of the business. But Mother Necessity was on the job and forced me to do some thinking.

Remember that the entire basis of newspaper illustration had been kicked from under us. With me, the experience was just what was needed, as it is with almost every fellow in the world. He has to be shoved right up against it and forced to fight, before he shows, or knows, what is in him. The half-tone did that for me. It was necessary to draw something which the photograph would not include; to put something into a picture besides lines and perspective. The first thing I did was a picture of a brewery, putting into the building the things that come *out* of it. I showed that brewery in its true character—and I have the picture to-day.

Then the Spanish-American war came and that prolonged my existence as an artist. Mrs. Edwards's training in map drawing made good, and my pay rose until the "Chronicle" offered me twenty-five dollars a week, at which, of course, I leaped like a trout after a fly. You see, there was a girl waiting back home for me. And as sometimes it did not seem certain that she would continue to wait, I was in a hurry to make my fortune and run back to Lincoln.

When the war ended the "Chronicle" fired me, and the dream faded for a time. I had saved a little money, and the great hope of my life was to visit Washington. Also, New York was calling with the siren call which comes to most artists and

writers. With me, it was too strong to be resisted, and I started for New York. Reaching Cincinnati, I stopped over and went to see a railroad man to whom I had a letter of introduction, but before I had a chance to present the letter, he said:

"I'm sorry, but the best I can do for you is a half-rate. Can't fix you for a pass at all."

Not having expected anything in that line I made rapid mental calculations and decided to make Washington because, with a half-rate in that direction, I had enough money. The visit to Washington was a complete success. One life aim had been achieved. I gloried in the glories of the Capitol, cribbed a match safe from a hotel—and reached New York with said match safe and five dollars, the mandolin having been lost in Saint Louis.

There followed two pretty trying years which may serve as a warning to young fellows who dream of conquering New York. It is a big aim; but my sober advice to any young man in any line of business is that it is not safe to try to conquer New York. Besides that, if you conquer New York first, what is left to conquer? We would all be Alexanders and weep, instead of staying home and dreaming that, some day, the great city will be at our feet. One thing I have noticed is that all great cities are generally conquered from the *outside*. It is best to wait until the city sends for you.

FOR two years, from 1898 to 1900, I lived on nothing a week, most of the time, except for the small sums Father could afford to send me. Once in a while I sold some comics to the "World." One week I made thirty-two dollars, and celebrated. First I bought a one-dollar straw hat, and then paid ten cents for a cigar to give to Mr. Tenet, who had bought the pictures from me. He refused it. I do not remember anything that hurt me much worse than to have Tenet refuse that cigar. Of course it was my fault. I wanted to show how glad I was, and did not know how to offer a cigar; but I never have been quite able to forgive him.

Having made thirty-two dollars a week —for one week—I sent for my father. His health had broken and I wanted to repay what he had done for me. I figured that there would be thirty-two dollars a week *every* week! But no more thirty-two dollars came. Father was with me, and it was a tough fight. He was trying to work, but wasn't well enough to do much, and I fought with editors to make them buy my stuff.

The famous trial of Roland Molyneaux came along, and W. J. Kinsley, whom I had known at the Western Normal, was one of the handwriting experts. He gave me a letter to Charles Edward Russell, which I presented on a run, and Mr. Russell put me in the art department at twenty-five dollars a week. I thought my fortune was made; and as soon as I could get away I started West to marry the girl.

Taking a chance always has been a rule with me. But think of what a chance *she* took! But I believe, even now, in taking chances and in getting married. Both of them spur a man to make good. And if a fellow *has* to do something, he usually does it.

While on my way to Lincoln to marry Ruth Owen, a telegram reached me telling

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There's something about breakfast-table *silver* that stimulates the imagination, enriches everything with which it comes in contact, and tempts to a greater enjoyment of that important morning meal, the memories of which are so inseparably interwoven with the accomplishments of succeeding hours.

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of the death of my father. I remember I was riding in a smoking car. In fact I never had been in a sleeping car up to that time. As I was nearer Lincoln than New York, I went on, we were married, and returned to the funeral. I needed a friend then! But I had found her; and I have always found her the friend who is there in the hour of need.

AFTER that, my work commenced to pick up. Whether it was her influence or not is uncertain; but I think it was. I continued at small work on the New York papers, and later was sent to Chicago with Opper, Swinnerton, Powers, and other great stars of the art department. It was an honor; but it was also tough competition, with that kind of talent around me.

Luckily for me the Russo-Japanese war started, and, as I could draw maps well, that became my job, the big stars being perfectly willing to let me have it, too. Occasionally there was an opportunity to do some other work, political cartoons, but I didn't care for that. Once in a while I drew bird's-eye views of different parts of the city, with hundreds of little figures shown at the bottom of canyon-like streets. It was fun to make them and to have them turn corners or dodge street cars in odd ways, and I enjoyed the work without having any clear idea of developing it further.

It seems to me now that I followed the lines of least resistance all the time and did not do much thinking beyond the work of the day. In fact, there is scarcely a time in my career that I could not have advanced more rapidly by *planning ahead;* but I never did.

One day Mr. James Keeley, then managing editor of the Chicago "Tribune," sent for me and suggested that I draw cartoons for the sporting page of the paper. The idea was new. It appealed to me. And in fifteen minutes I had signed a contract.

SOMEHOW, I knew then that my opportunity had come. No one had drawn purely sporting cartoons, so there was no pattern to follow; but, fortunately for me, there were some wonderful fellows in the sporting department, especially Hughie Keough (by Hek!), who is now gone to make people happier somewhere else, and to fight for fair play, wherever he is.

It was groping work at first; but winter came and, at Hek's suggestion, I started "Winter Sports," picturing the indoor activities of men who try to amuse themselves when baseball, football, golf, and tennis are off. Keough suggested Kelly pool; and, somewhat to my surprise, the cartoons made a hit.

In fact, the finest compliment I ever had came from that Kelly pool series. I used to watch games, study the way fellows acted. Part of the pictures were really jokes on the fellows in the sporting department.

One day I heard that the members of the Chickasaw Guards Club, the famous club at Memphis, were very bitter toward me about the pictures. They charged that I had come to their club as a guest, and had violated all the rules of Southern hospitality by caricaturing the members. I never had been in the club, nor even in Memphis! And the fact that they thought

they had recognized some of their members from the postures and the expressions made me feel that I had got them true to life. I made up with them at the first opportunity by sending them some original drawings and explaining the joke; but it was a big lesson. I knew, then, that instead of merely having pictured our own crowd around the office, I had found types that are common in every city and town in America, and that the thing to do was to stick to that line.

In the spring, when baseball resumed, I hit upon an idea of a series, or, rather, a series of series. The theory was much the same which advertising men follow—that of hammering home an idea. I wanted to get two or three different characters established, so that the readers would know them, and then have them appear in cartoons several times a week. It saved ideas, besides saving work; and it gave me a chance to discover what the readers liked.

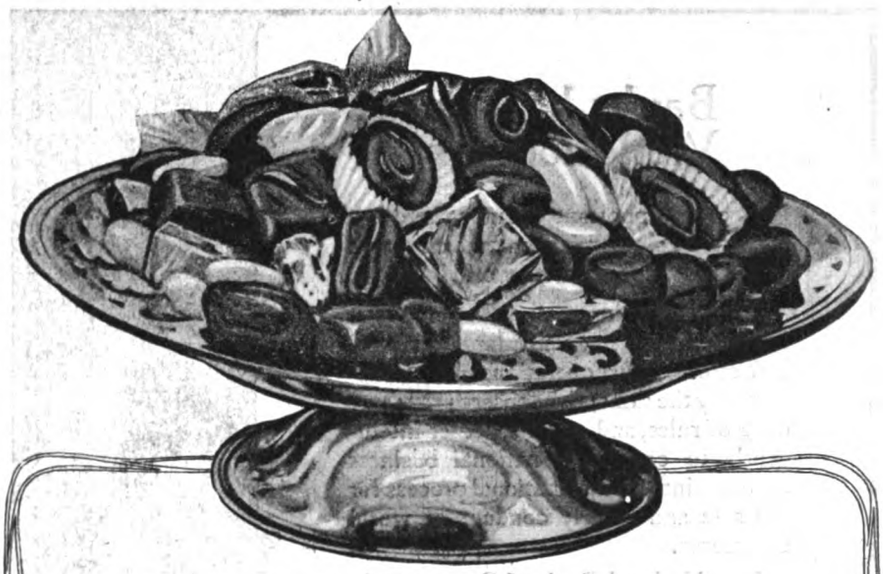
One of the first was "Little Alex." On the Chicago White Sox team there was a cherubic, good-natured boy named Alex Zwilling, who was the basis of the idea. I never really drew a picture of Zwilling, but I idealized him; made him a plump, sweet-faced, innocent-looking lad, and pictured the opposing teams as desperate banditti. It was the old melodrama idea of the hero surrounded by desperados, and the triumph of virtue. Little Alex caught on. By and by, I pictured Arabella Cinch, a slim and lovely maiden, but fickle, who was wooed first by the Cubs, then by the Giants, then by the Pirates. It was merely the melodrama idea translated into baseball, and was woven around the standing of the clubs at different stages of the baseball season.

The idea of running a number of series and familiarizing the readers with the characters grew on me, and I began to draw series depicting kids. It started at a time when the public was pretty well disgusted with the conduct of professional sport in Chicago, especially in baseball. It came to my mind that much of the sport is false and forced, and I began drawing "Days of Real Sport," which has been the most successful stuff I ever have done.

It is successful because everyone longs for childhood; because, the homelier and simpler and more common a scene is, the more persons will recall the same things in their own childhood. Frequently people ask me if I am drawing real pictures of real boys. Never consciously have I done this. I think of the situation, of what boys do under certain circumstances, and then picture the kind of boys that would do that kind of thing.

"SKINNAY" is not a real person at all; but I remember there was such a boy back in the old village in Wisconsin. I never really liked Skinnay very much. He wasn't democratic enough to suit me. We all looked up to him and deferred to him. I don't recall whether he was better looking than the rest of us, had more money, or wore better clothes. But I have felt toward him just as any feller feels toward the kid who carries off the prizes in Sunday school or gets 100 in an examination. We admire him, but we do not love him very much.

I like Buck Ellendorf better, almost as well as any of the other bunch. I do not



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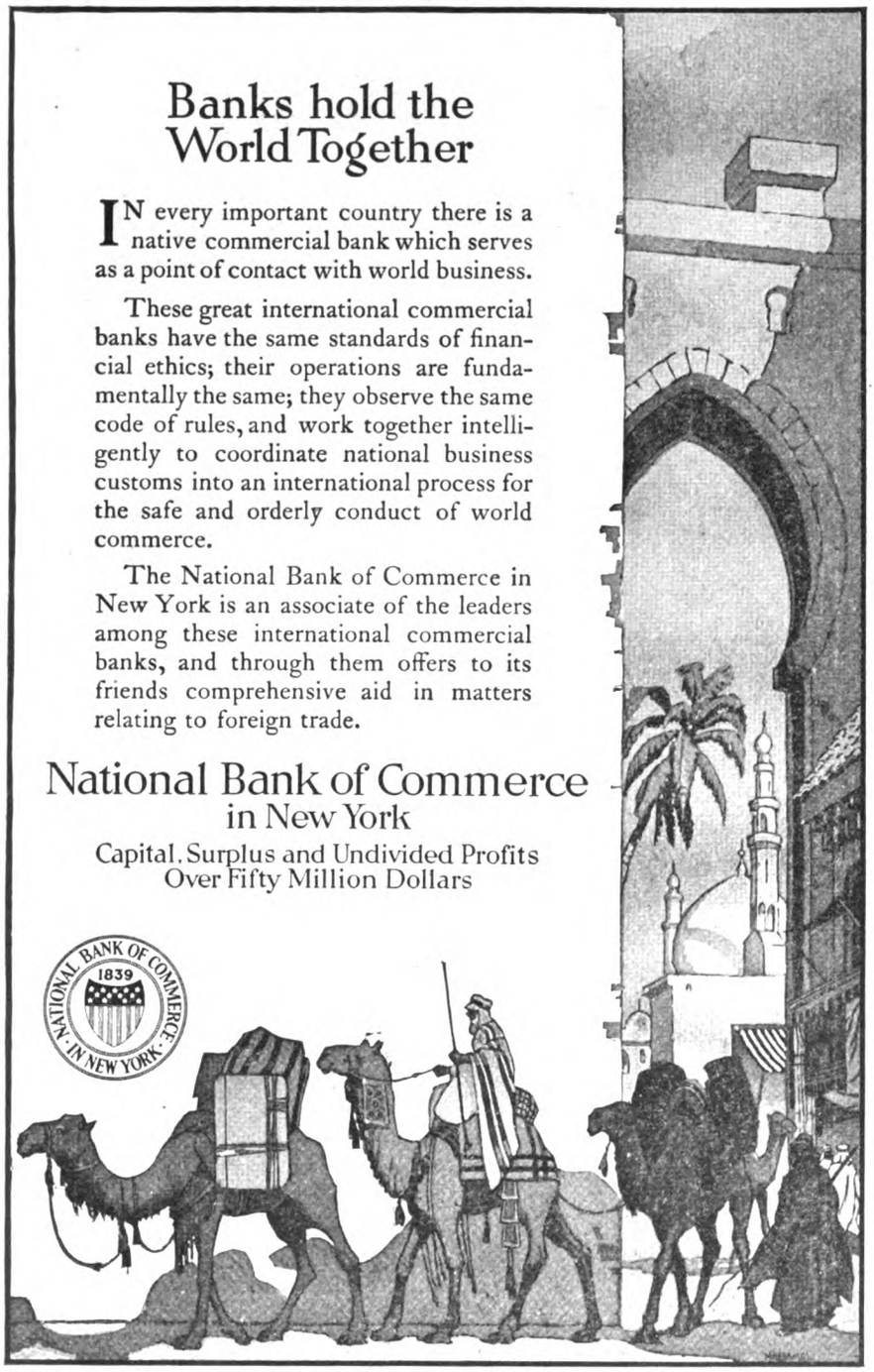

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remember who the Buck of my boyhood was, but there was such a boy: awkward, buck-toothed, the butt of the whole bunch. But, after all, we love the good-natured, kind-hearted boob better than we do a lot of other fellows who think themselves so darned smart.

Speaking of Buck Ellendorf, some of the folks back home think that he was one of the Ellerman boys down by Ellenwood's bridge. But he wasn't. I don't remember whether there was a boy of that name. But I remember the bridge where we used to fish for sunfish and bullheads. That bridge was one of the saddest things of my life. I went back there a few years ago and walked out to see the old bridge and watch the minnows in the pool below. The bridge was gone, and the little creek was gone, swallowed up in the farm lands, and it almost made me feel the way a kid does when he starts to prep school—if you know the feeling, just as you go around the corner and look back for a last glimpse of the house.

"When a Feller Needs a Friend" just grew from one picture. There are so many times that a kid needs a friend! And he has one, in a pinch, less often than almost any other animal. Grown people don't seem to understand how us kids feel about things. And, anyhow, they treat a kid as if he hadn't any *right* to his private feelings.

"SOMEONE Always is Taking the Joy Out of Life" came the same way. It grew merely because there are so many kill-joys. The idea for the "Handy Man Around the House" came because the wife always is calling my attention to my own lack of skill in household matters.

One of the best series I ever tried was "Gee, I Ain't Mad at Nobody." It came because the small son of my friend George Plant was so happy one day that the expression just burst out of him, and I knew the feel of it. There are times when every man and woman feels that way—but not enough of them.

One must develop a series gradually. I judge from the number of letters and their tone whether the note struck is the true one. My wife has been the best and truest judge of my stuff. In this new moving picture thing she has been a tremendous help. Her judgment and quick seizure of possibilities has astonished the professional directors. She seems to know more quickly than I do just the point for which I am striving, and her taste is finer than that of anyone else I know.

Besides that, she has collaborated with me on a new series, "What a Baby Thinks About." The baby is fourteen months old now; and of course, seeing as it's my baby, and also the most remarkable baby in the world, bar none, the series is naturally the best I have ever done.

"A GENIUS Who Never Walked a Step" is the title of an extraordinary article next month by B. C. Forbes—the authentic story of a man crippled from youth, whose achievements are written large in industrial history. This is a superlative record of what may be accomplished by tireless industry, imagination and a never-say-die spirit.

"Snickers at My Second-Hand Clothes"

(*Continued from page 55*)

to me in his vigorous fashion. "He is a citizen of all the ages; the best minds of every generation are his friends. He can summon them to converse with him at will—and leave them without offense. Neither wealth nor companionship nor diversion are essential to him. Let him take down a volume and at once he is transported to a prince's court, or admitted to the confidences of a great general, or seated in the front row to witness the performance of one of the world's great dramas. Get money, if you will. It is useful. But, above all, get books. For the older you grow, the more you will understand that in them is the richest satisfaction in life."

HE FELT a conscientious reluctance about determining my career for me. He wanted to show me the best in every walk of life and allow the choice to be my own. Accordingly, he encouraged me in the summer vacations to put books aside and spend some time in mastering business. That his instruction along these lines was resultful is proved by the fact that after the three college vacations which I spent in the office of one of New York's largest financial institutions, I was offered an unusual business opportunity by its president, the same opportunity which I passed on to John Williams, who took it and became a millionaire.

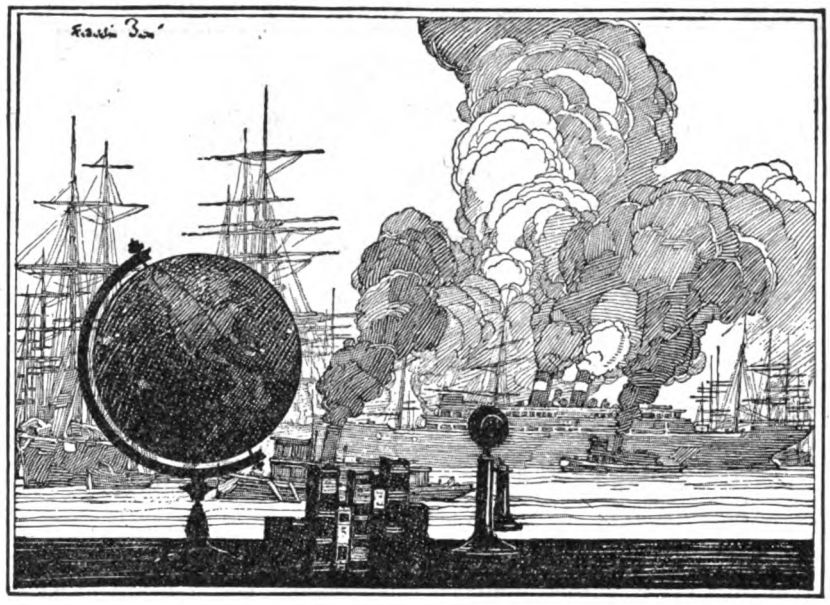
Business interested me. My father would have been satisfied to have me follow it, yet he made no secret of his hope, that I might choose the life of a teacher, which he had so much coveted for himself.

We both understood that there would be nothing more than a mere living in teaching. Every man who chooses the teacher's life knows that, and is prepared to accept the vows of poverty. But conditions at that time were such that the salaries paid were at least sufficient to allow a man to retain his self-respect; and in my case there was every reason to suppose that the salary would some day be supplemented by some income from my father's estate.

The whole money question, however, seemed unimportant. Even when reverses overtook my father, wiping out his savings, and finally ending his life, I saw no reason to change my plans. The life of a business man was useful and interesting; but what could be more rich and satisfying than the teacher's calling? Other men measured their results in money, in buildings, in possessions, but the teacher measured his in lives.

In every single college class there would be some ardent spirits who, touched by the teacher's vision and idealism, might go out to work wonders in the world. Why should a man be satisfied with his own power of achievement in the world when he might multiply that power a hundred- or a thousand-fold, through the lives that he would train?

So, filled with a fine enthusiasm I went



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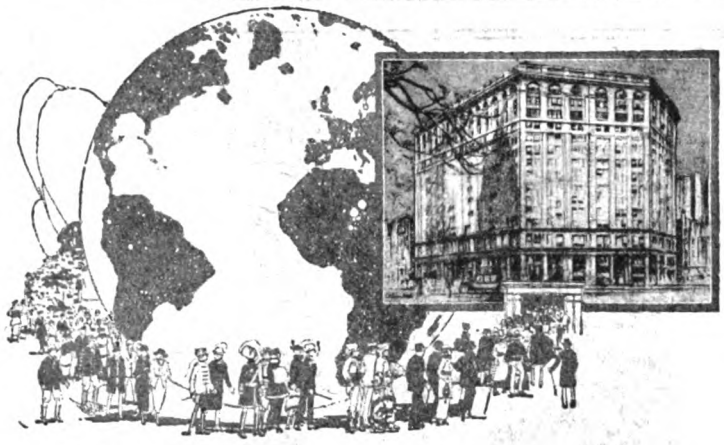

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on, working my way through the three years in the graduate school and even managing to provide a year of study abroad. Counting the actual cash expended, and adding the money that I might have earned in business during those years, my investment in the "tools" of my profession was not less than fifteen thousand dollars when, at twenty-seven, I was finally ready for my life work.

Fifteen thousand dollars at six per cent should yield nine hundred dollars annually; and nine hundred dollars was precisely the amount of my first salary. In amount, it merely equaled a fair interest on my investment, nothing more. There was no margin of compensation for my work itself. Any business man would have counted it a bad bargain; but it represented the goal toward which I had been working all those years and I was happy in it. When, a year later, I met the girl who has shared all the little joys and accumulating burdens of the after years, I felt that there was nothing in life left to be desired.

The first five years of our married life were supremely happy, yes, the first ten years, for though each year increased our expenses and cut down a little the slender margin of our savings, we were making progress in our work, we had our health, and the rest was of little consequence. In those years my two books were published and won an immediate acceptance among the limited group of scholars for whom they were desigued. I published some thoughtful articles in the magazines of limited circulation—and limited paying power. So far as my profession was concerned we were enjoying all the success that we could reasonably have asked.

Then came the war. For me to enlist, as every man would have liked to do, was clearly impossible. I had two children entirely dependent upon my earnings for support, and no accumulated savings whatever. But there was work to do at home as well as abroad. I was urged to come to Washington, and accepted. We stored our simple furniture and boarded a train, trusting somehow to find living accommodations and a way to make both ends meet.

WHAT happened to us in the year and a half we spent at the capital I need not attempt to describe in detail. Many other men have written of Washington in war times, and the details of our experiences are not a part of this story in any event. Suffice it to say that we found three rooms, finally, in a section of the city which is normally given over to negro citizens and white citizens of the poorer class. There, in the environs of poverty, my third child was born. To those squalid quarters my wife came back from the hospital after an operation that almost cost her her life. We finished the war together, were discharged with a few kind words from the chief of our governmental department, and came back to the university, thanking God that we still had each other and our three little ones.

Somehow, we would manage to get on our feet again. The loss of our savings did not seem to us vital at first. Even the accumulated debt of one thousand dollars did not discourage us. One thousand dollars—surely that was not an amount large enough to sink a family like ours. Why

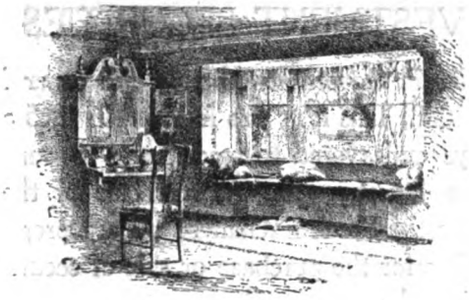
only the other day a former student of mine, seven years out of college, told me that he made a profit of one thousand dollars on a deal in a single morning! Our spirits were not broken; our courage was high. I believed that by outside work I could clean off our indebtedness in a year. But I reckoned without the change in the cost of living that had been wrought by the war in our absence.

As our family grew, and as the cost of living also steadily increased, we constantly revised our budget, cutting every item to the bone. We had been living in a house that was none too pretentious, considering our position and the demands in the way of entertainment that are expected of an instructor. Now, however, we found one half of a frame house, at a rental of $25 a month—positively the least expensive place to be had in town; and swallowing our pride we cramped our family of five into it. One of the children sleeps in a cot in our room; there is, of course, no study for me, no place for books, no opportunity to be alone for reading or thought. Such work as I manage to do at home, either in preparation for the following day's lecture, or in reading examination papers, or turning out the reports for which two business houses in the city pay me a monthly stipend, must be done in the parlor late at night, after the children are in bed and any possible guests have departed. Twenty-five dollars a month means $300 a year—nearly a fifth of my salary from the university.

Our expenses, for coal, food, light, water, etc., amount to a little over $1,000, rough-hew them how we will. Just about $20 a week, in other words; or between $3 and $4 a day for five people, three of whom—the children—must have good milk at 20 cents a quart, and eggs that are 80 cents a dozen, and still mounting.

There you have accounted for about three-fourths of what the university pays us; and nothing allowed for clothing, nothing for medical and dental care, or insurance, or books, or entertainment, or incidentals. The interest on our indebtedness amounts to $60 a year; our insurance premiums, which provide an amount of insurance utterly inconsequential—an amount that would give my wife protection for about a year and a half while she was learning some trade—take another $100. Dentist's and doctor's bills run another $100 annually, and under the head of benevolences the figure last year was $75.

"TOO much," you will say. "No man has a right to give money away when his children need clothes and his table provides nourishment hardly adequate for the day's work." Very true and very easy to say; but the situation so far as the instructor is concerned is one that goes beyond mere logic. He cannot, unfortunately, dictate his benevolences, even though the milk of human kindness were entirely dried up within him. When a subscription blank is circulated, his name must appear on it; that is a part of the duty of his position. To refuse would cause an amount of misunderstanding that might seriously handicap his usefulness. Whether he can afford it or not, a teacher must give; and if one could know the stories that lie behind some profes-



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sorial contributions they would bring tears to the eyes.

Figures make dreary reading: I do not intend to burden the reader with all the items in the budget. Suffice it to say that when the knife had done its utmost, we found that I must somehow manage to make $1,000 in addition to my university salary if we were even to keep abreast of our current expenses. No provision for savings; no margin for the unexpected which happens in even the most carefully managed families; no provision whatever for a sinking fund to meet the note that comes due in another two years.

Desperately I cast around for any kind of work that might offer itself. I have already referred to the reports which I prepare for two business houses, as a basis for their sales and merchandising campaigns. I have rewritten a dead man's book, bringing it down to date, and receiving the princely sum of two hundred and fifty dollars therefor. I have traveled twice a week to a city a hundred miles away to deliver a course of lectures before a woman's club. The honorarium is twenty dollars for each lecture, but deducting car fare, and expenses in the city the net return on two lectures is only $11. I have even—heaven forgive me—spoken for pay in churches. Not for the good I could do, but for pay; for money; for the little amount that would be whittled off our deficit by the fee. And my wife, who cannot work as the wives of most of my colleagues do, because of our three babies, travels eight miles every Sunday to sing in a church choir at a fee of five dollars a Sunday.

IF OUR situation were exceptional it would be unimportant. But the bitter fact is that we are typical of all the teachers in the country; and many of them are far worse off even than we. The other day one of my colleagues and I checked over the entire faculty of our university, taking their salaries and expenses as we could estimate them: and we discovered beyond a doubt that eighty per cent of the members of the faculty are having to supplement their incomes by outside work in order to keep body and soul together.

Last week the brightest assistant in my department came to me. "I shall have to leave you at the end of the year," he said, "You know what a disappointment that will mean to me. I love teaching; I chose it deliberately in spite of other more profitable opportunities. I hoped to spend my life in the university. But what can I do? I want to marry and have a home; and to marry on my salary is hardly less than criminal.

"Let me tell you the thing that has finally settled it for me," he continued. "You know that my father died last year and left my mother an income just sufficient to keep her decently and provide a few comforts. She is a confirmed invalid who will never walk again. It was necessary for me to find a chauffeur to call for her occasionally and take her out into the air. I searched the town where she lives, high and low; and I could not find a single qualified chauffeur, white or black, whose wages are not higher than the salary paid me by the university!"

What could I say to him? How could I, with any conscience, urge him to stay? He is the best man who has come into our

department for many a year; he might have been an inspiration to many college generations. But he passes out, and in his place we shall have to put an inferior man —a man whom five years ago we would never have considered for the place.

Of the four men last appointed to positions in my department three are wholly unworthy. Well-intentioned chaps, but utterly lacking in personality and power. The fourth man, who is first class, stays with us only because he has a certain facility in writing popular fiction, which makes it possible for him to eke out a living. But it takes time that he ought to be giving to his university duties. We are able to hold him only by conniving at his obvious neglect of his work.

There you have the situation as it should be understood by every man who has a son to educate. The teachers of your boys in the future will be men whose interest is divided; who must begrudge every moment of special attention that they give your sons, because the moment is so urgently needed for their outside work. Or they will be men whom you would not employ in your own business. There is no other alternative. Neither I nor any other department head who has a conscience can say to a first-class student, "You should be a teacher." We know too well what being a teacher means.

We used to buy books, we teachers, ten years ago. It was a point of pride with us to accumulate working libraries of our own, to keep our minds fresh and growing. Now there are very few of us who are maintaining a decent library. We used to attend concerts, and the best lectures; occasionally we could manage a trip to Europe in the summer. These were not extravagances; they were a necessary part of our equipment if we were to bring to our students a lively appreciation of the best things in life. Now a motion picture show is the limit of our entertainment budget.

I was checking the matter over a few nights ago with the head of another department. He showed me his expense account, which closely paralleled mine, except that he had an item of $110 for entertainment. A hundred and ten dollars; it seemed a spendthrift's fortune. I chided him with it, and he explained that it represented his car fare to a Western university and back, where he went to deliver a course of summer lectures.

Picture that, you business men, who invest ten dollars a month in a commutation ticket to take you from your offices to your work. Would you think of entering that item as "entertainment?" That is the only kind of entertainment left for a professor these days—the entertainment of looking out of the window of the train that is taking him to his all-summer *job!*

IF, IN beginning this article, I manifested any bitterness, I am sorry. I have tried not to let myself become bitter. How can a man do his work of inspiring and uplifting young men if his own soul is eaten by envy and revolt? Faith and courage and ideals are the very stuff of which our usefulness is fashioned. Let them be lost, and we are worse than worthless; we are a menace to the future citizenship of the nation whose training is entrusted to our care.

I do not want to be bitter. Yet when I

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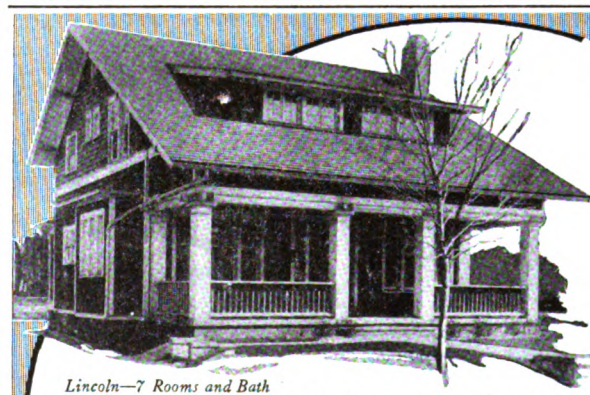

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think of what the world has given John Williams, and what it has given me; when I see his well-fed, well-dressed children, with their opportunities for development, and compare them with my youngsters, wearing patched and outgrown clothes that were second-hand at the outset, I wonder just where my real duty lies. Ought I to keep on sacrificing my own children in order that I may teach the sons of other men?

I have come to the end of my rope—and beyond. Within the next few months I must make an end of my problems one way or another. There is a movement on foot among the alumni of our institution to provide an increase in the salaries of professors.

If that succeeds it will give some relief, at least. If it fails I have no alternative but to do as so many of our good men have already done—accept one of the opportunities that have been offered to me in the business world. I am thirty-nine years old; baldness is beginning to lay its tell-tale marks upon me. My price in the business world will fall rapidly unless I make my decision soon.

SHALL I go? Shall I toss aside all the ideals and high purposes of my youth, and the training of the best years of my life? Shall I abandon the young men who are turning their eyes toward the university in the expectation that they will receive instruction from men who really are competent to teach? Shall I leave one more vacancy to be filled by a man who teaches only because he would earn even less in business?

My children are still young enough to be oblivious to some of the things that wound my wife and me. Second-hand clothes are no shame to them—as yet. In a few years it will be different. And rather than have a snicker raised at my daughter's expense, rather than see my boy come home with tears in his eyes from some children's party where a taunt had been flung at him, I would do almost anything.

And there is always the other side of the question, *your* side. How can you expect your sons and daughters to accept the standards and ideals we teachers are trying to give them, if the world treats us as of little account? Which *is* worth more to you, anyway? Is it the man who drives your car, the man who paints your back fence, the man who cuts your grass? Or is it the man who educates your children and helps to fit them for a useful and honorable life?

The evidence seems to show that you consider the chauffeur, the painter, the gardener, and a hundred other groups of men worth more than the teacher. And your children are not blind. They see it. You need not wonder at their indifference toward education.

"DON'T Settle Down Into a Soft Snap," says Philip Curtiss in an article next month which is a frank and helpful revelation of his own experiences as a writer. The principles of the "divine dissatisfaction" described by Mr. Curtiss can be applied to the upward climb in any business or profession.

The Mercenary Little Wretch

(*Continued from page 41*)

stove distillate and our engine distillate? I've been taking dictation about them for months, and I don't know the difference yet."

The bookkeeper frowned. What was getting into these girls? They seemed suddenly filled with a passion for knowledge.

"No, I don't know, Miss Bennett," he said, promptly; "but I'll find out and tell you to-morrow."

There—he'd satisfy the Bennett girl's curiosity, and put a stop to this practical joking. Because he had a faint suspicion that it was just that.

After hours, therefore, he caught a young assistant engineer on the eighth floor, introduced himself, and asked for definite information about the differentiation between stove and engine distillates. The engineer seemed surprised.

"Are you curious or serious?" he demanded.

"I'm serious."

"You say you're a bookkeeper?"

"Yes."

"Um-m-m! Well, come on into the laboratory."

"I don't want to take your time—"

"You couldn't if I didn't want to give it to you, Mr. Kinney. But, believe me, it's a treat to find a bookkeeper who would be interested to know the difference between a bull wheel and a tank farm! Sit down. Now, in the first place—"

HE TALKED for ten minutes, interrupting himself twice to perform interesting experiments with oil taken from two sample vials, with a couple of matches, and with a piece of blotting paper. Boyd leaned forward, absorbed.

"Why, that's fascinating!" he said. "Do you mind a question?"

"Shoot!"

"Can we get both those grades of distillate from the same gravity crude oil?"

"Absolutely. In varying proportions, we can get, from any gravity oil in the fields where we operate, anything from gasolene to asphalt. Here's a chart—"

This took more time. Boyd began suddenly to see a meaning, a color, and a romance behind the dull and empty figures that, for a year, he had been putting down in columns. He wanted to go on, but a glance at his watch showed him that it was almost six o'clock. He jumped up.

"I've taken an hour!" he exclaimed apologetically. "But I didn't realize it. I hope I haven't been a nuisance."

"Not a bit, Kinney. Would you like to go farther?"

"I certainly would."

"Come with me some Saturday afternoon or Sunday to the Richmond plant, then. Next Sunday the 'Olinda' will be loading gasolene for Vladivostock, if you could make it then."

"Sure I can. And there's another thing, by the way. Do you know the capacity of the 'Olinda'?"

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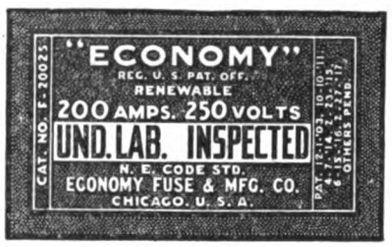

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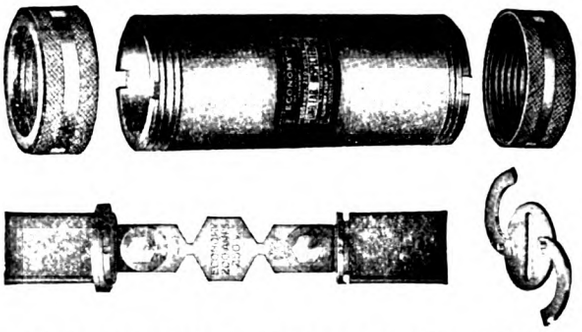

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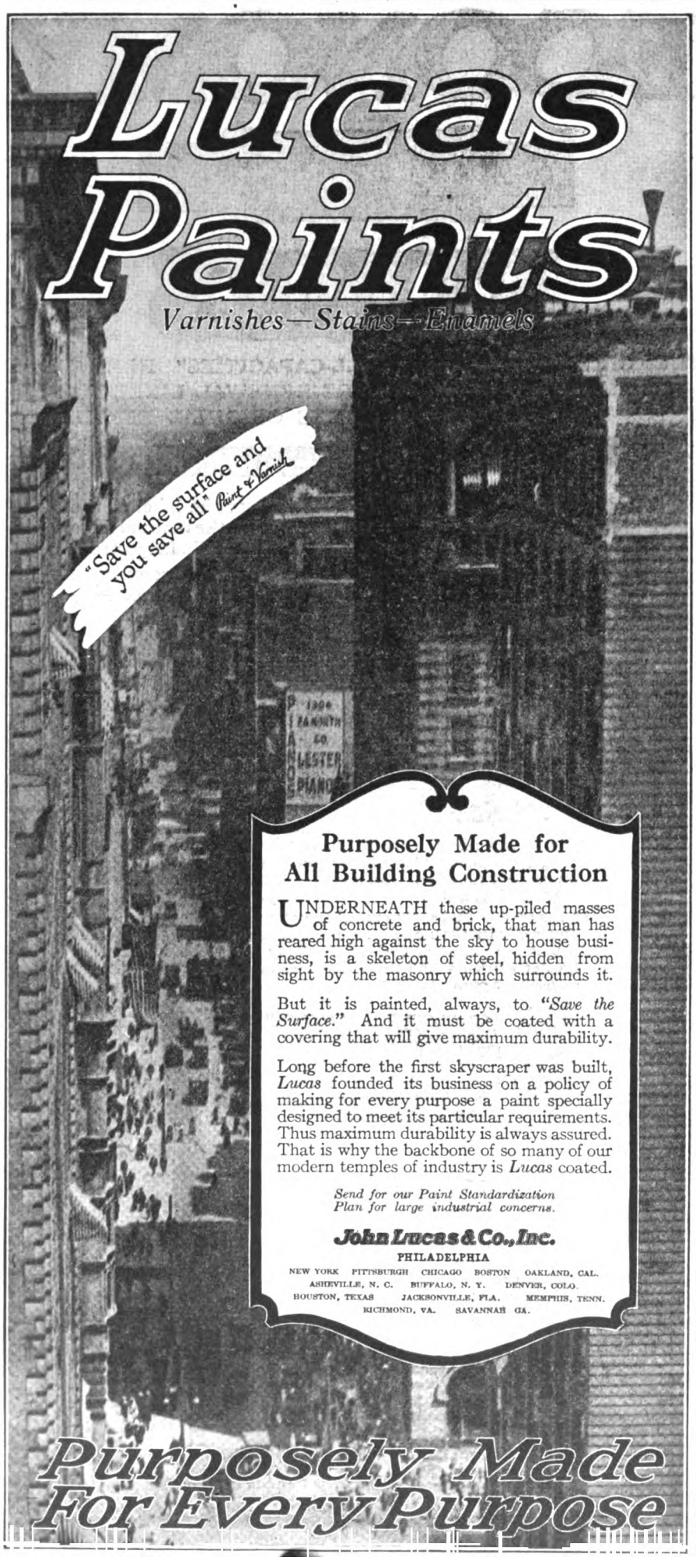


"Sixty thousand barrels. Why? Interested in that too?"

"Yes, I am. If you ever have time I'd like to have you tell me how an oil well is drilled—or maybe you think I wouldn't understand it."

The engineer looked at him quizzically. "Say, young fellow," he ejaculated, "you're certainly a new kind of bookkeeper! If you keep on at this rate you'll make an oil man. But get out now, because my wife is touchy about having dinner get cold. Will I see you Sunday?"

"You will see me Sunday," Boyd replied; "unless one of us drops dead between now and then!"

And that Sunday was only the first of many.

MEANTIME something had happened to Alice Mayo. She was very pleasant to Kinney—and that says it all! Report had it that she was a good deal in the company of Sales Manager Nixon. Also, she asked Boyd no more questions about oil operations. He had informed her as to the capacity of the tanker "Olinda," and had volunteered to tell her, when she had time, just exactly how an oil well was drilled, with details about rigs—standard and rotary. But it seemed that she never had time. In those days everything pointed to the correctness of his theory about her mercenary nature. He noticed that the men she smiled at in the company office were all in good positions. She would spend twice as long bantering a superintendent of transportation as talking to his assistant. Particularly it was to be observed that she was instantly aware when the sales manager came into the department, whereas she could scarcely see the auditor's assistant, who had a desk only ten feet from hers. She certainly was the most mercenary little wretch in the establishment. Yet the difference this made to Boyd Kinney's head was much more serious than the difference it made with his heart. His head called her names; but his heart went right on adoring her more and more.

At the same time the bookkeeper was trying to make out whether or not his broadening knowledge of the business of Pacific Petroleum was doing him any good. He wasn't impatient or unreasonable, he thought, but there seemed to be no one in the office who cared whether he knew a headache post from a dolphin or not. On a few occasions his new store of knowledge helped him to discover mistakes in billing, and once when Old Man Pierson querulously demanded to know whether anyone could tell him what gravity oil Pacific was buying from the Hercules in the Brea fields, Boyd answered him promptly and correctly.

In a way that incident was the last straw. Pierson did not seem surprised. He merely grunted!

Boyd flamed with rage. Wasn't that exactly what he had told Alice Mayo—and what he had been telling himself? If you were a bookkeeper your job was to keep books and mind your business! Boyd broke two pen points in his wrath and dropped a big blot on the hitherto speckless page of the Cranston Brass Foundry Company of Stockton.

An hour later, Reamer, who had the March to Porter and Sons books, casual v

remarked to a neighboring accountant that Bainbridge, a friend of his, was leaving the sales force at the end of the week to go into business for himself.

Boyd Kinney had never done an impulsive thing in his life, as far as he could remember. He was not an impulsive young man by nature at all. But one minute after Reamer had made that casual remark, Boyd was on his way to the sales department on the second floor.

HE DIDN'T know exactly what he was going to say when he got there, and he moved pretty rapidly. The result was that when he arrived in the sales manager's office and Nixon looked up, frowning, from his day sheets, Boyd was forced to stop, swallow hard, and then blurt out the first thing that occurred to him. He said, abruptly:

"I've heard Bainbridge is resigning, Mr. Nixon. Will you give me a chance at his territory?"

Nixon stared. "Why, you're one of the bookkeepers, aren't you?"

"Temporarily, yes."

"What do you mean—temporarily?"

"I only took the accounting office job until I could learn the oil business," Boyd answered, pretending a confidence he was far from feeling.

Nixon laughed outright. "Well, that's good, that is! Keeping books to learn the oil business! I suppose you think you've learned it now, eh?"

"Not all of it, of course. But I haven't spent all my time keeping books."

"Oh, you haven't?" Nixon was becoming sarcastic. "I suppose you've been going to night school, eh?"

Kinney refused to be ruffled. "Not exactly—but something like it. If you'll give me a sixty days' trial—"

"Well, I won't. I'll give you a week."

"But in that time I could scarcely—All right, give me a week."

Nixon laughed unpleasantly again and tossed a leather-bound book across the table. "There's a price book. You can't have Bainbridge's territory, because a cripple with his mind wandering could pick up Bainbridge's trail and make a showing. No, I'm really interested in you. I am full of curiosity to see what you can do away from the sheltering walls of this office—out where you can't look at the world from beneath a green eye shade. I'll hand you a chance to show me."

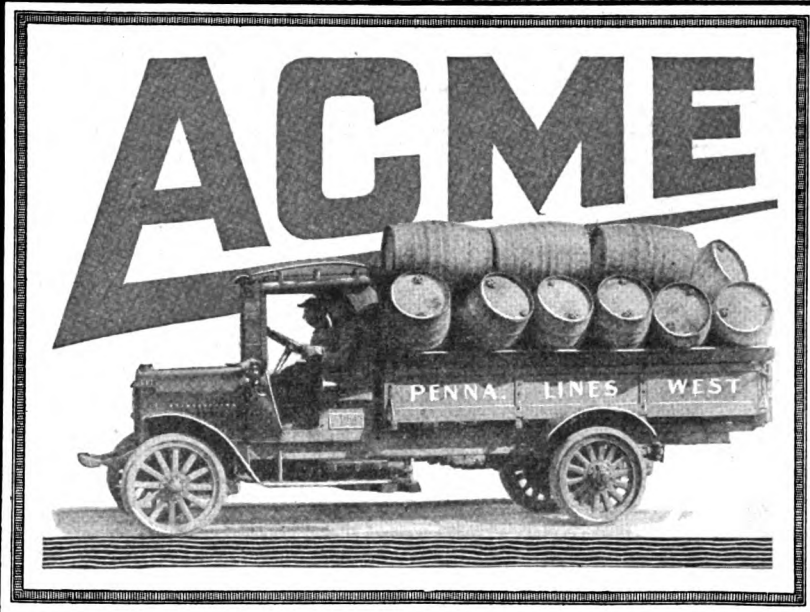
"That's what I want," Boyd asserted, spurring his flagging courage. "You can't make it too hard for me."

"Can't, eh? We'll see about that. You've butted in here for a trial, and I'm going to give you one that will make your ears ring! See this list?"

"Yes."

"It contains the names of firms we've tried for years to sell. Salesmen with experience and reputation behind them have tried and failed. But for a bookkeeper who had studied the oil game in a night school it ought to be— Oh, beat it, kid, while I have a good laugh! And if you fall down, you'd better mail that price book and the list in to me, because I've got a reputation for being pretty rough on fellows who come here trying to run a bluff on me."

Boyd went out too angry to speak and too scared to think. The implication



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of Nixon's statement was that he must make good or leave the Pacific, and Boyd knew quite well that three words from Nixon to Pierson would accomplish that. It was sink or swim now! He had been pitched into the selling field, of which he knew no more than a child, as suddenly and violently as though he had been heaved in by the collar of his coat and the slack of his trousers.

Boyd went to Pierson and told him that he was leaving the department to take a position as a salesman. Pierson grunted—and Boyd wanted to hit him! He went out of the office without even looking toward Alice Mayo. Five minutes later he was on a street car, headed for the office of the firm at the top of the list of hard nuts—and as mad as a healthy hornet whose feelings have been lacerated with a stick!

This is not really a story of salesmanship. As a matter of fact, Boyd wasn't a salesman—not yet—and he knew it. Whether or not he could become one was problematical, especially in view of the difficulty of the task given him. It was an unfair test, which the sales manager had known when he proposed it, and which he had proposed for that very reason. For three days Boyd's sales totaled eighteen dollars, and consisted of one drum of Pacific XXXX lubricating oil which he had sold to a newly appointed purchasing agent of a company not on his list at all. All of the others had turned him down sharply.

On the fourth day—getting madder all the time to keep from being overwhelmed by that cold feeling that had started at the pit of his stomach and that was now creeping steadily downward toward his feet—the list brought him to the headquarters of the Western Graphite Company.

This was the biggest concern on the list. Its factory buildings spread over two acres of ground, its offices were imposing, and its officials even more so. Boyd scarcely expected to gain admittance to the private sanctum of the purchasing agent at all, but when he did he wasted no time on preliminaries.

"The Pacific has been trying for years to sell you petrolatum for your graphite base, Mr. Bellows," he began. "I've made a special trip over here to see if I can't get a trial order."

BELLOWS was a dried-up little man of fifty, with a close mouth and keen eyes, but with a pleasant and agreeable smile.

"The Pacific is persistent, at any rate," he replied, with that smile of his. "But has it got anything new to show me?"

"What do you mean by new?"

"Why, I've told about fifty of your men, but I'll take half a minute to tell you. It's because your people would rather persuade than perform! Pacific ought to make the base we need. But the difficulty is that, instead of trying to give me the grease I *want*, you try to talk me into buying the kind you *sell*. Do you see that difference?"

"Yes, I do. And I'm going to be different from the other salesmen. Do you mind letting me see a sample of the petrolatum you are using?"

"Not at all." Bellows took a white jar from his desk. "There it is. I don't object to your knowing that it isn't exactly what we want—there isn't enough viscosity at a high temperature, and yet it has a tendency to gum when it's cold. But it's the nearest thing we can find—and miles nearer than the Pacific product."

"All right, Mr. Bellows," Boyd said, promptly; "I'm not going to try the old method on you. I won't argue with you about what you ought to want. I'm going back to the plant and see if we can't meet your needs."

The purchasing agent shook his head. "You're a new man, aren't you?" he asked with a friendly manner. "I thought so. I'm afraid you'll find that your people won't make an attempt to meet me. Several of your boys have tried to induce someone higher up to make the product we need. Usually they haven't even come back to tell me they've failed."

"You mean that Pacific can't manufacture what you want?"

"No, I don't believe it's that. I believe they won't bother to do it."

"Well, sir, I'm glad of a chance to try. And I'll come back and tell you what happens, at any rate. May I take this sample."

"Sure, son. And I wish you luck!"

BOYD started for the plant. But his hopes cooled as he neared it. If older salesmen had failed to convince the manufacturing department of the advantage of meeting the Western Graphite Company's standards, what hope would there be for him? He wasn't going to Nixon—not until he had arrived somewhere. And he had a strong repugnance to asking help from any of the chemists, engineers, and factory men he had met in his excursions into the Pacific's extensive business. The graphite people had tried before to get Pacific to meet their need—if he made any such attempt it would be set down to bumptious youthfulness! He was absolutely convinced that it would be no great task to make a grease base that would come up to standard, if one knew chemistry and factory possibilities. He had learned a good deal about both subjects in a very sketchy way, and there seemed a chance that he could— Well, he wasn't going to think about it as a chance. He was going to deliver Western Graphite, bound, gagged, and helpless!

At a transfer point his eye was caught by a druggist's window full of a patent ointment the druggist was making and pushing. Boyd went inside.

"Can you sell me a few of those little white salve jars—empty?" he asked the clerk.

"I guess I can. How many do you want?"

"Say a dozen."

They were wrapped up and paid for. Boyd went out and caught a car for the factory. Arrived there he sent word by the gate watchman that he wanted to see a young chemist he had met. The chemist summoned him at once.

"Well, how's the bookkeeping business?" he asked in greeting.

"I'm losing interest in it," Boyd answered, smiling. "I came up to ask if you would give me samples of our grease bases—petrolatum and vaseline and that type. I want to experiment a little."

The chemist laughed. "What are you

doing—trying to beat me out of my job?"

"No," Boyd replied, good-humoredly; "there's no danger of that. When I was in high school I couldn't tell hydrochloric acid from smelling salts. But I'm interested in greases."

"You can have all the grease your little heart desires. But you're a queer kind of a bookkeeper. The only ones I've known didn't seem to be interested in anything except making their accounts balance. Come on and look at the grease samples—maybe you know what you want."

BOYD didn't know, but he took all the varieties of grease there were, to make sure, and went thankfully away, meantime contemplating the similarity between what this chemist had to say of bookkeepers and what his friend the young engineer had said. Also, Nixon. And, behind them all, that line of the mercenary little wretch's: "I wouldn't marry a bookkeeper." Boyd had made up his mind to one thing—he wasn't going to be a bookkeeper again, if he starved for it.

His trim, tidy and devoted little mother had supper ready and Boyd ate, not because he was hungry, but to forestall questions. Thereafter he shut himself up in a back room, where he could make as much muss as he liked, and began an empiric study of greases. With the sample he had got from Bellows as a mark to shoot at, he tested all the grades his own company turned out. The difference between Bellows's petrolatum and that of Pacific was apparent by tests of touch, smell and appearance in a thin coating on a piece of paper. Without in the least knowing what he could achieve he started mixing greases. In an hour he was smeared to the eyes and seemed to be arriving nowhere. But he kept on. At eleven o'clock he satisfied his anxious mother by promising to go right to bed, but his promise was not made to be kept. He worked all night, with an hour's sleep at dawn. Still the experiments were fruitless.

Every sample he finished lacked something—but the principal fault was that his grease came out thin and soft. Between nine and eleven he sat confronting those little dabs of grease with much the expression that a painter must assume who can get everything right but the texture of a drapery—and stalls there. He was weary and disheartened, but not yet conquered. Bit by bit, he went over all his experiences of the past few weeks in the various departments, plants, and factories of the Pacific. Snatches of information concerning oil and grease contents, uses, chemical constituents, and virtues ran through his head and suggested experiments. They all fell flat.

Then suddenly he remembered that very first Sunday in the Richmond plant. A mechanic had been fussing over a boiling pot of smelly grease, and grumbling at his work. Boyd's engineer friend and guide had inquired what was wrong.

"I'm sick of tryin' to get this blame' grease to take hold of that conveyor-chain," the mechanic had replied; "but nothing I do seems to give it any body!"

"Save your profanity, then," the engineer had said promptly; "and get yourself a square or two of paraffin."

Paraffin! Boyd made a dash for the door. His mother was out, but he remembered from earlier days where her preserves were kept. He pried the wax tops from two glasses, melted them in a saucepan, and scurried to his room. Ten minutes later he emitted a loud whoop!

Late that afternoon Boyd Kinney reported to Sales Manager Nixon.

Nixon looked up glowering. "Thought I told you to mail that price book to me!" he snapped. "I've been keeping track of your sales—I guess bookkeeping is about your size after all, isn't it?"

"No," Boyd replied, unruffled; "I think selling is my line. I've just taken an order for half a carload of a special petrolatum from Western Graphite."

"You've—*what?*"

"That's correct, Mr. Nixon. And if the goods come up to my specifications, they want that same order repeated every month for two years—which means indefinitely."

"But what the blazes are you talking about? Western Graphite has turned down our products ever since they started business. We haven't any special petrolatum, as you call it. And what do you mean—your specifications?"

For answer Boyd rolled a little porcelain jar across the manager's table. "Try that on your finger," he said.

Nixon was about to pick the jar up and throw it out the window, but at that moment a vice president named Ward happened in. Nixon visibly softened.

"This young fellow claims to have a big order for petrolatum from Western Graphite, Mr. Ward," he said, meanwhile opening Boyd's sample. "He can tell you more— Hello! where did you get this stuff?"

Boyd smiled. "I made it up," he said. "Bellows, the Western Graphite purchasing agent, said that we didn't make exactly the grease base that he wanted. So I took a sample of his stuff and experimented. When I showed Bellows the result this afternoon he cried on my shoulder—and gave me the order."

Ward, the vice president, had picked up both samples and was examining them. He sniffed, tasted, rubbed dabs on his palm.

"Very good, young man," he said testily; "but can we make a product like this with profit? What ingredients do you use? What are you charging Bellows for it?"

NIXON interrupted. "Why didn't you come to me with this matter, Kinney?" he demanded. "You've probably got us into a tangle—"

"Wait a minute, Nixon!" Ward commanded. "Now, Mr. Kinney, if that's your name—what is your plan for turning out this particular grade of goods?"

"It's perfectly simple, Mr. Ward. Our engineer, Mr. Stephens, says that we can make up this combination at about four cents a pound. I priced it to Bellows at six, before I talked to Stephens, and he was so grateful that I might have been making him a present of it. The secret of the sample is paraffin."

"Um-m-m. So that's the stuff, eh? Thought there was something familiar about it. Well, Mr. Nixon, let me congratulate you on your salesman. He

Easy Riding as a Pneumatic

Users tell of almost unbelievable records of mileage covering 2, 3 or 4 years of gruelling service on passenger cars, light deliveries and trucks.

These wonderful tires just wear and wear and wear. They go until they are nothing but shreds, and then they keep going—without punctures, blowouts or expense.

No trip is interrupted, no delivery is delayed on account of tire trouble.

Dayton Airless

30 x 3, 30 x 3½, 31 x 4 Sizes

have proved themselves the most economical tires on the market.

Guaranteed 8000 miles, but actual records of users show 2, 3 and 4 times that service.

Equip your car with Dayton Airless tires and drive where you please—when you please—regardless of tacks, nails, broken glass or rough rutty roads. You'll have no tire repair bills, delay or expense. You'll save energy; you'll save money.

Write for Booklet and Prices

If you want to get the greatest tire value for your money write for free booklet and prices. Or if you want to know how to build up a profitable tire business mail the coupon.

The Dayton Rubber Mfg. Co.
Dept. 64
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Also makers of the famous Dayton Thoroughbred Cord and Fabric Tires.

Mail Now

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Please send me without obligation booklet, prices and more information on Dayton Airless tires as follows:

.....Passenger Cars
.....Light Delivery Cars
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Name.....
Address.....
Town.....
State.....

The
Cleaner With the
Chemical Pads
One Cleaning Sufficient in Any Rain or Snow

This shows how the ONE Type of Presto-Felt Cleaner can be attached in Three Different Ways:
1. Clamps over Top of Frame
2. Bolts thru the Frame
3. Bolts thru the Glass

Ten Important Points
About The PRESTO-FELT Windshield Cleaner

1. The Only Cleaner with Chemically-Treated Felt Pads. (No rubber to rot and wear out.)
2. Cleans BOTH sides of Glass at SAME Time.
3. One Cleaning Sufficient in any Rain or Snow. (Unnecessary to operate Cleaner continually.)
4. Leaves Both of Driver's Hands free to operate car in congested traffic.
5. Prevents "beads" of Rain from forming on *outside* of Glass.
6. Keeps dust, dirt, steam and frost cleaned from *inside* of Glass.
7. Can't Rattle—Fits Tight—Impossible to become loose and drop down in line of vision.
8. The ONLY Cleaner designed to Fit ANY Position on ANY Windshield of ANY car with a *single type* of Cleaner.
9. ONE Type of Cleaner Meets ALL requirements at ANY time in ANY Storm.
10. The Cleaner with a Guarantee of Satisfaction—the kind you can recommend to your friends.

Price $2.00 at Your Dealer's—or mailed direct on receipt of price and your dealer's name.

Dealers are requested to write for information concerning this Free Silent Salesman.

PRESTO-FELT MFG. CO., 243 Presto Bldg., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

An Ambitious Girl

Miss Aline McDonald earned enough money introducing *The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion* and *Farm and Fireside* to pay for her own education and that of her two sisters.

You also have some ambition.

Possibly it is to possess something you cannot afford. Let us help you attain it.

We want a real, live representative in your neighborhood. Ambitious people giving all their time to our work are earning from $3.00 to $8.00 a day. Those securing subscriptions as a side line are making 50 cents an hour or more.

Send me coupon with your name and address filled in and I'll help you to realize your ambition.

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk 40-A. The Crowell Publishing Company, 416 West 13th St., New York City.

I would like to make more money. Please show me how.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

seems to have mixed something with his grease besides paraffin—and that was brains! Don't encourage him too much, because he's young yet, but encourage him enough."

Nixon swallowed hard, put on his best smile, and turned to Boyd Kinney. He was notable for his success in keeping his ear to the ground, as the saying goes. "I think Mr. Ward has put the whole thing neatly, Kinney," he remarked, almost affably.

"Where's that list of hard nuts that you keep around here?" Mr. Ward interrupted. "I'd like to have you give this chap a whirl at them—maybe he could sell 'em. Yes, turn him loose on that list as a special salesman. And have him report to me once in a while. I'd like to keep an eye on him!"

BOYD managed somehow to get as far as Alice Mayo's desk without bursting a blood vessel. As hereinbefore mentioned and adverted to, he was not an impulsive youth. But when she had consented to go to supper with him, had got her hat and coat, and was in the corridor with him, he roughly and rudely seized her by an arm and drew her forcibly into a dark corner. And there while she gasped and struggled, did this usually calm and sober-minded youth kiss her four separate and distinct times squarely on the lips. She pulled herself free then and faced him.

"Merciful Mike, Boyd! What are you doing? How dare you? What on earth? Be quiet!"

"Come away from here, then—down toward the park—and . . . *Going down!* . . . and I'll tell you—about the bookkeeper that was—and the sales manager or vice president that's going to be—and the petrolatum—and I've loved you all my life, seems like—and, oh, you dear, you dear, you dear!"

His sentence had begun on the fourth floor, had been alternately spoken and whispered on the way down in a crowded elevator, was interrupted as they passed into the street, and was finished when they were half a block away. Alice began to laugh—softly, and Boyd began to tell his story; and between them they were as precious a pair of absurd, nonsensical, unintelligible, and thoroughly happy young people as any at that moment on the Pacific Slope of the American continent. When they reached the comparative obscurity of a corner of the little park, Boyd told the whole tale, beginning with the day he had decided that Alice was a mercenary little wretch.

"And all the time it was just to prod me along!" Boyd cried. "And you asked me how to drill an oil well. And you sent the Bennett girl to find out about tankers, or something!"

"I didn't!"

"You did, you lovely thing! You made me find out and kick out and start out and come to life—and now I've done it!"

Alice clutched Boyd Kinney's arm with both her capable little hands and looked up into his face, that was beaming with success and with promise for the future and all those good and pleasant things, and she said, in a low voice:

"Boyd, dear, I can tell you now. I lied to you once."

"I don't care. You can lie—"

"No, you've got to listen. I told you

I wouldn't marry a bookkeeper, didn't I?"

"You did, and I don't blame you, Alice."

"But, Boyd—that was always a lie. If you couldn't have been anything else, I *would* have married a bookkeeper. Honestly I would have! Bookkeepers are all right. They do valuable work in the world. Some of them also become great auditors. I just wanted you to keep stirring and really find out what you could do best. If your line lay in bookkeeping or auditing I wanted to shake you up so that you would be a good bookkeeper or auditor—the best in the business. If you had been a stenographer or young salesman I would have tried to stir you up in just the same way. Young people can't afford to get self-satisfied. Youth is the time to be dissatisfied—the time to move around and see what you can do best."

Boyd wanted to cry, or laugh, or shout, or something. He decided instead to kiss Alice again. But a fussy, nosey old lady came blundering and prodding into their path at that moment, and he had to be content with giving her a squeeze and with murmuring into her ear:

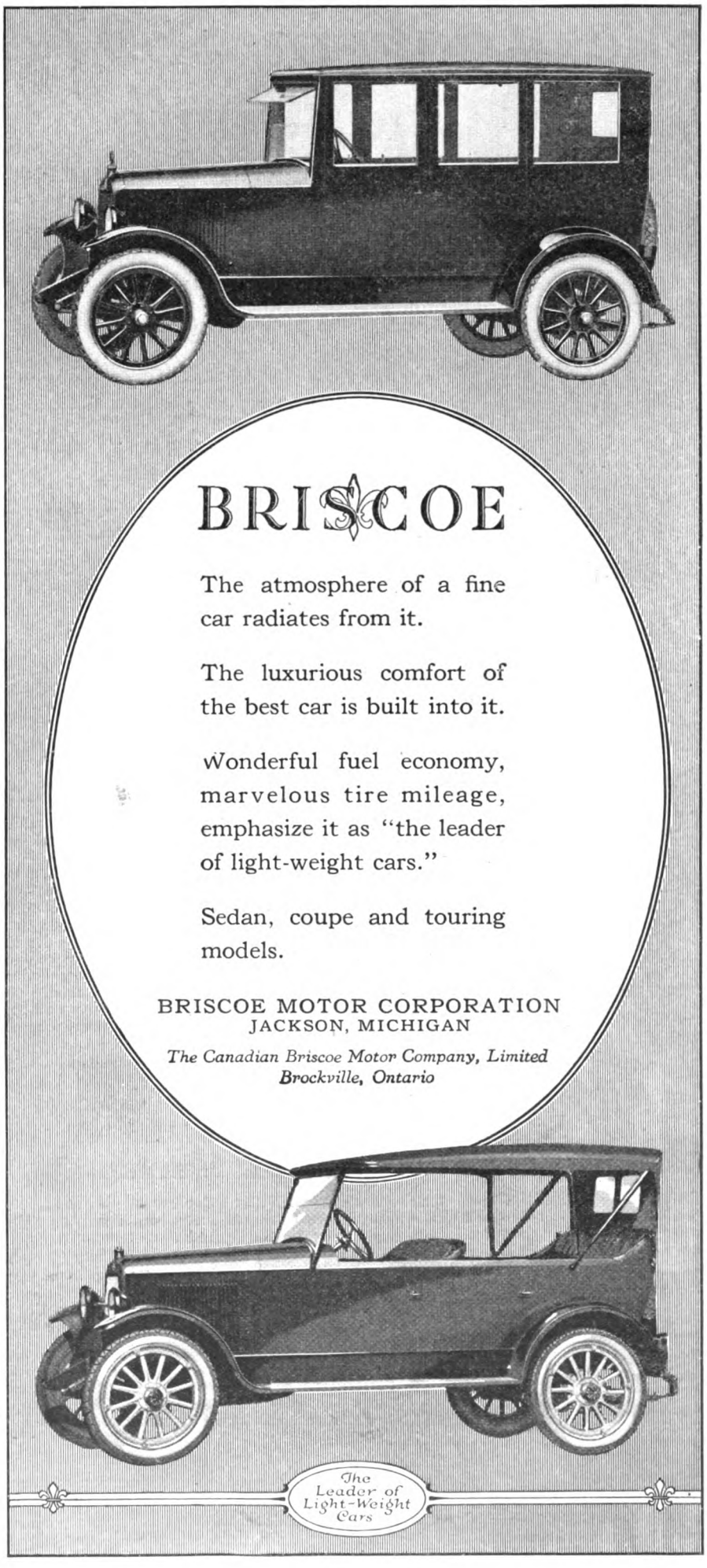
"Oh, Alice, you blessed, grasping, dear, selfish, lovable, ambitious mercenary little darling *wretch!*"

"OVER the Hills to the Poorhouse" is the title of an unusual article next month by Hugh S. Fullerton. A most interesting and significant survey of the lives of many human failures, this article uses stories of real people—inmates of poorhouses—to show what reefs are the most likely to make derelicts of men and women.

DR. FRANK CRANE has written another fine and inspiring article for next month. He declares that the most important thing in the world is to learn how to use our mistakes—and he gives you the recipe by which you can do it.

Man-made Lightning Drives This Battleship

AS WOULD seem fitting, the nation that claims Thomas Edison as a citizen is the first to produce a great fighting ship driven by electricity and using electric power to perform all mechanical work on board. The U. S. S. "New Mexico," our newest superdreadnought, is driven at 24 miles an hour by four screws turned by four electric motors capable of developing 28,000 horse power. The motors get their power from two huge turbine-driven dynamos, each producing 14,000 horse power. Current for the steering gear, ventilating and heating systems, and the like, is furnished by six other turbo-generators placed in various parts of the ship; and in the galley—the ship's kitchen—the cooking is done by electricity. Official tests have shown that the electric ship is a great fuel saver, consuming from twenty to thirty per cent less than ships of her class driven directly by turbines.



We Took in $597.00 In One Month

That's the statement of a drug store in Cleveland. We quote from their letter to us:

"We were very much surprised at the amount of business our Butter-Kist Machine did from the very outset. . . . And business has steadily increased. In one month we did a business of $597.00." (Written to us by drug store located in Cleveland, Ohio. Name gladly given on request.)

Runs Itself. No Extra Help or Expense

The famous machine that manufactures Butter-Kist Pop Corn and sells Roasted and Salted Peanuts.

$600 to $3,120 From a Little Waste Space

Pays Four Ways
1—Motion makes people stop and look.
2—Coaxing fragrance makes them buy.
3—Toasty flavor brings trade for blocks.
4—Stimulates all store sales or theatre attendance.

The Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut Machine brings new profits and new trade to stores and theatres.

We have the actual figures to prove that the Butter-Kist Machine pays from $600 to $3,120 a year net profits. This means an extra $600 to $3,120 in clear cash profits from the use of a little waste space, 26 in. by 32 in.

But that is not all you can count on making with the Butter-Kist Machine. It draws trade. It multiplies all your other sales. It will amaze you to see the full possibilities. Let us tell you all that this wonderful machine means to you. We'll send you proof of profits, photos of stores with the machine, etc.—all free and post paid.

BUTTER-KIST
Pop Corn and Peanut Machine

Everyone is fond of pop corn and peanuts. The Butter-Kist Machine makes these goodies doubly inviting. You only have to average 90 nickel bags of Butter-Kist a day to make about $1,000 a year profit. For on every sale you make 150% profit.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

We sell the Butter-Kist Pop Corn and Peanut Machine on easy payments. A small amount down puts the machine in your store. You can pay the balance a little at a time out of your profits. Write us today for all information and prices. No obligation. Mail the coupon —NOW!

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Holcomb & Hoke Mfg. Co.
450 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Without obligation, send me your free Butter-Kist Book—"America's New Industry"—with photos, sales records and estimate of how much I can make with your machine.

Name.....

Business.....

Address.....

The Wonder Story of Wrigley

(*Continued from page 16*)

vessel he was put to work peeling potatoes—but the cook fired him at the end of the first day. His peelings had proved too generously thick to be profitable. Finally, as autumn came on, he decided to return home, where the only news from him during the summer had been post-card announcements that he was safe and sound in New York.

Back at school, where he was now in the senior class, grammar, the boy found life rather tame. His scholastic career, however, was due to come to a sudden end. One day he was seized by the notion that the noble brownstone name plate on the building would be a splendid place to plaster a spoiled pie. By dint of considerable dexterity he managed to accomplish this feat—and his last expulsion from school, as well.

"No more letters from me," said his father. "Your school life hasn't been a success. We'll see how work strikes you."

Young Wrigley was given one of the hardest jobs of manual labor in the factory, at a salary of one dollar and fifty cents a week. Mechanical crutchers were not in use then, and the soap had to be mixed by hand. Hour by hour he stood by the big pots and stirred their thick contents with a paddle. During the year that he kept at this job his shoulders broadened and muscled. He was laying a foundation for the physical strength that he has always maintained by constant exercise.

"If you want me to help you make a little money, give my paddle to someone else and let me get out on the road selling soap," young Wrigley announced one day to his father.

"Good heavens, boy, you're only thirteen, hardly out of short trousers," expostulated Wrigley, senior.

"Yes, but I'm big for my age," protested the youngster; and he finally won his father's consent to a trial.

YOUNG Wrigley took a train to Westchester, Pennsylvania, and landed there with a determination to sell the first dealer he approached, whatever the odds might be. He spent two hours with his first customer.

"Well, sonny," the dealer said at last. "I see that I will have to buy some of your soap if I expect to do any business today."

Soon the "boy salesman" was sending orders back in a steady stream. In the selling game he found both an outlet for his nervous energy and an opportunity to study all sorts of human beings in their "native haunts." Before many months had passed he was driving a four-horse team, with tinkling bells on the harness, through all the high-grass towns of Pennsylvania, New York, and the New England states. The soap was shipped by freight to various stations along the way, and he picked it up and sold it for cash.

Wrigley made a point of going out of his way to establish contact with cranky

dealers, men whom other salesmen came to know as "tough nuts" and avoided as far as possible. He was always smiling, always enthusiastic, always confident.

In one town in New York State he had made an easy sale at the first store he visited, when he remarked genially to the proprietor:

"Nice place, nice people to deal with—here."

"Better wait until you try to sell that feller up the street," laughed the storekeeper. "He's a tornado, with a sole purpose in life to annihilate salesmen. Used to be a salesman himself, and a darned poor one; but he married the daughter of the man who owned the store and inherited it when the old man died. If you can crack him you're a world beater."

"Bet you a hat I sell him a good-sized order," said young Wrigley.

"Taken!" snapped the storekeeper. "And the joke's on you, for I wear high-priced hats."

As Wrigley opened the door of the store at the end of the street he heard a tremendous hubbub. The proprietor was in the process of venting his wrath on a frightened-looking woman standing in front of the counter.

"Why didn't you tell me you wanted a *dozen* eggs in the first place?" he was yelling. "Now I've got to come clean around the counter again. Suffering blazes, you women! . . . "

"*If he talks that way to customers he must be a gentle soul with salesmen,*" thought Wrigley, as he walked forward to introduce himself and state his errand. The storekeeper, somewhat breathless from his recent outburst, listened for a minute before he broke in with a roar:

"Why, you young whippersnapper, you don't know the first rudiments of salesmanship. Your approach is rotten; you're as crude as mud. I wouldn't buy from you if you had the last cake of soap in the world."

"I suppose that's so," said Wrigley, letting his head sag dejectedly. "But I've got to learn sometime. Gee! wouldn't it be wonderful if I could get a few pointers from a man who knows how, some experienced and successful man like you, for instance."

The storekeeper's face grew more placid.

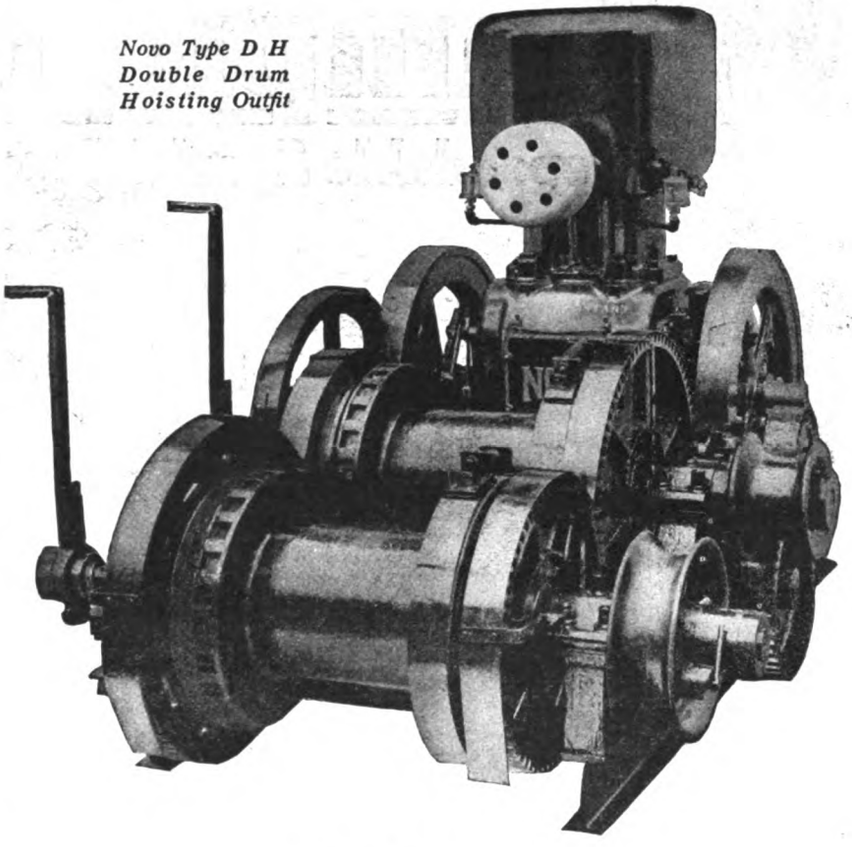
"Oh, if you put it that way, I don't mind telling you a few things," he grunted. "Here's what you should have done . . . " And he went on to explain. Wrigley listened with the utmost attention.

"Fine," he cried, at the conclusion. "Now I'm going out and come in all over again."

ON HIS reëntry Wrigley repeated the exact sales talk the dealer had made. When he left the store, a year's supply of scouring soap had been bought and paid for.

"To be always pleasant, always patient, and never to argue," was Wrigley's philosophy of selling. Whenever he failed to get an order he made it a point to thank the dealer warmly for having listened to him, a policy which often brought forth some such remark as, "Oh, I don't mind if you *do* leave me a couple boxes."

One of the crankiest customers he had to handle was a big Pennsylvania whole-



Novo Type D H Double Drum Hoisting Outfit

To You, Sir— Just One Word!

THAT one word is ***Reliability.*** A word of promise, whose fulfilment keeps putting more and more Novo Engines at work, every day.

Novo Engines, 1½ to 15 H. P. Outfits for Pumping, Hoisting, Air Compressing, Sawing. Furnished to operate on gasoline, kerosene, natural or artificial gas.

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NOVO RELIABLE POWER

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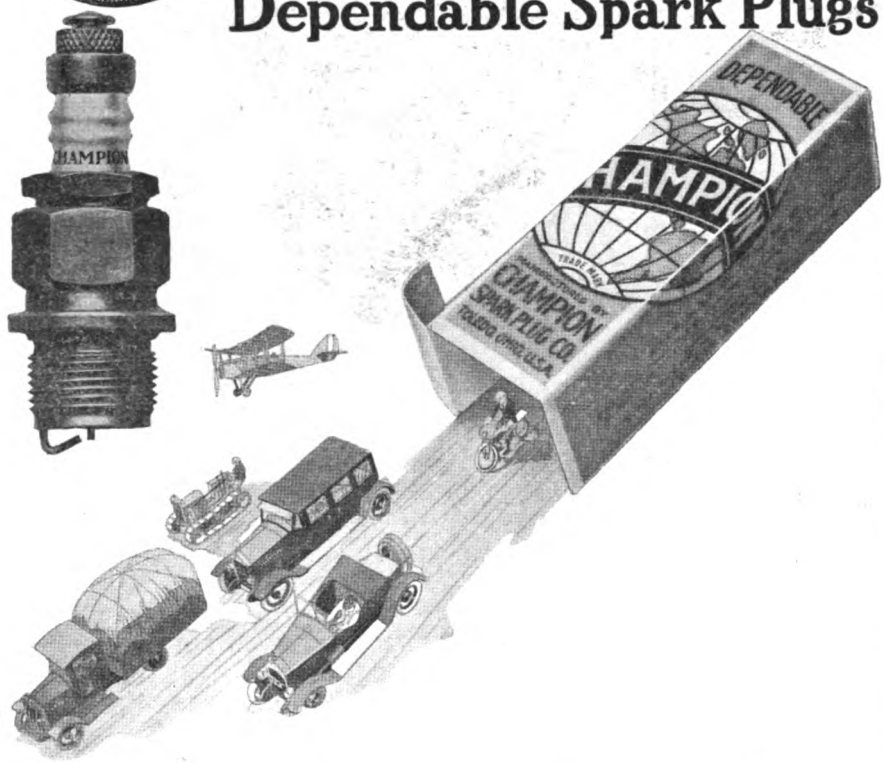

Champion Dependability Has No Substitute

MORE than half of all the manufacturers building all types of gasoline engines, equip their products at their factories with Champion Dependable Spark Plugs. This is your guide and protection in selecting spark plugs for *your* car. Avoid substitutes—look for the name "Champion" on the Insulator.

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

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"Old Town Canoes" OLD TOWN CANOE CO. 963 Middle Street Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.

Every Stroke Counts

Laze along in the alder shadows or shoot through swift water, an "Old Town Canoe" will obey every move of your paddle. Light as a bubble, graceful as a swan, but staunch as a scow. The "Sponson Model" is the safest canoe made—safer than most row boats. Write for catalog. 3000 canoes in stock. $67 up. At dealer's or factory.

saler whose two outstanding characteristics were a grouch against all salesmen and a fixed habit of being at his store every morning at six forty-five o'clock. During a month's stay in this city Wrigley was waiting outside the store in winter darkness, often with the temperature below zero, each morning when the dealer arrived.

"Young man, I take my hat off to you," said the wholesaler, as Wrigley was leaving town. "You can count on me as long as I'm in business."

Yet even the fascination of salesmanship could not hold the impetuous youth indefinitely—not yet. He had been hearing wonderful tales of the West, of gold and silver mines, of cities that sprang up overnight. Just after his nineteenth birthday he laid plans to steal away on a transcontinental hegira with one of his boyhood chums. His savings were just sufficient to buy two tickets to Leadville, Colorado, via day coach.

As the wayfarers were nearing Kansas City misfortune overtook them. Wrigley was looking out through the open window of the coach when a gust of wind swept past, and a moment later his hat—with both tickets tucked snugly in the band—was a speck on the swiftly receding landscape. The conductor was obdurate to all pleas for further transportation on the strength of past possession of passage. So with sixty-five cents to their joint account the two youths left the train at Kansas City.

Wrigley spent ten cents for a "Dolly Varden" cheesecloth cap, and sat down on a convenient box to study the "Help Wanted" column in a local paper. The only likely prospect lay in an advertisement for a waiter in a two-penny restaurant.

"I'd starve before I'd work in a cheap joint like that," protested his chum.

"I wouldn't," replied Wrigley, and within half an hour he had landed the job.

WHEN the restaurant keeper discovered that his new waiter could read and write—two accomplishments beyond his own ken—he was relieved of his tray and given the job of taking in cash and making out bills of fare. He was promised a salary of seven dollars a week and board.

A fortnight's service revealed to Wrigley the fact that his alleged salary was never intended to pass beyond the promissory stage. The resulting financial predicament was solved from an unexpected source. One of the restaurant's regular customers was a vender of rubber stamps made up in endless assortments of initials set in borders of flowering vines. He always left his traveling case in the cashier's custody while he was getting his fill of two-cent crullers and coffee.

"Say, young man, I'll sell this whole case to you for ten dollars," the vender remarked one day. . . . "Oh, broke, are you? Well, you've got an honest face, and I'll trust you with the lot. Pay me ten cents for each one you sell."

Wrigley put on his cap, picked up the case and started down the street. Here was a straight selling proposition, and he felt sure of his ground. His first few sales were made at a quarter of a dollar. Soon he raised the price to thirty-five and fifty cents—and had no difficulty in getting it.

To cut down expenses, the two Easterners made an arrangement with a lodging-house keeper that allowed them to occupy at night a chamber in which two other roomers were sleeping by the day. "Nice men with regular night work, and the room will cost you boys only a dollar and seventy-five cents a week," they were told.

The arrangement proved highly satisfactory for a time. Then another bubble burst. Wrigley and his chum were awakened one night by a bright light and loud talk. They beheld their fellow roomers pawing over a pile of expensive silverware and taking long drinks from a glistening whisky decanter. The "nice men's regular night work" stood revealed as the gentle art of burglary. Early the next morning the youthful wayfarers hunted up a new room.

Wrigley proved to be as skillful at vending rubber stamps as he had been at selling scouring soap. He managed to dispose of many of them at a price as high as a dollar and fifty cents, and the sale of the entire case of a thousand stamps netted him several hundred dollars.

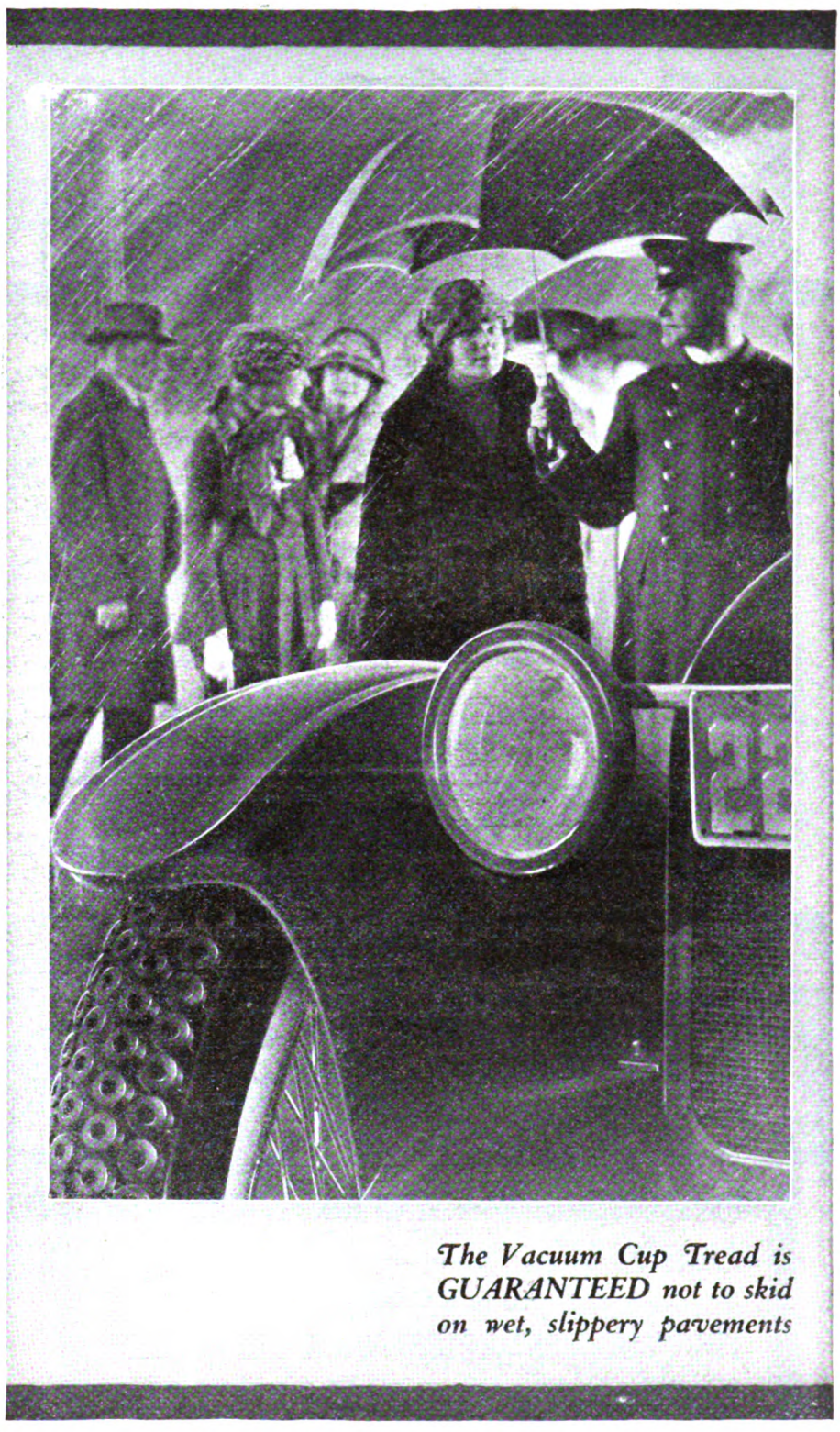
BUT home ties were beginning to pull again. He bought a broad-brimmed Western hat, donned clothes of the latest Kansas cut, loaded up with presents for all the folks, and turned his face East. A few weeks later he was back on the road selling scouring soap at ten dollars a week.

His two attacks of the wanderlust had given the young Philadelphian unlimited confidence. Twice he had landed in a strange city without money or friends—and he had never missed a meal or suffered any special discomfort. Now he was ready to settle down and turn himself seriously to carving out some sort of a career.

In the spring of 1891, William Wrigley, Jr., brought to Chicago the nucleus of the fortune he was later to accumulate. This nucleus was not the thirty-two dollars that represented his total financial assets. Rather, it was an intimate understanding of human nature, picked up in years of travel through the "tall-grass towns," accompanied by an abiding belief that there was nothing in the world to be afraid of, that anyone with a fair share of what New Englanders called "git-up-an'-git" could swap punches with Old Man Adversity and always knock him out. One cannot overemphasize these two points; they are tied up at every turn with Wrigley's subsequent success.

His idea in opening the Chicago office was to establish some central place for the shipping of scouring soap. He rented desk room and a little office space from a firm of manufacturers' agents located in East Kinzie Street.

The months ahead produced some pretty hard sledding. Competition in the soap business was getting keener all the time, and Wrigley's brand—which was sold to retail at five cents a cake—offered so slender a margin of profit that dealers showed an increasing aloofness to handle it. Right here Wrigley made a decision that was the turning point in his life. He raised the price of the five-cent cake to a dime and offered the dealer an umbrella as a premium with every box. Where the dealer before was making a profit of only 94 cents on each box of fifty cakes, he was now given the opportunity to make a cash



What 15 Cents Will bring You From the Nation's Capital

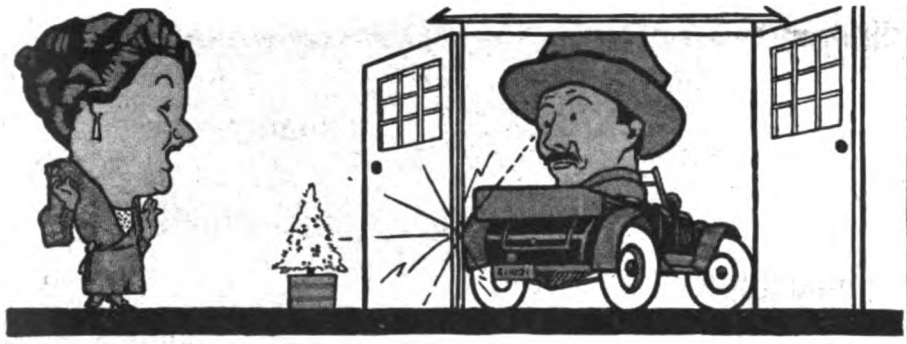
The little matter of **15 cts.** in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder **13** weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its **27th** year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but $1 a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, briefly—here it is. Send **15c** to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends. **The Pathfinder, Box 516, Washington, D. C.**

Washington has become the World's Capital and reading the Pathfinder is like sitting in the inner council with those who mold the world's destiny.

Copy this Sketch

and let me see what you can do with it. Many newspaper artists earning $30.00 to $125.00 or more per week were trained by my course of personal individual lessons by mail. PICTURE CHARTS make original drawing easy to learn. Send sketch of Uncle Sam with 6c in stamps for sample Picture Chart, list of successful students, examples of their work and evidenc of what you too can accomplish. *Please state your age.*

The Landon School
of CARTOONING and ILLUSTRATING
1246 Schofield Bldg. Cleveland, Ohio



The next time you do this, buy a small can of Effecto Auto Enamel. It's a great tonic for banged fenders, and'll surprise your wife almost as much as the backin' out stunt!

Effecto Auto Enamel is a wonder-worker on banged and scraped fenders. The Effecto habit will keep your car looking new, and the gnawing tooth of rust won't get a start. A small can of Black is a handy thing in the garage and costs little.

Effecto AUTO FINISHES

Effecto finds its greatest usefulness in the complete refinishing of cars. Mr. J. T. Wall, a stock broker of Baltimore, was the possessor of a much-used Maxwell and had great difficulty in selling it — until he purchased $5 worth of Effecto, with which he trimmed up the old boat like a Xmas tree! To his surprise and delight it brought $400!

A few hours work and several dollars worth of Effecto will transform any decrepit old gasolene wagon into a lustrous new-looking automobile — 24 to 48 hours for drying, and as often as not one coat will do!

Effecto Auto Finishes are easy to use — easy-working, self-leveling and quick-drying.

Made in nine live auto *enamel* colors: Black, Blue, Green, Red, Brown, Yellow, Gray, Cream and White — the *original, genuine* auto *enamel.* Not a paint, wax or polish, but an *enamel* finish that will last longer than the finish on most new cars. Also made in clear Finishing varnish for cars in fairly good condition, and Top & Seat Dressing, which renews and waterproofs old tops, cushions and all upholstery.

Be sure you get the *genuine* Effecto Auto *Enamel* — there are already many imitations.

Send for Color Card and Name of Local Dealer

Effecto is sold by paint, hardware and accessory dealers everywhere. If you have any trouble getting the *genuine* Effecto Auto *Enamel* write us at once. We will see that you are supplied.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc. 151 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. Canadian address: 97 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ontario.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

The seams are so stitched with SILK that they will not ravel even though the thread be cut or broken—That's why you, too, should ask your dealer for

Hays Superseam Gloves

TRADE MARK

BANNERMAN

Army Auction Bargains

Tents	$4.25 up	C. W. revolvers	$2.65 up
Saddles	4.65 up	Army Haversacks	.15 up
Uniforms	1.50 up	Knapsacks	.75 up
Teamharness	26.85	Army Gun slings	.30 up

Spring. Rem. cal. 30 single shot rifle for model 1906 cartridges, **$7.77.** Ball cart. **$3.50** per 100. **15 acres Army Goods.** Large illustrated cyclopedia reference catalog—428 pages—issue 1920, mailed 50 cents. **New Circular 10 cents.**

FRANCIS BANNERMAN SONS, 501 Broadway, New York

Don't Worry—

if there is a Coal and Gas shortage

THE "SUCCESS" ROUND WICK OIL HEATER

Keeps everybody smiling. The cheerful glow and the intense heat of the "SUCCESS" Heater does the trick. Besides it is clean, no odor, and the Two-Burner size will heat a room 12′ x 14′ for fifteen hours on one gallon of kerosene. If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

No. 7 One-Burner Size $6.00 each
No. 8 Two-Burner Size $8.50 each

And they last for a lifetime

Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh Lamp, Brass & Glass Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

profit of $1.56 a box and receive *free* an attractive and durable umbrella, which he could either use himself or sell over the counter.

Thus was started a system which Wrigley later developed to unheard-of proportions, until he became the largest distributor of premiums in the world.

The volume of business jumped ahead several notches as the result of the premium offer, but it still was far short of Wrigley's visions. He was drawing only thirty dollars a week. The firm from which he rented his office space carried a baking powder account, and Wrigley decided to add baking powder as a side line.

IN HIS travels through country towns Wrigley had learned that the average housewife was greatly interested in cook books, and that most of those on the market were inadequate. To make his baking powder sell he decided to compile a 150-page book of recipes and offer it free with a 50-cent can of baking powder.

"The cook book stunt is worked out," his business friends advised him, "You'll lose what little money you have if you try to revive it."

"Wait and see," said Wrigley.

Within a few months he had every bindery in Chicago working overtime turning out his cook books, which he was distributing at the rate of fifty thousand a week. By this time his baking powder sales were running so far ahead of his other business that he dropped soap altogether.

Profits began rolling in so fast that Wrigley decided to expand his premium business. He contracted with a manufacturer of silver-plated filigree cologne bottles, and other toilet articles, to have these products distributed as premiums. In order to cut down expenses an arrangement was made whereby each premium would be sent direct from the factory to the names on a list furnished by Wrigley.

The arrangement proved disastrous. In his haste to turn out large orders the manufacturer put on so thin a plating that most of the articles were tarnished by the time they were delivered. Ninety per cent of them were returned—and Wrigley had to make good. The cologne bottle proved a particular bloomer. Many of the country dealers failed to recognize what it was. Hundreds were returned with some such comment as, "Your sirup jug has no handle. We can't use it." Before this deal was cleaned up Wrigley had lost every cent of his accumulated profits.

"You can't guess right every time," remarked Wrigley cheerfully, and he made a deal with the Zeno Manufacturing Company to use chewing gum as a premium. The fact that baking powder and chewing gum were unnatural affinities failed to bother him in the least. He believed that his new offer would "go"—and this time he guessed right. Presently the gum outstripped the powder in popularity. As soon as he saw that the tail was wagging the dog, he ditched his dog and turned attention exclusively to the tail. Another consideration behind the change was the fact that gum could be shipped very cheaply all over the country, and, in fact, all over the world—for Wrigley was already beginning to think in terms of world markets.

To obtain a wide and swift distribu-

tion of his product he determined to stick to his premium policy. He was handling a comparatively new line.

"I've got to make the dealers *want to* sell it," he said. "If they don't know my gum, I'll tie it up with something they do know—some article they have to use every day—and I'll make such an attractive offer that they'll take the gum just to get the premium, if for no other reason."

Wrigley knew that there was one article that every grocer and general storekeeper in the country had to use daily—a counter scale. Soon he was spreading circulars broadcast announcing that he would give a scale free to every dealer who bought fifteen dollars' worth of gum.

The idea took hold at once. Thereupon, Wrigley added to his premium list such other indispensable articles as coffee grinders, show cases, cheese cutters, cash registers, desks, scoops, ladders, trucks, and nail pullers. He contracted for his premiums in huge quantities from the manufacturer, taking a gamble in each instance that he was guessing accurately what the dealers would want, and thereby obtained rock-bottom prices. In all his offers to the dealers he figured so that, in addition to the free premium, the dealer would make a goodly cash profit on the sale of the gum.

"We must give 'em the thick end of the stick," he used to say to his growing group of assistants. "No matter how thin our end is, remember we have thin ends coming in from everywhere. And many *littles* make a *lot*."

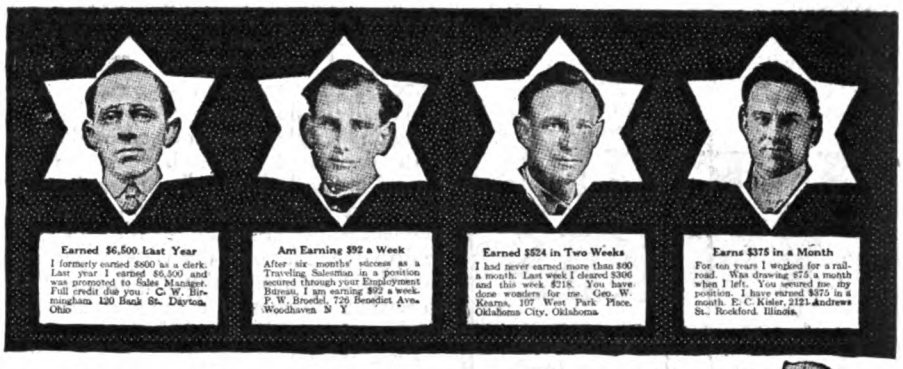
This was a policy which he adhered to through all the years ahead.

"In no deal did I ever figure our own profit first," Wrigley told me. "That's the wrong end to start from. I always mapped out some proposition whereby the dealer or jobber would make a mighty good thing. If their profits were big enough they would do all our worrying for us. They would become *our salesmen* through the natural desire to reap rewards that would come from a large turnover of our products. . . .Then, if the proposition left even a small profit for us I knew it was sound."

Through the early days, in addition to being pretty much his own salesman, sales manager, packer and bookkeeper, he continually took flying trips about the country, showing dealers how to talk and how to display gum to the best advantage. During his first year he spent one hundred and eighty-seven nights on sleeping cars. His enthusiasm and capacity for work seemed inexhaustible.

Always he was thinking up some new device to further sales. Other companies, for instance, were advertising gum as an aid to digestion. Wrigley promptly proceeded to get his own brands placed in restaurants next to the cash register, so that patrons in paying their checks would have the open boxes before their eyes.

SAILING was swift but frequently far from smooth. Some of his premiums proved disastrous, and wiped out the profits of months. On one occasion he contracted for 100,000 green hand bags to be distributed as premiums to dealers, who, in turn, could sell them over the counter. But he had overlooked an important principle in feminine psychology —that no woman in a small town wanted



Earned $6,500 Last Year
I formerly earned $600 as a clerk. Last year I earned $6,500 and was promoted to Sales Manager. Full credit due you. C. W. Birmingham 120 Bank St. Dayton, Ohio

Am Earning $92 a Week
After six months' success as a Traveling Salesman in a position secured through your Employment Bureau, I am earning $92 a week. F. W. Broedel, 726 Benedict Ave. Woodhaven N. Y.

Earned $524 in Two Weeks
I had never earned more than $60 a month. Last week I cleared $306 and this week $218. You have done wonders for me. Geo. W. Kearns, 107 West Park Place, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Earns $375 in a Month
For ten years I worked for a railroad. Was drawing $75 a month when I left. You secured me my position. I have earned $375 in a month. E. C. Kisler, 2121 Andrews St., Rockford, Illinois.

$7352.00

Why Don't YOU Get Into the SELLING Game?

At the top of this page you will find photographs of four star salesmen. Read their letters. These four men averaged earnings at the rate of $7,352 a year. Yet formerly earned only $60 to $90 a month! Think what salesmanship did for *them*. Think what salesmanship will do for *you*. We have trained clerks, bookkeepers, mechanics—and men from all walks of life—for positions as City and Traveling Salesmen where they are now earning from $2,500 to $10,000 a year. Our amazing methods make mastery of salesmanship easy for any man who has the will to succeed. You can learn at home in spare moments, without interfering with your work. Many of our members get big jobs in the selling game, even before they have completed our course. You can go on the road, travel anywhere, stay at the finest hotels and have all your expenses paid, or you can stay in your own city as salesman. Any way you figure it—salesmanship offers you the opportunity to make from three to ten times your present earnings.

Just Send Me Your Name

All I ask any intelligent man to do is to send me his name. I want to prove to him our ability to prepare him for a big paying job as salesman. This costs you nothing. Just send the coupon, post card, or letter, and I will send you my book, "A Knight of the Grip."

Let Me Prove That I Can Make You a Star Salesman

Let me send you my wonderful new book, "A Knight of the Grip," which tells about salesmanship in all its details. Let me tell you about the advantages of being a salesman. Let me tell you about our free employment department which gets positions for our students and graduates. Let me tell you about the special instructions which include every branch of selling and lessons on Language and Persuasion. Memory, Retail Selling, Advertising, Direct by Mail Selling, etc. Let me show you why salesmen are always in demand, because they are business *producers* and why salesmen's earnings depend on themselves and not upon the whims of any boss.

I Will Train You and Then Help You Land a Big Job

I will show you how we have trained thousands of others. I'll show you success letters we have received from hundreds of students and graduates. I'll show you just what our Course includes and how it goes into every detail of Salesmanship from the ground up, covering Wholesale Houses, Specialty Houses, Retail Houses—how it covers every detail of the proposition, methods of distribution, territory, language, handling customers, personal efficiency, etc. I'll tell you about our Free Employment Bureau, which constantly has on file more requests for salesmen than we can possibly fill. Get all the facts by writing to-day.

My New Book is FREE

I want to send you my new book, "A Knight of the Grip," which tells about the N. S. T. A. Course in Salesmanship and how it has been successfully taught by mail for over 12 years. It tells you just what you want to know. If you are getting along slowly—if you are dissatisfied—if you want to earn big money instead of "peanut wages," *mail the coupon or a post card, or a letter for this free book now.* Don't wait a minute. Do it right now. Address:

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Dept. 23-C, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 23-C, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.
With no obligation on my part, please send me full information about the N. S. T. A. Training and Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.
Name
Street
City
State

The largest selling quality pencil in the world

VENUS PENCILS

THOSE who want smooth, firm, non-crumbling leads select the matchless VENUS—perfect for exacting work—a comfort in drawing and writing.

17 black degrees, 3 copying

For bold heavy lines
6B-5B-4B-3B

For general writing and sketching
2B-B-HB-F-H

For clean fine lines
2H-3H-4H-5H-6H

For delicate thin lines
7H-8H-9H

Plain Ends, per doz., $1.00
Rubber Ends, per doz., 1.20

At stationers and stores throughout the world.

American Lead Pencil Co.
210 Fifth Ave.
New York
and London, Eng.

to carry a distinctively-colored hand bag that was a duplicate of bags carried by a number of other women. More than 19,000 of the 100,000 lot were returned as practically a dead loss.

Again, Wrigley bought 65,000 umbrellas with decorated china handles. They turned out to be fine umbrellas so long as they were kept out of the rain. But the moment a shower struck them they began to drip dye. Not only did Wrigley have to take back 58,000 of this lot, but he had to settle a number of damage claims for clothing injured by the dye.

By and large, however, his faith in the premium as a sales producer was more than justified. He disposed of several hundred thousand show cases of a certain type, while forty carloads of a popular brand of lamp were shipped in individual packages from the factory directly to the customer.

During this time Wrigley was feeling his way toward the great advertising campaigns in which he was later to spend twenty-three million dollars. In 1897 he tried out a few billboards in a Southern locality. Gradually, as his resources increased, he branched off into other fields of advertising.

For the most part he steered clear of the large cities, quietly biding his time; but in 1902 he decided to "make one heap of all his winnings and risk it on one turn of pitch and toss." So he dumped his accumulated profits of one hundred thousand dollars into an advertising campaign in New York City. Had he pitched a pebble into the waters of Lake Michigan it could hardly have sunk more quickly.

"I didn't even make a ripple on the surface," he admitted afterward.

Not in the least discouraged, Wrigley laid low until he had accumulated another hundred thousand. After making certain modifications, in the light of his first experience, he stuffed his entire supply of financial ammunition into his musket, leveled it at Broadway and pulled the trigger. If the shot hit, it failed to leave a mark.

"Nothing to worry about," remarked Wrigley, smiling at his disturbed assistants; "it merely means we've got to use a cannon. The next time I call on New York, she is going to be at home."

IN THE northern part of the state was a large territory including the cities of Buffalo, Rochester and Syracuse where sales were almost negligible. All the usual methods had failed to remedy the situation. Wrigley decided to turn loose his next big advertising campaign on this sales desert. He bought up every square foot of available billboard display, every vacant space in the street cars of the three cities and contracted for spreads in all the important newspapers.

"I'm willing to sink one hundred thousand dollars in pulverizing the crust up there," he announced—and tacked onto his program a gratuitous distribution of sample boxes to dealers. The campaign wound up in an avalanche of sales that more than paid for it.

"Now I shall tackle New York City again," he declared.

Friends and associates protested against a third essay at financial hara-kiri.

"Oh, I'm going back," smiled Wrigley, "to pick up that two hundred thousand dollars I dropped in the big town."

So he invested a quarter of a million dollars in a fresh New York campaign. Before the smoke from the last gun had cleared away, his former losses had been salvaged and a goodly profit written in their place.

FOR clear vision and sheer courage Wrigley's great national advertising venture of 1907 has probably never been paralleled. In the general depression of this panic year, the barometer of advertising dropped to a low level. Scores of national advertisers began looking around for a road by which they could back-pedal on their contracts. In the midst of the slump Wrigley slipped into New York and in three days bought up a million and a half dollars' worth of contracts for advertising space. The failure of his contemplated campaign would spell havoc—but he was confident it would not fail.

But this was only part of the plunge. He followed it up by distributing coupons broadcast, and announcing that any dealer in the country could get a box of gum gratis merely by presenting a coupon to his jobber. Wrigley staked his financial future on his confidence that the advertising campaign, accompanied by a free distribution of the advertised product, would inundate the country in a tidal wave of new business.

For the first few weeks the issue seemed to hang in the balance. Suspicious of any promise to get something for nothing, many dealers merely tossed the coupon aside. Then word began to spread that there was no "nigger in the woodpile," that the box of twenty packages was an outright gift. Dealers began to rummage through their waste baskets and to dig the coupons out of pigeonholes in their desks. Soon gum was flowing forth from the factory in a continuous stream; follow-up sales trailed the free distribution; business began to double and treble.

Probably no man in the world has a more unqualified belief in the power of advertising than William Wrigley, Jr. In the twelve years since his first great national campaign he has spent more than $20,000,000 to spread his message in eighteen languages across the civilized world. As the result of one of his huge contracts, each of the 62,000 street, subway and elevated cars in operation in the United States carries one or more of his cards. Above Times Square, New York, flashes nightly an electric sign which costs $104,000 a year—more than the total amount spent in his first unsuccessful attempt to storm the metropolis. In 1915, he collected every telephone directory in the country and mailed four sample sticks of his gum to the 1,500,000 listed subscribers. He duplicated this campaign in 1919, this time to more than 7,000,000 homes. His advertising expenditures for the one year passed the $3,500,000 mark.

"What is the secret of successful advertising?" I asked Wrigley.

"*Tell 'em quick, and tell 'em often*," he replied, his blue eyes twinkling. "You must have a good product in the first place and something that people want, for it's easier to row down stream than up. Explain to folks plainly and sincerely what you have to sell, do it in as few words as possible—and keep everlastingly coming at them

"Advertising is pretty much like running a furnace. You've got to keep on shoveling coal. Once you stop stoking, the fire goes out. It's strange that some people's imagination can't compass this fact.

"Not long ago I was riding in a train when a friend of mine came up and called me by name. A little later a sour-faced individual sitting opposite me leaned over and asked:

"'Are you Mr. Wrigley, the gum man?'

"I pleaded guilty to the indictment.

"'Well,' the stranger went on, 'I want to tell you that you're the darnedest fool I ever heard of. Here you keep on wasting a mint of good money in advertising, when everyone knows about your gum.... How much did this advertisement cost?' and he pointed to a double-page spread in the periodical on his knee.

"I mentioned the price, which ran into five figures.

"'For a year?' he asked.

"'No, for that one issue,' I replied.

"'Well,' he concluded, shaking his head scornfully, 'you sure *are* a darned fool.'

"EVERY business man ought to remember that people are born and die every day, and that the memory of those who just keep on living has its limitations. Ask your young assistant about people whose names filled the paper in your own time and see what happens. Three to one he'll tell you that Carrie Nation is one of the new European republics, and that Dowie belongs somewhere in a college football yell.

"Another important thing is not to send a boy on a man's errand. Scores of firms have got into rough water by launching an advertising campaign in a big city too soon . . . and I can speak from experience here.

"Many a small-town toad has sunk in a big city's puddle and never come to the surface again. There's lots of competition where a million people congregate . . . everything from theatres and Great White Ways to gang fights and aëroplane flights. In the old days I used to drive a four-horse team, rigged up with bells, through the towns and small cities, and create a real sensation But I might drive a forty-horse team through the streets of New York every day for a year, and two thirds of the folks would think I belonged to the Street Cleaning Department.

"Do you find that people all over the world respond to the same kind of appeal?" I asked.

"Heavens, no!" laughed Wrigley. "I staged a Chicago campaign in London and scared them to death. My posters were seventy-two times as big as the English were used to. My big spreads in newspapers rather shocked them, and in so far as giving away a box of gum free to each dealer was concerned, the British just couldn't believe that. I had to tone down my advertising and modify my distribution offer so that the dealer could get one box free if he *bought* a box. That was perfectly comprehensible to them and it caught on. . . . Anyone who wants to spend a million dollars in advertising in England should spread it over five years rather than one."

But I have promised to tell how William Wrigley, Jr., has discovered that fountain for which Ponce De Leon sought in vain. . . . The first, the most obvious, reason lies in his super-sane program of life. Almost invariably he goes to bed before eleven o'clock, and rises at five o'clock in the morning.

"The air seems breathed out later in the day," he once said. "My best ideas come to me in the morning, and I always feel that if I get up a couple of hours ahead of the other fellow I am putting something over on him."

Every day for a quarter of a century Wrigley has taken regular exercise. He holds several swimming medals won in the pool of the Chicago Athletic Association. For years he boxed daily with the athletic instructor, and he is still a clever manipulator of the padded gloves. Friends who visit him at his Lake Geneva home complain that he runs blisters on their feet at tennis. He plays golf, tosses the medicine ball, and when he is traveling on the train —or when the weather makes outdoor exercise unduly disagreeable—he indulges in a sharp calisthenic drill. For ten years he was in the saddle every morning before seven o'clock, and most of this time he was riding polo ponies that proved too untamable to be broken to the game. He never took a vacation until he was past fifty—and he has never been ill a day in his life.

But back of his astounding vitality and youth lies a deeper wellspring. It is a mental poise that nothing in the world seems able to ruffle.

"I have never seen Mr. Wrigley worried . . . never without a smile and an optimistic word," remarked one of his old business associates. "In crises that would have crushed many men, that had me running around in circles, he remained as calm, as cheerful, as if he were on a Sunday picnic. I have never seen him angry. He makes all his decisions instantaneously. If his business were smashed to smithereens, he'd pick up the pieces with a smile and start building them over again."

Wrigley has displayed this particular propensity on many an occasion. In 1905 he rented a warehouse and office, an entire new building, and fixed it up to house his growing business. Sixty days after its completion there was an explosion of a large natural gas main that ran through the basement. The blow-up wrecked the place, then fire consumed the wreckage, and the water shot on the flames by firemen promptly froze. In a few hours the entire establishment was represented by a big squat cake of ice in what had once been the basement.

WHILE the ruins were still smoking, Wrigley had a large sign nailed to a post out in front. It called attention to the fact that he had rented office and warehouse space a few stores away and was ready for business.

A few years later the factory in which the chewing gum was manufactured, with a lot of valuable automatic machinery, was completely destroyed by fire. Wrigley instantly rented another building and started to make his product by hand. By working twenty-four hours a day his force managed to fill all orders promptly until the automatic machinery could be replaced.

To talk with Wrigley is to run up against continual outcroppings of this philosophy that nothing is able to ruffle.

The Field of Dishonor

SHE had never seen a highwayman before. This one had on army officer's boots and the manners of a gentleman. She laughed and told him so.

But it was serious business for him. He faced death, prison, disgrace.

It is a story so startling and curious, with its tangle of romance and adventure—with its daring, thrilling climax—that it could only be told by that maker of romance—

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Whether it be the blinding heat of an African desert —a lonesome island in the Pacific—or the deep mystery of a London fog—Davis always had a breathless story to tell. He knew that Romance was not dead. No man ever knew so many different kinds of people. No man ever visited so many strange lands or saw so many wars in so many different places.

If you are one of those who know that somewhere in the world, splendid adventures are always happening; that a beautiful woman can be interesting: that today—at this moment—brave men are laughing at fear—tricking death—defying fate and winning the women they love—Richard Harding Davis is for you.

FREE Booth Tarkington

5 VOLUMES

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THE average man never seems to know when he's got enough. I realize it's tempting stuff. That silvery, slippery little roll of Cream is so blamed inviting that it's awfully easy to push out an inch or so onto your brush.

I wish you wouldn't.

It isn't so much that you waste a lot of Cream and make your shaving cost twice what it should—I guess we can stand that if you can—but you really don't get the best results.

Oh! I know you have the toughest beard your barber ever amputated. Personally, I never met a man above the second year in the high school who wasn't afflicted with a fuzz of extraordinary tenacity. Lucky thing for soap manufacturers that men have always been eager to blame shaving troubles on their beards.

But please—just once—please try exactly half an inch of Mennen Shaving Cream, or if you wear an extra size face, three quarters of an inch at the outside.

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Mennen Salesman

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"A man's doubts and fears are his own worst enemies," he remarked to me. "He can go ahead and do anything so long as he doesn't know he can't do it. There's nothing in life that can really hurt you—except yourself. The only real joy in business is the joy of creation. Making money, in itself, doesn't amount to a hill of beans.

"The one fellow in the world I feel sorry for is a human cash register. Man's wants, after all, are very simple. He can eat only three meals a day, sleep in one bed, and wear one suit of clothes at a time. If he has a dozen suits and tries to wear 'em, he'll spend all his time changing 'em. And if he eats in bed and has his valet put on his shoes, he'll probably die of apoplexy.

"Fear saps men more than almost anything else in the world. Thousands of fellows are ruled by it. They're afraid they'll oversleep in the morning. Afraid they'll miss their car into town, afraid somebody in the office is talking about them, afraid they'll lose their job or their money. Anyone with such a program of life is running on about fifteen per cent engine power and wearing out his machinery. I've been 'broke' three times since I started business. Nobody knew it except myself, and it didn't cause me the loss of a minute's sleep."

Wrigley's energy is always spilling over into action. He is never content to be a spectator of the passing show. To be doing something, to be creating something, to be eternally active in mind and body, is his ideal of happiness.

FIVE years ago he left his business long enough to embark with his family on a four-months cruise around the world. The Orient, with its slow, easy, fatalistic flux, wearied him infinitely. Often, as the ship was sliding peacefully along, he would steal away from his family down into the ship's office and listen to the click of the typewriters. "Seems a bit like home," he would remark.

By the time the party had reached Egypt the breaking point had come. At midnight Wrigley said good-by to his family and set out for Port Said. At four o'clock in the morning he was headed for Brindisi, Italy, on one of the thirty-knot Oriental & Peninsular boats, designed to deliver the Empire's mail at record speed rather than to carry passengers. It was the roughest season of the entire year. Immune to seasickness, Wrigley remained on deck with the captain while everyone else was battened below—and was perfectly happy in watching the pencil-shaped packet cut through the frothing green water.

From Brindisi he took the mail express to Calais. In three and one-half days—before the world-cruise steamship had left Port Said—Wrigley was in London, plunging into the English end of his business.

Several years ago he bought a beautiful home in Pasadena, California, where he has spent several months each winter. Although in daily telephone communication with his office, and handling many business matters personally, he found life palling on him and a need for something big to develop. Hearing of Santa Catalina Island, which lies in the Pacific about thirty miles off Los Angeles, Wrigley decided to buy the whole island, which contains between one hundred and fifty and two hundred square miles, and develop it into a popular all-the-year resort.

"I want something to do outside of driving a golf ball around the course all day," he wrote East.

The island, which includes the town of Avalon with its five-hundred-thousand-dollar hotel, cost him three million dollars. He also bought the transportation company that connects the island with the mainland.

ONE of Wrigley's business fundamentals is the belief that the overwhelming majority of people are instinctively honest. Without any attempt to check up references, he will ship a case of a hundred boxes of gum to any dealer who writes in for it. But no newcomer will receive a second case until he has paid for the first.

To all the dealers, salesman and jobbers over the East, South and Middle West the gum king is still "Bill" Wrigley. Often a country store keeper whom he has not seen for twenty or thirty years will drop into his office while on a visit to Chicago, and Wrigley will not only call him by name but will mention which corner he kept his cracker barrel in and how many bins he had for his grass seed.

Every human being is intensely interesting to Wrigley, from elevator boy to millionaire. He trusts people, he likes them, he learns from them. Nothing stirs his fighting blood more quickly than to learn of someone else who has failed to "play the game"—who has attempted to take advantage of one of his fellows.

Several years ago, a millionaire of Wrigley's acquaintanceship set out to acquire a block of property in a Middle Western city for the erection of a big business building. In one corner of the block was the home of a widow and over it hung a four-thousand-dollar mortgage. After he had acquired the rest of the property in the block, the millionaire, who was notoriously close-fisted, determined to get the widow's home at as low a price as possible. When she refused to sell, he brought pressure to bear on the local banks in order that the mortgage might not be renewed.

Someone who resented the tactics called Wrigley's attention to the case. Forthwith, the gum manufacturer bought the mortgage himself, and before the millionaire was able to get the property he had to pay a price so fancy that the widow has been living on the proceeds ever since.

Wrigley was the first manufacturer in Chicago, and possibly in the whole country, to give Saturday to his employees as an all-day holiday. I asked him what led him to take the step.

"It's just because I believe that what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander," he replied. "The average high-priced executive cleans up his desk Friday night and trots out to the golf club or up to the mountains, or runs away somewhere else on a week-end trip. Don't you think he ought to consider that the employees under him would like the same privilege of freedom?

"Now the girls who work in my offices or factories can get up Saturday morning, and put on their best dresses and go window-shopping down the street, and nudge elbows with women of leisure and housewives out for an airing, and feel just as big as anybody's folks. And the men can

fish or dig in their gardens, or do anything else that hits their fancy. Don't you suppose that these employees come back Monday morning with a glow and ambition that will help them to do as much work in five days as they could possibly do in five and a half?"

I admitted that I did.

"Life and business are rather simple, after all," Wrigley remarked thoughtfully. "To make a success of either you've got to hang on to the knack of putting yourself in the other fellow's place. . . . If I've accomplished anything worth while, that's the whole blooming secret of it."

"A GREAT Expert in Telling Who Can Be Trusted" is the title under which you may look next month for another of Merle Crowell's true romances of business men. This is the amazing story of William B. Joyce, who rose from newsboy to be president of the world's largest surety company. "Human Beings Who Are Good Risks—and Poor Ones" is the title of an article by Mr. Joyce himself, revealing many things he has learned about human nature.

The Most Extraordinary Counterfeiting Case I Know Of

(*Continued from page 33*)

One day, Tappan left the building, carrying a small hand bag; and a "shadow" was instantly on his trail. Tappan made his way to the Pennsylvania Station; and the "shadow," close behind him, observed that he purchased a ticket to Lancaster. Buying a ticket to the same point and taking a seat near Tappan, the agent was able to report a few hours later that upon leaving the train at Lancaster Tappan proceeded directly to the cigar factory of William Harris.

This information immediately raised the obvious question: What does a cigar manufacturer want with a crooked engraver?

The names of the dealers handling Harris's cigars were obtained, and from one of them we purchased a case of "perfectos." Upon examination every Internal Revenue stamp in the lot was found to be counterfeit!

This led to an investigation at Lancaster, and it was soon determined definitely that the supply of bogus stamps was coming from a supposed leaf-tobacco warehouse presided over by W. L. Karsten, an associate of Harris.

HERE was an embarrassing dilemma for the Government. If the Harris and Karsten establishments were raided we should doubtless find the plates for the stamps and be able to prosecute the users successfully. But the counterfeiting of the $100 notes was far more important than that of the revenue stamps; and as yet we had no direct evidence in the former case. Consequently it was thought wise to allow Harris to continue the use of the stamps until the other case was complete.

Just at this point we received a shock. The Lancaster agents reported an excited interview between Harris and Karsten, followed by a general cleaning up of the stamp plant. A lot of machinery and twenty or more big cases were carted to a local warehouse. The stamp plates were concealed by Harris and Karsten at a point outside the city. And the same day Tappan and Benton left Philadelphia for Lancaster and had a long conference with Harris and Karsten.

We were tremendously disturbed. What had happened? Had there been a leak, and was the work of nearly a year to prove fruitless after all? As there was no way of forcing an answer to these questions, we could only watch the known members of the conspiracy, and await developments.

Some weeks later, Harris visited the Franklin Building in Philadelphia. His errand was revealed when, a short time thereafter, the agent in charge of our Philadelphia office was approached by a former assistant United States attorney, whose office was in the Franklin Building, and who told our agent that he had two clients who would pay well for some information. The agent made an appointment for the following day and promptly reported his conversation to the district attorney, who instructed him to keep the appointment, but to furnish no information that could injure the Government's interests, and if any money was offered to him to accept it.

At the interview, the attorney questioned the agent as to the activities of the Secret Service Division, particularly in the district including Lancaster. But as we had purposely given this Philadelphia agent no part in the "Monroe head" case, he could truthfully answer that he was making no special investigations in his territory.

The attorney then explained that two of his clients at Lancaster had been guilty of indiscretions in connection with the manufacture of cigars, and that if the matter should be brought to the attention of the Treasury Department, trouble would follow. He declared, however, that everything would be straightened out if they were undisturbed for a few months, and that they were willing to pay liberally to be let alone.

When the attorney offered the agent five hundred dollars a month for each month his clients remained undisturbed, with the possibility of the present of a house and lot at the end of the period, the agent—

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in conformity with his instructions—accepted the first payment of five hundred dollars, and promised to notify the attorney of anything that could affect the interests of the Lancaster clients.

Immediately after this conference, and following another meeting of Harris, Karsten, Tappan and Benton, everything was moved back into the Lancaster warehouse, the printing of the counterfeit stamps was resumed, and the engravers, Tappan and Benton, who had suspended operations when the "scare" developed at Lancaster, again took up their work.

The period of inactivity on their part had lasted from September, 1898, till March, 1899; but every day, during all these months, the agents of the Service had kept a close record of every move, and search warrants had been secured from a trusted United States Commissioner, so that we were prepared, in case of an emergency, to act instantly.

THE investigation had now reached a stage where a closer view of the interior of the engravers' establishment at Philadelphia was essential. What was needed was a duplicate key to the heavy individual lock on the only outer door. Agents had learned that an office boy was the first to arrive in the morning, admitting himself with a key. This office boy was a youngster of about fifteen; and it was his habit, when going home at night, to "flip" the tailboard of a truck or express wagon.

A boyish-looking member of the Secret Service, dressed in working clothes, made it his business to "flip" the wagon with the office boy one afternoon, established friendly relations, and as a result the two often made these trips together. On one of them, the operative asked the young chap if he was satisfied with his job. "I was wondering," he said, "if you wouldn't do for a page in a show that a friend of mine is putting on the road."

"What's there in it?" was the natural inquiry.

"Something like twenty a week."

"Sure thing! What do I do?"

"Our manager will be at the Bingham House next Wednesday at half past twelve. You be on the job and we'll see what happens."

Wednesday arrived and so did the lad. When he was taken to a room, which had been prepared for his reception, there was disclosed to his fascinated gaze half a dozen costumes of velvet and wonderful velvet hats with curling feathers. He was introduced by his young friend to "the manager's assistant," who looked him over with an appraising eye.

"Slip on one of these costumes," the boy was told, "and we'll go up and give the manager a chance to look you over."

It took but a few minutes for the youngster to get out of his street clothes, and having been arrayed in one of the beautiful costumes, he was led away for inspection. Before he had reached "the manager's" room the agent had secured the lad's key-ring. Hurrying to the basement, where a skilled locksmith was in waiting, duplicates were quickly made, and the keys were replaced in the lad's pocket before he came back. He confided to his friend that the manager had criticized his legs, but had taken his address and was going to let him know later if there was a chance for him.

Thereafter at intervals, the Tappan and Benton plant was given a thorough search at midnight, but for several weeks we were unrewarded. Then, one night in early April, Burns, in prowling about the establishment, found in a pigeonhole a photographic proof of the face of a $100 "Lincoln head" note! It was the first bit of direct evidence disclosed in more than a year of patient work.

Final arrangements were now made for the "round up." At noon on April 18th, 1899, Tappan and Benton left their shop for luncheon, closely shadowed by our agents. About half past twelve, Operatives Burns and Murphy, veterans in the service, provided themselves with a number of boxes which made conspicuous packages three or four feet high. Thus equipped, they entered the building occupied by Tappan and Benton, climbed the narrow stairway to the fourth floor and arranged their boxes so as to be plainly seen by anyone coming up the stairs. This was a simple plan to allay the suspicions of the engravers when they should return, as the presence of the packages naturally would suggest some sort of merchandise, and identify the strangers as probable salesmen.

It was after one o'clock when the engravers returned and, without the slightest suspicion of impending disaster, mounted the stairs. They were pleasantly greeted by Burns:

"Is this Mr. Tappan?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"If you're going into your office we'll go with you."

Burns and Murphy picked up their packages and waited expectantly. Tappan drew a bunch of keys from his pocket, opened the door and all four entered. With the agent who had shadowed them during the lunch hour, I closed in behind them and joined the party. Tappan and Benton looked up as we passed in, but were more interested, apparently, in the men with the packages. Burns had been specially deputized as a United States marshal to serve the warrants, and after a moment of tense silence produced his official papers.

"Gentlemen, we are Secret Service agents and you are under arrest."

THE faces of the engravers blanched in an instant. Another moment of silence followed during which I could hear the ticking of our watches. Then Tappan moistened his lips, and in a strained, high-pitched voice inquired:

"What for?"

"Counterfeiting the obligations of the United States—more specifically the $100 'Monroe head' silver certificate."

"May I smoke?" Tappan was the speaker, his voice still strained and unnatural.

"Certainly."

Biting off the end of a cigar and applying a match with palsied fingers, Tappan seated himself beside Benton and listened to the reading of the warrant. That formality concluded, we started on our search.

In the room at the front were two work benches shaded by the white screens used by engravers, and under the edge of one of these was a locked drawer. Demanding their keys we opened the drawer. Lying there, uncovered, were the face and back

steel plates for a "Lincoln head" $100 note in the early stages of production. We turned for explanation to the white-faced men.

"You've got us," said Tappan.

"Caught with the goods," it was not difficult to convince them that there was but one course open—to make a complete confession. While they were telling the story to United States Attorney James M. Beck, we proceeded with our search. Beautiful proofs of the face and back of a $50 note were found concealed in a cunningly contrived receptacle in the base of a cycloidal machine next their engraving-room.

HANGING on a nail of the window frame near Tappan's desk we found and appropriated a key to the Karsten warehouse in Lancaster; and after sending out for beds and bedding to take care of the prisoners and their guards, who were to remain in the building, we left on the midnight train for Lancaster. Shortly after two o'clock in the morning, we let ourselves into the Karsten warehouse, notified the agents to take the stations assigned them, and waited for daylight.

Karsten and an assistant, Jimmy Burke, were arrested as they entered the place shortly after seven o'clock. In the Karsten warehouse we confiscated two sets of wonderfully executed plates for the printing of counterfeit Internal Revenue stamps, a paper-making plant, several bushels of red and blue cut silk for use in producing the characteristic appearance of genuine bank-note paper, and nearly ten tons of counterfeit Internal Revenue paper.

Karsten, who was the son-in-law of a banker and who held a position of some social prominence in Lancaster, took his arrest philosophically, expressing a desire to help the Government clean up its case. As a starter, he led the way to a pile of rubbish in the rear portion of his establishment and dug up the plates from which the famous $100 "Monroe head" counterfeit had been printed.

That ten tons of distinctive paper for Internal Revenue stamps staggered us. This paper is of a peculiar greenish-blue tint and bears as a water-mark the initials U. S. I. R., of the United States Internal Revenue Department, closely distributed over the sheet so that every square inch of the paper shows some part of these letters. There is a criminal statute which prohibits making this paper or having it in one's possession.

Where did they get it? Was it stolen from one of the mills supplying the Government? Karsten furnished the answer.

"Getting that paper was one of my jobs," he admitted. "We had to have it. We first thought of stealing a supply from the mills, but gave it up when we found how carefully the product was guarded. Then we thought of bribing a paper-mill owner. But the fifteen-year penalty attached to the crime of making this paper was too serious an obstacle. Then I had an inspiration. I have a little printing press here in the warehouse, and on it I printed some letter heads of the 'Indian Rheumatic Ulmer Sirup Company,' and using this stationery, I opened correspondence with an old German who owned a small paper mill at Chambersburg.

"I explained to him that I was in the patent medicine business, that this Indian Rheumatic Ulmer Sirup was proving so great a success that unscrupulous competitors had copied my style of package. I told him that I wanted to go the limit in protecting myself, and that I would like to have him make for me ten tons of wrapping paper of a certain size, for which I would present specifications later on. He replied that he would be glad to fill my order.

"I matched the color of the Internal Revenue stamp in a piece of silk and selected a sheet of plain white paper of the same size and weight as that upon which the Government prints its Internal Revenue stamps. These I forwarded to him with a statement that I wanted paper of the color indicated; and that I wanted, as a water-mark in the paper, the initials of my remedy. I told him I would provide the 'dandy-roll,' or wire mesh cylinder, used in water-marking. I matched the style of letter of the water-mark in the real Internal Revenue stamps, made the 'dandy-roll' myself, distributing the initials over the surface at the proper distances, wired them into place, and expressed the roll to my correspondent. In the course of time he shipped me forty cases, weighing five hundred pounds each, packed. And he did not discover that the initials of the 'Indian Rheumatic Ulmer Sirup,' 'I. R. U. S.,' when closely assembled, just as readily appeared to be 'U. S. I. R.' It was easy."

FROM the Karsten plant we turned our attention to the Harris cigar factory. Operatives who had been "covering" the Harris house all night had trailed Harris to the factory, where two of the agents, representing themselves as wholesale cigar merchants, had opened negotiations with him to handle his product. Burns and I interrupted this little conference and asked him for a private interview. When we told him who we were, he waived the reading of the warrant, observing that he "guessed the jig was up."

"I'm a little bit surprised," he admitted, "because I thought we had this thing fixed through our friends in the Franklin Building. They told me that they had 'got' Burns and the United States attorney, as well as the Philadelphia agent, and that we were in no danger."

"What were you paying for protection?"

"Thirty-five hundred dollars a month, of which I was told that McManus, the Philadelphia Secret Service man, was getting five hundred, District Attorney Beck one thousand, Burns one thousand, and that they were keeping a thousand for themselves for fixing things."

"As a matter of fact," he was informed, "the five-hundred-dollar payment to McManus was the only money that passed. Neither District Attorney Beck nor Burns was even approached in the matter."

"Plain case of double cross," was his only comment.

While we were still in his office a telegram was handed me informing me of the arrest of the former assistant United States attorney who had conducted the bribery negotiations in Philadelphia.

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Later information implicated the lawyer's partner, who was also a former United States attorney. Both were indicted for bribery, and for aiding and abetting counterfeiting of United States obligations.

Inasmuch as Harris, Karsten, Tappan, and Benton were all familiar with the negotiations with these attorneys, District Attorney James M. Beck decided to use all of the counterfeiters as witnesses for the Government in the bribery case against the attorneys. All of them, therefore—except Karsten, who was able to furnish $25,000 bail—were sent to Moyamensing Prison in Philadelphia, where they were detained as United States witnesses. In this rôle, they were allowed a certain freedom of communication with their families and friends and were not under as rigid surveillance as if they had been serving sentences; a fact which led to one of the most astounding features of this most astonishing case.

IN THE winter following their arrest the Government's representative in Philadelphia was approached by an attorney claiming to represent Tappan and Benton, who asserted that the Secret Service had overlooked a pair of plates for $10 bills; that they were practically perfect and that notes printed from these plates had been in circulation for months unsuspected by the Treasury Department. He offered to surrender these plates, provided the Government would agree not to prosecute his clients.

This impudent demand was promptly refused, and the prisoners were given to understand that they had injured their cause by this attempt to "sand-bag" the Government. Eventually they disclosed the hiding place of the plates at Snow Hill, Maryland, the home of Benton's parents. They were secured by our agents, and proved to be a very poor excuse for the perfect production described by the attorney. As a matter of fact, they were not even finished.

In the spring of 1900 there appeared in Philadelphia an excellent counterfeit of the "Hamilton head" $20 bill; and in the course of two or three days these new counterfeits turned up at the banks by the score. They were printed on genuine paper, and the activity of the passers threw the financial district of the city into a panic. The day I reached Philadelphia to consult the assistant treasurer there, one of the notes was found in the deposit of a rubber tire company, whose cashier remembered that the bill had been paid him by a bicycle dealer named Dunleavy. Fortunately it was the only twenty in the deposit and Dunleavy remembered it had been paid in deposit on a wheel the day before by Harry Tappan, a brother of one of the Moyamensing prisoners. It was found that, although Harry had not been employed for some time, he was making a good many purchases. When he was brought to my hotel, he had several hundred dollars in genuine money in his possession which, he explained, he had borrowed of his brother Arthur, the one in prison.

Now Arthur, at the time of his arrest, had in his room at his mother's house more than one thousand dollars in genuine bills, which were not disturbed by our agents. It was not improbable, of course, that he had loaned Harry a part of this. But, coupling his assertion as to the source of his funds with the fact that the new counterfeit had certain characteristics of the $100 "Monroe head" note and of the other notes made by the prisoners, they were called upon for an explanation.

IT CAME hard; but they finally admitted that it was their work. They said they had made the plates before they made the "Monroe head" notes; that the plates, with one hundred and fifty of the $20 notes, had been hidden under the roof at their place at Ninth and Filbert streets, and had been overlooked by us in our search.

This information carried such a reflection on our handling of the case at the time of the April raid that we felt very small indeed. However, after having been supplied with many details of the story we were forced to accept it in the absence of any other explanation. The plates, they explained, had been thrown into the Delaware River by some of their relatives shortly after the raids, and the notes had been retained by Harry Tappan.

The assertion that they had thrown away these plates did not ring true, particularly in view of the fact that the rusty old unfinished ten-dollar plates had been carefully buried at Snow Hill. So we doubted that part of the story, at least.

Later we worked out the serial number which must have been borne by the pattern note from which the $20 plates were made, and we proved that it *had not been issued* by the Treasurer of the United States until the June following their arrest! Thus it became clear that their story was a fabrication, and we went at them again.

"The fact is," said Tappan finally, "we made these plates and printed the notes *right here in Moyamensing.*"

"In your cell?" was the incredulous inquiry.

"Right here in our cell!"

THIS was more preposterous than the other story, and we laughed at them. But they stuck to it and furnished details. Harry had bought the blank plates in New York and smuggled the graving tools and the magnifying glass into their cells; Arthur's mother had brought down the necessary chemicals and a small kerosene lamp; they had rigged up a canopy of blankets in a front corner of their cell, out of the line of sight of the night inspector, who looked into each cell through a small hole in an outside wooden door; and for months at night they had taken turns at working on the plates.

Benton had designed a small press of steel, in shape and operation not unlike a clothes wringer, which had been made at his father's machine shop at Snow Hill under the impression that it was a patent cuff ironer. It was only five inches wide, four high, and a little over two inches thick. It was carried in by Benton's brother, who concealed it in his overcoat pocket. They had secured one hundred and fifty new $1 bills, had bleached them by a process of their own, and on these clean white pieces of genuine paper had printed their twenty, turning the counterfeit notes over to Harry Tappan to be put in circulation.

The object of this amazing transaction

MEANS MORE THAN KEEPING BOOKS IN OUR PLANT

—C. A. ROGERS, Asst. Treas.
Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit

"FROM 100 TRUCKS in 1910 to the present production of Federal trucks is a long jump.

"You can't increase a business 100% or more every year without 'watching your step' in relation to overhead, labor and material costs, plant increases and so on.

"We don't guess at our business, we ***know.*** Bookkeeping with us has never been simply a question of billing customers, or of getting an occasional trial balance. We want to know how all accounts stand at any moment when the information is required—and that's one reason why we use Burroughs Bookkeeping Machines to post our ledgers and get out statements.

"The accuracy and speed of machine figuring, the elimination of delay in hunting for errors, the promptness with which the work is done, the ***daily balance feature*** giving us an absolute check on credits—all of these are invaluable in a rapidly growing business like ours."

Burroughs

MACHINES FOR EVERY BUSINESS

was to create the precise condition described by the attorney who previously had approached the Government in their behalf. They hoped that if nearly perfect notes were in circulation, they might be able to negotiate some sort of a compromise with reference to their punishment. The plates had not been thrown into the river. They had been turned over to Arthur Tappan's widowed mother, and she had concealed them in a spot where she was sure they would not be found—*at the foot of her husband's grave in Fernwood Cemetery!* There we found them, wrapped in tinfoil, paraffin paper, and waterproof cloth.

Every detail of the story was corroborated by the relatives who had participated in the various transactions; and as the engravers asserted that they were advised to do this work by the attorney who had previously attempted to secure their release, he was arrested and prosecuted for aiding and abetting in the issue of the twenty-dollar counterfeit. He was tried twice, but was acquitted on the second trial. The Moyamensing officials denied that the work had been done there as described, but the Government made the engravers demonstrate every step of the work, and the truth of their story was established.

The trial of the former United States attorney and his assistant was one of the most famous in the history of Pennsylvania. But though they were defended by the most skillful criminal lawyer of the Philadelphia bar, and although they called as character witnesses every judge from every court of record in Pennsylvania, their defense that they were victims of a conspiracy on the part of the agents of the Secret Service crumbled away, and they were convicted and sent to prison.

There seemed no end to the ramifications of this case. For instance, the Division discovered an attempt to tamper with the jury before whom the attorneys were tried. And two would-be bribers were identified, arrested, and convicted.

All of the other defendants pleaded guilty, and the final score showed that twelve men paid the penalty for their participation in this remarkable conspiracy.

The government agents captured and confiscated three sets of steel plates for printing counterfeit Internal Revenue stamps, nine tons of counterfeit Internal Revenue paper, and a mill for the manufacture of the distinctive silk fiber note paper; also plates for the $100 "Monroe head," the $100 "Lincoln head," the $50 "Everett head," the $20 "Hamilton head," and the $10 "Sheridan head" notes, together with two or three wagon-loads of cycloidal machines, transfer presses, plate presses, and everything else that went to make up the equipment of a complete engraving establishment.

SOME years later, I paid an official call at the Federal prison at Atlanta, where all of the principals in the Philadelphia case were serving their sentences. Harris asked to see me, and was brought to the warden's office. Confinement had marked him with the usual prison pallor, and his face was so deeply lined that he looked ten years older than when I had last seen him in Philadelphia. He was badly shaken by recent word from home announcing the death of a daughter, born a few months after his arrest, and whom he had never seen! He told me how the news had come to him and showed me a picture of her. As I handed it back to him I saw that his eyes were wet.

"Chief, it doesn't pay—*it doesn't pay.*" He bowed his head for a moment. "I thought I could beat the game. I had studied the histories of all the stars in the counterfeiting business since the game started. I thought I had detected all the flaws in their schemes. I had plenty of money to use in carrying out my plan. I got hold of the right kind of men to do the engraving. I was going to have them make plates for notes of every denomination from twenty to a thousand dollars. I was going to have all of these plates made before a single note was printed. I had a mill where I believed I could make paper just as good as the Government's, and with the silk fiber, too. I had a warehouse on Sixth Street, as you know, on which I had been paying rent for two years. You may have wondered what it was for. Well, Tappan and Benton were making the plates. I was going to make the paper in Lancaster, then I was going to ship the paper to the Sixth Street warehouse, have the plates brought there, and print all our notes to the amount of ten millions; then after all the notes were printed, I was going to dismantle the presses, destroy the plates, clean up, and find such a place in the world as money could make for me.

"What happened? When Tappan had finished the 'Monroe head' $100 plates, he and Benton made up a batch of notes, without saying anything to me, and put them into circulation. But they had used aniline ink in printing the seals, and the color wouldn't stand. It faded. The Philadelphia Sub-Treasury discovered this flaw, the Treasury got after us—and here we are.

"What a hell we have gone through during the last five years! First, the ever-present fear of detection. Then, the period of uncertainty before I thought I had things fixed. Then, the shock of arrest and the disgrace that followed. Every one of us but Tappan had a wife and children. If *we* have gone through purgatory, what must *they* have suffered! It is the thought of them that is giving me my worst punishment as I lie awake during the long nights. They were not responsible for what we did, and yet how they must suffer! And they haven't the protection of sheltering gray walls to hide them from the world. We all might have been happy, honored, and prosperous today. Instead, we are disgraced, our lives broken, our families dishonored. Good God! It doesn't pay!"

A Chance That He Might Be Mistaken

WHEN the president of one of the biggest banks in America was starting his business life as a solicitor for a life insurance company, he was particularly anxious on one occasion to land a twenty-five-thousand-dollar policy which a certain manufacturer was planning to take out. A competing company was also after this policy, and for nearly a fortnight the future bank president and a rival solicitor were running neck and neck in the contest.

One day the future bank president dropped in on the manufacturer with a desperate resolve to clinch his case.

"Well, I've at last made up my mind," the manufacturer said. "I've analyzed both policies and all the arguments of you fellows, and I have decided that the other policy is more favorable than yours."

"You tell me you have gone into the mathematics of both policies," the young man said courteously. "But if you will permit me to say so, I must declare my belief that no man not in life insurance is really competent to pass on the mathematics of it. Life insurance is a very intricate business."

"That's all right, my young friend," said the manufacturer, "but I have an excellent head for figures. In fact, I have a gift for analyzing even the most complex problems."

"If that's so, sir," said the solicitor, "I'm sure you'll be interested in a little problem a friend laid before me yesterday. . . .

"A man went into a shoe store and bought a $5 pair of shoes. He tendered the merchant a $10 bill. Being out of small bills, the shoe seller made change in a grocery store next door. Then he gave the customer his $5 in change and the $5 pair of shoes.

"A few minutes later the grocery man rushed in with the announcement that the bill was counterfeit. Very humiliated, the shoe man made good the loss by giving him a genuine $10 bill. Now how much did the shoe man lose?"

"How absurdly simple," exclaimed the manufacturer. "He lost $10, of course—the amount of the counterfeit he had to make good."

"Are you sure?"

"Certainly."

"Well how about the $5 in genuine money he gave the man who walked off with the shoes."

"Oh, how silly of me!" said the manufacturer. "He lost $15."

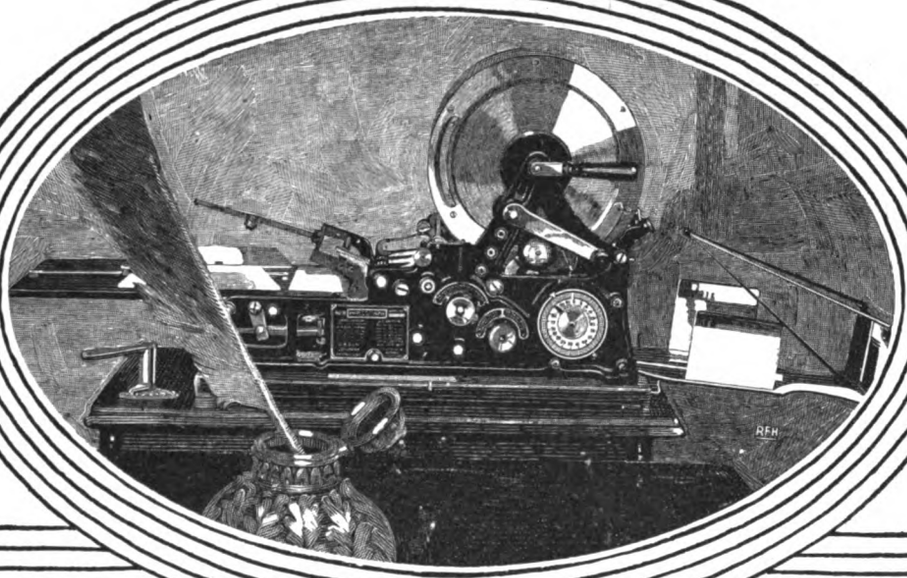
"Did he?" asked the solicitor, smiling. "It strikes me that his only loss was the $5 the fellow took away, plus the value of the shoes. He certainly didn't lose anything to his honest neighbor next door. Think it over, sir."

For a minute the manufacturer was in a brown study.

"By George, you're right!" he cried at last.

"Then don't you suppose, sir," said the solicitor, "that there's a chance you might have been mistaken in analyzing the very complicated mathematics of life insurance."

"You win, young man," said the manufacturer. "Let's have the papers."



'Twould be hard to reckon

the millions of dollars that this little machine is *saving* for American business.

Always a quick and economical way of duplicating all kinds of typewritten letters and forms! But with the arrival of the new Dermatype stencil—"a thin sheet of dark-blue paper"—the Mimeograph becomes tremendously more useful. *It does finer work.* And, as the new stencil is practically indestructible, it does quicker work—and cheaper. Also it easily prints maps, plans, designs and the like—opening new possibilities for development. In thousands of American industries the Mimeograph is now effecting essential economies. Cogitate! At this crucial time don't you think it worth while to investigate what it can do for you and your business? All information—and catalog "C"—from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.

MIMEOGRAPH EDISON-DICK

Are we driving to a panic?

Read what Herbert Hoover says—

Panics often follow great wars! Conditions to-day are abnormal. Are we going to weather the approaching storm? Herbert Hoover knows the situation as well as any living man. You can pretty well bank on his judgment. He not only produces new evidence—but also gives you a new angle on familiar things. His advice may mean much to you—read it in the March WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The family man doesn't throw bombs!

Calvin Coolidge stands four-square for Americanism! "Protection for the home" is his motto. You'll like his vigorous message this month. And Bruce Barton has a fine article on Governor Coolidge, the "silent man on Beacon Hill."

Should a man marry when his luck's out?

What were they to do? He was just back from France, his old job filled, forced to work at a salary greatly reduced. With his case in hand, Anna Hillyard weaves a fascinating story. She finds the way—you can call it love, or nature, or just common sense—perhaps it is all three.

Every woman should know her own back!

Times change, and so do backs. A woman used to express scorn by turning her back, but this spring, it is to charm. The back tells the best story of the spring fashions. They all accentuate their newest features in the back. You must wear your back to advantage. Read these latest fashion hints, and appreciate your own possibilities for spring.

THE MARCH

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WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
FARM AND FIRESIDE COLLIER'S

If We Divided All the Money—

(*Continued from page 9*)

benefit accordingly. But it is an incredible fallacy to think that a reduction of effort, with its inevitable corollary of lower production and higher cost, can possibly bring a reward to anybody at all.

The only sane method of trying to increase our reward is to increase our service. "Dividing up the money" won't do it; not perceptibly, at least.

In 1917, the number of persons in this country who paid taxes on incomes of over $10,000 a year was 161,996. Suppose you confiscated the amount of their incomes above $10,000 and distributed the money to the 110,000,000 people in this country. How much do you think your share would be? Just $32.37 for that year.

If you think $10,000 too much for any man to receive, cut all incomes to $5,000 and divide the amount thus saved. You would be able to give each person only $44.06 more per year. And if you make $2,000 the limit of any man's income, the distribution would then be $68.33 a year. These calculations are based on the 1917 report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

But if you kept this up, if you continued to confiscate and parcel out the amount in excess of $10,000, you would soon have little enough to handle. Nobody would care much about working hard enough to earn more than $10,000 a year, just to see someone else get it.

You may think that if all the private wealth of the country could be divided among all the people, you would be a rich man. But Professor King showed that in 1910—the latest year for which he had figures—the active capital in this country, if divided among all the people, would give $521 to each of us.

Remember that this would not affect merely the people with fortunes. If you had saved a thousand dollars, it would take more than half your savings away from you and give them to someone who had saved nothing. What incentive to ambition, industry, and thrift would there be in such a state of society? It would be a calamity—not only industrially, but morally as well.

CERTAIN theorists want to do away with leadership in industry. They have only to look at the countries where there is little such leadership, and little employment of capital in industry, to see that these are the very places where the conditions of life for the masses are the most hopeless and degrading.

Compare the Asiatic countries with the United States. In China, for example, there are guilds of laborers; but they do little to improve the lot of the wage earner. The people there live and work under conditions almost incredible to us.

Here in the United States we have the most wonderful development of machinery to be found anywhere. It makes life richer for us all, because it enables us to produce more of the things that elevate

living conditions. Every man, woman, and child in the United States benefits every single day by this development. And it has been brought about by individual leadership and ambition—and by the use of capital.

The old spinning wheel and loom represented a very small investment of capital and no industrial leadership. The modern textile mill represents a large investment and the work of energetic leaders. You can compare in the same way the village shoemaker and the modern shoe factory, the old-time smithy and the modern steel mill, the old stage coach and the modern railroad, the homemade tallow candle and the modern electric light.

You must remember that it was not enough to invent these improvements. An invention is worthless until industry takes it up. Agriculture would be the primitive thing it was a hundred years ago if energetic men and invested capital had not made modern farm machinery available.

THE progress in our standards of living has marched side by side with the growth of capital invested in industry. In 1899, the capital employed in manufacturing in the United States amounted to $1,770 for each person employed in the manufacturing industries. In 1904, it was $2,117 to each person; and in 1914 it was $2,848, showing that the increase in capital at work has been greater than the increase in human effort which has accompanied it.

It is absolutely necessary to the welfare of the people that this movement should go on. As our population increases it becomes more difficult to supply them with the necessaries and comforts of life. The only way to do this, and to give them still more of these necessaries and comforts, is to increase our power of economical production.

To do this, we must have capital. And capital as I said before is nothing but the combined savings of all the people. There are stockholders in the United States Steel corporation. There are stockholders in the Pennsylvania railroad. These men and women have put their savings into these industries to form its capital. And their savings are at work for all of us, not merely for those who accumulated them.

People seem inclined to blame the big corporations, "big business," the "trusts," or somebody in that category, for the rising costs of living. But the price tables show that the prices of manufactured goods increased by *lower* percentages than the cost of the labor and the raw materials that entered into them.

Raw materials, foodstuffs, and labor, are the factors making for higher prices. Machinery, new capital, improved methods and management, are the influences tending to hold prices down.

But it is said that some of the great corporations make too much money. Their profits are cited as proof that they either charge too much for their product or do not pay labor enough. If any business makes exceptional profits in ordinary times it must be because it is able, by superior methods, or advantages of some kind, to produce its goods below the ordinary level of costs. In other words, its large profits are due to improved methods which it introduces before its competitors do.

When this test comes to you, it won't be a question of how brave or strong you are, but whether you know how to box and defend yourself.

Brave but helpless

DEEP down in your heart you know if you were called upon tonight to defend a loved one you couldn't play the part. That if a bully spoke improperly of your mother, sister or sweetheart you couldn't teach him a lesson. That if you were attacked on a lonely street you couldn't overcome your opponent.

You're not a coward; it isn't that—but you don't *know how*. When your test comes, as it does come to every man, it isn't going to be just a question whether you are brave or not, but whether you know how to box, how to defend yourself against bone-breaking and jiu-jitsu holds, how to disarm an opponent, how to stop the kick he launches at your stomach, etc.

Now, don't you see that, in justice to those who look to you for protection, it is your duty not only to be *willing* but *able* to play a man's part when the time comes? The excuse that it takes too long, or that you haven't the time, or the money, no longer holds good; for boxing and self-defense are being taught successfully by mail to over 10,000 pupils —*at less than half the cost of the usual term of lessons by the old method.*

Just as scientific teaching has reduced the time of learning how to swim to two or three lessons, so the Marshall Stillman "Shortcut" method has reduced the teaching of boxing to five lessons. The instruction takes place before your own mirror, so that you learn the rudiments. Therefore, when you face your first opponent, you know how to hit him, what to expect in return, and how to guard against it.

In a few more lessons you quickly learn how to disarm an opponent and how to get out of dangerous and bone-breaking holds. To show you how simple the lessons are, we quote the instructions on how to break an opponent's strangle-hold on your throat: "If your opponent has both hands on your throat and is choking you, don't try to choke him, don't pull his wrists and don't try to hit him. Simply reach up with your two hands and take hold of his two little fingers (they are easy to get at) and give them a quick bend backwards; break them if necessary· he will let go immediately."

Simple, isn't it? So are all the lessons in the Marshall Stillman course. Marshall Stillman has been a student of boxing and self-defense for thirty years. He was a friend and pupil of Professor Mike Donovan, undefeated middleweight champion of the world. Together they created the Marshall Stillman course, Mike Donovan personally posing for the illustrations. For the past ten years Marshall Stillman has concentrated on simplifying the course until today any man or boy can learn easily and quickly by mail.

The complete course includes:

5 lessons in boxing, the hit, guard, duck, clinch, and feint, and footwork.

1 set of daily exercises to keep you in good condition.

3 rounds of shadow boxing.

8 bone-breaking or jiu-jitsu holds and releases.

8 holds in standing wrestling.

1 free copy of Professor Donovan's book, "The Science of Boxing," illustrating and describing practically every good blow and guard known to the ring.

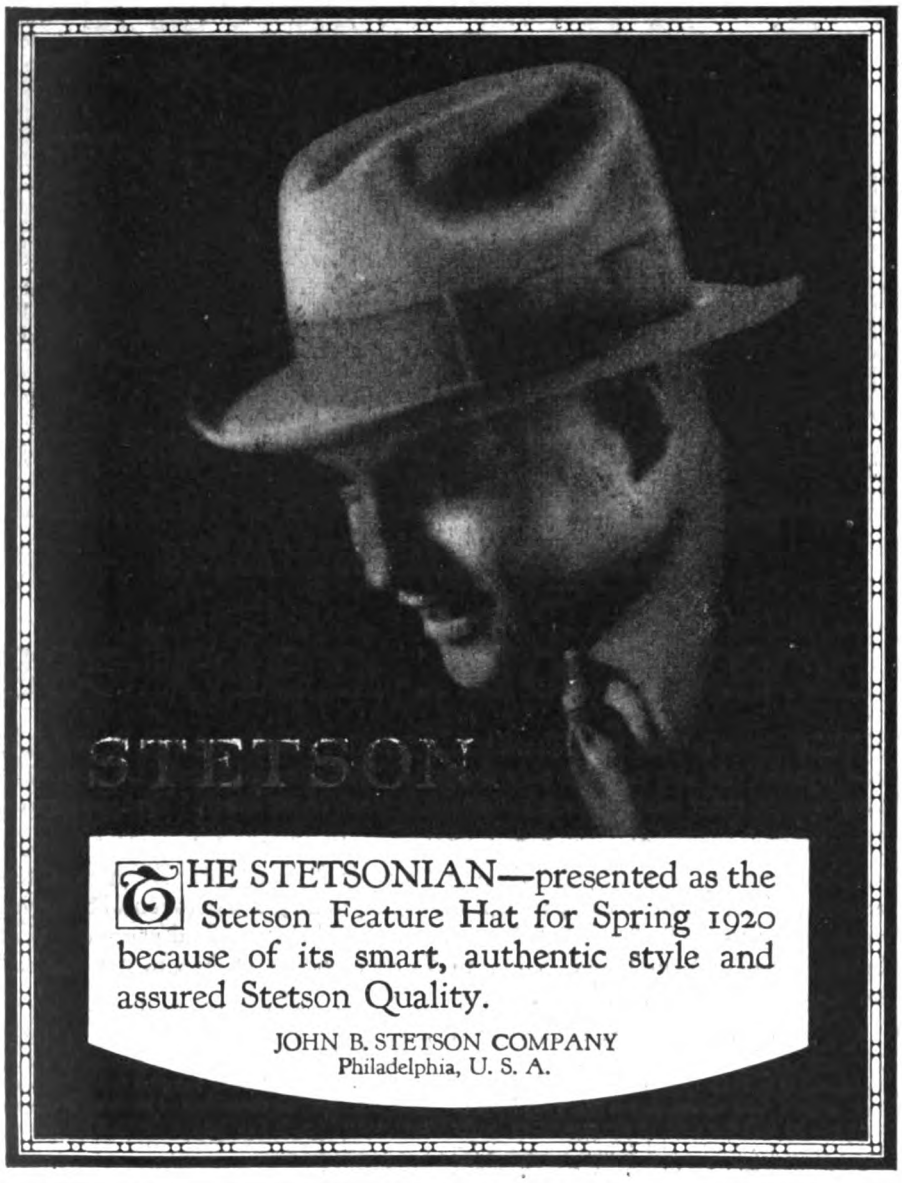
Now, we suppose you are like many others—you still doubt that boxing can be taught by mail, because you never heard of it being done before. All right. We are willing to convince you by mailing you the complete course on approval. You don't have to send any money. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below. If you keep the course, remit the special introductory price of $5.00 (regularly $10) within five days.

In the face of rising costs, we cannot maintain this special introductory price indefinitely, so if you are at all interested mail the coupon immediately to the Marshall Stillman Association, Suite C-3, 461 Fourth Ave., New York, and we will send the course on five-day approval.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Marshall Stillman Association,
Suite C-3, 461 Fourth Avenue, New York

You may send to the name and address on the margin below the complete Marshall Stillman course in boxing and self-defense as described above on 5-day approval at your risk. I will either return it or remit the special introductory price of $5 within 5 days



Any man, or any organization, that uses improved methods before other people, or firms, introduce them, is going to benefit by this foresight and energy. But *we* share in the benefit. For the improved methods, which they devise, soon become public property.

A striking example of this fact is to be found in Andrew Carnegie's career. He had a genius for business, particularly in the selection of aids, and drew about him a very enterprising and capable organization. The profits which Mr. Carnegie made in the steel business he put back into the development of the industry, and by reducing costs and prices he greatly increased the use of steel. He made his fortune by reducing prices instead of by increasing them, and in so doing cheapened machinery, implements, and industrial equipment of every kind, to the great benefit of the public.

The fortune made by Henry Ford is another illustration of money-making by means of low prices and acknowledged service. And in this connection there is another interesting problem for discussion, the problem of whether the workers in a prosperous organization should be paid higher wages simply because the organization *is* prosperous.

As a matter of abstract justice, there is no reason why a man who is working for Henry Ford, for example, should be entitled to higher pay than a man who does the same kind of work for a less prosperous concern. The latter may do his work just as capably and as faithfully. The fair thing would seem to be that every man should be paid according to his service. If an employee of Henry Ford contributed, by his energy, enthusiasm, and interest, to the increased prosperity of the business, he should benefit accordingly. And so should the employee of any other concern.

But above and beyond this recompense of service, the profits will accomplish more for the general welfare by being put back into industry, cheapening production, and affording wider employment to labor. And that is just what business men usually do with their surplus earnings.

THE most advantageous position the wage earner can occupy is that where he has only to hold wages steady while their purchasing power increases. The man whose wages remain the same, but will buy twice as much, is better off than one whose wages have doubled but will buy even less. To increase wages, and at the same time to lower production and increase costs, accomplishes nothing.

Employers are constantly seeking to increase production by the use of additional capital, by improving machinery, methods and management. If individual workers, whether brain workers or hand workers, coöperate in this effort, we shall be on the only road to a genuine improvement in conditions.

It may be said that if the wage earners had higher pay they would be able to save and thus contribute capital to the advancement of industry. This is true; although it is evident that if costs are going up constantly, higher wages will not enable them to save more than in the past. But as improvements are made in industry, cheapening production, relieving workmen of the exhausting kinds of labor, and in-

Back of it all is the mark of good tailoring

At the smart winter resorts, the visible evidence of distinction is clothes. It is noted that the tailoring in the more exclusive circles expresses all the fine points of style featured for the season by

Ed. V. Price & Co.

PERSONAL TAILORS TO "THOROBRED" MEN EVERYWHERE — NO READY MADE CLOTHES

Our dealer in your locality is ready to bring to you this supreme quality that inspires the question — Who's Your Tailor?

Ye Jolly Little Tailor — *Chicago U.S.A.*

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"My . . . pipes . . . looked very pretty on a rack"

Men who have set aside their pipes may be interested in the following:

Larus & Bro. Company,
Richmond, Virginia.
Dear Sirs:

Believing in "Honor to him to whom honor is due," I feel prompted to write my appreciation of Edgeworth Plug Slice Tobacco.

While I have been a smoker for years, I could never really enjoy a pipe, and smoking continuously as I do, to smoke cigars made my habit an extremely expensive if not prohibitive one; besides my appetite soon tired of them.

I tried, I believe, every brand of tobacco made; tried mixing various brands, but all to no purpose—every brand or mixture burned my tongue. My collection of pipes was very beautiful, looked very pretty on a rack, but they were ornamental rather than useful.

Finally a friend suggested using Edgeworth Plug Slice, but I pooh-poohed him, feeling that I had tried a sufficient number of brands to know that there wasn't one made that wouldn't burn the tongue. I consented, however, to try it. The first pipeful tasted fine. I tried a box, and from that day to this—over three years—I haven't smoked another tobacco. Never has it burned my tongue nor given me anything but satisfaction and I've smoked it in every conceivable sort of pipe from a new briar to an old gummed-up pipe, from hookah and calabash to corncob and clay.

And I'm glad to say that the number of smokers whom I have converted to Edgeworth is rapidly becoming more than I can count.

(*Signed*) . . . . . .

Edgeworth has many steady users who look on Edgeworth as a discovery years even after they began to smoke it.

To a pipe smoker, his tobacco must keep on seeming something like a discovery or else it won't hold him.

Perhaps Edgeworth would seem like such a discovery to you.

Send us your name and address, also that of the dealer you would call on to keep you supplied, and we will send you generous samples of Edgeworth Tobacco in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is first compressed into cakes, then cut by very sharp knives into thin, moist slices. Rub one of these thin slices between your hands and you have an average pipeload.

Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed has already been rubbed up for you by special machines. Pour it right into the bowl of your pipe, press it down, and light up.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Co., 25 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

creasing real wages, the workers naturally will have a growing desire and ability to participate in ownership and management, and the employers always welcome such an inclination. Such a development is a matter of growth, and the way to hasten it is by increasing production.

The history of industry shows that every branch of it has been developed chiefly by means of the profits made in it. The fortunes so made will be found as a rule to be in the form of buildings, equipment, and facilities for supplying some public service; and year after year the profits go back for enlarging them. This conversion of profits into capital creates a direct and permanent demand for more labor. The workingman is an indispensable element in the employment of capital. The latter cannot dig a ditch, or lay a wall, or turn a furrow, without labor; they must be used together; and when two factors must be used together and are mutually dependent, the one of which the supply increases more slowly comes inevitably into a stronger position.

This is eminently the position of labor in the United States. In the ten years, 1899-1909, the last ten years for which we have census figures, the population of this country increased 21 per cent, the amount of capital employed in manufacturing increased 105 per cent, and the amount of power used in manufacturing establishments increased 85 per cent. Under these conditions it is evident that the demand for labor is increasing faster than the supply, and that the natural tendency of wages must be steadily upward.

Moreover, the products of industry must be distributed; which means that they must be sold back for the most part to the very people who produced them. Unless consumption keeps up with production, industry will choke down. With all this new capital in the form of new and improved equipment going into use, there is bound to be a constant increase in the production of goods per head of the population, and there must be such a continual readjustment of wages as will enable the people to buy them.

These are the natural laws which quietly and effectively accomplish distribution, just as the vital processes of life go on unnoticed. By means of these, all of the progress of the past has been accomplished and the position of the workingman in this country made what it is, in comparison with that of the worker in China. If these laws were understood, this turmoil in industry would largely disappear and the production and distribution of all the comforts of life would rise to a proportion above our most sanguine hopes.

If all the forces that are making for discontent, disorganizing and embarrassing production and retarding industrial progress, could be turned into constructive influences, informing the population upon the gains to be had by increasing the output, and by the practice of personal thrift, not only would living conditions rapidly improve but the wage earners would soon have a large share in the ownership and control of the country's industries.

They Made Their Big Dreams Come True in the Small Town

By Oney Fred Sweet

OUT in Hampton, Iowa, there are five physicians who no longer drive over the country roads at all hours of the day and night. And they are no longer in competition with one another. They no longer say to their patients, "It will be necessary to take you to a specialist in Chicago." To-day, these five men are specialists themselves; and they have a hospital where they have solved the small-town professional man's problem in a novel and interesting way.

Hampton is a typical Iowa county-seat town, surrounded by some of the finest farming country in the world. It numbers perhaps three thousand inhabitants. It is just one of those nice little towns that exist by the thousand throughout the country. Its folks ride around in automobiles, live in comfortable homes, pay income taxes, go to church, patronize the movies, and say "Howdy" to each other.

Most of the pioneers have now passed on; and the prairie farms with which they wrestled are selling up around the three-hundred-dollars-an-acre mark. The old hotel has been torn down to give way to a miniature Waldorf. The "Opry House" has been replaced by an up-to-date little theatre. The editor of the weekly newspaper, who used to exchange subscriptions for cabbages, now clears up enough dollars to *buy* his cabbages—and other things that cost a lot more. The nursery, that used to struggle along with its tree and shrub sales agents, now does a mail-order business that has made it one of the biggest institutions of the kind in the country. But it is still just an unheard-of little town, no greater in population than it was ten years ago.

There were something like a thousand young fellows who left the county to put on khaki and navy blue. Nobody had to impress on them that they had something worth fighting for. An I. W. W. agitator landed in the county seat last winter, and the town marshal who heard him through wondered what it was all about. There isn't much soil for Bolshevism there, and yet it has assimilated representatives from practically every country on the globe.

That's the town—a typical Iowa town of the kind that you never hear about. But all the folks there who have had visions haven't gone away to follow them. Five doctors in the town had a dream, and they made their dream come true right where they were. They built a hospital which to-day, in building and equipment, is worth around two hundred thousand dollars.

"It's something new, of course," agreed Doctor Osborne, general surgeon of the institution; "but it is simply the result of us fellows getting together. We were all doing well, practicing by ourselves; but we were not wholly satisfied. Each of us knew that there were things the other fellow could do a little better than he could. We knew that Doctor Powers excelled in treatment of diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat; that Doctor Long was particularly interested in internal medicine; that Doctor Meyer was a genito-urinary and X-Ray man; that Doctor Manatt was a successful osteopath. Instead of going on, each trying to do a little of everything, we simply got together; and the Hampton Clinic was the result.

"Under our present system, the general examining physician gets a complete history of the patient who enters the institution, and he receives the benefit, not of one man's knowledge alone but of the accumulated knowledge of five men. Each of us has been able to specialize along the lines of his natural qualifications. We have been able to study, to take post-graduate courses, and to keep up on the latest scientific discoveries. And because we have combined forces, we have been able to provide things, in the way of facilities and equipment, which no one of us alone could have had."

THE hospital is now in its fourth year. The doctors started with one assistant; now they have six. They started with fifty beds, and at the end of the second year were obliged to double the capacity. To-day, there are thirty-five nurses in the training school, and many graduate nurses are required to care for the patients.

By the new arrangement, each doctor can care for his cases in sanitary surroundings. He works a limited number of hours, when he can be at his best, and the remainder of his time he spends in proper rest, recreation and study. He has increased his efficiency and done away with much of the hardship that went with his profession as a country doctor. In fact, he is a country doctor no longer. He lives the life of a big-town physician, with greater comfort to himself and more efficient service to his community.

As for the benefit to the community, the hospital arrangement—the get-together of these five men who were formerly in competition—cannot be overestimated. Curvatures of the spine, the after-effects of infantile paralysis, bow-legs, and similar afflictions that were spoiling lives, have been operated upon with success. And the fact remains that without the facilities close at hand a majority of these defects would have gone unremedied. A sufferer who would not go three hundred miles for possible relief does not hesitate to go "up to Hampton," after a neighbor down the road has returned with a straightened back, or straightened limbs, or removed sources of infection, and an entirely new outlook on life.

Yes, it was a dream with these five physicians four years ago; but it was a dream that has come true The old town was not "too small" for these men with the big vision.

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"Zipp"—A Remarkable Judge of Human Nature

(*Continued from page 34*)

food was all Zipp had to go on as a suggestion for the glories you've just witnessed."

And then, after the performance, I should like to lead the grocer to Mr. Burnside and persuade the director to tell Mr. Schultz about all the possibilities the Burnside mind and industry had been able to dump out of that breakfast food package; how he had worked and schemed until he had arranged its possibilities in a way in which he knew they could be "put over."

Mr. Burnside would tell Grocer Schultz that he had observed, to begin with, among the articles in the grocer's window one small box covered with tiny squares of red and white. It caught his attention at once. It was unusual. And he noticed that other people were staring at it, too, as they passed. Burnside made a mental note of the fact that the red and white check on a box of breakfast food in a grocery window was proving an "attention producer." Then he "forgot" the idea—temporarily—and resumed the enjoyment of his short vacation.

When the day came to make use of the idea, which was still only shadowy, vague, he sat down at his desk in New York and mentally began his search for the concrete possibilities which he knew the red and white checked cover on that package of breakfast food contained. All day long he thought about the little package and until far into the night. He began again the next day.

By this time he could see in his mind's eye the architecture of his "Fourteenth Scene, 'The Hall of Colors'"—the great stage of the Hippodrome, stretching almost from Forty-third to Forty-fourth Street, resplendent with towering walls and pyramids, all painted in alternate squares of red and white, like fanciful heaps of children's blocks in Gulliver's Brobdingnag—or like a hugely exaggerated package of a certain breakfast food.

SO FAR he had got merely the setting of his scene: he knew the breakfast food package still contained possibilities unnumbered. He knew, better than his prospective audiences could know, that he must not be content merely with using the red and white checks as a scenic background; logically, he decided that the scene would be immeasurably more effective if the checkered setting itself played a direct part in all human action and other happenings of the scene.

One by one he unearthed scenic and mechanical effects which the red and white checks themselves made possible. He made doors which were invisible to the audience, because of the intricate pattern of red and white; he built stairways, the outlines of which were lost to view also, because of the maze of checks. The audience did not dream these things were there, until the scores of choristers had begun to march up and down what at first had seemed flat *vertical walls*, painted in red and white checks.

Now Zipp could send choruses and ballets, hundreds of gorgeous, vocal butterflies, singing their way upward to perilous heights, causing them suddenly to vanish in mysterious fashion among the maze of checks, and bring them as mysteriously into view again high in air.

But he had far from finished with the original package of breakfast food. The package, the red and white checks themselves, rather, must supply the "big punch" at the end of the scene.

AS THE second day of his uninterrupted concentration on red and white checks began to wane, he was sorely tempted to give the final "punch" to his "Hall of Colors" by sending trained black horses galloping up the red and white stairways, each horse ridden by an expert rider in dazzling costume and all coming to a salute high above the stage at the finale of the chorus. But no; if he did that he would feel he had been a quitter, a cheating quitter. Trained horses would be supplying the punch, not the red and white checks. The checks themselves had been the direct cause of all that had happened in the scene so far, and the checks themselves must supply the final punch, must *be* the punch.

On his way home to a late dinner on the evening of his second day of red-and-white-check concentration, he entered a delicatessen shop near the Hippodrome and bought a package of the check-covered breakfast food. For hours after dinner he sat in his study, his eyes fixed on the little package before him, thinking. I don't know how long he sat there, Zipp himself does not remember; but I do know that along toward midnight he had hit upon the only way in which he wanted the checks themselves to give the final punch to the scene.

It was all very simple—after it had been done. Flying is very simple—to a hawk.

"Why isn't it possible," Mr. Burnside suddenly asked himself, "just at the close of the scene, to make all the thousand of red and white checks in the 'Hall of Colors' change instantly to red and blue, green and white, red and yellow, all dazzling white, the whole rainbow if necessary? Certainly it can be done! I don't for the life of me know how, inasmuch as the 'set' must be so solid that the whole Hippodrome chorus can climb over it. But that's a mere detail. I've got what they'll want—the checks themselves supplying the final movement, the dazzle, the big punch of the scene!"

By commandeering all the devices of scenic craft, by the magic of shifting, scintillating electric lighting effects, he finally worked out his vision.

Burnside has an infinite curiosity in what other people are thinking. Not satisfied with mere observation, he is for-

ever asking questions. Every answer adds another tabulation to the mental record of human nature out of which he builds his productions.

At one of his performances he had as guests two of Ethel Barrymore's children. When the show was over he discussed it gravely with the boy.

"What did you like best?" asked Zipp.

"The elephants."

"And next?"

"The toy shop."

A moment later he turned to the little girl and repeated his first question.

"I liked the toy shop best," she said.

"What next?"

"The elephants."

To Burnside the answers of the two children were as significant as if they had been spoken by some dean of the theatrical profession. *More* significant, probably; for Zipp has found that when grown-ups go to a circus or to any big scenic spectacle chockful of dazzle and action they all get back their child eyes and child heart.

"I would as little think of putting on a Hippodrome show without elephants as I would without a chorus," he remarked.

"What's the special appeal of elephants?"

"Partly because they're so darned big," replied Zipp. "In a production of our kind, folks want things exaggerated—in size, or in speed, or in chromatic effect. Since there are no dinotheriums straying around in these days, the elephant's the biggest animal we can give them.

"And why don't they like lions?"

"Because they're afraid the lions will get loose and plunge down into the pit. I had some lions in one of my productions, and it came closer to being a failure than any other one. I learned my lesson."

"Why do you find white horses better than black or bay ones?"

"You must admit a white horse *is* a mighty attractive animal. But there's more than that to it. There's habit. For generations the people have been used to white horses in circuses and all kinds of big spectacles. Now they expect them. I did think of sending trained *black* horses up the checkered red and white stairway in the 'Hall of Colors' scene in 'Happy Days.' It was to fit into that particular color scheme, however. Red and white and black go together very effectively."

"WHAT about the various national costumes in which you have arrayed the chorus in some of your productions? What race or people make the biggest hit?"

"The Irish, if one may judge by applause and evident interest. It seems that all the world loves the Irish. I'd say that Italy comes next. That's partly because of the vivid Italian costumes and partly because of the bubbling Latin temperament. All the Italians in the audience burst into rapturous applause, and the rest of the crowd follows.

"France and England seem to make the biggest hit. Japanese scenes stand high in the scale, too. That's probably due to the picturesque Japanese costumes.

"Yet the big fundamental appeals are always right here at home. The old, familiar things hit a crowd hardest. That's why a dazzling bower of roses is the best floral effect. Everyone knows and loves roses. Even if a little suburban or country home hasn't a flower garden, the chances are nine to one you'll find a rose bush or two around the yard somewhere. And wild roses are also a familiar sight. Turn to the cities, and you'll find that roses are one flower which the florists carry in all seasons."

Just to show how Zipp is always drawing from the old, elemental things in human experience let us take a scene from "Happy Days," the particular spectacle, say, which is listed on the program as "FIFTH SCENE, A Book Store!" The germ of this idea, by the way, came to Mr. Burnside while he was passing a bookstore window.

A few weeks later, he invited one of his scenic painters, Mr. Mark Lawson, to dine with him, and from the demi-tasse hour until shortly after five o'clock the next morning, he mulled over with Mr. Lawson that idea suggested by a row of books, until he was satisfied that he had perfected the idea to the point where it would give pleasure to all the members of an imaginary Jones family, from the finicky father and sedate mother down to the youngest of the Jones offspring old enough to be taken to the Hippodrome.

I can't, of course, tell all that Mr. Burnside said to Mr. Lawson during that all-night conference. But on the authority of Mr. Burnside himself I can give the gist of his conversation and mind workings, while he developed his idea, and elaborated the suggestion into the perfect thing. What he said to Mr. Lawson that night was in effect as follows:

"THE books I saw in the window, Lawson, were lifeless, dead. Our 'Book Store' scene must have life, movement. Tired folks like to sit back and watch other people doing things. The American public, being a nervous public, insists upon seeing action, movement, even when too tired to move about itself. And everyone likes to see common objects exaggerated to huge size—like the big trees of California, for instance.

"So turn me out a stageful of books, each book of tremendous size. When painting a title on the back of each book in this 'Happy Days' book store scene, Mark, remember that each of the Jones family, whether the little group has come from Boston or Ragweed Center, is chiefly interested, first and last, in his or her own happy days of reading. Go strong on titles for the children—'Red Riding Hood,' 'Cinderella' and so on for the girls; 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Uncle Tom,' 'Tom Sawyer,' and the rest for the boys. Give the older Jones girl 'Tess,' 'Juliet,' 'Thelma'—don't forget 'Thelma.' Hand out 'Evangeline,' 'Cigarette,' to Mother. Give Mr. Jones, 'Rip,' 'Napoleon,' even 'Peck's Bad Boy.' Don't give any of the family anything more recent than 'Trilby.' Probably, if you asked them, they'd say they wanted up-to-date best sellers. They don't. I know what they really want. So give them the old, tried-and-true birds of fiction.

"And now a final reason for making the books large, Mark. Listen; when I've got the whole Jones family winging with the hullabaloo of colors, lights, music, and their interest aroused in searching along rows of exaggerated books for the titles that are of personal interest to them, then

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"Here it is, Mark. Each of the big books will open in turn; and out will step, *in the flesh*, the Jones family's dearest heroes and heroines—Little Eva, Robinson Crusoe, Thelma, Cigarette, Juliet, Shakespeare himself.

"And I'll swing the whole shootin' match down to the footlights in a blaze of glory, principals and chorus bursting loose with a crash; and when I've given the Jones family just enough of a blast of joy in their eyes and ears and hearts and memories, I'll snap the lights out on them and leave them hollering for joy in the pitch darkness. Gosh darn it, Mark, I *know* the scene's right! It's sold before you make it—or I wouldn't let you make it. I know *people!*"

Burnside *does* know people. He will tell you that when he came to Broadway a few years ago to learn his job, he gradually began to grasp a mighty, elemental truth that permeates all life and therefore enters into the business of the theatre; the truth that when Mr. and Mrs. Jones approach the box office, or at any other time, for that matter, Mr. and Mrs. Jones each have one all-absorbing interest. Mr. Jones's chief interest is Mr. Jones! And, by the same token, Mrs. Jones's chief interest is *Mrs.* Jones!

What am I, Jones, going to get for the money I spend to see this show? For *me*, Mrs. Jones, what is there in it? For us, the Jones children, grown-ups and toddlers, how much pleasure will each of *us* get out of it?

Following Zipp's realization of the simple truth that Jones's first interest in life is Jones, he next made an indelible mental note that Jones's second interest in life—the second life-interest of the entire Jones family—is man in general, human beings everywhere.

WHEN he has launched a new production, toward the end of the summer, Burnside expects the performance to attract great crowds twice a day, six days a week, until well into the succeeding summer. During about the first eight weeks of the run, he counts upon filling his great stretches of seats with patrons living in New York City and suburbs. At the end of this period he is satisfied that most of the Hippodrome's patrons from the metropolitan district have seen the performance. From that time on, he hopes to fill pit and balconies with the hosts of visitors who come to New York from every state and hamlet, with, of course, a scattering of New Yorkers always on hand at each performance.

It is evident that he sets for himself a task rarely, or ever, attempted by his rivals who cater only to certain classes. Cosmopolite and countrymen, from North and South, East and West, Zipp must get them all. And he *does* get them all.

"The Russian Ballet is a beautiful production," he once remarked to me; "but I'd no more think of staging anything like that at the Hippodrome than I would of staging Ibsen. . . . Why? Merely because the pantomime is a medium of expression that lots of folks aren't acquainted with. Mrs. Vander Gilt, of Fifth Avenue, would probably rave over it; but Timothy Sawyer, from Mattawamkeag, Maine, might sit back and scratch his head."

I watched Zipp one day during a matinée performance as he raced down a side aisle at the perpetual rate of speed which early earned him his nickname. At a door leading to "back-stage" regions, toward which he was headed, he paused momentarily, hand on door knob, while he intently watched the stage.

At the moment the scene was riotous with Chinese jugglers, flying dinner plates, tumbling humans in dazzling garb, the whole performance in a state of explosiveness that seemingly boasted of as much unity, premeditation, or coherence as a tornado hitting a South Boston political convention. But the unity was there; the slightest action in the scene was a link in a perfect chain of events, which Zipp had coördinated. If something had happened on the stage seconds earlier or later than Zipp had ordained it should happen, Mr. Burnside would be zipping back stage in fewer seconds to see that the error was corrected.

EVIDENTLY things were going as they should, for he turned his eyes from the stage and permitted himself a moment of studious contemplation of the thousands of faces spreading back from the footlights to the far, dim heights of the topmost balcony—one of the vast audiences which day by day form themselves into human pages of the flesh-and-blood book that is always of absorbing interest to him, and out of which he learns so much.

There were 5,697 of Salesman Zipp's "customers" present that afternoon. I can give the exact number because the Hippodrome was filled precisely to its seating capacity. It was one twelfth of the throng that every week had been paying through the box office windows a weekly gross sum of approximately $50,000 in order that they might view the product of one man's brains and energies.

As he stood in the dim side aisle watching their faces, studying the impression which the thing he offered them was making upon them, he turned slightly and again looked toward the stage. A great chorus of resplendent girls and youths had begun to march into view. One glance at the on-coming chorus and Zipp jerked open the little door beside which he had been standing and zipped out of sight.

Something had gone wrong on the stage. I studied the marching choristers intently, but could see no imperfection. In my inexpert opinion, and probably in the opinion of everyone else present, the performers were giving us what we wanted. But Zipp, racing back stage to right the wrong, was about to demonstrate his eternal belief in his doctrine that it is the showman's business to know what the audience wants better than the audience knows it, to give the crowd what it ought to have, not what the crowd is unimaginatively willing to accept.

Having a fair knowledge of Mr. Burnside's working methods, I watched the stage keenly for something to happen. It happened. As the leader of a long line of marching chorus men came within an arm's length of the wings at one side of the stage, and was about to turn and counter-

march across the stage again, a figure unobtrusively emerged from the wings and as unostentatiously stepped into place at the head of the line, leading the leader.

The new leader marching the line across the stage was Zipp himself, his face looking pasty white because of its lack of rouge, his business clothes concealed beneath a yellow satin kimono, which he had hastily grabbed from someone and had donned while waiting his chance to step upon the stage at the least conspicuous moment. Onward through the intricacies of the choral march he led the line, his face half turned toward the leader of the orchestra, again turning his head away as if he were addressing under his breath other marchers filing past him in opposite directions. Always his right arm seemed to be accentuating something that he wished to convey both to marchers and orchestra.

Then a moment later, the head of the line disappeared momentarily in the maze of choristers, and when it reappeared, it was being led once more by the chorus man who originally had held that place. *Zipp had gone.* He had got what he wanted the crowd to have, even though he had been obliged to take the heroic method of stepping out upon the stage in the middle of a "scene" to get it.

During an intermission later I asked him what had caused him to go upon the stage.

"A lot of wooden right arms," was his cryptic answer.

HE EXPLAINED that he had taught the marchers in that particular number to swing their right arms far forward in a peculiar way and at a certain speed. They had failed to do it *en masse*, for the first time that afternoon, thereby losing an effect of rhythmic physical movement he wanted. Their failure had also caused a slight slowing down of tempo in the orchestra. It must not happen again. I'll wager it didn't.

Burnside was born in England. It was Lillian Russell who brought him to America. They met when she was playing at the Lyceum in London in the "Queen of the Brilliants."

Before that, Burnside had been in the theatrical world over fifteen years. At the age of ten he ran away to join a troupe of players at Brighton. He traveled with them to the Gaiety Theatre in London, where he worked as a call boy. After three months his family located him and brought him home.

Four months later he ran away again, and became a call boy for Richard Barker, the famous stage manager, who produced Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the Savoy. He worked up rapidly, and was connected with several of London's leading theatres before he came to America.

Zipp's whole career is blazed by his belief that no obstacle can stand before a determined will. As he talked to me one night not long ago about the genesis of his scenes and productions, he unconsciously was proving all the time his pet belief that if one wants a thing badly enough, even the "impossible," and works hard enough to get it, the "impossible" becomes possible. Only one other man with whom I am personally acquainted—Billy Sunday—works as hard and as persistently as Zipp; and long service on a metropolitan newspaper has brought me into close touch with innumerable kinds of persons in widely scattered sections. Also, only two men I know—again Billy and Zipp—always are starting big things, each in his own way, and always seeming able to finish whatever they start.

But let Zipp tell how the impossible sometimes must be achieved, and can be.

"I wanted to march whole companies of girls into the big tank early in the final scene which ends this year's show, have them disappear beneath the water and stay under the water for some minutes, or until it was time to bring them to the surface again during the last seconds of the scene. But, darn it, I wanted other groups of girls, all expert divers, to make successive dives, each dive higher than the preceding one, into the sides of the tanks, with finally one girl making a seventy-five-foot dive into the middle of the tank from the ceiling.

"I was up against the impossible. You *must* have diving bells (air chambers on an upright metal rod, like big, square-topped iron umbrellas) sticking up from the floor of the tank almost to the surface of the water for the girls who are to disappear under the water and stay there throughout most of the scene; but you can't have other girls diving, especially from great heights, into all sides and the middle of a tank in which there are diving bells! The diving girls would all be killed. The thing couldn't be done. There wasn't any way that—"

"But you do it in the show, Zipp," I interrupted. "You have girls staying under water during most of the scene and you have your diving girls at the same time plumping into the tank from all sides, even from the ceiling."

"Of course I do," he broke in impatiently, as if achieving the "impossible" were all in a day's work. "What I mean to say is that, on the face of it, for a long time, the thing *looked* impossible. And, h-o-l-y m-a-c-k-e-r-e-l! maybe I didn't sweat before I could hit on a way to do it. I worked on the thing almost a week!"

SATISFYING himself first as to what the public wants; there (one gathered as Director Burnside talked on) was the longest and most difficult stretch of the road which always seems to lead him to success. Success, at least to the never-say-die Zipp, was assured after that first stretch of the road had been left behind. And yet his habit of success is the result of a method wholly unoriginal. He merely follows a code that was old to the ants and the bees back in the dim ages of the world; he takes a thing worth next to nothing and makes it better, and then, being interested in his job, he does not offer the better thing to his "customers" until it is his best.

"ONLY 26—But on the Stage 21 Years" is the title of an article next month by Fay Bainter, whose acting in "East is West" has been one of the high spots in the last two Broadway theatrical seasons. Miss Bainter's story is more than interesting; it is genuinely inspiring.

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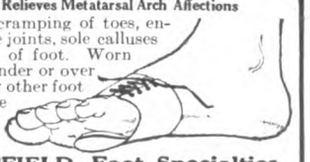

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Egan Comes Down to Earth

(*Continued from page 53*)

The treasurer hesitated. "Oh, thunder! There's no sense in letting you go it blind. We'll settle down to an even keel in time, I suppose, but just now there's a big wrangle over policies. You're a Henderson man, and—"

"I *am*, am I?"

Hoyt stared. "Well, *aren't* you? I'll grant it would have looked more logical if you were Kent's, but—"

"Where does *Kent* fit into this?"

Hoyt's stare was prolonged. "Fit? My lord! He's one of the chief stockholders. He isn't a director, himself, but he's got a majority on the board, or close to it. As a matter of fact, I guess I'm the only independent there is. Richards and Luke are the principal henchmen for Kent—they're the ones that'll bother you."

Egan grimaced. "So I'm going under fire because I'm a Henderson man, am I?"

"That's about the size of it. It's not simply to discredit *you*, it's to show Henderson that he's got to let Luke and Richards pick their own men. It's nothing to me, one way or the other. But I'm sort of sympathetic with Henderson on this, because it seems to me he's got the best judgment. I think it'll help the company if you make a good showing. Remember, they're all executives—not one of 'em knows the air. It's a wonderful chance to say exactly what you think. I'd go *to* it."

XIX

FROM the head of the long table in the banquet room, Henderson beckoned. "Here's Mr. Egan now, gentlemen," he said. "Sit down, Mr. Egan. Any questions anybody has to ask him—" He gestured his unconcern, and began to pare the end from a long cigar.

For a moment or two the room was silent. Eyes had left off staring at Egan, pencils were tracing aimless designs on blocks of paper, one or two men were mumbling in undertones. Egan began, unwillingly, to feel like a defendant.

"Well?" said Henderson.

Luke, the president of the company, assumed the manner of a schoolmaster. "Suppose you were in absolute power over this company, Mr. Egan, what type of airplanes would you buy? Knowing what we purpose to do—what type would you buy? And why?"

The room was very quiet. Egan cleared his throat. Never had he felt so young, so insignificant, as in the presence of these men who were waiting for him to speak. Automatically he contrasted this strong directorate with what would have been the board of his own company, if he had ever launched it. Perkins, Adams and himself. Egan blushed for his own arrogance. To think that he should have fancied himself capable of a task which these men thought worth conferences like this. What prestige would he have had? What support?

"I wouldn't buy any airplanes," he said. Instantly, he sensed that Henderson had turned his head and was studying him between puffs of his cigar.

"What on earth would you do then?"

"Buy dirigibles," said Egan.

There was a rustle and stir among the board. Men glanced at each other. One laughed outright. Richards, the announced sponsor of the company, rested his elbows on the table.

"Didn't you plan to start a company of your own with airplanes?"

Egan reddened.

"Yes, indeed; but that was different. I couldn't finance even one dirigible. And I could have flown an airplane myself, and kept costs down. But the fact remains that the dirigible is the weight carrier, and the airplane is for high speed for short hauls. It's the difference between a motor truck and a touring car." He had an impression that both Hoyt and Henderson were very much amused.

"Ever fly one?"

"No, sir."

"Ever travel in one?"

"No, sir."

Johansen, a mild-eyed dreamer who had been gazing at the ceiling with the ecstatic expression of one who is being comfortably shaved, cast in an observation. "Why didn't this country use them in the war, then? I always understood that Germany's program of dirigibles failed."

"We were slow in getting into production, sir. And the failure of the Hun blimps was due to England, not the blimps themselves."

The president moved slightly. "Haven't you any *reasons* to give us?"

"Certainly. . . . In the first place, an airplane has got to travel at high speed to be safe. It also has to fly high to be safe. Even so, in case of trouble, the landing is the dangerous part. But a dirigible can fly just as safely at a hundred feet as it can at ten thousand. And it can repair engine troubles in the air, if it wants to. Therefore, it can fly safely over rough country where an airplane wouldn't dare to. And it stays level naturally, so that night flying or a fog doesn't bother it. There's room to walk around in a rigid dirigible. It's more comfortable for passengers, and as far as freight is concerned—"

"How much weight can they carry, Mr. Egan?"

"Why, a rigid dirigible that makes seventy or seventy-five miles an hour could carry thirty or thirty-five tons."

THE board, to a man, sat up.

"They must depreciate fast."

"On the contrary: you can leave them outdoors for months at a time."

"In a high wind how do you keep them? When they're on the ground, I mean?"

"You moor them to big masts."

"Not use hangars?"

"Only for long repairs. You save time by—"

"Isn't the gas inflammable?"

"Helium isn't," said Johansen for Egan.

"What's the cost?"

"I don't know; but I do know that two dirigibles flying around our loop, no mat-

ter *what* they cost, would show more profit than ten or twenty or fifty airplanes. You could slash your rates all to nothing, too. And even at the slower speed, you'd save half a day between here and Chicago on passenger business, and three or four days to a week on freight." He ventured now to glance toward Henderson. The chairman's face was ironed smooth of any expression, but in his eyes there was a precious light.

"If you'd ever taken the trouble," said Henderson, "*any* of you—" He got more emphasis by stopping than if he had finished the sentence.

"Of course," remarked Hoyt, "we've contracted for a few planes already, but we could investigate. . . . Perhaps we could manage a double service. Planes for fast, daily traffic, and dirigibles for freight."

EGAN, isolated, caught snatches of dialogue between directors.

"Lord, man, on a *tonnage* basis! Suppose he's right, why—"

"Say even thirty tons. Against our estimate of a ton and a half!"

"The cost's what bothers *me*."

"You could afford to carry freight for an eighth of a cent per pound per mile. A hundred pounds to Chicago; a hundred times an eighth-cent times four hundred—"

"That's about four dollars. Delivered, with stops, in a day."

"Twenty-five hundred dollars for one *trip!* At rates that make the railroad look sick!"

"Well, what *do* the darned things cost?"

"I suppose we'd need three: two on schedule, and one reserve—"

"It means gas plants. I'm afraid of it."

Henderson rapped on the table. "Someone move to appoint a committee to report on this at the next meeting?" The conversation settled down to a desultory whispering.

Richards addressed the Chair without looking at it. "Move the Chair appoint a committee of three directors to investigate and report next meeting."

"Second the motion."

"Moved and seconded—any objection?" Henderson sat up. "Committee will be appointed presently. Next business, election of two directors. According to constitution, the stockholders having failed to elect a full board, the directors are authorized to fill the vacancies. Directors must be stockholders. Any nominations? . . . That's all, Mr. Egan. Thank you very much." Egan rose and went out to the little anteroom, where he had left his hat.

"I nominate G. W. Kent."

"Second!"

"Here! Henderson! S-hh! Egan isn't out yet. He's—"

"I nominate Edward W. Macklin."

"Second!"

Egan closed the door with a bang, but the voices of the board pursued him through the thin partitions.

Hoyt's voice. "I nominate Bronson Egan."

"I object to that!"

"Not a stockholder!"

"Second the nomination."

Egan waiting for the elevator, was stunned.

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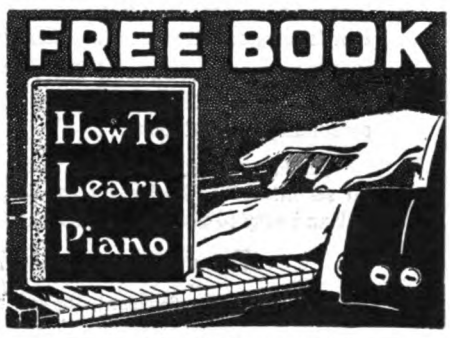

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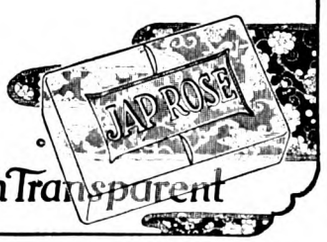

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"I tell you he's not a stockholder! You—"

Henderson's voice, very clear: "The secretary will kindly inform the board whether or not Mr. Egan is a stockholder —and if so, when he became one."

The secretary's voice, drawling: "Bronson Egan . . . one share . . . certificate 46A . . . transferred by Martin Henderson. Transfer recorded on the books November 3d."

November 3d was to-day.

The final edition of the "Times" announced that G. Willoughby Kent and Bronson Egan had been elected to the Board of Directors of the Air Traffic Company, and that Richards, Hoyt and Egan were a committee to investigate and report on the feasibility of dirigibles.

To Kent, the announcement was significant. To Egan, it brought fresh bewilderment, and a fresh realization of the fact that he should have to work sixteen hours a day to justify his position and his salary. To Eddie Macklin, it meant everything.

XX

THERE were two destinations toward which Egan, with equal loyalty to his employers, might have traveled. It was merely necessary that someone from the home office hasten to both Cincinnati and Dayton to organize the fields; Egan could go in one direction and send Adams in the other. But from the moment that the necessity of travel became apparent, Egan knew that he should himself go to Dayton. He told himself that Dayton was at least one degree more important, for this matter, than Cincinnati. He even decided to go to Dayton on Sunday morning, in order to insure a fine early start the following day.

Martha was at home. Indeed, she was "at home" in more than one sense.

"Why, what a surprise!" she cried, giving him both hands. "Do come in! I always did want you to meet *my* friends, and now you're here, we're all together."

Her pleasure was unmistakable; but Egan's mood, after one single second of exaltation, had taken a sudden drop. He had no justification for resenting the presence of other young men, but he did. The sight of half a dozen of them in the living-room made him worse, and even an equal balance of femininity consoled him not at all. It was no satisfaction to him to gaze at Martha from afar, or to talk to her with twenty-four other ears tuned to his conversation—he wanted her to himself.

His morose thoughts of an early departure were checked by the arrival of Martin Henderson, who came in beaming. Whatever his repute in Plainfield, Henderson seemed to attract plenty of honor in his own country. He was evidently a great favorite.

He greeted Egan with the most cordial of welcomes, but Egan was merely embarrassed, and hinted at company business to be accomplished before nightfall. It appeared, however, that Sunday-night supper, with everyone supposed to lend a hand, was already under way. Presently, without quite understanding how he got there, Egan was in the kitchen, with a big checked apron over him, slicing cheese for rarebits, and making a very inefficient job of it. There were only three other people in the kitchen—two girls and a man.

Martha, nodding toward the pair who were announcing that they purposed to go out to ransack the ice box, and could do it unaided, had just whispered to him, "They're engaged!" She had leaned close to him to whisper, and her hair had brushed his cheek.

EGAN went on stolidly, although it was sheer luck that he didn't slice his fingers. It was his first experience, since his undergraduate days, in this amateur sort of domesticity which has so many fatal endings. He thought that Martha had never appeared more adorable.

"Mary doesn't care much for this sort of thing," he said, absently.

"Oh! Why, I don't really know whether she does or not."

After a pause: "*You* like it, don't you?"

"We've always done it Sunday nights."

"No cook—or anything?"

"Mercy, no! What do we want a cook for?"

Egan slashed viciously. "That's so."

"Let me take what you've got. . . . I always make a cream gravy first; it keeps it from being stringy."

Egan followed her to the range. His brain mechanically occupied itself with the salary of a cook; if such a person could be dispensed with the saving would buy a tin car. But a Director of Flying Operations might conceivably afford car and cook both; that is, if he continued to work like a dog, and earn his salary.

"I'm awfully glad you made me take that job," he said. "For a lot of reasons —and one of 'em is that it's taught me how much I didn't know."

Martha, flushed from her propinquity to the stove, looked up and laughed. "I didn't know I made you."

"Well . . . you did. . . . One way and another, you've pretty nearly managed my life for me since I came back."

She laughed again. "Well, if I have, I hope you like the way I've done it."

"I almost do," said Egan gravely. "Almost." Here their eyes met, and both of them moved imperceptibly backward.

They watched the stove a moment. Egan knew that his restraint was limited. "I always wanted to tell you something," she said, "about my father. Perhaps you wouldn't guess it, but he's one of the most sensitive men in the world. He knew you didn't like him. . . . It's meant more to him to have you go with his company than it has to you. While you're here, I do wish you could manage to be convinced."

"About what?"

"Everything. You're going to stay with us, of course, while you're— Oh, Bronson! It's boiling!" She snatched frantically, burned her fingers, not quite enough to precipitate a climax, and Egan, snatching to help her, burned his so briskly that for the space of several minutes he lived wholly in the immediate present. After that, now that the engaged couple had returned, empty-handed, he had leisure to be inspired by the recollection that she had called him "Bronson." In spite of their mutual comprehensions, it was the first time. For the remainder of the evening, although he hadn't another word with her in private and for the most part sat separated from her by a dozen feet, he felt as near to her as though they had embraced.

He also felt like a polygamist.

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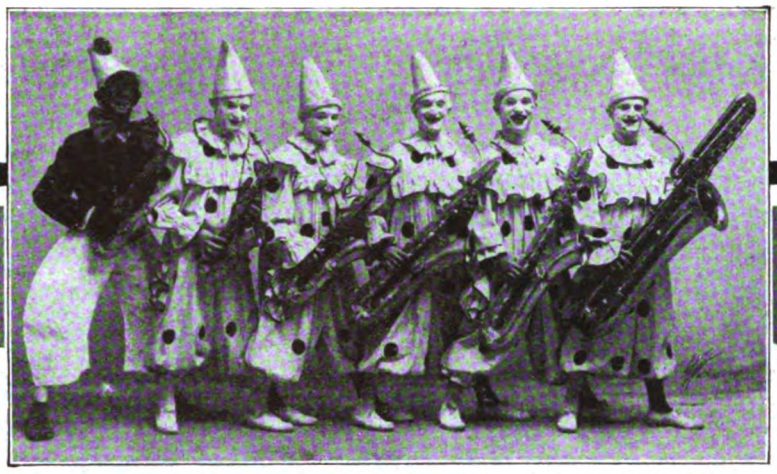

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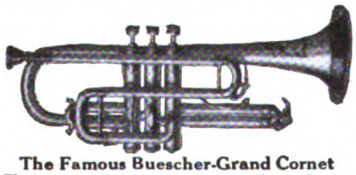

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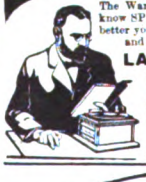

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His work at the field took him four days, and after the first night he stayed at the Hendersons'. Conscience rebuked him doubly: once because Martha lived in that house; and once because Henderson lived there.

The Martha part of it he managed to discount, assuring himself that not the circumstance itself but only his behavior toward it could merit censure. In regard to Henderson, he had to confess that he was uncertain. He owed his present status in life to Henderson, but perhaps he owed his catastrophe to Henderson, too. He had always maintained that his principal reason for joining the Air Traffic Staff was to learn more about the individual characteristics and characters of its members. He tried to persuade himself that his residence with Henderson was for the same purpose. But this was equivocal, and in his heart Egan knew it. He should have accepted or rejected the man's hospitality without conditions.

To his astonishment, he discovered that his inherited dogmatism in regard to Henderson was slowly shaken by the association. It wasn't simply because Henderson praised him for his showing at the directors' meeting, either. Almost in spite of himself, he began grudgingly to like the man. He began to argue himself into the belief that Martha's father was incapable of chicane, no matter what the appearances were.

ON THE third day, the two men happened to fall into a discussion of just this point—appearances.

"You can't ever be too careful," said Henderson. "Now take the uphill fight I've had in Plainfield. I've had it for twenty years, and it started with the simplest sort of misunderstanding. That was with your dad."

Egan made no comment, but his attitude was inviting.

"We were having a conference one time about a trade arrangement. And he was an awful good trader. I guess I thought he was *too* good, and he thought I was out to get something for nothing. So we both got mad. And you know how *he* was when he got mad. Like a turtle in his shell. That always stirs me up; I can fight with my hands and I can fight with my mouth, but I never could fight keeping still. So I said a lot. Oh—a lot! Probably only what he was thinking about me, too, but he didn't *say* it. And the very next day he went and made a deal with George Kent, and I accused him of using what I'd told him the day before as a lever to force Kent, which he did; but it made 'em both sore . . . and that's that." The big man gestured. "Bronson, my reputation in Plainfield's based on the opinion of those two fellows, coming out of that row. I was wrong and your dad was wrong. But your dad and George Kent put me down for a bushwhacker. That made 'em think I was unprincipled. Every mistake after that in a bill of goods, every delay in delivery, every claim, every everything—they called it intentional, and talked about it. But if you ask 'em about me in *Dayton*—"

Quietly, Egan had been doing this very thing, asking about him in Dayton. He feared that the Old Man had made a very bad appraisal of Henderson.

"You're not fond of Kent, then?"

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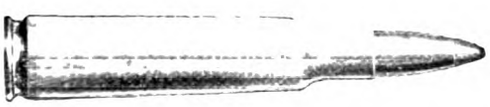

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"No."

"Nor Eddie Macklin?"

"Humph!" Henderson's mouth expressed his scorn. "I'll give you an idea of *that* chap's value. When the Citizens Trust was going to sell your stock, he sent me word in a roundabout way—suggested *I* buy it so as to grab your control away from you! Wanted twenty per cent commission for giving me the information. And your dad dying at the time!"

"And you said—"

"I said I'd put him out of politics for it. He tried to tell me that *some*body was going to buy your stock, and it might as well be me. I wish I had, now; I wouldn't have made the mess of it that those fellows did. But I said I'd put him out, and I'm doing it. Now. This minute. The idea of his sending me word he had the biggest chance of a lifetime—and I got up at two o'clock in the morning to take the Owl because he said every minute counted!"

"That was what you and that drummer were talking about in the smoking-room when I first met you, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Why—why, Bronson! Talk about *appearances!* . . . Did that start you to thinking *I* had a hand in the Egan smash? It might . . . of *course* it did! Well, I'll be darned!"

ON THURSDAY Henderson picked him up at the local field at five o'clock and drove him home. In the living-room Martha was peacefully embroidering.

"I had a letter from Mary with some Plainfield news in it for you," she said. "Eddie Macklin wasn't even nominated for mayor!"

"That happened yesterday afternoon, Martie," said Henderson, in confirmation.

Egan grew red. "Not even *nominated?*" His pleasure wasn't malicious; Macklin's defeat seemed to him the best possible thing for the community.

Henderson put his hand on Egan's shoulder. "That was settled weeks ago. I told you yesterday I was settling his hash. I thought you had foresight, Bronson. The meeting when you were elected a director."

"Did *that* make any difference?"

The capitalist nodded soberly. "You've got to bear in mind that that directorate of ours represents the seventeen biggest manufacturing businesses in Plainfield, both the papers, and all the banks. That meeting was more of a try-out than you realized. Me and George Kent. We had a show-down that afternoon."

"But—but I don't *see*—"

"Didn't you know that Ed couldn't get anywhere without Kent and Kent's friends? When the directors outvoted Kent—for the first time in his life—it meant good-by for Eddie, too. He couldn't do 'em any more good; and if they pushed him for mayor *now*, it would cost 'em too much money."

"But, Mr. Henderson. When you live *here*, and—"

Henderson nodded again. "I own both your papers, though, and I've got all the way from five to fifty per cent interests in a dozen different concerns over there. I'm going to move over bag and baggage in the spring. I don't mix into politics much, but—"

"You own the 'Times'?"

"Through a Jersey holding company. What's the matter?"

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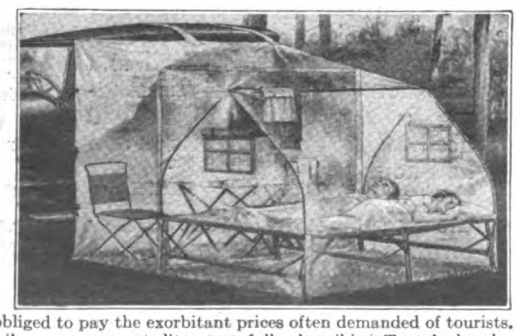

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Dept. 5 **TENTOBED COMPANY** 3300 Jackson Boulevard CHICAGO, ILL.

"When did you buy it, Mr. Henderson?"

"Oh, about a month ago. A little while before that meeting. I bought the 'Herald' the same week. Why?"

Martha, who had been listening intently, rose. "You ought to have told me you'd bought the 'Times,'" she said reproachfully. "We ought to be getting ready for dinner—but you ought to have *told* me. There's a man there you've simply *got* to have discharged."

Henderson's face clouded. "Careful, Martie."

"No," she said, "I won't be careful! I mean it! The man who wrote that piece about Bronson."

EGAN'S train was due to leave at nine-forty, so that after dinner and the customary cigar with Henderson there remained only the fraction of an hour for a last interlude with Martha. Her father had pleaded a desire for modern literature and wandered into the library, closing the door in order that he shouldn't be disturbed.

Before the open fire the two young people sat silently for at least half of their allotment. In the fire they each saw countless fantasies not to be disclosed. Both were congratulating themselves that they had come through these four days without the shadow of a regret. They had played fair—for Mary.

At length Egan coughed, and not as a symptom. "I couldn't go away without letting you know I'm friends with your father—really."

She turned radiantly. "Oh, Bronson! That's the *best* thing!"

"It's a funny world," said Egan. "Darned funny!"

She put out her hand to him for a swift instant of comprehension. The clock continued its relentless pacing-off of the evening.

"I'm so glad to have had you here this week," she said, her chin resting on her palm.

Egan's voice went ever so slightly out of control.

"You're no gladder than I am."

"Yes, I think I am. I've learned to know you so well. So much that I never *would* have known."

He held tight to the arms of his chair. "Weren't we going to keep on being friends?"

"Yes, but—"

"If you come to live in Plainfield in February—"

"It wouldn't be the same again," she said. There was the essence of sorrowful resignation in her voice, yet she wasn't fencing. She was voicing a genuine feeling. That was a splendid trait of Martha's: he could bank on what she said.

"Not ever?"

"Not ever."

He knew, as he regarded her, that he could never expect to receive this emotional stimulant from Mary.

"Are you going to treat me so very differently after this?" His voice had roughened.

"It isn't about me—it's about you."

"*What* is?"

She sat up and looked across at him. Her eyes were very soft and expressive. Egan was vaguely suspicious of a shadow of pity in them—that, and something else

which took him outside himself. He waited, tense.

"I told you you'd win, didn't I? A long, long time ago. . . . There was something else in my letter. I didn't want to tell you before Father. But you ought to know before you get there . . . you'd want to."

Egan's heart pounded. "What's happened?"

Martha smiled. Her eyes were just a little clouded. Not so much pity in them now, a gentle, quivering smile in which was summed up all that she never might say to him.

"Mary's broken her engagement, Bronson." (*To be concluded*)

Scattergood Invests in Salvation

(*Continued from page 31*)

to know if I know Ovid Nixon, why don't you ask me right out plain?"

Scattergood looked at her admiringly.

"I know him," she said.

"Like him?"

"He's a nice boy." Scattergood liked the way she said "nice." It conveyed a fine shade of meaning, and he thought more of Ovid in consequence. "But he's awful young and green."

"Calc'late he is, calc'late he is."

"He needs somebody to look after him," she said sharply.

"Thinkin' of undertakin' the work? Favor undertakin' it?"

She looked at him a moment speculatively. "I might do worse. He'd be decent and kind—and I've got brains. I could make something of him."

"Um. . . . Ovid's up and made somethin' of himself."

"What?" She spoke quickly, sharply.

"A thief."

Scattergood glanced sidewise to study the effect of this curt announcement, but her face was expressionless, rather too expressionless.

"That's why you're looking for him?"

"Yes."

"To put him in jail?"

"What would *you* calc'late on doin' if you was me?"

"Before I did anything," she said slowly, "I'd make up my mind if he was a thief, or if he just happened to take whatever it was he has taken. I'd be sure he was *bad*. If I made up my mind he'd just been green and a fool—well, I'd see to it he never was that kind of a fool again. But not by jailing him."

"Um. . . . Three thousand's a lot of money."

"Mr. Baines, I see men and other kinds of men from behind my cigar counter—and the kind of a man Ovid Nixon *could* be is worth more than that."

"Mebbe so. Mebbe so. But if I was investin' in Ovid, I'd want some sort of a guarantee with him. Would you be willin' to furnish the guarantee? And see it was kept good?"

"If you mean what I think you do—yes," she said steadily. "I'd marry Ovid to-morrow."

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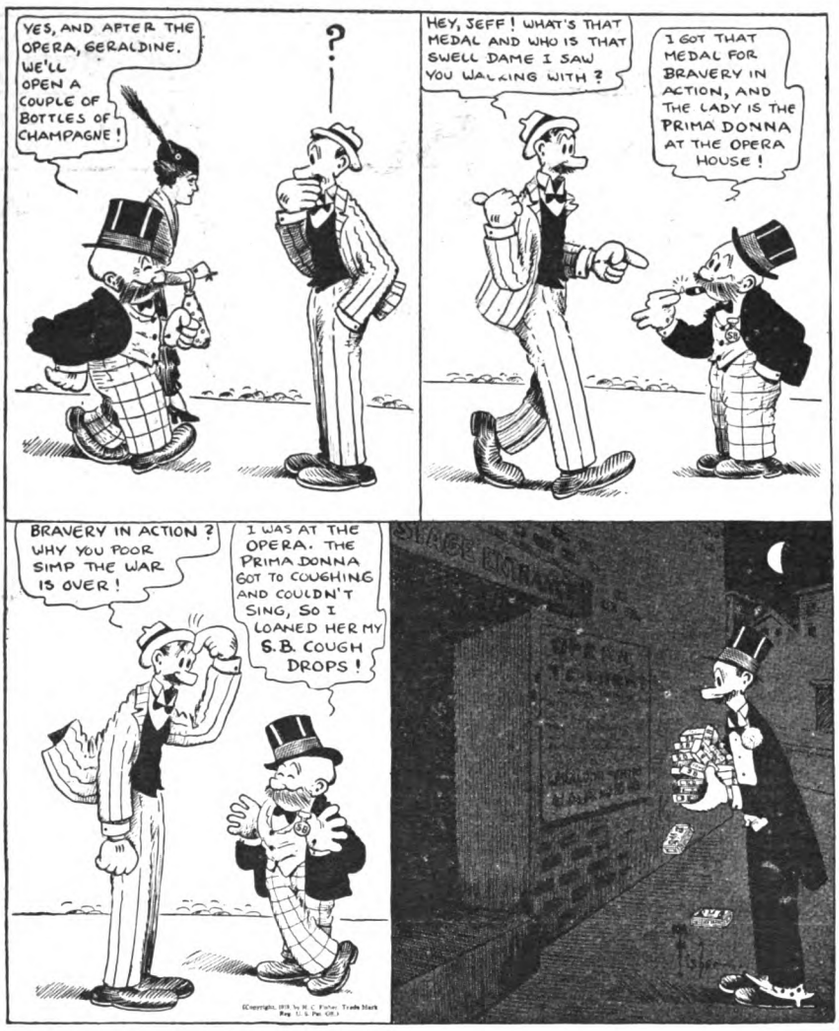

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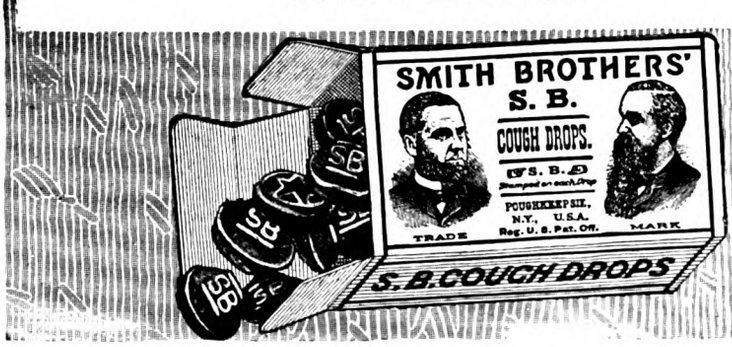

"Him bein' a thief?"

"Girls that sell cigars aren't so select," she said, a trifle bitterly.

"Pansy," said Scattergood, and he patted her back with a heavy hand that was, nevertheless, gentle, "if 'twan't for Mandy that I've up and married already, I calc'late I'd try to cut Ovid out. . . . But then I've kinder observed that every woman you meet up with, if she's bein' crowded by somethin' hard and mean, strikes you as bein' better'n any other woman you ever see. I call to mind a number. . . . Ovid some attached to you, is he?"

"He's never made love to me, if that's what you mean."

"Think you could land him—for his good and your'n?"

"I—why, I think I could," she said.

"Is it a bargain?"

"What?"

"For and in consideration of one dollar to you in hand paid, and the further consideration of you undertakin' to keep an eye on him till death do you part, I agree to keep him out of jail—and without nobody knowin' he was ever anythin' but honest—and a dum fool."

She held out her hand, and Scattergood took it.

"What's got Ovid into this here mess?"

"Bucket shop," she said.

"Um. . . . They been lettin' him make a mite of money—up to now, eh? So he calc'lated on gittin' rich at one wallop. Kind of led him along, I calc'late, till they got him to swaller hook, line and sinker . . . and then they up and jerked him floppin' onto the bank. Who owns this here bucket shop?"

"Tim Peaney."

"Perty slick, is he?"

"Slick enough to take care of Ovid and sheep like him—but I can't help thinking he's a sheep himself."

"He got Ovid's three thousand, or Ovid 'ud 'a' come back Sunday night. Got to find Ovid—and got to git that money back."

"I've an idea Ovid's right in town. If you're suspicious and keep your eyes open, you can tell when something's going on. That Pillows man you scared knows, and Peaney acts like the man of mystery in one of the kind of plays we get around here. It's breaking out all over them. . . . I'll bet they've fleeced Ovid, and now they're hiding him—to save themselves more than him."

"And Ovid's the kind that would let himself be hid," said Scattergood. "Do you and me work together on this job?"

"If I can help—"

"You bet you kin. We'll jest let Ovid lie hid while we kind of maneuver around Peaney some—commencin' right soon. Peaney ever aspire to take you to dinner?"

"Yes," she said shortly.

"Git organized to go with him to-night."

IT WAS in the neighborhood of five o'clock when Mr. Peaney came into the Mountain House and stopped at the cigar counter for cigarettes.

"Any more friendly to-day, Sister?" he asked.

Pansy smiled and leaned across the case. "The trouble with you," she said in a low tone, "is that you're a piker."

"Piker—me?"

"Always after small change."

"Just show me some real money once," he said flamboyantly.

"It would scare you," she said.

"Show me some—you'd see how it would scare me."

"I wonder," she said musingly, "if you have the nerve."

"For what?" he said with quickened interest.

"To go after a wad that I know of."

"Say," he said, his eyes narrowing, his face assuming a look of cupidity and cunning, "do you know something? If you do, come on out where we can eat and talk. If there's anything in it I'll split with you."

"I know you will," she said promptly. "Fifty-fifty. . . . In an hour, at Case's Restaurant."

AT THE hour set, Pansy and Mr. Peaney found a corner table in the little restaurant, and when they had ordered, Peaney asked, "Well, what you got on your mind?"

"A big farmer from the backwoods—with a trunkful of money. Don't know how he got it. Must have sold the family wood-lot; but he's got it with him . . . and he came down to invest it."

"No!"

"Honest Injun."

"How much?"

"From what he said it's more than ten thousand dollars."

"Lead me to him."

"He'll need some playing with—thinks he's sharp. But I've been talking to him. Guess he took a liking to me. Wanted to take me to dinner—and he did."

"Say!" exclaimed Mr. Peaney in admiration, "I had you sized all wrong."

"It'll take nerve," Pansy said.

"It's what I've got most of."

"He's no Ovid Nixon."

"Eh? What d'you know about Ovid Nixon?"

"I know he was too green to burn, and that you and he were together a lot. Isn't that enough?"

He smiled complacently, seeing a compliment. "He was easy—but he got to be a nuisance."

"Making trouble?"

"No. Scared."

"I *see*," she nodded wisely. "Lost more than he had, was that it? And then helped himself to what he didn't have?"

"I'm not supposed to know where it came from. None of my business."

"Of course not," her tone was rank flattery. "Wants you to take care of him. Threatens to squeal. I know. So you've got to hide him out."

"You are a wise one. Where'd you get it?"

"I didn't always sell cigars for a living. . . . He isn't apt to break loose and spoil this thing, is he?"

"Too scared to show his face. . . . If we can pull this across he can show it whenever he wants to—I'll be gone."

(So Ovid Nixon was here, in town. It was as she had reasoned. If here, he was some place in the building Mr. Peaney occupied as a bucket shop.)

"It's understood we divide—if I introduce my farmer to you—and show you how to get it?"

"You bet, Sister."

"Have you any money. Nothing makes

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"Then you come to the hotel this evening. Just do as I say. I'll manage it. In a couple of days—if you have the nerve and do exactly what I say—you can forget Ovid Nixon and take a long journey."

TWO hours later, when Peaney entered the lobby of the Mountain House, he saw a very fat uncouthly dressed backwoodsman talking to Pansy. She signaled him and he walked over nonchalantly.

"Mr. Baines," said Pansy, "here's the gentleman I was speaking about. He can advise you. He's a broker, and everybody trusts him." She lowered her voice. "He's very rich himself. Made it in stocks. I guess he knows what's going on right in Mr. Rockefeller's private office. You couldn't do better than to talk business with him. . . . Mr. Peaney, Mr. Baines."

"Very glad to meet you, sir," said Peaney in his grandest manner.

"Much obleeged, and the same to you," said Scattergood, beaming his admiration. "Hear tell you're one of them stock brokers."

"Yes, sir. That's my business."

"Guess you and me had better talk some. I'm a-lookin' for somebody to gimme advice about investin'. I got a sight of money to invest som'eres—a sight of it. Railroad stocks, or suthin'. Calc'late on makin' myself well off."

"I'm not taking any new clients, Mr. Baines. I'm very busy indeed." He glanced at Pansy. "But if you are a friend of Miss O'Toole's possibly I can break my rule. . . . About how much do you wish to invest?"

"Oh, say fifteen to twenty thousand. Figger on doublin' it up, or mebbe better'n that. Folks does it. I've read about 'em."

"To be sure they do—if they are properly advised. But one has to know the stock market—like a book."

"And Mr. Peaney knows it like a book," said Pansy.

Peaney lowered his voice. "I have agents, men in the offices of great corporations, and they telegraph me secrets. I know when a big stock manipulation is coming off—and my clients profit by it."

"Don't call to mind none right now, do you?"

Mr. Peaney looked about him cautiously. "I do," he said in a low voice. "My man in the office of the president of the International Utilities Company wired me to-day that to-morrow they were going to shove the stock up five points."

"Um. . . . Don't understand. What's that mean?"

"It means, if you bought a thousand shares on margin, and the stock went up five points, you would get your money back, and five thousand dollars besides."

"Say! I knowed the' was money to be made easy. . . . But I hain't no fool. I don't know you, mister,"—Scattergood became very cunning—"I don't know this here girl very well, though I kinder took to her at the first. I'm a-goin' cautious. I might git smouged. What I aim to do is to go careful till I git onto the ropes, and know who to trust. Hain't goin' to put all my money in at the first go-off. No, siree. Goin' to try it first kind of small, and if it shows all right, why, then, I'm a-goin' in right up to my neck. . . . Folks back home would figger I was pretty slick if I come home with a million dollars."

"That's the smart way," Pansy said, with a little grimace at Peaney. "Why don't you try this International Utilities investment to-morrow—say for a thousand shares. . . . If you . . . come out right, then you'll know you can trust Mr. Peaney, and the next time he has some real information, you can jump right in and make a fortune."

"Sounds mighty reasonable. I kin afford to lose a thousand—charge it up to investigatin'. . . . My, jest think of gainin' five thousand dollars jest by settin' down and takin' it!"

"It's the way money is made," said Mr. Peaney.

"How'd I know I'd git the money?" Scattergood asked, with sudden doubt.

"Why, you'd *see* it," said Pansy, with another grimace at Peaney. "You put your five thousand on the counter, and Mr. Peaney puts five thousand right beside it. You see it all the time. If you come out right, you just pick up the money and walk off."

"No! *Say!* That's slick, hain't it. Wisht you'd come along when we try, Miss O'Toole. Somehow, I'd feel easier in my mind if you was along. . . . See you early in the mornin'. Got to git to bed now. Always aim to be in bed by nine. G'night."

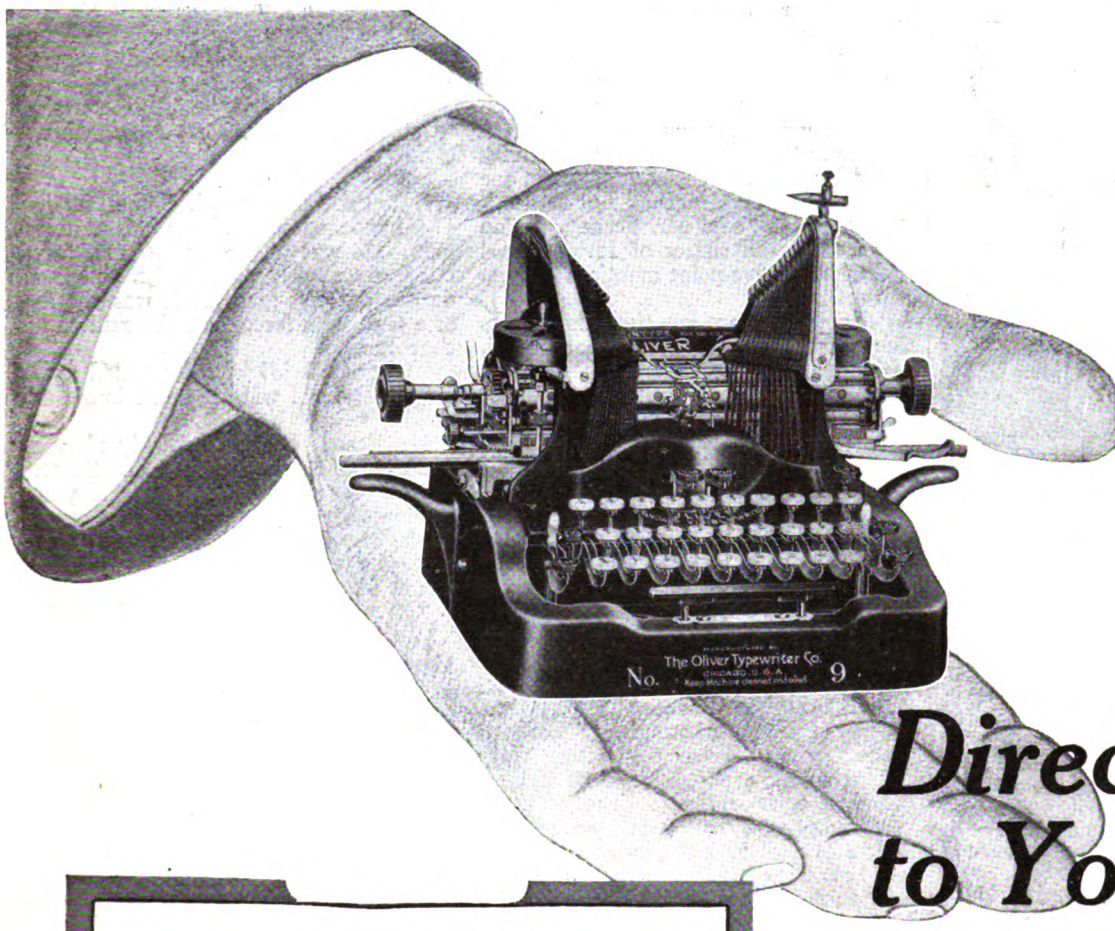
"Say," expostulated Mr. Peaney, "do you expect me to hand over five thousand to that hick? He might walk off with it."

"He might walk off with the hotel! I told you, you hadn't any nerve. Why, give that fat man a taste of easy money and you couldn't drive him away! Let him sleep all night with five thousand dollars that came as easy as that, and you couldn't drive him away from your office with a gun. Besides, I'm here to take care of him. . . . Or are you a quitter?"

"Twenty thousand dollars," Mr. Peaney said to himself. Then, "I'll show you how good my nerve is. Bring on your fat man."

SCATTERGOOD was up at his accustomed early hour, and before breakfast had examined Mr. Peaney's premises from front and rear. The bucket shop was in a small wooden building. The ground floor consisted of a large office, where was visible the big blackboard upon which stock quotations were posted, and of a back room whose interior was invisible from the street. A corner of the main office had been partitioned off as a private retreat for Mr. Peaney. What was up-stairs Scattergood could not tell with accuracy, but he judged it to be a single room, or perhaps two small rooms. It was here, he felt certain, Ovid was secreting himself, and, with a certain grimness, he hoped the young man was not happy in his surroundings.

"I calc'late," he said to himself, "that Ovid, bein' shet up with his own figgerin's and imaginin's hain't in no jubilant frame of mind. Meanest punishment you kin give a feller is to lock him in for a spell with himself callin' himself names."



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When the office opened, Scattergood and Pansy were at the door, where Mr. Peaney welcomed them, not without a certain uneasiness at the prospect of entrusting his money to Scattergood.

"Let's git started right off," Scattergood said; "I'd like to tell it to the folks how I gained five thousand dollars in one mornin'—jest doin' nothin' but settin'."

"Very well," said Mr. Peaney. "You buy a thousand shares of International Utilities on a five-point margin. . . . Sign this order slip."

"And you set out five thousand dollars right where I kin see it," said Scattergood, with anxious fatuity.

"Certainly! Certainly!"

Mr. Peaney deposited on his desk a bundle of currency which Scattergood counted meticulously, and then laid his own five thousand beside it.

"It's as good as yours right now," said Pansy.

"We'll stay here in my private room," said Peaney. "We can watch the board from here, and nobody will disturb us."

"I'd kinder like to have folks see me makin' all this money," complained Scattergood, but he acquiesced; and presently quotations commenced to be posted on the board International Utilities opened at seventy-six. Presently they advanced half a point, lingered, and returned to their original position.

"Kind of slow, hain't it?" Scattergood said, a worried look beginning to appear on his face. "Maybe them folks hain't goin' to do what you said."

Mr. Peaney went out into the back room, and presently the ticker began to click furiously. International Utilities leaped a whole point. In ten minutes they ascended a half point, and at every advance Scattergood figured his profit and hesitated as to whether or not it would be best to close the transaction then and there; but Pansy cajoled him skillfully, making evident to Mr. Peaney the power of her influence over the old fellow.

SCATTERGOOD was the picture of the fatuous countryman. He was childlike in his ignorance and in his delight. He exclaimed, he slapped his thigh, he laughed aloud at each advance. "It's a-comin'. Next time she h'ists the money's mine. And 'tain't been two hours. What'll the folks say to that, eh? Me doin' nothin' but settin' here and makin' five thousand dollars in two hours! Nothin' short of a million's goin' to satisfy me—and when I get that million, Mr. Peaney, I'm a-goin' to show you how much obleeged I be. I'm a-goin' to git you a whole box of them cigars. Pansy knows which ones. They come at a nickel apiece."

Then—then International Securities touched eighty-one. Scattergood slapped Peaney on the back. He laughed. He acted like a boy with a new jackknife.

"It's all mine now, hain't it? Mine. Fair and square? It's my money—every penny of it?"

"It's yours, Mr. Baines. And I congratulate you. I myself have made a matter of fifty thousand dollars."

"Wisht I'd put up every cent I got. . . . But there'll be other chances, won't the'? I kin git in ag'in?"

"Of course. To-morrow. Possibly this afternoon."

"And I kin take this now?" Scattergood had his hands on the ten thousand dollars, was handling it greedily.

"It's yours," said Mr. Peaney.

"Calc'lated it was," said Scattergood. "Calc'lated it was. . . . Now, where's Ovid?"

MR. PEANEY stared. Something had happened suddenly to this countryman. He was no longer fatuous, futile. His face was no longer foolish and good-natured; it was granite—it was the face of a man with force, and the skill to use that force.

"Where's Ovid?" he demanded again.

"Ovid? Ovid who? I don't know any Ovid."

Mr. Peaney became suddenly alarmed, and blocked the way to the door. Scattergood's eyes twinkled. "If I was you I wouldn't git in the way to any extent. Feelin' the way I do, I sh'u'dn't be s'prised if I got a certain amount of satisfaction out of tramplin' over you."

"Hey, you put that money back!"

"Mine, hain't it? Gained it lawful, didn't I?"

He walked slowly toward the door, and Mr. Peaney, still barring the way, found himself sitting suddenly in an adjacent corner. Scattergood walked calmly past and made for the back room.

"Stop him!" shouted Mr. Peaney. "Don't let him go in there!"

But Scattergood proceeded methodically, leaving no fewer than three of Mr. Peaney's employees in recumbent postures along his line of march. Pansy followed him closely, pale but resolute. He ascended the stairs, and finding the door at the top fastened from within he removed it bodily by the application of a caulk-studded boot. . . . Ovid Nixon was disclosed, cowering against the wall.

"Howdy, Ovid," said Scattergood, as if he had met the young man casually on the street. "How d'you find yourself?"

Ovid remained mute.

"Fetched a friend to see you, Ovid," said Scattergood. "This is her." He pushed Pansy forward. "Find her better comp'ny than you been havin' recent," he said. "She's got suthin' fer you. . . . When she gits through visitin' with you, I calc'late to have a word to say. Here, Pansy, you kin give this here to Ovid." He counted off three thousand dollars before the young man's staring eyes.

"I—I'm glad I'm found," Ovid said tremulously. "I was making up my mind to give myself up."

"What fer?" said Scattergood.

"You know—you know I took three thousand dollars out of the vault."

"Vault don't show nothin' short," said Scattergood, waggling his head. "Counted it myself. Did look for a minute like the' was three thousand short, but I kind of put that amount in, and then counted ag'in, and, sure enough, it was all there."

Ovid stared, took a step forward. "You mean—What do you mean, Mr. Baines?"

"I'm goin' to step outside of what used to be the door," said Scattergood, "and let Pansy do the explainin'. What I do after that depends a heap on—Pansy."

Scattergood went outside and waited. He could hear the conversation within, but it was only toward the end that it interested him.

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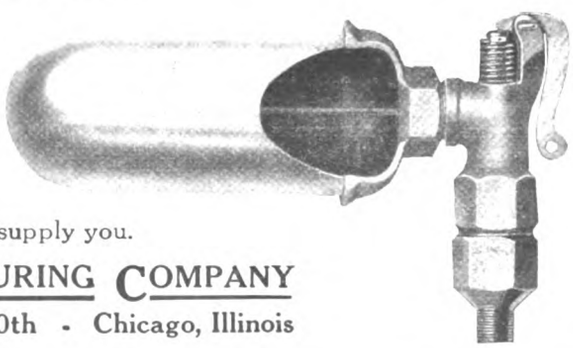

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"Ovid," said Pansy, "you've been hanging around my counter a good deal—and asking me to dinners and to go driving on Sunday. What for?"

"Because—because I liked you awful well, Pansy, but now—now that I've done this—"

"If you hadn't done this? If you had made money instead of losing it?"

"I— Oh, what's the use of talking about it? I wanted you should marry me, Pansy."

"But you don't want me any more?"

"Nobody'd marry me . . . knowing what you know?"

"Ovid," said Pansy sharply, "there's nothing wrong with you except that . . . you haven't enough brains all by yourself. You need to be looked after . . . and I'm going to do it."

"Looked after?"

"Ovid Nixon, do you like me well enough to marry me?"

"I—"

"Do you? Yes or no? Quick."

"Yes."

"Then ask me," said Pansy.

Presently the three emerged into the street from the deserted offices of Mr. Peaney. Scattergood Baines held in his hands two thousand dollars in bills, representing net profit on the transaction. He regarded the money with a frown.

"Somethin's got to be done to you to make you fit to tetch," he said to it.

Out of an adjoining store came a young woman in a queer bonnet with a tambourine in her hand. "Huh," said Scattergood, and stopped her. "Salvation Army, hain't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hold it out," he said, motioning to the tambourine.

She obeyed, and he dropped into it the package of bills, and looking into her startled, almost frightened eyes, he said, "It come from fools to sharpers. I calc'late nothin' but a leetle salvation'll kill the cussedness in it. . . . Make it do all the salvagin' it kin."

Whereupon, he passed on, leaving a bewildered woman to stare after him.

Next morning, Scattergood, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Ovid Nixon, alighted from the train in Coldriver. Deacon Pettybone happened to be standing on the depot platform.

"Make you acquainted with Mis' Nixon," said Scattergood with gravity. "She's what Ovid come down with. . . . Can't blame a young feller for forgittin' work a day or two when he's got him sich a wife. Deacon, this here girl's performed a service for Coldriver. Increased our population by two—her and Ovid. And, Deacon, Ovid hain't the fust man that ever was made so's he was wuth countin' in the census by marryin' him a wife."

"Dummed if she hain't got red hair," was the deacon's astonished contribution. It was as near to congratulations as the deacon ever came.

Train Up a Pup in the Way He Should Go

(*Continued from page 15*)

you are morally lazy, you will let him out, thereby going a long way toward ruining him. If you are sensible and are looking forward to the time when he may make the best dog in the bunch, you'll let him stay there all afternoon, for such grief as his never kills. If you do this you can be sure that the next time you call the pups, he'll be the first to reach you.

If, when he first refused to come, you had enticed him to you as if to pet him, and then seized him and punished him—a course some men would have pursued—you would have taken a long step toward destroying his confidence in you. You would have sown the seed of suspicion of you and of men in general; and this, in bird dog training, is the most fatal mistake of all I have seen dogs who had been made suspicious by such handling. I have never known one of them to be a first-class hunting dog, or a satisfactory companion.

HAVING fairly well established the habit of obedience, we began their technical training. We taught them to "Fetch," that is, to bring us any object we might throw across the yard, usually a pad of stout cloth stuffed with sawdust, or a rag ball. Some pups take to retrieving naturally, and the first time you throw the pad across the yard, run to it, pick it up, and with a little coaxing bring it to you. They are the bright pupils. Others pick it up, and run the other way. They are the perverse pupils. Still others don't pick it up at all, and don't seem to understand what you want. They are the dull pupils.

The experienced dog man never loses his temper over the perverse pupil. A scolding, a box on the ears, a keen switch if need be, will bring him to terms. Neither does he become discouraged about the dull pupil. What if he never does bring the pad. Retrieving is a fine point in hunting rather than an essential one. The pup who makes zero on the rag ball lesson may turn out in after life to be a good bird-finder. He is like a child who is dull in English literature, say, but bright in mathematics. . . .

He may even grow fond of literature as he matures; he may even pick up retrieving. Anyway, I remember one pup who would never bring us the rag ball, but who, when taken out into the field, retrieved the first bird shot down in front of him, and was all his life a good enough retriever.

We trained them to "Heed!" At the command "To-ho!" to stop whatever they were doing, and to stand rigid at attention until we told them to "Hie on!" I have seen them, at the first order, stand with noses a few inches above a tempting meal they had just started to eat, while saliva

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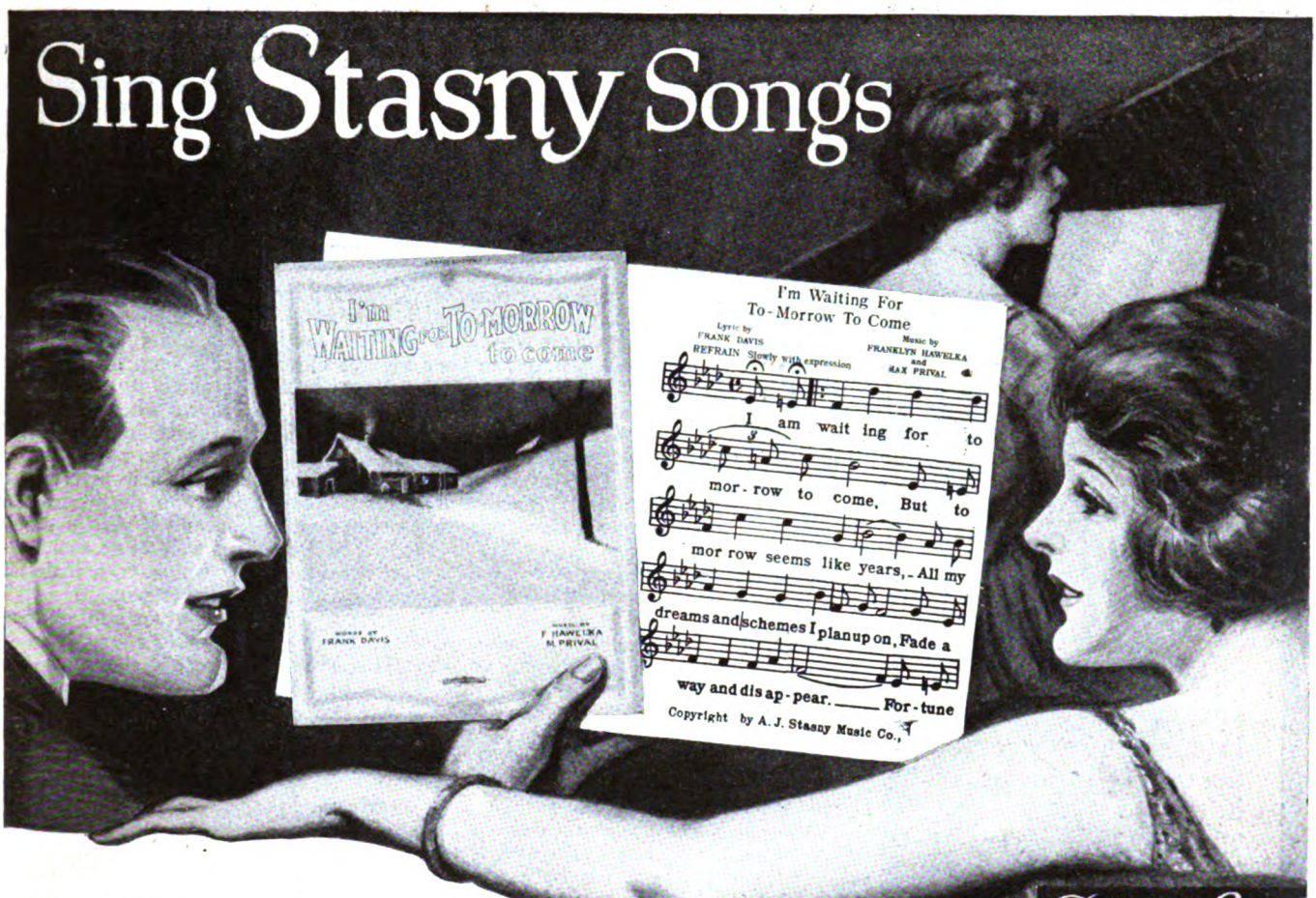

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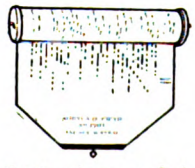

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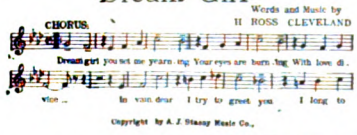

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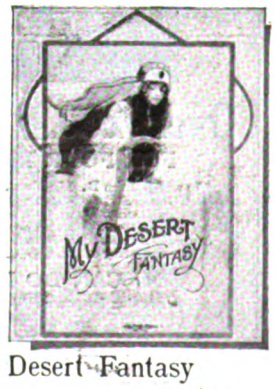

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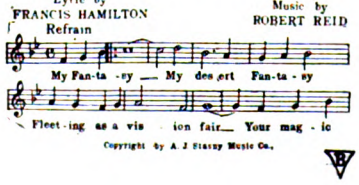

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dripped from their mouths. They were good-natured about it, looking up at us a bit appealingly but never rebelliously, and sometimes wagging their tails as if they knew it was funny. At the release "Hie on!" they made up for lost time.

We also taught them what "Dead bird" means, or at least what to do when they heard that phrase. This we did by hiding something, say the rag ball, in the woodpile, and calling out "Dead bird!" while they looked for it. Along with "Dead bird" we mixed some other phrases such as "Hunt close!" so that they might increase their vocabulary, as it were, and learn synonymous terms. Later, in the field, they will get shades of distinction. They must do the same thing when we say "Hunt close!" that they do when we say "Dead bird!" but they must not look for the same results. They must know what the word "Careful!" means—it means that they must go slow, put on brakes.

For imagine the pup, a grown dog now, sweeping across a straw field a quarter of a mile ahead of you. The wind is blowing hard and the day is warm, conditions not favorable to his nose. Suddenly a single bird, perhaps flushed in another field, lights ahead of him. He does not see the bird; he may not smell it in time to stop; he is going full speed.

"Careful!" you call, and he puts on brakes. "Careful!" you call again, and it is like sliding the brake another notch. Then, if he still, because of the high wind, does not get the smell, "To-ho!" you cry—and he stops dead where he is.

I HAVE described about all the technical and "business" training we gave them, for we left it to instinct, and practical experience in the field to do the rest. Now for their training in morals and manners, which is carried along contemporaneously with the other; training harder to impress, because nature doesn't help you out, but is against you.

First, you have to break them of doing certain things—things done not because the pups are vicious, but because they don't know any better. We allowed our pups the freedom of the back yard, and of the chicken yard and barn as well; and from our experience I would say that the pup who won't suck eggs, until he is taught better, is as rare as the child who, until rebuked, will refrain from taking candy if it's left within reach.

One way, it is alleged, to break a pup from egg-sucking is to chip open an egg, put pepper in it, then leave it around where he can find it. I never tried that, but my friend Billy Bennett did. He placed a "peppered" egg in the barn, then hid in the loft to note results. According to his statement, his pup, about half grown at the time, came in, spied the egg, ate it—then licked his chops and looked eagerly around for more!

"They like eggs served with pepper!" Billy declared when he told me about it.

Our method was to take the offending pup to the scene of his crime, sternly point to the broken fragments of egg shell, scold him, or box his ears, as the case might be—for you can't treat them all alike, and a scolding is more terrifying to a timid pup than is a sharp whipping to an independent and impertinent one.

We never had any trouble breaking them. Buck, one of our pups, got to the point where the mere sight of an egg—and he had sucked his share—filled him with apparent loathing and disgust. If one were placed in front of him, he grinned at it, growled, and stalked away. My smaller brothers and sisters used to place eggs before him just to watch the pantomime. He kept it up until he was a grown dog, having found out, no doubt, that it amused them.

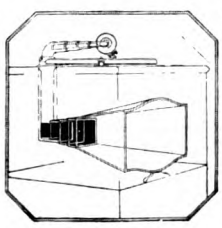
SOME pups, especially those not accustomed to fowls, will kill chickens, and that's a very serious thing; for once having got the thrill of killing, they are very hard to break. Trainers agree that the best course to follow, when pups who have not killed make their first rush at chickens, is, if possible, to pay no attention to them at all. Their first rush is usually prompted by a desire to play rather than to kill, and if you just walk along as if chickens were of no real interest or value, they will have a little fun chasing, then come in to you.

But if you make a great ado, allowing yourself to get excited or angry, chickens will assume importance in the pup's eyes. They may leave off on this occasion; but sometime when you are not around they will make a killing of it. In other words, if it is at all practicable, never tell them not to do a thing until they have done it—and done it to the limit. To forbid an act suggests the act.

A professor of psychology performed an experiment on his children, who were ordinarily obedient. He placed a dish of peas on the table, and started out of the room. "Now, children," he said, "while I am gone, don't poke any of those peas up your noses." He went out and peeped through a crack in the door. You know what he saw.

We had but one chicken-killing pup, and he was a degenerate. Though he came of good stock, and though his five brothers and sisters were bright and kindly disposed bird pups, he was always dull and sullen. I remember that he never looked you in the eyes, and had a vicious, underslung expression. He killed about a dozen of our chickens one day, and Father gave him to a farmer who wanted him for the stock he came from, and who thought he could bring him around. One morning the farmer rose to find the corpses of seventeen hens dotting his yard, and all the other chickens up in tree tops. He tried every method known to break the pup, even after that, but all were useless. That dog was an incorrigible. Perhaps he needed some operation on his brain—who knows? But apparently he was born a criminal of the worst type. He was a murderer from the beginning.

As I have said, he was our only chicken killer. The others never molested chickens, except to point them; they seemed, in fact, perfectly friendly toward them except at meal time, when chickens will try to pilfer out of a pup's plate. Of course the little fellow grows fierce then, and if pushed too far will do damage; for there is one right he will fight for—to eat what is set before him. So if a chicken persists, and happens to be killed, it's a case of justifiable fowlicide. For it cowers a pup, bewilders him, breaks his spirit if you punish him for defending his right to the full dinner pail.



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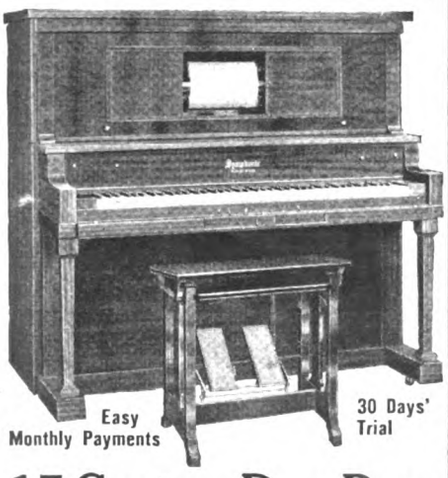

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There are some inalienable rights which you must not deny pups, or children either. You must not take a boy's own personal property away from him, even if that property be nothing more than a bulky collection of chewing-tobacco tags, or an assortment of ten-penny nails flattened on the railroad track.

Of course we broke our bird pups from stealing. They were to be our companions; they were to be trusted by our friends; they were to be allowed the freedom of the house. Under these circumstances you want to feel perfectly safe with your dog in the kitchen, with the cook gone, and a piece of raw steak or an opened can of salmon—he loves these two things better than any other articles of diet—on the table.

And it is not difficult to break him of a tendency to steal if you begin early, and if he is well bred. For generations, his fathers and mothers have been taught not to steal, and the lesson does not come hard to him. But there may be some remote ancestors who must be taken into consideration. And if he is not trained, the pup will, of course, revert to the remote ones, and snatch that steak off the table in a twinkling. But if he is trained nothing short of starvation can induce him to do so.

Sometimes after he has stopped stealing from you, a pup will, if chance offers, steal from a neighbor. The town we lived in was backward in the way of paving, and on rainy days people left their muddy overshoes at their doors. On several rainy days Roy, an Irish setter pup, managed to get out of the yard; and each time he proceeded to bring an extensive collection of overshoes into the yard and hide them behind the woodpile.

Of course the pup has to be taught, by whipping if need be, not to molest the property of others. A thieving dog, provided he is moderately well bred, is a reproach to his master or mistress. It means, as it means so often in the case of children, that master or mistress, father or mother, as the case might be, is careless, lazy, or inefficient. That's the reason, or one of them, why people are so touchy about their children—and their dogs.

NOW for the training in manners—the polishing as it were, for this is also necessary if he is to make a first-class dog.

At command he should come in and trot at his master's heels. With such a dog you can go through a crowded city street and create no confusion. You can board a train with him and he follows without apparent agitation—though he inwardly trembles the first time. In the baggage car he submits to being chained to a trunk, and when you tell him to lie down he obeys. Very likely he is to be a traveler in his day, and you want him to be a well-mannered one. Of course you are not going to ride with him; you are going back into the passenger part of the train—something which at first he cannot understand. Yet whatever his inward terrors, whatever his fears that you have left him forever chained to a wall—and instinctively he's afraid of being chained, because it makes him helpless—whatever his feelings, he must keep quiet, for a yelling, howling dog is a disgrace to his master.

Also, he should be trained not to be greedy about food. When you and your companion sit down on a log in the woods to eat lunch, he must remain at a respectful distance, waiting until you are ready to feed him. He should be broken of a tendency to jump up on people, thereby muddying their clothes. He should never scratch at the door.

If his manners are what they ought to be, he is a pleasure to you, to everybody else, and to himself. Left outside at your friend's house, he doesn't fret—he hasn't formed the habit—but finds himself a warm place in the sun and lies down to wait for you. He becomes more and more self-reliant, because he is not looking always to you. He can take care of himself and, like a well-bred child, he does not need to be entertained and noticed all the time.

Invited in to the fire, he does not come bolting into the room, knocking things off the table with his wagging tail, but walks in quietly, with just a grateful look up at the kind host or hostess. He loves the open fire, not only for its warmth, but because he seems to enjoy looking at it, studying the coals. But if there is not room about the hearth, he will unobtrusively lie down in another part of the room.

This is no imaginary picture of a well-bred and well-trained bird dog. I have known more than one whose manners were above reproach. In fact, all the really first-class bird dogs I have known were well-mannered. Self-control, whether coming from within, as with a man, or being imposed from without, as with a dog or child, does not take away from initiative, but adds to it. I do not think it an accident or coincidence that the gentle-mannered bird dogs I have known were all aggressive in the field, and courageous in the presence of danger or insult.

BUT to come back to our puppies who had to be taught so much. Do not think they are always eager to learn. They are just as eager—as boys in school—and no more so. They are always glad to see you, and are ready to play, but there are times when they will turn school into a joke if you let them. They will not obey, they will run off with the rag ball, and if there are several of them, they will try to take it from one another.

In such a situation, look for the ringleader. The chances are that it's Christopher Columbus, with whom you've had trouble before. Catch him in an overt act, whip him, or stop him. Never scold the whole bunch. That bewilders the timid and innocent ones, who come crouching up to you, while the real culprit sits off at a distance and looks at you with impertinent eyes.

There are no more mischievous creatures alive, anyway, than certain bird dog puppies. My sisters used to hate them; for many a doll paid with her sawdust life for their carelessness in leaving her in an accessible place.

Once when all of us were up-town, the cook went away, leaving the house open. Mother and I returned first—returned to a scene of distruction rarely witnessed in other than war times. The parlor curtains were pulled down and torn into shreds. The cover had been yanked off the piano and the vases spilled on the floor, breaking them. In those days, every proper parlor contained an easel on which sat an enlarged portrait—maybe you remember. The easel was turned

Don't you remember—

LET'S you and I turn back the years and be boys again. You remember how you longed for a bicycle—how you dreamed of having your very own—and then, one day, the dream came true! Was there ever a happier boy in the world than *you,* the day you got *your* bicycle?

What about *your* boy—*your* girl? Do you know of anything in the world that could bring them more pleasure—or could make them stronger and more healthful? Do you know of anything they would want more? Read their frank little hearts and you'll find that the desire for a bicycle is enthroned there—just as it was in *your* heart!

Give them this happiness. Give them the opportunity to grow up healthful, rosy women and robust, four-square men. Give them the joy of ***seeing things***—the inspiration to ***do things***—and the chance to ***be things!*** Give them a bicycle!

Not only boys and girls, but men and women get both pleasure and profit out of bicycling. The convenience of riding to work and avoiding the hot, crowded cars—the exhilarating thrill of fresh air and red blood—the clear eye and "fit as a fiddle feeling"—these are what go hand in hand with pleasure in making the bicycle popular and a tonic for everybody.

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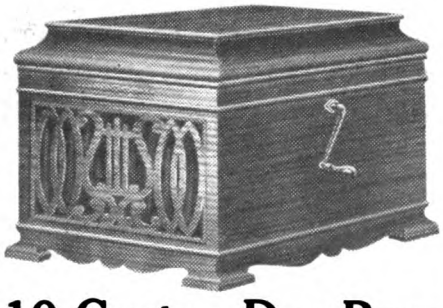

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over, and the portrait of my grandfather as I remember, a very stern man with side whiskers—had been ripped out and torn up.

We knew at a glance how it had all happened. Roy, now six months old, had got into the house.

What did we do in a case of that kind? We gave him a good thrashing. Did he know what we were whipping him about? He did.

THERE are times when a pup looks very serious, and one of these times is when a new scent strikes his nose. It would be a foolish trainer who would interfere with him, when he trots off, head tilted, or who would fail to recognize that nature, the great teacher, had taken him by the nose and was training him to use that keenest of all his senses.

For think how keen that nose must be if the pup is to develop into a good bird dog. It must pick out the smell of game birds—partridge, grouse, quail, pheasant, prairie chickens—from all others. The quail may be a quarter of a mile away in a thicket, and between him and them there may be birds by the hundred—robins, sparrows, thrushes, even chickens, turkeys or guineas, strayed from a farmhouse. Yet all these closer smells he must brush aside, as it were, and catch that one faint and distant whiff of game.

And remember that only two or three times in his life, probably, does he get a sight of the game he is pointing; it is hidden in thickets, woods, or matted straw. His nose, as he approaches, must tell him to a nicety just where that game is. It must all be as plain to his nose as it would be to our eyes, could we see through the grass; for if he draws too close the birds will flush; if he stays too far away, the hunter cannot locate them.

He must take advantage of every current of air. I have been driving along the road a good many times with a dog in the bottom of the buggy. Maybe the day is very cold, and he is covered with the laprobe. Suddenly he sticks his head out, then rises to his haunches, looks across the fields, his nose working, then glances up at me. I let him out of the buggy, and he strikes off through the straw, nose high, turning this way and that, like a compass seeking its magnet. Maybe he goes completely out of sight, and I get out, hitch the horse, take my gun, and, far away, in another field, I find him set. Those birds, perhaps hours before, had crossed the road where he first rose in the buggy. Either that, or some change in the current of air, had brought the scent in that distant field to his nostrils.

He must distinguish between the smell of a wounded or freshly killed bird, and one that is not wounded; he must point the sound one—he must retrieve the wounded or freshly killed one. More than once I have seen a dog, carrying a wounded bird, its feathers covering his mouth and nostrils, stop suddenly and point an unwounded one in the straw through which he is coming.

So the delicate nose is the bird pup's stock in trade. Nature gave it to him and nature must superintend the training of it. As I said before, even if he has just been playing, a serious look comes over his face when he raises his nose and whiffs the air.

There is another time when he looks dead in earnest—that's when he points. And he begins pointing when he is still a roly-poly pup, who eats until his stomach is distended, apparently, to the bursting point. He points just anything: butterflies, toads, frogs, crickets, grasshoppers, chickens, big and little, the turkey gobbler, potato bugs. He stands perfectly still, his tail, hardly bigger than a pencil, rigid, his eyes bright as new glass beads. Of course he doesn't stand long; there are too many other things demanding his attention. Also, he hasn't developed a very graceful figure yet, and he looks rather comical. But there is no appearance of frivolity about him. He's dead in earnest.

WHY does he point, anyway? Whence comes this instinct, born with him, which man has seized upon and uses to his own ends?

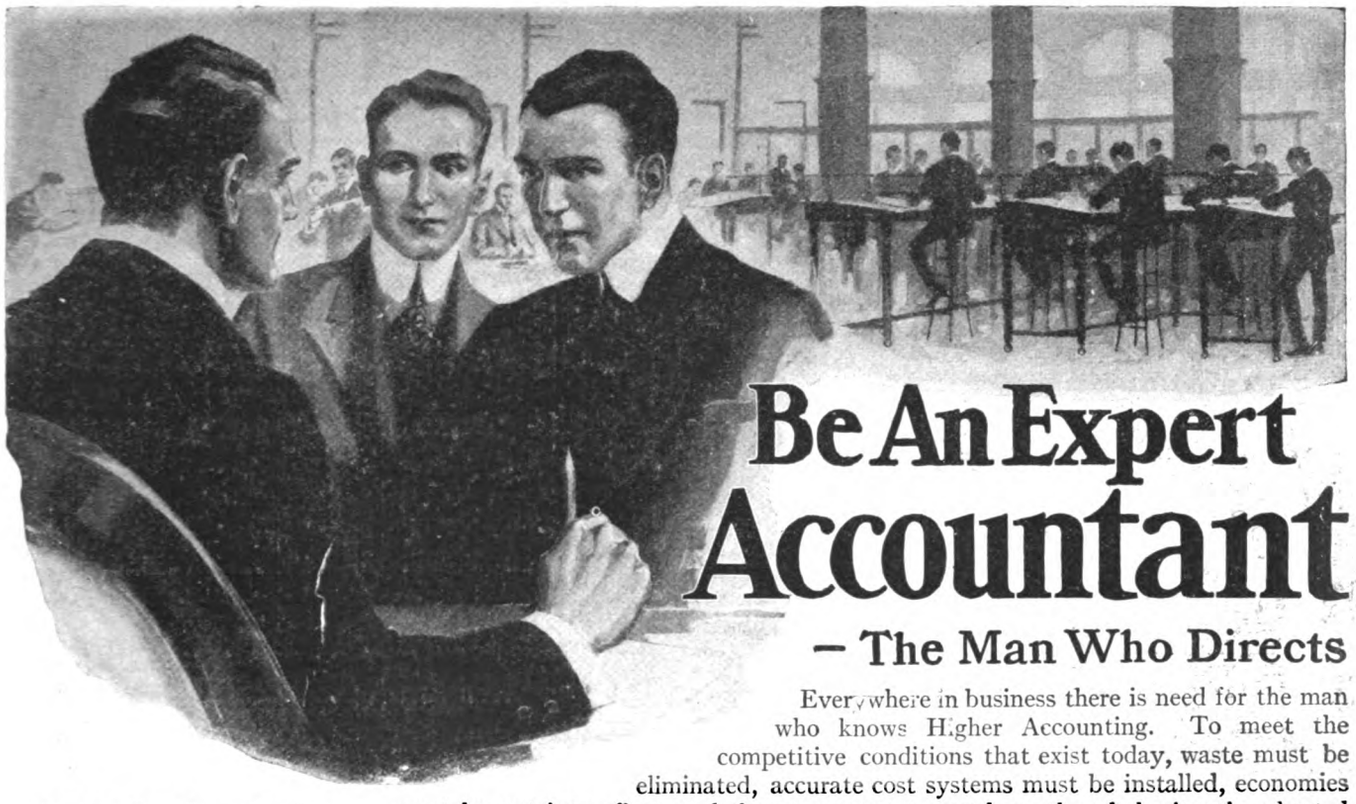
One theory is that a certain breed of wild dogs in their wild state crept carefully upon their game in the straw or heather, head out, tail extended, so as not to make a noise by striking against the bushes; that, just before springing, these dogs paused for a moment to allay any fears of the game in the grass; and that man, coming along and taming them, has prolonged that pause—until now a dependable dog will stand for hours, hardly moving a muscle.

Certainly that little fellow's ancestors have been doing this same thing for centuries, the setter, who is long-haired, having been at it a little longer, so far as records show, than the pointer, who is short-haired.

And so the little fellows do some things instinctively, such as pointing and whetting their noses; and some things, such as morals and manners, they have to be taught; just as the boy trades marbles and jackknives because of his instinct to barter, but has to be taught to wash his face, and play fair, and be polite to people. It's foolish in either case not to let nature play a big part in the education. It is no less foolish to pass over to her the entire responsibility. With them both, pups and children, the Bible rule is the best one. And we followed it. We tried to train up our pups in the way they should go, and depended upon it that in after life they would not depart from the teachings.

SAMUEL A. DERIEUX has written another article about dogs for next month. It is even more interesting than the one you have just finished—to which it is really a sequel. The title of next month's article is "These Dogs Can Teach You All Something."

"OH, YES—They Do Come Back," declares Grantland Rice, the famous sporting writer, in an article next month which relates many anecdotes of amateur and professional leaders in the world of sports who have been toppled from their thrones—and then have fought their way back by sheer grit and courage. This is a heartening and inspiring contribution.



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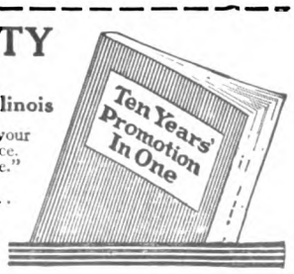

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Marcia Mason's Lucky Star

(*Continued from page 25*)

The superintendent of the Capitol City schools, in all his dignity, sat upon the platform with the faculty. After the prayer and announcements, President Wells arose and said, "We have with us to-day the superintendent of the largest school system in the state." Marcia looked at him, sitting there so calmly. How nice it would be, she thought, to be so undisturbed when you were about to address an audience. President Wells had ceased introducing him, but he did not stir from his chair. Instead, from the semigloom of the back row there was stepping out a tall, clean-cut, alert young man, with keen brown eyes and a strong chin.

All eyes were upon him. Marcia's own, wide, fascinated, alarmed, watched him. The color dropped away from her face, and then surged back like a scarlet tide. From the chaotic jumble of her mind one naked, leering truth stood out: *He* was the superintendent of the Capitol City schools.

LIKE a kaleidoscope, things she had said to him tumbled about in her brain, forming a nightmare of combinations. With dry lips she whispered to the girl next to her, "Who's the big man—in gray?"

"Supe at Mapleville—only has eight teachers under him—acts like he was President of the U. S. A."

The man on the platform was speaking, easily, forcefully. "Earnestness and sincerity form the keystone of the teaching profession." He said a great deal more than that. He said it with fire and enthusiasm. He said he was there to choose teachers, high-grade teachers who had been faithful in their work. Carefulness, attention to details, were things that would be considered. But over and above these was the great fundamental question: What was the spirit of the teacher? What gifts of heart and soul as well as of mind did she come bearing to her task?

Marcia felt stunned, sick. She sat with miserable hot eyes fixed upon her lap. It was over at last. Chapel was out. President Wells and other faculty members had surrounded the speaker. Marcia slipped away from the girls. She attended two classes and got through a noisy boarding-house dinner. She wanted to go home. She wanted to see the family, especially Mother, comfortable and comforting Mother. Katherine would be home for the week-end. She had written to that effect and also that Keith was coming for Sunday.

Marcia did not go to her afternoon classes and she hung a frank "Busy—Keep Out" sign on her door. Then she packed her grip and slipped down to the afternoon train.

At home the family was all excitement over the unexpected arrival. Mother bustled about with happy moisture in her eyes even while she took in the fact that Marcia had something on her mind.

When they had finished supper it came out, just as Mother knew it would. They were still sitting about the table—all but Junior, whose urgent business with Runt Perkins and Shorty Marston always found him swallowing his last bites while on the way to the door.

Marcia told them all about it. She spared herself not at all. She had made a fool of herself, she said, and they might as well know it. "The thing that makes me maddest," she informed them, tearfully, "is that I stretched things just to hear him laugh. I made myself out lots worse than I am. He was the sternest-looking man you ever saw, and I *loved* to see the corners of his mouth pull up. He laughed an awful lot," she finished forlornly.

Everyone looked sympathetic. Katherine's consolation was, "Marcia, I just can't *imagine* myself talking so glibly to a strange man."

Marcia's contrition was complete. "I can't either, Kathie. I envy you being so cool and sweet and courteous to everybody. Only it *seemed* as though I'd known him a thousand years," she added.

Eleanor's contribution was, "Myself, I think it was terribly romantic."

Marcia's scorn was withering. "Romantic? *Tragic*, you mean."

Father began a dry, "Well, Marcia, I've always told you you'd run up against—" But as Marcia dabbed a moist roll of handkerchief into her eyes, he finished lamely, "Never mind, honey, I think you can have the third grade here."

Tillie was on the warpath. "There's a law about false pretenses. He ought to be sued. If I was a man I'd trounce the middle of the road with him."

Mother was furtively wiping away a tear or two herself. "Marcia, there's something about you that makes me think of myself when I was a girl." Verily the poet was an inspired philosopher who remarked:

> Where can we better be
> Than in the bosom of our fam-i-lee?

ON SATURDAY it developed that there were enough young people home for the week-end to get up a fair-sized picnic crowd. Cars were prohibited. Tommie Hickson was to bring in a hay-rack so they could all go together.

Mother thought it a fine plan and began bustling preparations for a basket supper. Tillie, whose emotion over Marcia had worn off, was disgruntled to have the Saturday work upset.

"You do spoil them girls, Molly," she volunteered. "Here's Kathie engaged to that Baldridge, and Marcia a grown woman, and even Eleanor getting along. Accordin' to my lights they ought to be hemmin' sheets and piecin' comforts instead a-galavantin' round to picnics."

"Tillie," Mother said calmly, "a very wise poet once wrote about a rich old man who was robbed of all his wealth. The poem ends:

> "They robbed him not of a golden shred
> Of the childish dreams in his wise old head;
> And, 'They're welcome to all things else,' he said,
> When the robbers came to rob him.

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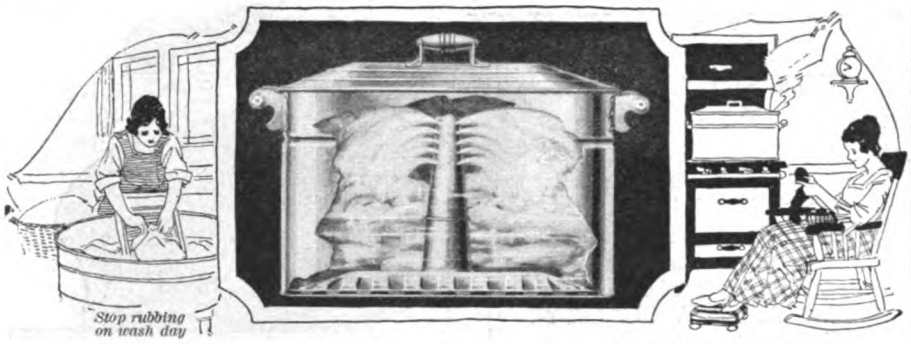

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An old proverb says: "The simplest things are the best"—and the Percolo is the simplest device ever! Steaming hot suds continually circulate up the funnel as in a percolator, out the holes, down thru the clothes, up, out and down again and again — cleansing, whitening and sterilizing. Positively cannot injure any fabric that endures boiling — even the most delicate.

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ERIE METAL PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 15, ERIE, PA.
Do you want to SELL the Percolo? Write for terms

buy dreams and memories of Youth."

"*Pfs!*" Tillie had a special snort that denoted scorn. "You can't eat dreams nor cover your nakedness with memories."

"No," said Mother placidly, "you can't. And when the girls are old, old ladies, the richest food won't feed their minds nor the thickest comforts bring warmth to their hearts."

So they went on working together, side by side, two good old friends who would do anything for each other, but as far apart as the earth and the stars, as far apart as Martha and Mary—a Piecer of Quilts and a Weaver of Dreams.

Tommie Hickson came with the hayrack and two horses, which seemed to share Tillie's scorn for the festivities.

Marcia apparently brightened under the witching spell of the green woods, the pungent, wild smell of the crab-apple blossoms, the sweet, weird call of the mourning doves and the sheen of the silver river. Mother was right. No matter what Fate held in the hollow of her hand, the girls would always have memories left to them.

On the way home, after the manner of Youth, the crowd sang. Marcia did not sing. She sat in the end of the hayrack and tried to reason it all out. Since yesterday she felt changed, subdued, unreal. She looked up at the clear, calm face of the yellow-white moon. Why did that hour on the campus seem so set apart from other hours? It was like a little house in the woods. She had come upon it, rested in it for one hour—and gone on again. Must she forever be looking back at the little house by the side of the road?

THE crowd was unloaded at the various homes with merry good-nights. The Mason girls found that the rest of the family had gone up-stairs for the night. There was a letter on the dining-room mantel. Father had brought it home from the five-o'clock mail. The letter was for Marcia. With fingers that trembled she tore it open and read it. Then she ran up-stairs and called "Folks! Everybody! Come here!"

Father and Mother, fully dressed, came to their door. Tillie opened her door cautiously and put out her head; a striped kimono falling away from her long neck gave her the appearance of a curious giraffe. Junior, hearing the noise, came stumbling out of his room.

"Listen! It's from *him*." She read aloud:

"DEAR MISS MASON: I tried to see you yesterday afternoon but your landlady said you had gone home for over Sunday. I hope you are not taking my talk to heart. Most probably you are not, as your disposition seems to be of a marvelously cheerful and elastic type. And, anyway, what's a dandelion or two between friends?

"Have just come from board meeting and have the pleasure of reporting your election. I have placed you in the Lafayette School for next year, the grounds of that building being somewhat overrun with certain yellow weeds. You will no doubt take pleasure in assisting the janitor to eradicate them.

"I have just been talking with Keith by 'phone, and if I do not hear from you that it would be inconvenient, I will drop in with him on Sunday and congratulate you in person on the 'professional hit' you made with the Capitol City superintendent.

"Sincerely,
"JOHN R. WHEELER."

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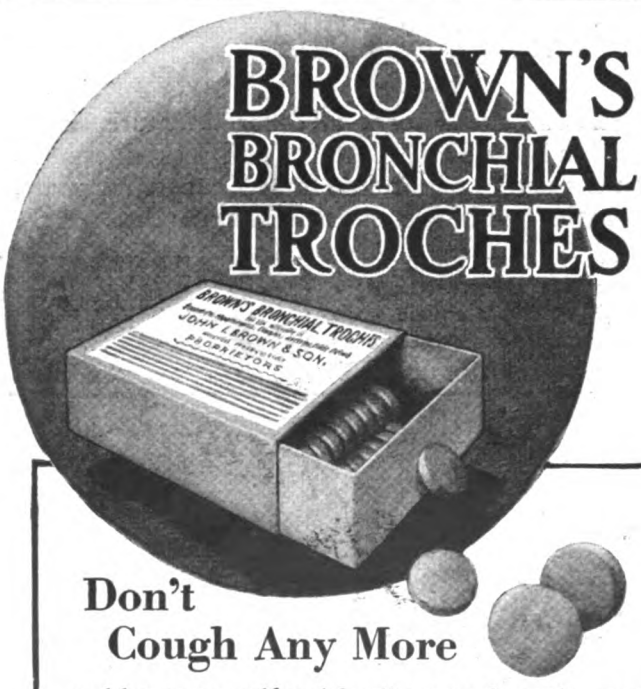

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Marcia threw out her arms to them all. "Folks!" she said in a little tense, awe-struck voice, "I *was* born under a lucky star."

"By golly, I believe it!" Father said.

They were all talking at once, after the manner of Masons.

Katherine laughed, "You old fraud, you don't deserve it."

Eleanor's contribution was, "Oh, Marcia, I *adore* a good profile."

Tillie was saying, "My good *land*, you do beat the Dutch!"

Junior, at the close of a prodigious yawn, asked unintelligibly, "Wh'd 'e mean, dandelions?"

Only Mother said nothing. She was looking at the lovely flushed face of her starry-eyed girl and making a little incoherent prayer, "Dear Lord—keep her happy—like that."

THE excitement over, they all went back to their rooms.

"I can't help but be glad she got it." Father was pulling off his sock and tenderly regarding his favorite corn. "But it wasn't a very good lesson for her to have it turn out this way."

Mother was immediately on the other side of the argument. "Oh, she's had punishment enough, Father,—that scare." Mother brushed her hair for a few moments, and then added, "I must say though, I don't like that dandelion deal, it's too much like deceiving."

Father, with alacrity, veered to the opposite side. "Oh, I don't know," he said cheerfully; "that's what I call good old-fashioned Yankee shrewdness." So they went to bed, arguing amiably, quarreling peaceably, as they had done for twenty-six years.

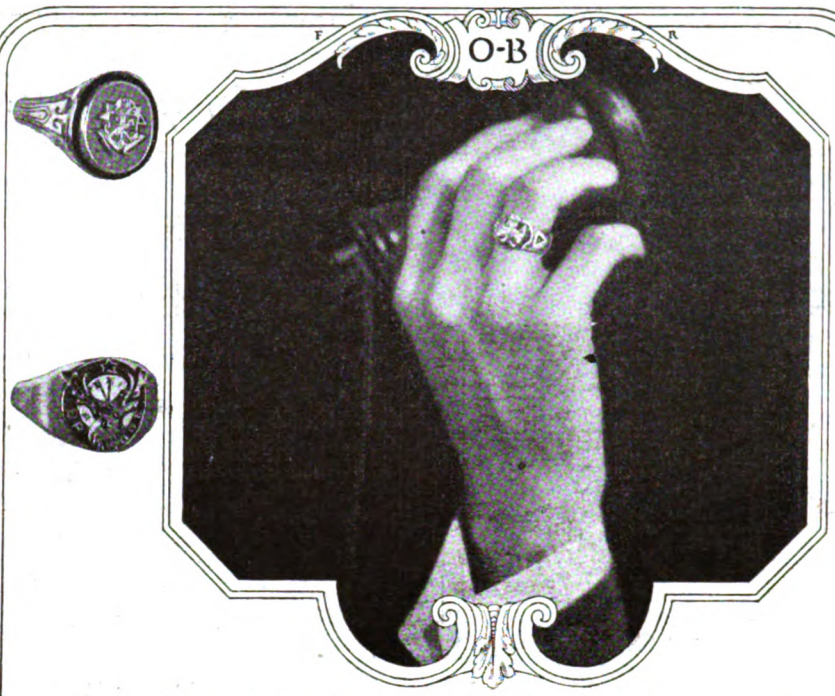
Across the hall, Marcia finished braiding her hair, turned out the light and snapped up the shades. Pale, silvery, golden-white, the moon flooded her slim, youthful figure in its soft, clinging gown. Surreptitiously, deftly, she slipped a large, square envelope under her pillow. Then she said, "Kathie, something tells me I'm going to enjoy teaching with John."

BESS STREETER ALDRICH, whose stories of the Mason family have delighted the readers of this magazine, has another delightful story next month. Tillie, the cook, is the main figure this time. The story is called "Tillie Cuts Loose."

"MARTIN QUEST and Wife," a lively short story by Wilbur Hall, will appear next month. It tells how a young business man met a big emergency. The part played by his wife in a series of stirring events is rich with possibilities of which thousands of families can take advantage.

How Long Does a Fish Live?

NO ONE knows exactly, but at the New York Aquarium a pair of gar pike have been boarders for twenty years, a channel bass has celebrated his nineteenth anniversary, and a fresh-water dogfish his eighteenth.



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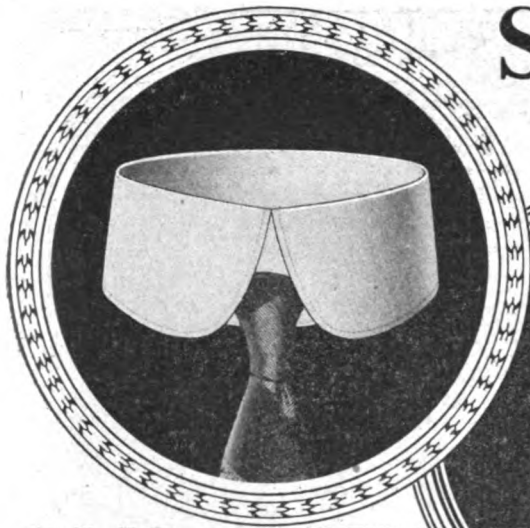

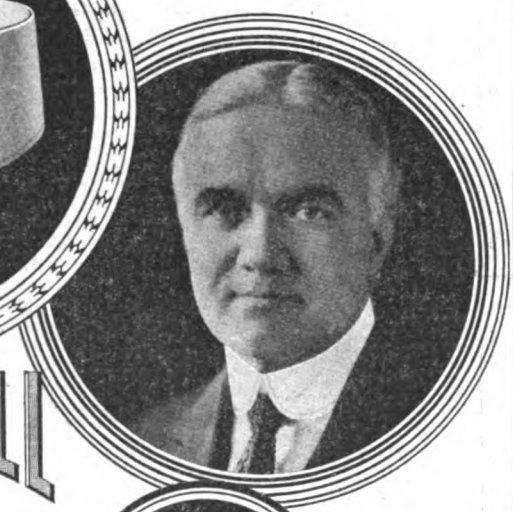

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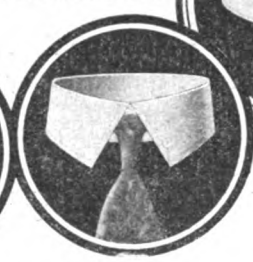

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The Last Thing I Would Part With

FIRST PRIZE

Just an Old Cashmere Shawl

A FADED Cashmere shawl whose intrinsic worth is the price it would bring as old rags, yet to me my dearest possession. A symbol of—what? Mother love? Of that bond that exists between mother and child, so strong as to withstand even the power of material separation? Let me explain:

Thirty years ago a baby boy was left on the doorstep of a home in a large city. Whence it came nobody knew. The baby was wrapped in a Cashmere shawl—this same Cashmere shawl that I hold so dear. For I was the babe left on the doorstep, and the shawl is the one tangible thing I have of the mother I have never known.

My foster parents—God bless them! I have always wished that that mother might know what good hands I fell into when she gave me up that night so long ago—my foster parents say that from my earliest babyhood that shawl seemed to have a strange meaning to me. Almost my first intelligible word was my lisping approach at the name of the shabby object. I would call for it at bedtime, and found it a sure comfort in the solitude of my darkened room. As I grew older I carried my bumps and bruises to its certain solace, and in some far corner the shawl and I would have it out.

My foster mother tells of a time when I lay at Death's door, the crisis of my malady upon me. Restlessly I tossed and tumbled, wearing myself out with the struggle, and nothing availed to quiet me until someone thought of the shawl. At sight of it, a wan smile crossed my face, and nestling into its dear folds I fell asleep.

There came a time when my self-consciousness would no longer permit me to show my feeling for the old shawl. Then it was that that good woman who raised me, with her wonderful tact and understanding, slipped it in my top bureau drawer. There it has been ever since—a very real help in time of trouble.

It saw me through the trying period of adolescence, when my best girl turned me down, and I failed to make the ball team, and nobody understood me and I dreamed vaguely and in ecstatic misery of ending it all. And then, when I'd open the drawer to take a last farewell of the one friend I had on earth, somehow, my gloom would fall from me.

Even to this day when I feel discouraged or sorely tempted I find myself heartened and made strong by the sight of the homely object. Perhaps it is only a foolish sentimentality I have built up around the old shawl, but somehow I cannot help feeling that the spirit of mother love breathes from its faded folds; that it is a symbol of that bond which exists between mother and child, so strong as to withstand even the power of material separation. Anyway, I know it is the last thing I would part with. E. E. B.

SECOND PRIZE

The Last Throw of the Dice

A SINGLE pair of ivory dice; that is my most valuable possession. Intrinsically, they are worth nothing; but five years ago they became both more, and less, than two white squares with sunken black dots; they became my primer of life, and worthless as dice.

Five years ago I was an inveterate gambler. The whir of the little ball around the roulette wheel, the click of the chips, and, above all, the rattle of the dice in a crap game, these things, I thought, were as necessary as food and drink to my being.

I leaped from a pauper to a fortune of sixty thousand dollars in a single night—and within a week I was "touching" a friend for a five-spot. Always I thought I could win it back; and again and again I resolved that if once my fingers closed on a good stake I would quit and go into business. But one never does. At least a score of times I was well off. Well-meaning friends urged me to quit. Always I said that I would—sometime. Always there was the urge to win a little more. I had won before. Luck was with me, why quit now? But when I was losing I would say to myself that I was sure to win soon, and why quit just before a big clean-up? Thus did I delude myself.

One night I quit cold, and for five years I have not faded a dime or raised a bet. No, I didn't get religion, for I don't think gambling is a matter of religion. A professional gambler, one of the gang, a man who has served twenty years for his cleverness in engraving one of Uncle Sam's bank notes too closely, put me wise to some common sense. And like two broken reeds, we have been leaning on each other ever since.

We had both lost heavily that night. Just as I had left the table I had taken with me the dice that had been so fickle to me that night. I never wanted to see them again; I was going to throw them away.

"I think I'll quit gambling," my friend said when we were eating lunch. "All right," I said, laughingly. "I'll quit if you will."

"I mean it," continued my friend. And then he said, "It is foolish to risk the necessary to win the superfluous." I don't know where he got it, but it has stuck.

The next day we started North. We are trying to make good at our respective trades, and, I believe, succeeding. I now have a single pair of dice, the ones I was going to throw away that night. My friend has planed off the spots, and engraved in tiny letters on the faces are these words: "It is foolish to risk the necessary to win the superfluous." Our initials and the date are on the twelfth face.

And in the first few months, when we had temptations to start gambling these words have saved us. The dice are now in a little case made for them, and are on our mantelpiece. I hope they'll always be there together.

It is true that I am going to be married, but "Dud" is coming to live with "us."

R. H. E.

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THIRD PRIZE

Reliving Sixteen

OF CONCRETE things, the one with which I would part the last is a thick black-covered book filled with girlish writing, the undeveloped thoughts, the high hopes, the half-formed yearnings for love and life of a young heart—the diary I wrote in at the age of innocence and inexperience—sixteen.

Upon its pages, in an upright scrawl, are chronicled in great detail my daily doings at home and abroad, abroad being represented by school, church affairs, the skating rinks, and an occasional party at which we played cards or danced. Girlhood at that time being less complex and sophisticated than in the present generation, amusements were of a simple nature.

My girlhood chums, all now far distant, live on in the thick black-covered book, never growing older, retaining their fresh faces, their youthful manners and carefree conversation.

Scrapes at school, in which I was very often the ringleader and, to my mind, the heroine, are all jotted down in the natural, graphic phraseology of sixteen.

With the characteristic conceit of the average young girl, I set down, in those halycon days, every compliment paid me. These I read now with amusement, tinged with pity for the gullibility of youth and, I may add, with envy also, for, though we lose gullibility through the experience the years bring us, we lose faith as well.

Every emotion pertaining to girlhood found its way, somehow, into the black-covered book. The greatest of these, with which the book is three quarters filled, is love, calf love, if you will, but still love, first love which takes itself seriously, and gives more, perhaps, in its way, than the love of mature years.

Being in love in those days was my natural state; I wanted to be in love, therefore there had to be an object upon which to pour my adoration. I had one love affair after the other, some of which endured for a week, others as long as six months, though not often.

These love affairs—glances, notes, an escort to walk home with me after school hours, skating at the rink, silly conversation, once in a great while an escort home from an evening affair—were all duly handed down to posterity between the black covers of my diary.

To me, my diary represents youth. With its aid I can project myself back to sixteen, live over its days, feel the warm blood coursing through my veins and enthusiasm take the place of prosaic maturity. My old black diary breathes the spirit of youth. M. G.

"THE Greatest Builder of Skyscrapers in the World" is the title of an article next month which tells how a friendless immigrant boy, unfamiliar with the English language, rose from bundle wrapper in a department store to leadership in one of the big fields of modern industry. The principles by which he achieved his extraordinary success are set forth so clearly that you can measure yourself against every one of them.

Men I Have Had to Fire

(*Continued from page 21*)

would pass out in our day than that big-hearted and kindly old judge.

But to get back to the book. The first six pages, representing my first six years in business, have no red entries, and few black ones, for that matter. Those were days when I was in no position to hire or fire anybody, having enough of a struggle to make a job for myself and hold it. The company which employed me made stoves and furnaces on a considerable scale, and while it was incorporated the stock was entirely held by one man. I saw little of him at first; but after two years, one in the factory and another in the office, followed by three on the road, I was brought back to the office again, and became gradually a sort of general assistant to him.

He called me into his office early one morning.

"Fred, I've bought the Peerless plant," he said; "and I've decided to let you run it."

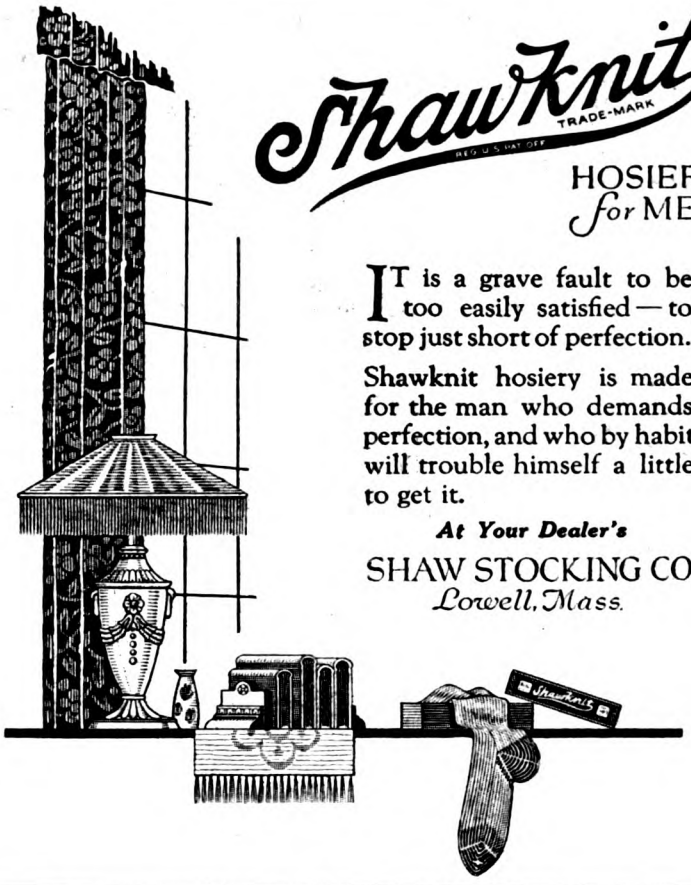
I GASPED. The Peerless Company was one of the oldest and most substantial in our line. Its factory was only a few miles from ours, in a suburb of the same city; and I had always supposed that it would remain forever in possession of the family whose members had held it so long. The boss explained to me that the present owner was in poor health; and as his sons showed no interest in the business it had been decided to sell. He gave me a few instructions, told me that he had arranged a private wire between his office and mine in case I should need it, but that he hoped I wouldn't need it; and with that he sent me off.

At twenty-eight I found myself in charge of a plant and office employing four hundred workers, with fifteen salesmen on the road. Of course, as the old man's assistant, I had been accustomed to authority. Men had moved when I spoke. But this was authority of a different kind—authority accompanied by responsibility—and the men recognized it. It was a new experience to me to sense an unconscious speeding up in a room when I entered the door, to find men waiting for my opinion before venturing one of their own, and then hastening to agree. But the thing which struck me with greatest novelty was to hear two of the girls discussing me one day and referring to me as "the Old Man." The title which from time immemorial has belonged to authority had descended upon me, also; I, too, was a member of the ancient order of employers.

The plant was old and the organization was older. So far as I could discover it consisted of the same individuals who had started with the founder as office boys. Few employees had died and none resigned. My chief had warned me of this:

"You'll probably have to make some pretty drastic changes," he said.

But in the bright faith of youth I thought otherwise. It would be a shame



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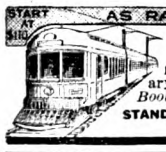

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to deprive of their jobs men who had stayed so long in one place that they would have difficulty in fitting in elsewhere. To succeed with a crowd of youngsters would be easy enough; too easy, in fact. I would do the hard thing: I would succeed with what I had.

The difficulties of those first few months will need no explanation to any man who has ever undertaken the revamping of an old organization. I was young, and my strength seemed to myself limitless; yet every night I went home feeling like a man who has done a hard day's work with a bag of sand strapped across his shoulders. Nothing was accomplished easily. I had to sell every single new idea straight down the line; and by the time my instructions were finally carried out I felt as though I would have saved energy by doing the thing myself.

The comptroller of the company, so-called, was James G. Ellsworth, a man of fifty-five who had entered the employ of the former owners as a boy. Comptrollers, of course, are always pessimists; at least those that I have known. They see red, in the form of loss figures, at the slightest opportunity, and they are always full of the most convincing reasons why the thing you want to do can't possibly be done. But James G. Ellsworth went way beyond the union regulations. He was very deferential, very eager to have me understand that he was devoted to my interests, and that every suggestion was made merely to save me possible trouble. But to every single order, or to any suggestion, on my part, he had one invariable reply:

"If you will permit me to suggest, Mr. Ferguson, we have always done it *this* way."

I was still firm in my original purpose of making these old fellows over, even though it cost me time and blood; and so for three months I submitted patiently to Mr. Ellsworth's instructions out of the past, trusting that as he began to absorb my way of doing things he would gradually quit objecting, and fall in line.

Instead of this, he entirely misinterpreted my patience. He took it for weakness, an evidence that I realized my youth and inexperience and was content to submit to his superior wisdom. He began to assume an attitude of special importance about the office, as much as to say: "Of course, Mr. Ferguson is the nominal head of the business, but it's my more seasoned judgment that really counts." I tried to tell myself that his attitude was a joke which I ought to find amusing; but little by little the man's constant objections wore on me, as drops of water will wear away the hardest stone. I came to hate the sight of him.

THINGS reached a climax one morning when I arrived at my office after a brief trip. I asked if any reply had been received to an important letter which I had dictated on the day of my departure. My secretary appeared confused at the question. I pressed it, and the truth came out: Ellsworth, overhearing my dictation, and deciding that there were not enough "buts," "ifs," and, "on the other hands" in the letter, had instructed her to hold it until he could talk it over with me on my return. At that very moment he entered, with a smug smile

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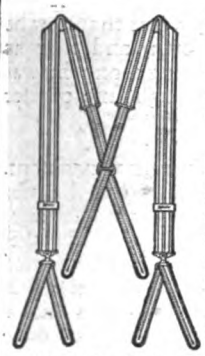

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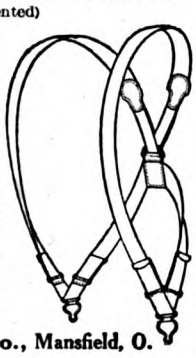

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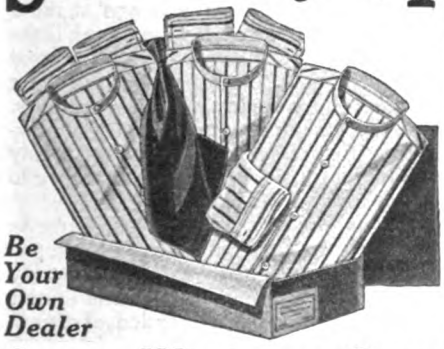

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on his face, as though conscious of the great service he had done me and fully anticipating generous praise.

"This letter, Mr. Ferguson—" he began, and got no further.

His tone and his smile and his unctuous self-assurance were all too much. The vials of my wrath opened and the whole three months' store of impatience and weariness poured themselves out on his uncomprehending head. I told him that from that day forward I would conduct my own affairs without any assistance from the dead past; I told him that if Noah had had a comptroller he never would have got the Ark completed before th rain began; that the only reason Napoleon succeeded was because he was only twenty-seven and refused to have anybody around who remembered how war had been conducted in the past. And I ended by announcing that his connection with the company had terminated. He would receive six months' salary, I continued, in appreciation of his years of service; but it would be paid only on condition that he leave the office within an hour and never under any circumstances appear in it again

HE WAS the first man I had ever fired, and I felt weak and shaken. Not from the experience itself, but because the fact that I had to fire him seemed to indicate a failure in my business judgment. I had started with the expectation of being able to make him over; and I had failed. Youth hates to fail, even where the conditions are impossible.

And I am old enough now to understand that the conditions *were* impossible. The habit of saying, "We have always done it *this* way," is almost incurable. When the mind is set in certain definite grooves, no amount of trying will wipe out those set paths and establish new ones. The quickest way to reorganize a moss-grown business is to pay a year's salary all around and start over again with a fresh crew. I do not blame myself to-day for firing James G. Ellsworth; but I am a bit ashamed of the fact that I fired him in a fit of anger. No other man has ever left my employ after such an interview. The time to whip a child or to fire a man is not when your anger is red-hot, but later, when you are cooled and calmed; when you can be sure, and the man can be sure, that it is your judgment which is speaking and not your emotion.

It was while I was in charge of this same company that L. Merton Hughes flashed brilliantly across my horizon, coming to our simple haunts from New York. We were already beginning to show considerable progress. New men had come to us who were making themselves felt, and I had every reason to believe that, on the production end, another six months would find us in first-class shape. The sales problem was still unsatisfactory; and it was here that Hughes promised to help.

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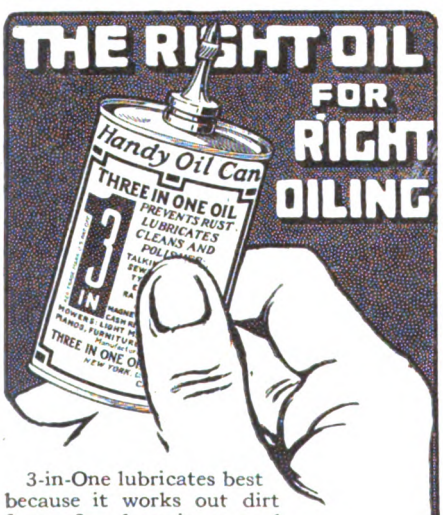

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study as many different businesses as possible at the beginning, but that now he was ready to settle down, and that he had heard of me as a young man who was doing things and had sought me out for that reason.

I TOOK him in as a personal assistant, with the understanding that he was to give special attention to the sales department and become sales manager when he had mastered the line and proved his dependability. For almost a whole year I was delighted with the move. Hughes was full of ideas, many of them impractical, but enough of them good to more than pay his salary. He made a flying trip across the country, visiting our salesmen, and from every one of them the most enthusiastic letters came back.

"Just let Mr. Hughes spend a couple of days every six months calling on my customers with me, and we'll show you something in this territory," one of the older men wrote. Everybody liked him, both in the factory and on the field. I blessed the day that had brought him to us.

He had come to us in March, and it was not until December that I had any misgivings concerning him. One afternoon late, when I was almost alone in the office, a man came in and asked for him. I said that Mr. Hughes had gone for the day. He appeared disappointed, and asked if I knew the address of Mr. Hughes's *other* office.

"Why, he has no other office!" I exclaimed.

"I think you are mistaken," the man replied. "I have had several letters from him on the letterhead of the Blank Trading Corporation. I thought I had one of them in my pocket, but I seem to have mislaid it."

I said it must be a mistake, but the minute Hughes came in the following morning I put it straight up to him.

"What's the Blank Trading Corporation, Merton?" I asked.

He blushed a little, and then laughed it off.

"You know, Ferguson," he said, "I have more ideas than you can shake a stick at. I'm not married, and work is the only dissipation I have; and so I started a little one-horse business down the street here just to amuse myself in the evenings. It don't amount to much—just a plaything. It's perfectly harmless, and I only give it the time that other fellows give to loafing around the club."

I told him that nothing was surer in business than that a man can't serve two masters. He agreed with me readily enough, and I supposed that the matter was ended. But it wasn't ended, of course. Hughes was the sort of a fellow with whom the side-line business never will end so long as he lives. He was a born side-line worker. The Blank Trading Corporation closed its doors, as he agreed it should; but it wasn't long before he was dipping into a half-dozen other things. And about that time the attitude of the men in the organization toward him began to change. They complained that their letters were not answered promptly, and that he made appointments and did not keep them; that he issued conflicting instructions, and was never in his office when they sent in long-distance calls.

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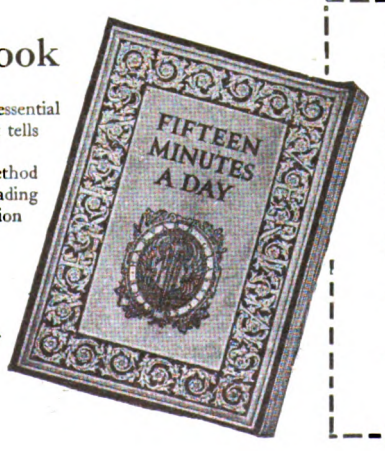

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My final interview with him was exceedingly good-natured. I had hardly opened the unpleasant subject before he caught my drift, and jumped in with a laugh to help me.

"I know what you're going to say, Ferguson," he said; "and you're right. I thought when I came here that I wanted to settle down and spend the rest of my life with you. And as long as we had any real problems I continued to feel that way. But you haven't any more problems, the business is on its way, and all it needs is to have you sit tight and manage it. And I'm restless. The truth is that I'm a born promoter, and it's about time, I guess, that I was off for greener fields."

I have never lost a man whose going cost me more personal regret. Though I have seen very little of him in the succeeding years I have always continued to regard him as a friend. Now and then we exchange letters, usually at a time when some trade paper reports that he has made a new business connection. And always his letters are as buoyant and free-hearted as they ever were. I imagine that he has made a fair amount of money; and I know he has had a lot of fun. He is one of those irrepressible individuals who do a business a lot of good for a little time; but are absolutely fatal when taken in continued doses. We love those men; we use their splendid vitality and fresh ideas on occasion, but almost every executive, at some time in his experience, has had to fire one or more of them.

I'M GOING to pass rather rapidly over the next two names. They represent familiar types in business—so familiar that any business man will recognize them, even though they are sketched only in outline.

Edward Fisher was sales manager of a company which came under my control some seven years ago, and a very efficient man he was. The salesmen liked him; he had brought the sales up to a point where the company was showing a very nice profit, and my predecessor had made sure of retaining his services by making a three-year contract with him. When I arrived it had still two years and a half to run.

I took occasion immediately to let Fisher understand that I appreciated him fully. I knew what he had accomplished, I told him; I was glad of the contract, and I expected to depend upon him very largely in my future plans for the business. It may be that I went a little further than was necessary in showing my good will; perhaps I spoiled him. I do not know. But this is exactly what happened:

He appeared in my office one morning and sat down opposite me.

"I want to discuss our contract, Mr. Ferguson," he said.

"Aren't you a little early?" I asked. "As I remember, it has still more than two years to run."

"That may be so," he answered, "but I want to revise it. I'm not making money enough. The contract calls for twelve thousand dollars; I want to make it fifteen thousand beginning January first, and eighteen thousand the following year."

I was nonplused. A contract was a contract in my sight, and I told him so; but his point of view was entirely different. He knew his value to the company, he said. The sales organization was entirely his creation and wholly dependent upon him. If he were to leave the organization could not go on; and he had decided that he had a perfect right to make the company pay him what he was worth to it.

"In other words, if the contract is not revised, you will quit; is that it?" I asked.

"That's it," he answered.

"All right," I said. "Then quit."

MY ANSWER took him by surprise. In all his thought about the interview it had not occurred to him that I would possibly let him go. He was indispensable, in his own opinion. He believed that his personal hold upon the salesmen was so strong that most of them would leave with him. He started in to say something of this sort, and when he saw that he could not bluff me he lost his temper, shot out a threat and left my office, slamming the door behind him.

I spent the rest of that day calling our salesmen by long-distance telephone. It cost a pretty penny before I finished with the last one, for they were scattered clear across the country; but by five o'clock that afternoon I knew that everyone of them had my side of the story, and that **they** had received it *first.*

Some of them did leave, of course; but a majority of them decided that Fisher was no more indispensable in their lives than he was in mine. They did not fancy any more than I did the idea of having business conducted on the basis of a threat.

Opposite the name of Newton Ames, which occurs next in the book, I find this single notation: "He lied." The whole story is in those two words, and it needs little amplification. Business is done on men's faith in one another; and any man who breaks the faith delivers a blow at the whole business fabric. I found Ames making little overstatements very early in his association with us. I labored with him, because he was young and I wanted to save him if I could. But the truth simply was not in him. When one day I caught him in a deliberate lie, intended for his own personal advantage, I concluded that it was too much to expect that I could do for him what his father and mother and the Sunday school had failed to do. We had a very serious talk, that young man and I; after which he left.

I want to close with the case of Mitchell because it has a pleasant ending. Mitchell is what has come to be known in business as a sales-promotion man. I found him on the pay roll when I took over the company which I have just mentioned; and when I asked about him I was told that he was giving only a third of his time to us, the other two thirds going to two other concerns. I met him soon after, and liked him; but it was apparent to me from the outset that the conditions under which he was working were impossible. He was doing very little for us; and until I had talked with his two other employers I supposed that he must be spending a great deal of time with them. To my surprise I learned that they were under the impression that he must be devoting all his energies to me, since they, too, saw almost nothing of him. He had come to look on himself as an expert who was being paid merely for

THE BUSINESS VALUES OF PELMANISM—By George Creel

PELMANISM is able to promise advancement and increased incomes for the very simple reason that it gives workers the qualities that employers are hoping for and searching for. Salary is no longer the determining consideration: the main thing is intelligent service.

One of the country's greatest executives, speaking recently to the writer, made this statement:

"For every efficient man or woman, there are ninety-nine inefficients. Stenographers who listen with one ear only, secretaries who can't remember, clerks who keep their eyes on the clock, department heads who are afraid to make decisions of their own, superintendents utterly lacking in initiative and originality—nearly all of them a wool-gathering lot without ability to concentrate on anything but quitting time. Not one in a hundred with any real interest in their work beyond doing as little as they can for the money they get."

The same complaint comes from the trades and professions. Carelessness, laziness, and indifference, instead of intelligent enthusiasm, driving purpose, and quick thinking. A willingness to "stay put" instead of the eager ambition that fairly begs for new opportunities and larger responsibilities. As a result, employers of every kind are the *hunters* today, scouring the country in search of men and women who can "deliver the goods."

The Master Words of Modern Life

INITIATIVE! Imagination! Personality! Good judgment! Originality! These are the master words of modern life, and it is precisely these qualities that Pelmanism develops, strengthens, and directs. It opens your mind for *inspection*, letting you see wherein you are strong, wherein you are weak; and, even as it adds to strength, so does it correct weakness.

Where the average employer makes a mistake is in assuming that inefficiency is willful and premeditated. He is convinced that his employees do not *want* to give good service and have no real interest in advancement. This is true in very few cases. The general run of working men and women have no desire to cheat, most of them have high hopes of holding places of power and distinction, and all of them want to earn more money. The trouble is that they express themselves in *day-dreams* and not in *action*.

When analyzed, this is seen to be a misfortune, not a fault. How can they *listen* when they have never been taught concentration? How can they have *initiative* and *originality*, when our educational system tries its best to turn pupils into parrots and have them all *uniform* in type? How can they have *purpose*, and hold to it, when our life ignores the fundamental truth that the human mind has got to be exercised in order to *be fit* and *stay fit*? As a matter of fact, the majority of workers are doomed to day-dreams because their training, or lack of it, has robbed them of their *mental teeth*. They can't take hold and hang on. The mind, unused to continued effort, tires quickly and jumps from one thing to another like a grasshopper.

GEORGE CREEL

Pelmanism Trains the Mind

PELMANISM does the simple, obvious thing. First of all, it teaches self-realization. Very few people really know themselves. They imagine they are this or that, and blunder through life the victims of their own ignorance. In the second place, Pelmanism trains the mind, exercising it scientifically, meeting its new strengths with new tests, until, at the end, there is perfect balance, full power, and an amazing endurance.

Another great mistake, and one made generally, is the assumption that business is a purely *mechanical* process.

There is, on every hand, a general, well-grounded belief that business calls for the *hard* qualities, not the fine ones—that it is a thing of routine, not a drama of inspiration.

As a matter of fact, modern business is an organization as interesting as it is vast, and its operations make steady and imperative demands upon every mental quality. Not a day passes that its generals, captains, and corporals are not called upon to bring the functions of the mind into instant operation at high pressure. Routine efficiency is not enough.

The call is for the quick, leaping brain that is able to create ideas, to find fresh viewpoints, to make decisions as logical as they are swift, and to manufacture opportunities instead of waiting for them. Imagination, courage and resourcefulness are assets as real as stocks and bonds.

Pelmanism Develops Business Power

BUSINESS is the *Great American Romance*. It is business that has harnessed the stream, tunneled the mountain and the river, turned deserts into orchards, and made the United States *the* world power in one hundred and forty-three years. It calls for the *best* and it *deserves* the best. It is this *best* that Pelmanism develops, trains, and directs.

Business needs the *whole* mind, not just part of it. It is often the case that a man of vision, forethought, initiative, resource, courage, and confidence is forced to confess that he has "no head for detail." On the other hand, masters of detail "fall down" when the big problem comes along.

The fault in each case is an incompletely developed mind, a mind which has been developed on one side but not on the other.

The Pelmanist finds no difficulty in assimilating detail and he rises supreme when big issues confront him. His training gives him the balanced mind, the alert mind, the mind that is receptive and responsive. And that is just the type of mind which achieves success with almost miraculous ease while other men lag behind, puzzled, confused, and inert.

Go Forward or Go Back

THE appeal of Pelmanism is neither narrow nor specialized. The beginner will find the secret of promotion in it. The veteran "job holder" will get from it new courage, self-confidence, and a resourcefulness that will lift him above his fears and out of his ruts. Executive heads will discover that Pelmanism takes up "mental slack," tones up the mind processes, and acts as a tonic to vision, decision, and imagination. Business permits no standstill. Those who do not *go forward* commence to *drop back*.

This great course comes at a great time. Never before in the history of American business were such chances open to intelligent ambition. Old barriers are down, the gates of success swing wide, and the ranks of the country's workers are being *combed* for the "right sort."

(Signed)
GEORGE CREEL.

Make Yourself That "Right Sort"!

MAKE yourself a Pelmanist. Do for yourself what 400,000 other men and women have done—put yourself in a mental position not alone to grasp opportunity when it comes, but to *make* opportunity come to you.

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counsel; and, little by little, he had deluded himself until he had almost lost the habit of work.

I called him to the office one afternoon right after luncheon, handed him a cigar, and left word with my secretary that we were not to be disturbed. The easiest way in such interviews is to be direct; a quick, sharp cut hurts less, and is sooner over. So I drove straight to the point:

"Mitchell," I said, "your position here is impossible. I'm not speaking now from the company's standpoint entirely, though it's unsatisfactory from that angle. But I'm thinking chiefly of you. There is just one single rule that I have had from the time I started in business, and that was never to take a job that didn't have such a direct relation to the profit and loss statement that even a blind man could see it. Twice in my life I have been offered very high-sounding positions where I would have been responsible for a lot of things in general and for nothing in particular. But the man doesn't live who can run fast enough to hang a job like that on me.

"When the board of directors look at my salary on the pay roll I want them to be able to turn directly over to the profit statement and see exactly where I come in. Now, you're in a position where that is impossible. You're just part of the overhead; you're the kind of an expense that is meat for the cutters whenever there is the slightest reason to economize.

"I've given a lot of thought to the matter," I continued. "I want to be your friend, and I could do it in either of two ways. The easiest way would be for me to let the relationship continue. But is that real friendship? You are growing older every day; and you will some day reach a point where a change will be much more difficult. I have decided that real friendship lies in helping you make a new relationship for yourself which won't be open to the sort of objections and dangers I have pointed out. You can take your own time to do it; you may remain on the pay roll three months or six months if you desire. But no more of this indefinite sort of relationship for us. It's not good business for the company; and it's not good business for you."

IT WAS a blow to Mitchell. He felt for a few days as if the world had come to an end. But within a month he knew that I had been right. He voluntarily cut his ties in the other two concerns and launched out bravely in business for himself. All three of us who employed him were able to give him a hand; and at the end of a year he was making almost as much income as he had made with us, and had the satisfaction of knowing that he was building solidly for the future.

He is one of the happiest men in the city to-day, working with all the enthusiasm of his first youth. And all because I had the sense and the courage to fire him when he needed to be fired.

I have noticed, as the years have passed, that I hesitate much longer about firing a man than I once did. That is the normal experience, I presume. I have read somewhere that young school teachers always give lower marks than those whose years have taught them that it is foolish to expect perfection. Young doctors give far more pills than older doctors; and every man who increases in wisdom as he grows in years comes to understand that to do the thing *wrong* is human, and that he must find a way to solve his problems with the inefficient human tools that are given him to use.

I HAVE set down half a dozen rules, or observations, or whatever you may call them; and I pass them on for what they may be worth.

1. It's very much easier in this country to get married than it ought to be; and very much harder to get divorced than is sometimes entirely just. So with most businesses. It's easy to get a job, and hard to lose it. Executives like the experience of hiring men; it touches one's pride to be able to sit back and dispense jobs; while separating men from their jobs is unpleasant business, and we shrink from the unpleasant always. I believe that men should be hired with a great deal more care, and far more deliberately than is the present practice. And if, after all possible precautions have been taken, it becomes evident that a mistake has been made, the fact should be faced frankly and at once. It is a burning injustice to keep a man for a single day in a job where he has no chance. The company loses only money in such a circumstance; but the man is losing his life.

2. I never hire a man until I am dead sure in my own mind that I know exactly what I want him to do, and that there is some basis of measuring his accomplishment which is clear both to myself and to him. In other words, I want him to have a measuring rod in his own mind which he can apply to his progress at three-month periods. Usually, under such circumstances, a man is able to determine for himself whether he is succeeding or not; and if he is failing, the fact is so evident that he beats the boss to it and fires himself.

3. Unless a man has lied, or committed some other real crime, I will never fire him in such a way as to damage his own self-respect. Being fired is a terrific psychological experience. Many a man has been so hurt by it that he has never really recovered himself. I try to make a man feel that his going is no reflection on his ability—that somewhere he will find a place where success will come to him, particularly if he takes the lesson of this experience to heart. A man's life is a pretty sacred thing; I want no man to look back from the end of his road and say: "That experience with Ferguson began my downfall. He broke my spirit and I was never the same man again." Rather, I want him to say: "Ferguson kicked me up-stairs. He helped me to find myself." And most of the men who have left me, I believe, feel that way.

4. It goes without saying that I never fire a man so long as there is the slightest chance of his making good. Money is not an item where a human career is concerned. I have moved a man no less than six times inside my organization, taking him from the road to the factory and the factory to the office; and from one department of the office to another, all in the hope that he would somehow find himself. And when such a man does finally come through, the satisfaction of

Why Business is Seeking La Salle Trained Men

BIG employers are fast learning the value of filling their organizations with specialists and executives trained under the La Salle Extension Method.

When Theodore Roosevelt wrote: "I look upon instruction by mail as one of the most wonderful and phenomenal developments of this age," he was confirming a conviction already expressed by many men of prominence, such as J. Ogden Armour; E. P. Ripley, President Santa Fe Ry.; Walter H. Cottingham, President Sherwin-Williams Co.; F. H. Sieberling, President Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.; Geo. M. Reynolds, President Continental and Commercial National Bank; Alexander H. Revell, and numerous other large employers who are endorsing the La Salle plan of business training. Their opinions properly carry weight as the expressions of men who are among the Deans of American Business, and who are filling their organizations with the best brains and ability obtainable.

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To the La Salle problem method of business training, perhaps, more than to any other of the distinctive features of the plan worked out by La Salle's Educational Staff, is due the quickness with which La Salle members learn to grasp business fundamentals, and acquire the ability to assume, without long years of "inside" experience, duties of executive and administrative importance.

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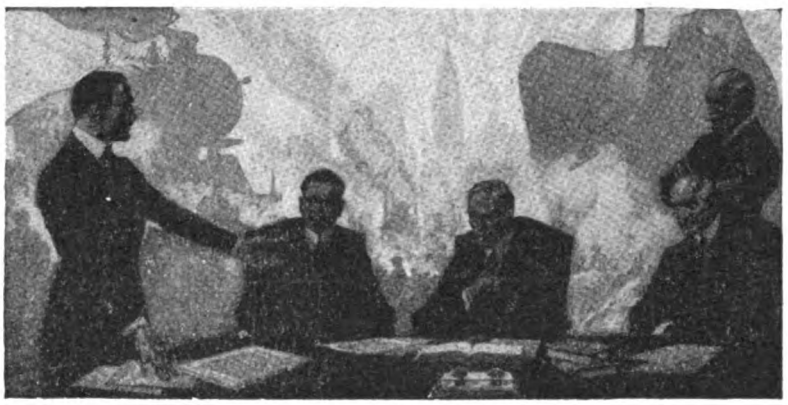
It is quite probable that when Mr. Roosevelt marveled at the "wonderful phenomenal" developments in training men by the extension method he had well in mind the unusual resultfulness of this unique manner of combining fundamental principles with Practice under the Case or Problem method evolved by La Salle Extension University.



The La Salle Problem Method of business training is like being privileged to sit in a council of modern executives, and taking an active part in the right solution of their daily problems.

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It is no mere figure of speech to say that there is a "crying demand" for trained men in business. Literally the heads of big business institutions are today "crying" from the housetops for business specialists capable of independent thinking, planning and the exercise of sound judgment in the conduct of important departments.

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The person who would be sure of his advancement, today, *must* have training, for as Theo. N. Vail sharply warns the job hunter: "Too much is involved in big business to have its affairs retarded because of friendship. It has been discovered that one cannot run a business under the present high pressure by favoritism or nepotism. I don't mean that men with friends are not given chances, but I say that they have to make good or get out."

More Than 185,000 Enrolled

More than 185,000 men and women from all walks of adult life have been helped thru La Salle training. It was this fact that prompted Ex-President Taft to say of La Salle: "You in this school are facilitating that which we cherish as the great boon of Democracy—that is, equality of opportunity." And it is true that La Salle training does give every man that chance. It enrolls the young man just beginning his career; it gives the man already started a new impetus; and it also has as members old, seasoned executives who realize that even they, too, can learn and profit from La Salle's large staff of business and educational experts.

Great corporations everywhere are profiting thru the employment of men trained under the La Salle problem method. The Pennsylvania R. R. has 2,102; the American Telegraph and Telephone Co. has 811; U. S. Steel Corporation has 309; Armour and Co. has 364; Standard Oil Co. has 390; and from 50 to 500 each with scores of other great organizations.

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his success is ample interest on the money that has been invested in him and in men of his sort.

5. I never fire men simply to reduce expenses. I may be old-fashioned in this particular, but I feel that a company has an obligation to its people that goes beyond merely providing them work when times happen to be good. I do not leap into huge expansion when business is booming; I do not want to take on a lot of men whom I will have to turn off after a few months, even though there is a chance to show a profit on their labor in the meantime. We must always have some unemployment, I suppose; and some alternation of good times and bad. But a lot of our business troubles come from pure greed—from the desire to expand to the last possible limit while times are good, and to contract to the last notch when times are bad, regardless of how the expansion and contraction may affect the men employed.

6. I never delegate the job of firing a man to any subordinate. I never write him a letter; nor go out of town, leaving word to have him dropped in my absence. Men resent that sort of cowardice more than they do the loss of a job. I have tried to do the hard thing in a manly way; and as a result I believe that a majority of the men whom I have had to fire still number me among their very good friends.

7. Finally, I come back to the thought with which I started—that every business man ought to be judged by a double standard. The fact that he has made money is not enough. The question is: Has he also made men? He has used a certain number of hundred, or thousand, men in the business of making money. Are they also successful? Are they happier, more contented, bigger and better men than they would have been had their paths not crossed his? By this standard I have tried to judge myself. My little black book has far more names in black ink than it has in red. And most of those written in red do not represent total losses by any means. Indeed, some of the happiest men of my acquaintance are men who were square pegs in round holes when I came into their lives. Men who are very glad that they met me and were fired.

ROGER W. BABSON, the famous statistician, has written a wonderfully illuminating article for next month on the subject of good and bad manners in business. This article is full of ideas which probably you have never stopped to think about. It contains many "inside" anecdotes of the reasons which have prompted big business executives in hiring and promoting men

Dick Tresco and the Yellow Streak

(*Continued from page 65*)

and after supper, at the first opportunity, he slid gratefully onto the piano bench, and started to unburden his soul with fingers, that for six weeks had ached for the feel of the keys.

There are two kinds of virtuosos. One, and the more usual, reflects the popular taste, sensing what the public wants, and playing it with a technique so perfect that he holds his audiences and climbs his way to fame by the sheer brilliancy of his execution. But in every generation there are one or two of the other kind, the creators who, to an adequate technique, add something else, soul, genius, call it what you will, interpreting the works of the masters for those less gifted, reading into them something of their own sympathy and insight, molding popular taste in their wake.

The one is a matter of a suitable hand structure and grilling practice; the other, the divine gift. And, coarsened and stiffened though Dick's fingers had been by lack of recent practice and by rough work, the imperfections of his technique could not hide the type to which he belonged. He played on and on, while the minutes slid into melodious hours, holding his little audience breathless, and so oblivious to his surroundings that he did not see, in the polished surface of the piano, the outline of the window behind him and its strange silhouette, or the meaning looks that passed between Gordon and his wife. When, at the end of two hours and a half, he spun on his bench and faced his hosts, Mrs. Gordon's eyes were wet.

"What was that last thing you played, Mr. Tresco?"

Dick smiled his warm smile. "My guiding star, Beethoven's sonata in F Minor, known as the 'Appassionata.' It has always been very wonderful to me—inspires me more than any other music I have ever known. It typifies so the eternal conflict—can't you feel it?—the continual struggle, struggle—oh, I don't know. Only, when I play it, my own troubles seem so small and insignificant; they've all happened before, and been beaten, by better men than I am. When, at mining school, I would just about reach the breaking point and be ready to write to my father and chuck the whole thing, I would play the 'Appassionata,' and everything would straighten out. Then I would be able to go on again a while longer."

"Well, Dick, all I've got to say is that your father's a—er—making a big mistake, and he's old enough to know better."

Dick shook his head. "You shouldn't do him injustice, Mr. Gordon. He's right according to the only code he's ever known, and he's getting to be an old man—too old to change. I'm the biggest disappointment he's ever had. 'Six genera-

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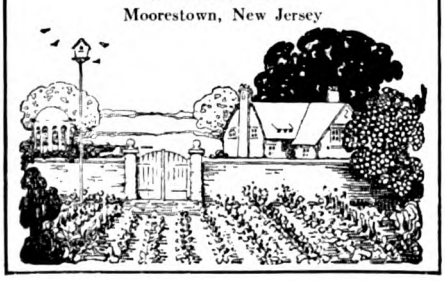


tions of miners—the Trescos of Redruth'—you know. He can't understand it. . . . And now I'd better go, if I'm to give you value received in the lumber yard in the morning." He rose and shook hands. "You don't know how grateful I am to you for this evening."

"You must come often, Dick. And perhaps, when I see your father again I may be able to help you." He glanced at Mrs. Gordon, a hint of triumph in his eyes. "Perhaps he hasn't known what he was trying to smother. He's too good a judge of men to be allowed to make such a mistake with his only son."

"Thanks, Mr. Gordon, but I'm afraid you couldn't do any good, and it might interfere with your friendship. He thinks mines, eats mines, and dreams mines. He's followed one ideal for forty-eight years. He thinks he has definite proof that I lack courage—the thousand feet underground kind of courage—and even if he thought I was the greatest musician that ever lived, you might just as well try to mine your ore with a prospector's pick as to change him. No; I've simply got to go it alone. I'm not so badly off, you know. I've practiced quite a bit all my life—Dad helped until he found out it was going to interfere with my mining career,—and if I can just get a start at the Conservatory I'm sure I can make enough on the side to carry me through. And now good-night, and thank you both, again."

DURING the next three weeks, under the warm breezes, sunshine, and steady hard work of the lumber yard, Dick's face and arms grew richly tanned, his muscles hard, and his splendid health still more splendid. Early in his new work he had taken stock of his resources, and had estimated that, with overtime incident to a boom camp, he should be able to go to the Conservatory in Toronto in September; and as his savings increased and his goal came nearer, his eyes gradually cleared of the cloud that had lain there so long.

Then, one day, he looked up from piling 2 by 4's to see his father standing at the edge of the lumber yard and staring at him. He'd probably been to see Gordon on some business matter. Dick stopped work and, on the defensive, walked over to him.

"Well?" he asked, briefly.

"Ye ain't been after me for a check yet!"

Dick stared at him. "If you just come over here to be disagreeable, I don't see why you bother. I'd much rather you stayed away and let me work in peace."

"It makes no difference if ye can play th' piano. It takes grit to make good at anythin', even music. A man who's afraid underground can't get anywhere at anythin'." It was as if he were arguing with himself; but Dick, with aching back and sweat streaming into his eyes, was not in the mood for fine distinctions.

"I wish you'd let me alone," he said wearily. "I don't bother you. If I want to earn my living by music instead of mining, it's entirely my own business, so long as I pay my own way. I've said all this before and see no use repeating." He walked deliberately to the other side of the yard, and plunged his cant-hook into a 12 by 12, rebellious and uncomprehending.

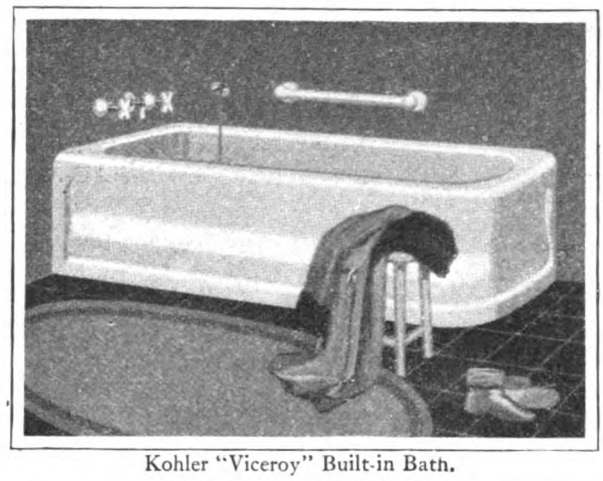
But his father did not bother him again, and after a few days Dick smothered the incident in the routine of his work. In the morning up at six, breakfast in the cook-camp, and at seven in the lumber yard, unloading timber from flat-cars, piling it for stock, loading it again onto wagons for distribution. It was hard, gruelling work, under an unseasonably hot sun. Frequently he would spend an evening at the Gordon's, when the music would relieve his spirit of many things; and once, in a saloon in Golden City, he played Italian opera all evening on a tin-pan piano for a crowd of his Italian fellow workmen, and thus cemented their voluble adoration for ever. And so the weeks passed, brilliant weeks, unusually hot and without rain. Under the scorching sun the muskeg areas and the jack pine and spruce matting in the bush were dried to a tinder, and then baked for still further weeks; and Dick worked on, absorbed in his new-found purpose and the promise of its early achievement. He was happier than he had ever been, all except for his father, who, quarrel or no quarrel, as far back as he could remember had been, in his own irascible way, both father and mother to him.

IT WAS a windy morning in early July that Dick was first conscious of a gradual darkening, a grayness as of an approaching thunderstorm. Preoccupied with his dreams for the future, he hardly noticed it, except for the vague sensation that they were to have rain at last. When he did straighten up for a moment's rest he stepped back, startled from the appearance of the sun. It could be seen, but faintly and blurred of outline, orange-colored, as through a sinister veil. He was alone at the time, and he stared around him, bewildered. Suddenly on his bare forearm there appeared a tiny gray flake. It had not apparently come from anywhere. One moment it was not there, the next it was; that was all. He held out his hand, palm upward. Soon another flake was on his palm, and another.

It worried him vaguely; but just then there came a hoarse shout from the straw boss, who had a gang unloading a car across the yard. Dick picked up his cant-hook and went on the run. He must remember to ask Gordon what it meant . . . peculiar to the country, apparently. . . . Soon it was forgotten in the steady heave of the massive timbers under the eye of a straw boss heavy with authority, whose taciturnity checked any idea of asking troubled questions.

As it happened, Dick never asked Gordon. A growing tenseness around the mine, especially among the old-timers, rumors and profane forecasts rippling through the bunk-house and cook-camp, uneasy glances toward the southwest at every breeze from that direction, all told him what the orange sun had meant. He was not greatly worried; there were always the lakes, and at the mines where there were no lakes the men could go underground. They must have that sort of thing in the bush every year, and would know how to deal with it.

But soon there came a morning whose crowded events broke through this feeling of quiet security almost at the start. As he went to work, he sensed a new anxiety among the more experienced of his companions, and noticed that their



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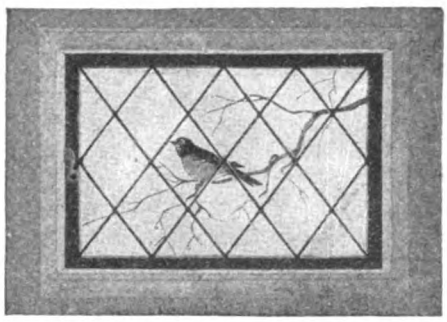

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glances were again directed toward the southwest, facing into a brisk and persistent breeze. Disturbed at their evident worry, he looked himself; and again, and again. A low haze was resolving itself into gray plumes in all directions to the west—plumes that grew, and mingled, and blended with incredible swiftness into a dark and sinister mass that, driven before a lashing gale, swept over the camp and across the sun. Work became a mere pretense, and when a call came to help install an emergency pump and get an extra pipe line up from the lake all were glad of the diversion. Working feverishly, Dick was conscious only of the heavy smoke and the increasing violence of the wind, which buffeted him about half-blinded, until through the roar in his ears he heard Gordon's cool voice.

"Looks bad," he shouted. "'Phone call just come in. They say the fire's taking less than ten minutes to the mile—wind over seventy miles an hour. I think it's going to pass to the south of us—this work is just precaution—but the Algonkian is right in the path of it."

Dick stared at him with sudden realization. "Right in the path of it? What'll they do—take to the mine?"

Gordon shook his head. "If they take to the mine, they're goners. Any mine in this district'll fill up with gas in fifteen minutes. No, they'll take to the lake; they're safe enough, with one right there. Your father'll fight it off as long as he can, and if he sees it's hopeless he'll go for the water with his gang. Lord, what a setback for a new camp!" He started to move on, then stopped, arrested by Dick's attitude.

"*He'll take to the mine, himself,*" panted the boy, with dilated eyes. "He's never seen a bush fire before, and he won't know what to do. He thinks a mine's the safest place on earth. Are you sure it'll fill up with smoke?"

Gordon nodded gravely. "Had a friend once killed the same way. He simply went to sleep and never woke up. You don't stand a chance in these small mines. I've been in this country so long—I didn't think . . . your father—"

DICK turned, wild-eyed, toward the Algonkian. "He'll go underground, sure," he gasped. "Even if you had told him he wouldn't believe you! My God, he'll suffocate. He's an old man. . . . Can I go?"

"Why, sure, if you think you can do any good. Only hurry—there's no water between here and the Algonkian, and you'll be heading right across it. If you get caught in the bush it's all off."

Without a word Dick turned and ran, rushing into the thicker smoke, stumbling over the rough and uneven trail. On his right he could see lurid tongues of flame, and overhead the black smoke drove lower, darkening the sky and turning the day to a sinister twilight. From somewhere he heard the short staccato whistle blasts of a mine that was in danger. Sparks began to fall around him, sparks that stung his hands and face and burned his clothes. He lost all sense of direction, following the trail blindly, breathing in quick gasps that seared his lungs, it seemed, to his waist. And all the time was hammering through his brain: "He'll take to the mine! He'll take to the mine! I must get there first!" A quick stumble, and he broke from the bush onto the trail skirting the edge of the lake, the mine plant in full view. The sight was not reassuring. Every building was in flames, including the headframes over the shafts, and where the brush had been cleared the fire was racing along the dried muskeg; the very ground was burning. In the water close to the main shaft he could see a group of huddled figures, and a little way out a canoe, apparently with women in it, was tossing about on the waves. Would his father be in the lake? He stopped for a moment to extinguish his smouldering clothes with the water, and then continued toward the mine. The lake was between him and the main part of the fire, and the trail was temporarily clear of it. The going was easier, and in a few minutes he plunged into the lake where the men were. Less than fifty yards away a black bear was swimming slowly, completely ignoring the men. Dick picked out Danvers, the father of little Jimmy.

"Bill! My father—where is he?"

DANVERS jerked his head toward the blazing headframe, and an icy weight seemed to settle on Dick's heaving chest.

"Down the mine," answered Danvers. "He saw us all safely in the water, and then went underground. I told him he was safer in the lake, but he didn't thank me."

"Bill! He'll smother! Can't we get him out?"

The other shook his head gravely. "Not a chance, lad. There's smoke comin' up one shaft now. 'Twon't be long before all the shaft timbers are afire. She must be 'most full o' gas already. We wouldn't last to git to the bottom o' the ladder."

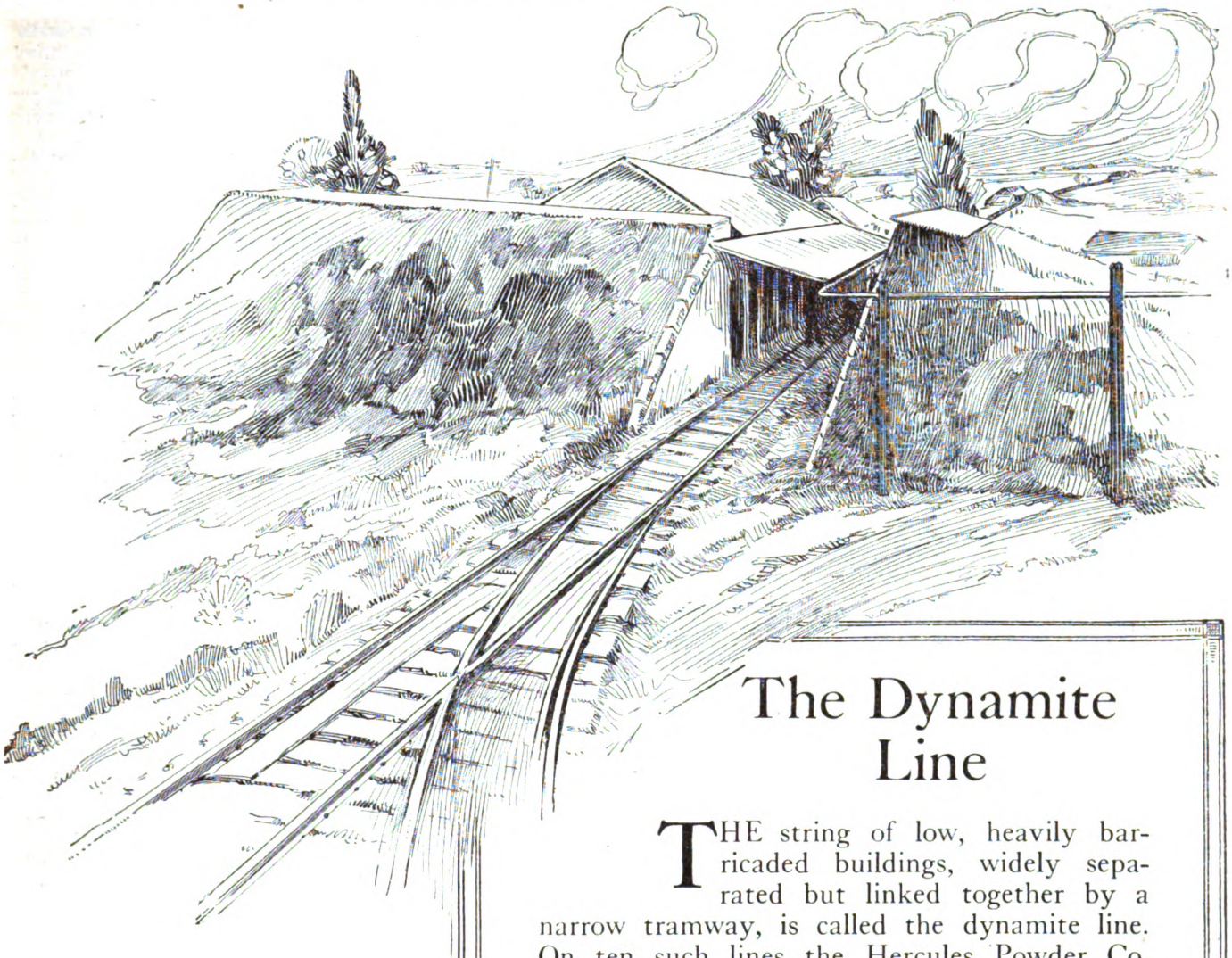
"If I go down and signal, will you run the hoist and pull him up?"

"The hoist's nothin' but a mass o' twisted iron now. And you'd better keep out o' the mine, lad. The workin's was still clear when the cap'n went down—he had plenty o' time to git into one o' the blind headin's, prob'ly number seven. If the gas ain't goin' to git in there he's safe, and if it is you can't do no good. You'd just smother down there in the dark before you ever found him."

Dick whirled on the others. "You! All of you! He's given you all a square deal. Is there one of you here that's man enough to help me get him out of that mine?"

The men looked sheepishly at one another. They were courageous men—none better. But they had tried to keep the irascible old captain from going down while there was still time, and now they simply declined to undertake the impossible. In the tossing canoe a small figure stood up for an instant before it was snatched down, and a shrill voice carried down the wind, "I'll go wiv you, Dickie." The men laughed, and even Dick grinned; then, without waiting for further answer he waded out of the water, ran up the short hill to the shaft and, flinging his wet arm over his eyes, ducked under the burning timbers of the headframe and swung through the opening in the flooring.

He took the ladder miner-fashion, hands holding the sides loosely, the



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toes of his hob-nailed boots vibrating over the rungs like a small boy's stick along a picket fence. At the first landing he stopped, gasping, and whipped his soaking handkerchief out of his pocket and tied it across his nose and mouth. That was better. Why didn't the mine have emergency respirators! Due to some inequality of the surface, the shaft was temporarily acting as an up-take; and although the timbers themselves were not yet on fire, the smoke from the other shaft was being sucked through the workings. It was like stepping into the top of a stack. With eyes streaming and lungs stabbing with every breath, he realized that he must get to the bottom quickly and out of the direct current. He jumped through the opening in the landing, grabbing in the dusk for the sides of the ladder, and slid down the eighteen feet to the next landing in one vibrant rush. Two landings—half-way down. Hardly breathing, he slid down the two remaining ladders and dropped forward on his face at the bottom of the shaft, burying his mouth and nose in the deepest dry hollow he could find in the broken rock. The air there, close to the rock, formed a cool layer two or three inches thick, comparatively little disturbed by the hotter gases passing above. He drew quick breaths of it, soothing his burning lungs and clearing his buzzing head, and then started forward for the turn into number seven, which was on the left about a hundred feet distant.

HE MADE his way methodically, filling his lungs with air from the bottom layer, and then running forward with held breath, knees bent, head lowered, arms outstretched in front of him as a guard. When he could hold his breath no longer he dropped on his face again, burying his nose in the cool crevices at the bottom and gathering strength for the next rush. Ahead of him at the end of the straight cross-cut he could see indistinctly the red glow reflected from the other shaft, blurred and shifting, reminding him of the orange sun that had first warned him. It was a queer glow, ghostly and elusive; it did not cast any light, leaving the mine as black as if it were not there; and yet there it was, beckoning like some evil red eye trying to lure him into the wrong drift. It oppressed him; it worked on his nerves, already overwrought. What if his father were not in seven? He might equally well have gone into eight or ten. His strength would not last for any exploring. In sudden panic he shouted at the top of his voice: "Dad! Oh, Dad! Where are you?"

From every direction his call reverberated and echoed back at him mockingly; but there was no answer. A miserable choking gripped his throat; if his father were in seven he would have heard that call; either he was not there, or else—Dick fumbled wildly for his matches; not until he drew a water-soaked mass from his pocket did he remember his plunge in the lake. He lay quiet for a moment after that, getting hold of himself; then, wringing his handkerchief out in the nearest puddle, he started forward once more.

The darkness was intense—only ahead of him that beckoning and sinister glow. Bit by bit he worked his way ahead, alternating his quick rush with a drop to breathe the cooler, cleaner air in the crevices of the floor. At last he sensed something different at his left, an odd feeling, as of space unconfined. He put out his arm and touched nothing; he turned in; number seven.

Around the turn the red glow disappeared, and Dick, away from its malevolent influence, felt a great relief. It was no longer beckoning; he felt more secure that he was going in the right direction. Out of the direct current between the shafts the air was better; it was cooler, with less smoke, and did not sting his lungs so; and with renewed confidence he plunged ahead in longer rushes. Then, while lying down to breathe, he caught himself suddenly with a start that wrenched his muscles and sent him staggering down the drift in terror, every nerve quivering. Creeping slowly over him had come a blanketing drowsiness, weighing down his legs as if they were strapped to the rock, soothing his pounding head and scorching lungs with the heavy stupor of the anesthetic. That drowsiness—he must not let it get him—that was the way it began.

He remembered Gordon's words: "He simply went to sleep, and never woke up." No time now for stopping to breathe; he must make it on his feet, going steadily, or not at all. The sudden drowsiness had disheartened him; it was as if to the physical suffocation were added a worse one, a choking of his will power. The depression the gloom of a mine always produced on him was loosed in full. To love the air and sunshine and open skies, and to suffocate miserably underground—the underground he hated, with the oppression of the rock mass over him that he had intended never to feel again. . . . He realized his wits were wandering; he was going delirious on his feet; he must keep his head, that was it, keep his head. . . . Groping dazedly, his foot struck against something soft, something that gave under the pressure, and he fell headlong.

There was a sound of stirring and a confused babbling, thick and incoherent, "Better come, boys, . . . mine . . . safe . . ."

STARTLED back to his senses, Dick shook the limp body roughly. "Dad!" he whispered softly, "Dad!" At the lack of response, he put his ear against his father's chest. The heart was still moderately strong; fast, but strong. Dick felt a sudden rush of pride in the old figure there in his arms, so sturdy, even at sixty-two, a pride that was followed by an equally sudden tenderness. If he could only get him to air he'd probably come around quickly enough; he could not have been off long. The end of the drift formed a blind pocket, and it would take the gases longer to get there. The grip on his father acted like a stimulant; his mind cleared; his depression left him. As he adjusted the wet handkerchief across his face all his thoughts were on the distance to the shaft he must cover in one rush, a rush with four eighteen-foot ladders at the end of it. He gathered the limp form under one arm.

Crouching low, free arm stretched in front of him, he plunged recklessly down the drift. At the curve into the cross-cut he tripped over the switch-point, caught himself wildly, and turned toward the shaft, the red eye back of him. His heart

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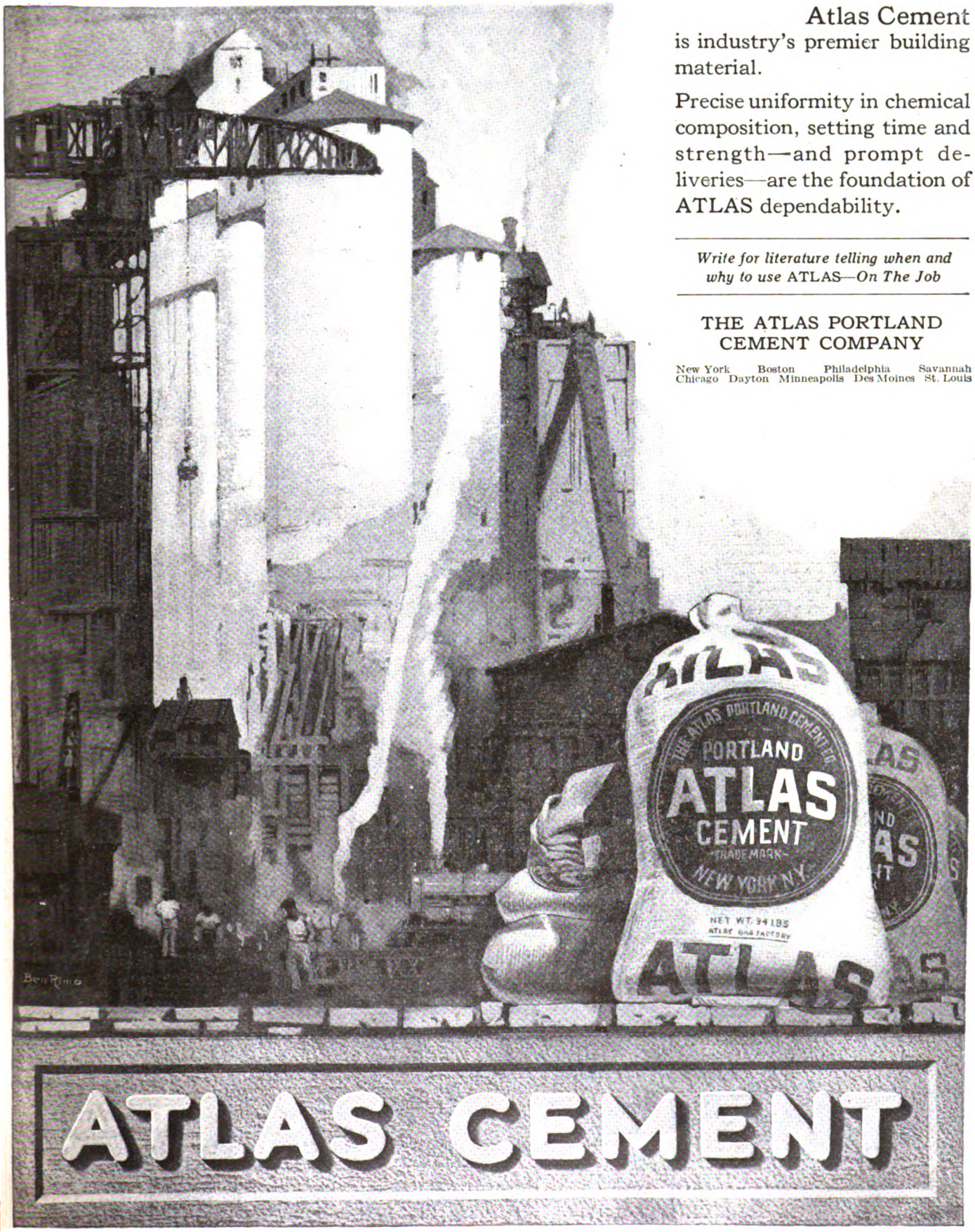

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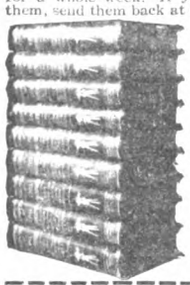

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pounding in his ears and throat, his breath coming in choking gasps, his head swimming, he reached the shaft. Above, he could see through blurred eyes the daylight reflected from the timbers at the top. He clutched his father's wrists in one hand, swung him limply across his shoulder, and started up.

The momentum of his rush carried him to the first landing, where he had to lift his father from his back and pass him ahead of him through the opening. Stumbling from the change of effort, he started up the second ladder rung by rung, every step a struggle. Slowly, more slowly, he forced his way up, each leg, as it straightened to lift the double weight, threatening to buckle beneath him. He reached the landing; he passed his father through ahead of him; he climbed weakly after.

HE STOOPED to pick him up again, and then, instead, leaned quietly against the ladder, quite limp and sick. His legs, trembling and benumbed, flexed feebly, and he almost fell. Something of that heavy paralysis he had felt in the drift below weighed them down; he was losing control over them. He swayed uncertainly, then steadied himself, fighting to take a single step, struggling to move his legs by will power alone. If the men in the lake only knew he was there, so near the top. Surely Danvers would come that far to give him a hand! He tried to shout, but the hoarse and strangling cry would not carry to the next landing. And then to his bewildered mind came the first movement of the "Appassionata," as played by a master. Faintly, as at a great distance, he heard the troubled motive, the eternal struggle, struggle he had always felt in the piece. Elusive, in his confusion it came from every direction, gradually increasing in one vast crescendo until the crashing chords brought the message that had always inspired him and belittled his troubles. His mind cleared, and with it the music faded, but the swift creation had done its work.

With a laugh he reached down again and lifted his father; with renewed strength he started up the third ladder. But not for long. With all the will in the world, the double load was more than his outraged nerves and numbed muscles could carry far. As he felt for each rung his mind grew more bewildered, his muscles more lax, until it became his main effort to keep from sliding back the ladder. He groped hopelessly ahead with his free hand; he pulled himself up another rung. His head struck the landing; he managed to worm his way through; he even tried to climb to his feet again. Clutching the rungs of the last ladder, he pulled himself as far as his knees; just above was a square of daylight, shifting confusedly, that meant safety for them both. But this time no creation of the "Appassionata" came to help him. For a moment he held himself against the ladder, face upturned, striving with one wavering outstretched hand to reach the next rung; then slowly his tense grip relaxed and he slid back limply, groping blindly for the huddled form that was his father; his father . . . he must get hold of him . . . if he could only get hold of him. . . .

SOMETHING cold and unpleasant was hitting his face. He wished it would stop. There it was again. There was a muffled roar in his ears, growing louder. Something hard bruised through his lips and clicked against his teeth, and he choked over a pungent liquid. He swallowed spasmodically. Gradually the roaring resolved. He heard dimly a friendly voice, "All right, lad; the fresh air and water'll soon fix you—the worst of it's gone up here." The flask clicked against his teeth again. This time he swallowed better; his blurred vision slowly cleared, and the face of Bill Danvers took form from the mist.

"Hello, Bill," he queried thickly. "What happened, anyway? What'm I doin' here?" Then, with swift remembrance, "Where's my father?"

"Steady now, son, steady," soothed Danvers. "Your dad's all right. He'll be comin' around in a few minutes. He's not quite as young as you are, you know, and you had a good enough dose of it."

"But what happened? I was tryin' to pick him up for the last ladder—"

"Sure. Well, you see young Jimmy raised such a rumpus to 'go wiv Dickie' that to keep peace in the family I had to climb the hill and take a peek down the ladderway, though I told him it was no use. And, o' course, I saw you just as you slid down on top o' your dad. Oh, I'm a hero, I am," he continued with heavy jocularity. "I got the two o' you all the way up from the bottom o' the first ladder. See!" he broke off. "He's comin' around."

Dick looked at his father. Into the pale cheeks the color was slowly returning; the keen gray eyes were opening. The old captain looked about him bewildered, then at his son's burned clothing and blackened face. Danvers explained in a few words.

"Ten minutes more and you'd a-been gone, Cap'n," he concluded, pointing to the smoke coming out the shaft in increased volume. "The whole mine'll be gutted. It's sure pluck that boy o' yours has got. We never expected to see him come back, but we couldn't stop him. Had a grip on your clothes like a vise, too."

For a full minute father and son, breast-deep in the water, faced each other, unsmiling, while in the father's eyes there slowly dawned a look Dick had never quite seen there before. Then he held out a gnarled and battered old hand.

"WHICH Musical Instrument Do You Like Best?" is the **title of an interesting** article next month by the manager of one of the **largest musical** instrument stores in the United States. It contains **a lot of surprising** facts and anecdotes about the musical tastes of all **kinds of people.**

"HAVE You an Inventor in Your Family?" by Bruce **Barton, next** month, is an article based on the experiences of the U. S. **Patent Office.** It is full of anecdotes and definite information about **people and ideas.**

Look Out—Not In: A Cure for Self-Pity

The personal story of a man who nearly went onto the rocks

I DESERVED it. I got it. It was worth it. I learned more from it than a dozen colleges could teach me. It did me more good than a hundred sermons. It has transformed a drab look backward into a radiant vision of the future.

I am going to tell my story here, just as it happened. A story which he who runs may read. And I hope that, *because* he reads it, he won't have to run as far as I did before finding self-respect, peace of mind, and the prospect of success.

It took me years to arrive. I graduated from a great university—in debt. The total was not large, and the fact of the debts might have been a spur to energy and thrift, and therefore a good thing for me. But, being what I was then, it wasn't a good thing.

Neither were my friends good to me when they loaned me the few hundred dollars with which to settle those college debts. It was too easy. So was my progress in business. I made good all right; but I made too good for my own good. I did not realize it, but those were sorry days for me when, at a very early stage in my business career, my employers advanced me too rapidly.

My income jumped to the point at which I was perfectly justified in marrying the wonderful girl to whom I was engaged. We started modestly, lived on a budget and all that, and we were on the way to save money, when sickness and death in the family on my side of the house plunged me again into debt.

Instantly I harked back to the time when I had borrowed money to pay my college debts. I had returned that borrowed amount, and now it warmed the cockles of my heart to recall how simple it all had been.

Thereupon I took the easiest way. I negotiated a loan at the bank in my old home town. It was for an amount which under the circumstances ought not to have been loaned to me, but it was. I gave my note and had a definite understanding that I could take care of it piecemeal. It was very soft.

Forthwith, I walked right out before the whole grand-stand and made my play. I squared up the family debts, turned over to relatives some life insurance funds which had come to me, and took over the support of those relatives. And I talked about it. Oh, I talked a lot! That gained friends for me and it also made me a hero—in my mirror.

At that stage of the game I was holding down a fine job in a city, relatively small but quite big enough for me, as was the job. My firm was one which did a country-wide business.

Then a serious thing happened: I was promoted, elevated from a state managership to the managership of a territory embracing several states, with my headquarters in a big city. Before I left my humbler station I was banqueted, loving-cupped, press-noticed and panegyrized to my satisfaction—and to my undoing. I contracted a malignant case of swell head, and the disease continued to develop in my new environment.

College classmates picked me up in the new city, told me in which superlative suburban quarter I must live, to what clubs I must belong, to what lengths I must go. I lived where I was told to live, I belonged as I was bidden, I went the whole length, and I gathered speed as I went.

My salary was a good one, a very good one. But it wasn't enough. Especially did it become too meager when, after a round of welcoming dinners and dances and week-ends, my turn came—and simultaneously came also one of the ever-recurring maturity days of the grand-stand note in the bank back home. The note had to be met; partially, at least. The gayety had to be met, wholly, of course.

I had not been in the big city half a dozen months before I was "up against it" hard; and again my friends were too good to me. When I was lunching with one of them one day I was depressed, as I had good reason to be, and I showed it. My host noticed it and said: "What's the matter with you to-day, anyway?"

HE WAS a close friend. We had been together at college, where together we had done things we ought not to have done. He was one of those friends who understood.

At all events, I unburdened. He loosened. He wrote me a check which pulled me out of my temporary hole and headed me straight for a deeper one somewhere in the future; and not so very much further on, either. It was very easy; too easy. I now had the old note of heroics and the new debt of honor.

I did not tell my wife. I was one of those men who think they are perfectly capable of handling their own affairs. Anyway, why worry her? I prided myself on not being "that kind" of a husband.

Let me interject that if right there I had made that same little woman the chancelloress of the exchequer, things would have been different, very different. But I didn't. As a result, the whole situation worked out differently from what I thought it could. I became a chronic borrower, and I went deeper and deeper into it. My credit began to suffer. It finally went entirely. I could not keep pace with our living expenses—and we just had to live as we had lived. That was the way I put it. I believed it. I did not even stick to our scale of living. I went it one better, and sometimes more than one.

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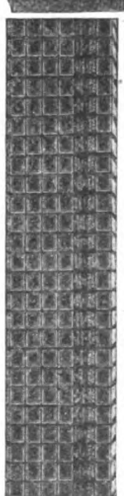

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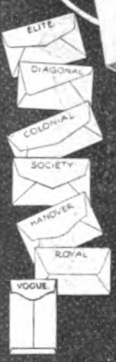

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And then I lost my job. Why? That's no one's business now, but it was then, and they made it very *much* their business. Some of my friends tried to help by way of advice. I didn't want that. I wanted money and a new position. I couldn't get the first and I had something of a circus getting the second.

BUT in due time I did land another job, a good one in every sense of the word except one. It was *too* good a job for me just then. It made me think that I was a sure winner, that I just couldn't lose. By this time I had become calloused to the in-debt circumstances, and I went on living, not riotously, just living as well as the other fellow in my class; in fact, a shade better on the whole.

On my feet again—to the extent of holding down a position which everyone knew to be a good one—my credit went up and I was once more able to borrow. I did. My borrowing capacity in those days, legitimately directed, might well have made me to-day one of your seventy per cent income tax payers. I had a remarkable aptitude for making friends, warm friends, who remained warm until I made them hot.

I lost that job. Again, it is nobody's business now. It was then! I lost two other positions in due time, good ones, far above the average. I gave up a couple more because they were "not big enough" for so big a man as I. And then came bankruptcy!

The law of the land said I didn't owe a cent. Again I was a winner. Once more I couldn't lose. And to prove it, I went out and landed a high-grade executive position with one of the great firms of the country, by far the best job I had ever held, unquestionably the great opportunity of my life thus far. I made good on the job, too. My people said I was the best executive that had ever occupied the position. But there was a sequel.

In the interval between my out-of-a-job and on-the-job statuses I had been short of funds, and I had borrowed money again. When I took over my new high-grade position, therefore, I was once more in debt, the same kind of debt which I had been permitted by law to repudiate. I borrowed from Peter to pay Paul. I did it rather more rapidly than before, and I tried a little more of the grand-stand stuff; tried to pay off Paul too quickly and ran behind in other directions. And there you are. It was the old story, only more of it. I knew what was coming. It came—I went.

For more reasons than I can marshal here this last blow was a staggerer. I had been called into conference with one of the high officers of the firm. He had greeted me in kindly fashion, and yet I knew somehow that something sinister was just ahead. There was no lost motion. The high officer looked at me and said: "Mr. ——, I regret it, but I shall have to request your resignation, to take effect at once."

He didn't give me a chance to expostulate. He went on: "I am perfectly frank to say that your work has been satisfactory to the highest possible degree. Your debts, however, and your habit of borrowing promiscuously cannot be overlooked." He reached for the telephone and gave instructions by which I was handed a very generous check by way of notice, and I went out.

I deserved it.

For several days I was stunned. The winner had lost; the many-time winner had lost, perhaps for the last time. And then I woke up.

All those years, I must not say how many, I had been asleep, dreaming; asleep to the great fundamental that the game cannot be played that way; dreaming that it would all come out right; believing that it was not a violation of the business code, but *not* believing that it was disobedience of the statutes of God to borrow and not to pay again.

As I regained my poise, I began to see, and then I saw—at last I saw.

I did things.

I DID the things that ought to have been done long years before. From the *well-intentioned* man I had long been, I found the urge to become the *right-doing* man. And with that urge driving me, I went out after a new position.

I found one; not where, or as, I expected. It was a good position; and, curiously enough, precisely as remunerative as the one I had just lost. Strange to relate, moreover, it was better potentially. But it was at this far corner where I now am, remote from city men and affairs.

Of course I was asked by the president of the company with which I was negotiating why I had left my recent connection. I told him, told him the truth, all of it. It sobered him momentarily; then he said, "Telling the truth has not harmed you any."

Naturally, he did not announce his decision then and there, and I went back to the big city to wait. I made it my first duty to communicate with the high officer who had requested my resignation but a short time before. I informed him that I had told the truth in my hunt for a new position; that he might be asked questions; and that reservations were not necessary. He looked his gratification, and added, "I will not hurt you."

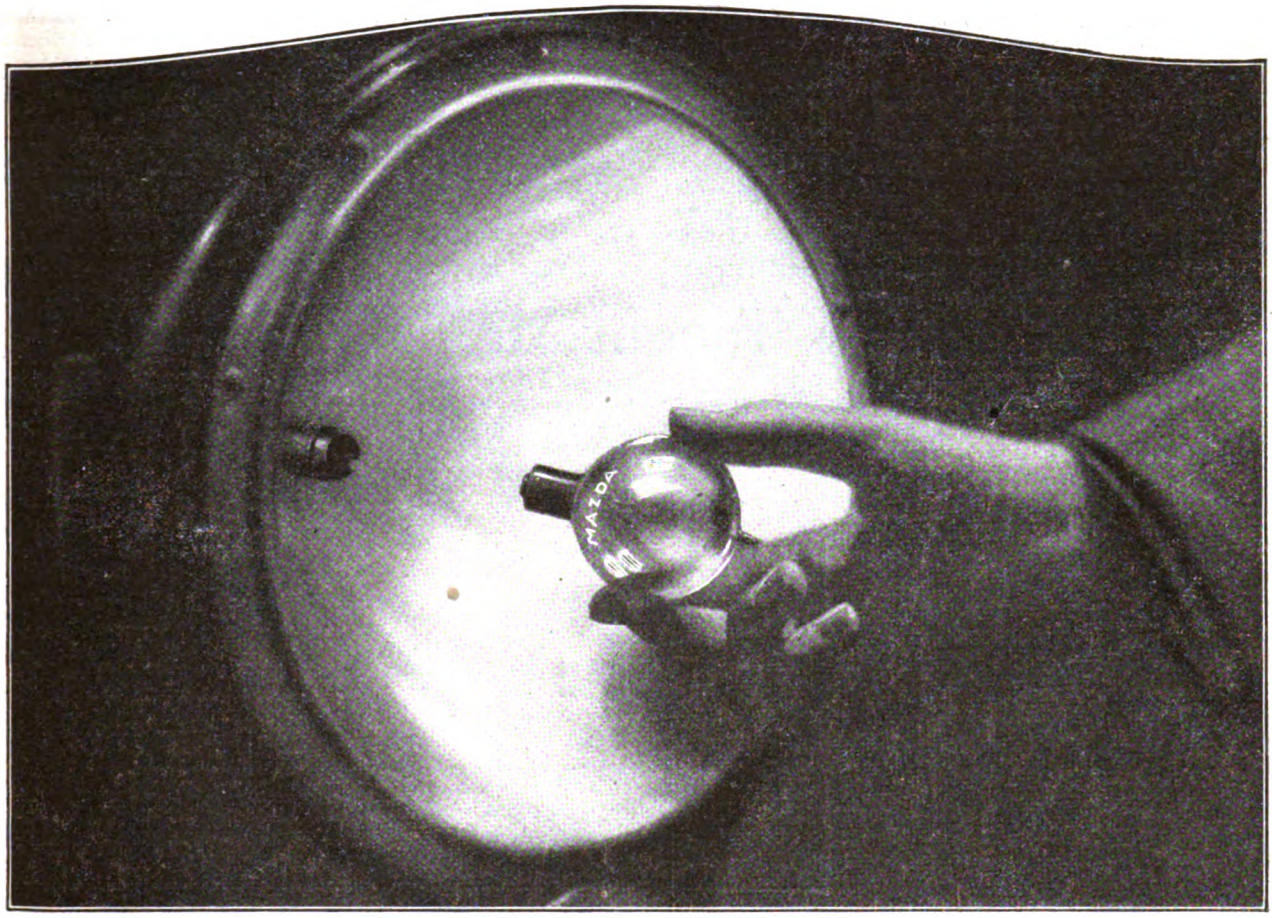
The questions were asked. He did not hurt me, and the best position I had yet had was mine, mine in the face of keen competition, mine within a month of my last cataclysm. I took it, and there I was—marooned.

Now don't make any mistake about it! This business of being marooned does things to you. It thrusts iron into your soul, white-hot iron, and it sears. It—well, it gets you. Mind you, there was nothing the matter with the job. It was a man's job, a hard one. But it wasn't that. It was this: I was alone in a far country where, as I thought then, they didn't do things the way they ought to be done. They were too circumscribed, too provincial, too everything that offended so sophisticated a person as I was. They didn't talk my language, think my thoughts, breathe my atmosphere; and I couldn't quite understand that it was I who was the odd number, the student note, the only plain ass in the vicinity.

It was a good thing that I was alone. I was marooned in order that I might be just that; for it was my "aloneness" that gave me again the chance I had never seized before. I had a desperate case of

MAZDA

"Not the name of a thing, but the mark of a service"



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the disease which, perhaps of all diseases to which human beings are heir, is the worst. I refer to the loathsome disease known as Self-Pity. There probably never was a man so sorry for himself as I was.

But there is a cure for self-pity. It is this: Look *out*, not *in*. Then, after repeated doses of the looking-outward medicine, it is perfectly safe once more to look in. Indeed, you cannot escape the reaction of introspection; and if you have followed with fidelity the prescribed treatment your cure is assured. The new look in will show you things about yourself which the right-minded man hesitates to contemplate. For you will find that the trouble is always with the you that is within yourself.

I became a new man when I made this discovery—and admitted it. Prior to that time I had known it in a sort of subconscious way, but I had passed the buck. From the moment of my clear-sightedness my problems, all of them, seemed to solve themselves. The first thing I did was to get out of the hotel and into a room in a private house. This did two things for me: It was cheaper, thus teaching me the value of a dollar, and it gave me a glimpse of the fine home life that is possible in a place which had seemed to me so benighted.

MY SECOND step was to communicate with a lawyer friend in the far-off metropolitan City of Mistakes. I gave him a list of my obligations and told him that each month thereafter I would send him a definite sum of money to be distributed by him pro rata to the men to whom I was indebted. I asked him to notify the gentlemen. And then I began to look people in the eye.

I sent for my wife. She came, and together we entered upon a life altogether new, but refreshing to both; to me, because for the first time I was playing the game straight; to her, because she was the woman that she is. I was amazed to receive assurances from those creditors of mine, assurances of good-will and restored friendships. I became more efficient. I do not write it boastfully. I felt it. Results proved it. I became a straight thinker. I breathed a cleaner air. I saw God's blue sky through clear eyes, and, somehow, something told me that a man always knows when he has found himself. Something told me that life holds no problems which cannot be solved by the man who plays the game right.

And something told me that a great thing had come to me when I was marooned—marooned in order that I might learn at last to know myself.

What My Boss Taught Me About Marriage

SOME people advocate "trial marriages." They think it would be a good scheme if men and women would take each other on probation for two or three years, instead of "until death do them part." Then, if the arrangement has worked well, it can be made permanent; if not, the partnership can be dissolved.

I am going to tell you about a much better plan. I have tried it myself, and I know it is a good one. Being a woman, of course I look at it from the point of view of the wife. But the *results* are just as important to the husband. For that matter, it can be worked both ways, for the man as well as for the girl.

It is just this: If you are a girl, get into an office, or some place where you have to work with men, and make it your business to study them and learn how to get along smoothly with them. If you are a man, and there are girls and women working for you or with you, do the same thing with them.

Now, don't misunderstand me! I don't mean that you are to pick out your husband or your wife from the men or the women around you. But learn how to get along with these men, or these women, as [illegible] be. And then, when you do marry, use in your *home* the knowledge of human nature you have gained in your office. That is what I have done.

Work with a man daily for four years, and record painstakingly all the pesky little traits you discover in him, and the methods you use to combat them, and you will have a pretty good knowledge of how to handle a husband.

For instance, the very first thing I discovered about my boss—and I think it is true of a good many men, at least of the kind most girls would consider marrying—was that his bark was worse than his bite. The first day he "flew off the handle" I just sat still and shook inside, though I never let him know it. I felt like giving up my job that very night, but I decided to try it another day; and as sure as you live he was as sweet as sugar the next morning.

He never held spite. I don't believe men do, but women are apt to forget this. If you want to weather the storms of irritability with men, remember not to get angry when they do, and forget it all just as quickly as they do—even when in the heat of their impatience, and perhaps justifiable wrath, they call you a silly little thing, or an ignoramus, or a loafer on the job. If you can manage to do this—and you can!—all will go well. You'll laugh at it together next day.

And here's another thing I learned in business: I don't believe a man vents his anger on the person who is the real offender. If you understand this, it will be a great comfort to you when "Hubby" complains that the steak, or the omelet, is tough. When my boss lit into me, I found that usually it was because someone else in his office had angered him, or else he had not slept well the night before, or the heater had gone out and he had been obliged to build a new fire, or something similarly distressing had upset him. When I myself was at fault he was usually quite decent about it. Probably in that case he took it out on someone else.

In this connection, I learned another valuable thing: I found that the best plan was to beat him to it and acknowledge the fault before he had a chance to growl. When you say, "Yes, I'm guilty," the argument is ended. Try it in your domestic crises, and see for yourself.

BUT the best way was to give him no occasion for faultfinding. I was scrupulously careful not to *repeat* a mistake. Everyone can make mistakes the first time, but no one need repeat them. Indeed, I out-thought him just about twenty seconds in a dispute. I knew most of his favorite topics of disagreement, and these I soon learned to walk around. When he waxed illogical—yes, men will, though it is a fault most often credited to the other sex—I did not argue; it was time wasted. When I found him verging on dangerous ground, I dug out one of those "red flags" of his and waved it, and let him rage away from the unsafe territory.

And I never traded on my femininity. I believe too many women do this even with their husbands. It may work very well the first two or three times to cry, pout, and then "make up;" but men soon get tired of it, and become hardened to the sight of tears. You would yourself. But a laugh is a wonderful antidote to the quarrel poison.

I used to try it, but with discretion, of course. In the heat of argument I would try to make a snappy remark that would make him smile, sometimes it was a pun or a funny story, and soon we would be laughing and the storm would be over. You can usually count on a man, if he has any sense of humor at all, to laugh if you give him a chance. Once in a great while you can even laugh at him; it works so much better than nagging, but it requires an almost exquisite workmanship.

You see, it all consisted in my keeping cool and impersonal when he was angry, and saving my indignation until he was calm. Not that I was a meek little creature, far from it. But I never bothered with fussing over small matters. It was so much easier to let him have his way. After all, it was his business, to be managed the way he wanted it. But when a really big issue came up, something that might prove to be a precedent later on, I fought like a wildcat.

I shall never forget the first day I stalked out and slammed the door, with the remark that when he was ready to talk the matter over rationally I would listen to him. I did not repeat this, however, until he had almost forgotten I could do it. And also, when I intended to contest a point, I mustered up in advance every concrete fact on the subject, and kept them handy to fling at him when he started in to floor me with his generalities.

I don't see why two people who love each other should fuss even as much as a big, blustery business man and his secretary, who are weathering together every day the vicissitudes of a whirling business life; but the small domestic worries, that will come up, ought to yield to the same treatment. When my husband comes home with his nerves on edge, I just think of what I myself had been obliged to put up with on a hard business day, and I use some of the diplomacy which my boss, the kindest but hardest man to deal with, unconsciously taught me.

C. M. W.

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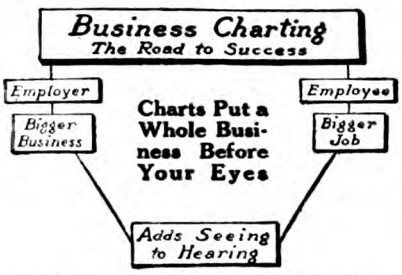

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THE FAMILY'S MONEY

How I Manage on $30 a Week

I AM not a married man, but if any single woman has the right to rank in the same class as a benedict, I am the woman.

In June, 1914, I was earning $12 a week, of which I contributed $5 toward the household expenses, the balance providing for my clothes, car fares, lunches, dentist bills, and all other personal expenditures, including fees for night school and music lessons. Needless to say I did not save much, as I never could resist the temptation of being extravagant at Christmas and birthdays.

In July, 1914, I was jubilant over a huge "rise" to $16 weekly, and I had visions of a fat bank account accumulating from the extra $4. However, about the middle of August of that year, Life took me by the hand and led me up a rung on the Ladder of Experience. Responsibility, like greatness, is sometimes thrust upon us, and I knew, achingly, that henceforth the responsibility of looking after my mother lay with me. A little income of, roughly, $6 per week came to my mother, and with my $16 we had an income of $22 weekly. We moved to a cozy flat of five rooms over a store, for which we paid $22.50 per month, and I took out life insurance for $1,000, the premuim causing me to put aside 75 cents a week. I paid the rent, gas and light bills, fire and life insurance, entertainments and all my personal expenses, and put $4 into the housekeeping fund. Mother put into it $3, and also $1, for wear and tear, leaving $2, for her clothes.

With the war things began "going up," and with them our rent, which after our year's lease expired was shot to $30, and six months later to $35, and a year after that to $40, where it now remains (*pro tem*).

WE ARE still in the same flat, which is convenient for my mother, and besides, it's cheaper to pay rent than to move. I'm still in the same job—only I seem to have carried the job up with the rest of the things. Each time that, spurred on by the constantly increasing H. C. of L., I thought of making a change, I was handed out a little more responsibility and an increase in pay. I'm now earning $30, and the dearest wish of my heart just now is to buy a little home with a living-room in it large enough for the soul, and a blue-and-white and sunshiny kitchen, and not too many stairs for the mother.

According to reports, we are living in the most expensive spot on earth; everybody visiting here says food and clothing and rents are so much higher (and fewer) than anywhere else. Well, maybe,—but I'm still hoping that my house is going to materialize, providing a miracle happens, or that I can find a builder who will build me a house, with a small payment down. So far, I find that 50 per cent of the cost is required before they will start; and if I have to keep on paying rent till I save up the necessary spondulics, I shall be gray-headed and ready for my six-foot house.

My mother averages our living expenses at $7 per week. I get my lunch for 25 cents in the lunch-room provided by the firm for whom I work.

We apportion our income thus:

Mother has her own $6 to which I add for Housekeeping	5.00
Rent (per week)	9.25*
Gas and electrlt	.75*
Fire and life ins	1.00*
Car fares for myself	1.00
Lunches	1.25
Clothes	2.00
Contrib. and amusements	1.00*
Reserve for wear and tear	.50*
Vacation fund	.50
Mother's fund	1.00
Savings	5.00
Miscellaneous	1.75
	$30.00

After chipping in her portion of the weekly expenses, Mother has four dollars to dispose of as she sees fit, and I found in her a tendency to go short on clothes for herself so, secretly, I put by one dollar a week, which I call to myself "Mother fund." Then, when she needs a dress or coat, I have a little reserve to supplement her own ance, and see that she to wear.

I PUT my money and draw check what I call my "fe marked *), but I never knew where I was in the ma actual savings. So I opened a sep account at another bank, in which first deposited the large sum of dollar weekly, for savings only, and no be touched under any circumstances. increased the amount saved as my sala increased, and in 1917 when the Victory Loan was floated I took $150.00 in bonds paying $3 weekly through the firm, which was clear saving. In 1918, I took $200 in bonds, paying $4 a week, and now I've taken $250, at $5 weekly. This is as good a way of saving as any that I know of; it helps one's country and you get 5½ per cent return on your money in the bargain.

In the five years that I have been the wage-earning head of the family, I've received four bonuses of $100 each. Mother and I go "halfers" on these, the only stipulation being that she buy something for herself and not for the house.

We are able to attend a few good concerts, plays and lectures during the year, and I've had the privilege of sending one hundred dollars to a very sick friend who was badly in need of a change of air. Her bright eyes and rosy cheeks when she came back were ample return on my investment. Also, I've loaned odd amounts at different times to a young lad who is working his way through college, and who thought he could not afford to belong to

The American Magazine

April, 1920

JOHN M. SIDDALL, *Editor*

Vol. LXXXIX

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
April, 1920

A Genius Who Never Walked a Step

The extraordinary story of Charles Lee Cook—a Louisville invalid, who, against great odds, has achieved wonders

By B. C. Forbes

A CRIPPLE who has never been able to walk a step in his life, and who was taken from school when seven years of age, recently refused a forty-thousand-dollar-a-year job.

Some of America's proudest warships could not hold their heads quite so high had this same cripple not been called into counsel to assist in solving a problem which set up a certain danger of boiler explosion by oil working through the condensers. He evolved a device that eliminated this trouble and made it possible for these ships to be equipped with automatic lubricating devices for the engines.

The tenants of palatial apartments in New York, Chicago, and other cities owe some of their luxurious comforts to the genius of this unschooled cripple. During the war, he invented one machine which enabled a solitary unskilled workman to accomplish as much work as had been done by thirty skilled mechanics.

That outlines only one side of his accomplishments. At an examination not so long ago he displayed a vocabulary of over 37,000 words, and gave distinctive definitions to over 15,000 synonyms, a feat believed to be beyond the power of all but perhaps half-a-dozen living Americans.

He can describe from memory the careers of the five hundred most famous figures which have appeared on the world's stage since the dawn of history, and can describe the conditions under which the people lived during the times of each of these leaders. The classics he has at his tongue's end.

Although he never entered an art school, he has developed surprising ability as a painter; this, too, notwithstanding that he has only the most limited use of his hands, and is unable to lift or hold anything weighing more than a few ounces.

Becoming interested in law, he attended law school when thirty-six years of age, and lawyers who knew him then declare that had he chosen the legal profession he would unquestionably have fitted himself for the United States Supreme Court Bench.

Such distinction has he won as an authority on public questions and as a student of politics that the governor of Kentucky seriously considered him for appointment to the United States Senate as successor to the late Ollie James.

He has lately designed and built a miniature steamer of a type which it is believed will restore to the Ohio and Mississippi rivers their old-time glory as channels of traffic; his description of the old-time steamboat and exposition of his new model drew the admiration of the Inland Waterway Commission when last year it summoned the cripple to give its members the benefit of his vast knowledge of river transportation and engineering.

Architects proclaim that his vision and technic in architecture is remarkable. Among other things, he designed and built at Brunswick, Georgia, the most wonderful creosoting works this or any other nation has ever known.

So many-sided is his genius, so catholic his sympathies, so deep his understanding of human nature, that his friends and correspondents embrace leading financiers, industrial and commercial masters, members of Congress, members of the judiciary, ministers, agnostics, artists, doctors, stars of the stage, anarchists, monarchists, loafers, beggars and convicts.

He demonstrates in a practical way his interest in humanity by giving away fully one fifth of his generous income every year.

All this he has achieved in the face of nothing but discouragement by his parents, who mistakenly thought that the almost entire lack of use of his muscles fatally incapacitated him for any work. Indeed, they did not imagine for a moment that he would live to manhood. Little

How We Heard About Mr. Cook

A FEW months ago Mr. Forbes wrote for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE an article presenting the story and ideas of Percy H. Johnston, recently chosen president of the Chemical National Bank of New York. Mr. Johnston is thirty-nine years old, and one of the most remarkable of the younger business giants.

When Mr. Forbes was preparing that article Mr. Johnston said to him, "Why do you bother with me as a subject for an article? I am well and strong, and *ought* to make good. Why don't you get a *real* story? Why don't you go to Louisville and get the facts about Charles Lee Cook—an invalid who can't walk a step, yet a man who has done marvels in business. I have known him for years. My acquaintance with him extends back to the days when I lived in Louisville. Get Cook's story. You will be amazed."

Here is Cook's story. Read how the man overcame his difficulties. THE EDITOR.

did they know the strength of his will, the caliber of his brain, the indomitableness of his ambition.

"Adversity," he says, "is a spur. What may seem the harshness of Providence is often just what is needed to make a man fit to face the steel of existence. It is true of men, as it is of nations, that they thrive and wax strong on hardship, and that they wane on ease and self-satisfaction."

Don't imagine for a moment that the gods have laid all these gifts and talents and accomplishments into his lap without exertion on his part. For twelve years he toiled in absolute obscurity in his father's stable *an average of seventeen hours a day* at a lathe of his own design and construction, turning out a product of his own invention which, though it netted him only five dollars a week during all these years, was destined to earn him in later years both fame and fortune, and to place his product in nearly every great engineering construction marvel of the present century.

Although without sufficient power in his muscles to enable him to move without aid at any stage of his life, he has kept everlastingly at it, seated in a "buggy" of his own construction, with a zeal and application equaling that of Edison. Once, when called upon to undertake an exceptionally difficult task of great urgency and importance, he worked continuously from Sunday midnight to Friday night without sleep. Nor is it uncommon for him to work two whole rounds of the clock without stopping to eat. Although the record of his achievements suggests the possession of an Aladdin's lamp, an analysis of his career reveals that he had to pay a full hundred cents on the dollar for everything he has attained.

CHARLES LEE COOK, of Louisville, Kentucky, the remarkable subject of this article, was a normal child, as were his brother and sister. He developed more than usual strength until about one year old, when stagnation of muscular development began to appear. Although he never walked, he was a handsome and physically perfect child, apart from this failure in muscular development.

When fourteen, a slight curvature of the spine set in, because the muscles of the body had not sufficiently developed to sustain its weight. This is Mr. Cook's only deformity, and though he is now forty-nine, his body is as elastic as that of a child, with every function normal, and all the senses highly developed.

His eyesight has been proved by examination to be stronger than that of a young man. His ability to measure things by the eye has become, through constant practice, almost miraculous. He has likewise an extraordinary eye for color, being able even in lamplight to work out delicate color distinctions—he is usually so busily engrossed in other things during the day that his painting is done at night.

When four years old he was wheeled to and from school; but, although he showed unusual aptitude for learning, his schooling was terminated before he was seven, solely because his parents felt certain that he would never live to reap the benefit of a proper education.

His father, who lived in Louisville, had been a principal constructor of the Louisville Canal for the United States Government, and had also converted old river steamers into gunboats for the North during the Civil War. The little cripple early manifested mechanical ingenuity. From the time he was six years old he made all his own toys, as well as mechanical playthings for the other members of his family and numbers of little friends. When only eight, he built a steam engine which actually worked, notwithstanding that the materials within his reach were most scanty and crude: the cylinder was made of a 32-caliber cartridge shell, the boiler of a half-pound baking-powder can, the flue in the boiler was in part a kerosene lamp burner, and steam was generated by this means. At twelve he aroused some local attention by constructing a miniature duplicate of the famous Mississippi River towboat "Ajax." This model was twenty inches long, ran by steam and towed tiny barges made from cigar boxes.

His next and more ambitious achievement was the successful building of a steam fire engine which contained over one thousand pieces. Although only eight inches high and seven pounds in weight, it could throw a stream of water more than fifty feet! Yet his only materials for this wonderful machine were old pieces of a French harp, lamp burners, steel hairpins, knitting needles, and brass tubing taken fron an old gas jet. His only tools were two files, a hammer, a saw, and a watchmaker's die. Numerous visitors, including jewelers and expert mechanics, declared that the workmanship in it equaled that of the finest Swiss watch.

Notwithstanding these exhibitions of phenomenal talent, his parents extended to him no encouragement whatsoever. They looked upon his activities as purely childish, harmless enough, but not capable of development into usefulness. He was left alone to "amuse himself" in the little workshop he had rigged up in the family stable. In the evenings he watched the other children doing their home work, and tried to pick up as much education as he could under the circumstances, but without brilliant results. His heart was in mechanics rather than in schoolbooks.

One day, as he sat watching a railroad cut being excavated, he noticed that with each stroke of the piston on the powerful engine some steam escaped from the steam chest. The crippled youth had made friends with the engineer, just as he had made friends with a great many other men connected with mechanics, and he asked why this steam was allowed to escape. The engineer replied that nobody had been able to find any method of preventing this waste for any length of time.

"I'll solve that problem," he said to himself. And he did.

HE FINALLY got his device perfected, and it was placed on a Louisville and Nashville locomotive, where it ran one hundred and seventy-five thousand miles without repair. As an example of his grit and faith in himself, while developing his packing he would watch its performance all night on a switch engine. Once he had his attendant take him to the railroad roundhouse at night, where he waited until all but a friendly watchman and night hostler had gone and then, without anybody's permission, he disconnected the rod and slipped his packing on a locomotive at two or three o'clock A. M. The engineer ran this locomotive for days without knowing the packing had been changed. This boy so skillfully did these things that no accident ever resulted to the engine. Eventually these things were found out, but a good-natured master-mechanic paid him for his packing, and ordered some for other engines.

In this crude way he formed the basis of the business he now conducts in Louisville under the name of the C. Lee Cook Manufacturing Company. His experimenting took the form of a new invention, the first of a long line to Mr. Cook's credit. What he devised was a novel kind of metallic packing. He managed to purchase a little engine lathe, and then designed and built a four-horse-power engine and boiler to run it. Here, in his father's stable, he ran this machine, turning out its unique product, and kept at it year after year with no help whatsoever except that given him by his colored attendant.

IT TOOK him twelve years, working an average of seventeen hours a day, to emerge from the stable and establish a modest factory, which was destined to play an important part in the carrying out of some of the greatest construction and engineering achievements in America. His product is known throughout the world. During the war his packing was used on many Emergency Fleet Corporation ships, just as it is constantly used in the greatest steel plants of America.

Incidentally, another of his contributions to the war was the building of lathes for France for turning monster shells; and so perfect was his product that the French informed him that for once they hadn't a single complaint to make—an unusual experience in dealing with foreign manufacturers of war materials.

Some idea of the difficulties he encountered in perfecting and operating his invention can be gathered from the fact that his hands were too weak to hold the tools. What he could not accomplish with his hands, however, he set himself to accomplish with his brains. He rigged up a novel mechanical contraption which enabled him, with a minimum of physical effort, to hold the material on the lathe to trim it.

"I succeeded in overcoming all these difficulties, just as I have succeeded in overcoming other difficulties since, by not only being always willing to work harder than most people but by seeking always to distinguish between trifles and big things," he declares. "One difference between the man who succeeds in a large way and the man who does not succeed is that the latter concerns himself with matters of small importance, while the successful man concentrates upon the things that count most. If you turn your whole energies toward achieving something worth while, and refuse to be discouraged by repeated failures, the chances are that in time your combination of brain power and active work will enable you to win out.

"Success cannot be defined; it can only be described. It is not a brilliant scene; it is power, working for good, just doing the right thing strongly, and always, while doing it, gathering more strength to do it more strongly. It means that we have got to be fair with the world, and it does

not mean that we must pause every time we do a thing well, or think we do it well, to listen for echoes of the world going wild with applause about it. It simply means that we have got to give more than we receive. The big sustaining spirit of my business is that for every dollar I ask I am striving with all my might to send out in advance a dollar and a half in service.

"Of all failures on the face of the earth it is the human leech that, earning nothing, feeds and feeds upon the energies of the world, until by fatty degeneration of riches, his hold breaks, and he dies without a worthy neighbor to mourn his loss.

"It is madness to maintain that men should not have the right to acquire wealth. Wealth in individual hands is a wonderful blessing to the world when rightly used. We can no more hope to sustain aspiration, without some motive of gain and power, than we can presume to sustain life without food. But every means that attains this eminence ought to square with service-giving endeavors of responsible citizenship. Discouraged people who yet have their lives before them ought to study these ideals, instead of kicking and wailing about the failure of the world to give them a square deal. They ought then to get to work, work, work.

"SHORT hours and specialized attention to one thing will do very well for the man who is satisfied to be a nameless unit in the game of life. But no man ever reached heights above the average who kept himself busy looking at the clock.

"I have always sought to cultivate an optimism that turns the disappointments of one day into opportunities of another. To gain any high end or aim, it is usually necessary for man to become something of an idealist and indulge in dreams. But unless ideals and dreams and visions are zealously pursued, so as to transform them into practical realities, they amount to little. In a word, dreaming that is not accompanied by doing is of scant service to mankind.

"If I have been able to gather a moderate amount of knowledge of a larger variety of subjects than the average person, it is because I have been ready to expend the necessary exertion. I have always scorned to accept sympathy over being a cripple. I have inflexibly adhered to the rule that I would accept no favor and negotiate no business with any person whose intention was to give it to me out of pity for my physical misfortune.

"There must be a genuine service, or an honest endeavor to render a service, for every emolument life receives; and any person of sane mind, whether physically sound or defective, must give full measure for anything and everything received. Sometimes it has been embarrassing to me and to other people when I felt compelled to refuse business because I sensed that the motive of the other party sprang from sympathy. My uncompromising stand on this point has sometimes caused me much hardship, yet never once have I been tempted to deviate from the course which I knew to be absolutely right."

What caused Mr. Cook to broaden his search for knowledge beyond strictly mechanical matters was a humiliating experience he underwent at the age of twenty-four. His mastery of mechanics and metals had become sufficiently well known locally to bring him an invitation to give an address on the future possibilities of steel. Although his paper contained predictions which have since been proved to have been amazingly accurate prophecies, and although its facts and theories made an impression upon those qualified to judge, the speaker noticed more than once a disrespectful titter among the audience.

CHARLES LEE COOK

A Louisville cripple, whose remarkable story is told in these pages

Afterward he asked a friend who had heard the essay, a high-school teacher, what was the cause of the ridicule. This friend, tactfully but frankly, told Mr. Cook that the essay was ungrammatical, and was badly composed, and that someone should have gone over it and rewritten it before it was delivered. Deeply mortified, Mr. Cook promised that he would never again be guilty of such an offense.

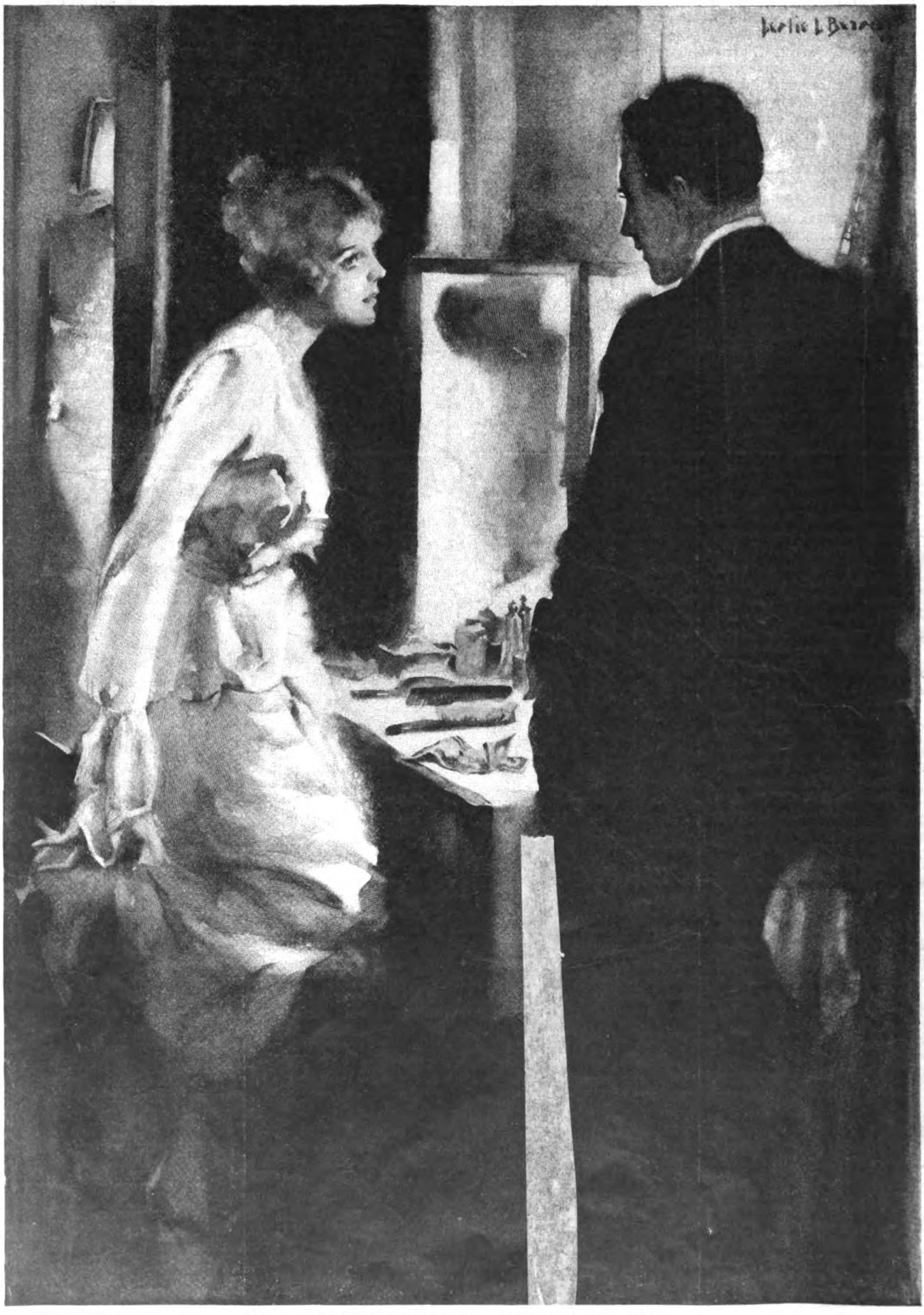
Immediately he began a severe study of grammar and rhetoric, of the history and the vocabulary of the English language, of etymology and every other subject bearing upon speech. His labors included the compilation of distinctions between over 15,000 synonyms and antonyms. He built up a wide knowledge of roots and original meanings and derivatives, and even learned to trace many words into Greek, Latin, Hebrew and Sanskrit. Today he is an authority on the history of languages.

The seemingly impossible has always challenged Lee Cook to prodigious effort. The demand for his products became so widespread that he was compelled to tackle the problem of designing and building an addition to cover and completely surround the smaller building. This feat he accomplished without disturbing the operation of over thirty machines in the small building, notwithstanding that numbers of them stood in the way of piers and foundations. By a system of inexpensive braces and arches, parts of the new building were carried until it was completed, the old building dismantled and the machines, one by one, removed to new positions.

AGAIN, his construction of the most modern efficient creosoting plant in the United States brought him much fame in the industrial world. The site was a swamp which required over five hundred piles to make its foundation secure. It covered twenty acres, called for one hundred and sixty-five carloads of machinery and material, was equipped with over two miles of railroad track and switches, and entailed the installation of upward of fifty thousand valves and pipe joints for the connection and operation of steam and creosote pipes ranging from one-eighth to twenty inches in diameter. The plant was built in less than a year, Mr. Cook acting as president and treasurer, engineer, architect, purchasing agent and business manager. In one week he dictated over five hundred reports, specifications and letters connected with the project. When tested, not more than ten joints out of all the thousands required the slightest resetting.

When the authorities took up the question of multiplying the traffic facilities of our great inland waterways in order to supplement the nation's inadequate railway facilities, Mr. Cook's interest and assistance were invited. He recalled having watched many a time a certain type of river steamer ply the Ohio when he was a boy. He hunted high and low for a photograph of such a boat, and finally discovered one in the possession of a veteran Kentuckian.

He first painted a picture of the boat steaming down the Ohio, and then set himself to building a working model of an ideal all-steel boat for river use, the main aim being, of course, to reduce the draft of the vessel to the lowest possible minimum so that it could be navigated during low water. With infinite pains he constructed his novel (*Continued on page 235*)



"You mean Will Seymour lost four dolla[illegible] [illegible]d seventy-five cents to you on the train this morni[illegible] [illegible]nd you took it?"

On the 7:50 Express

A story of friendship between men

By Edwin Balmer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESLIE BENSON

IT WAS only a six-minute walk from the corner of Pioneer Road and Greenbay Street to the station, but Mr. William Seymour, who liked to allow a safe margin for unforeseen accidents, always left twelve minutes before train time; accordingly, upon the October morning following the Hornsby Cooperage Company fire, as upon every other work-day morning, the front door of the Seymour home opened precisely at 7:38 and William Seymour emerged, hat and coat on and faultlessly brushed, with gloves buttoned and all ready for the city.

From her place at the breakfast table of the house next door, Mary Bolton observed her neighbor's exactly punctual start and warned her husband as usual, "You've only a few minutes now, dear; Will Seymour's left." And upon this October morning she watched Will's erect, unruffled figure with more than the customary respect. "Isn't he fine, Guy? Just the same as usual this morning. Yet he must know."

"Sure, he knows; he always has the paper read before he leaves the house. It was all over the first page. He's 'phoned down-town about it before this time, too, you can bet," Guy replied, also gazing after his neighbor. "But that's Old Bill; he'd never let anyone think anything'd happened to him." And Guy, who was the sort who never allowed more than eight minutes for a six-minute walk, finished his coffee comfortably, sidled about the table to kiss Mary and then snatched up his new fall coat, putting it on while going out the door and whistling for Henry Leonard to wait for him at the corner.

Two or three minutes behind Guy and Henry, Mr. Anthony Mercer ordinarily was to be seen hustling out of his bungalow across the street from the Seymours' trim and dignified Colonial home. Tony's overcoat—when he thought to wear one—invariably was under his arm at the start of his dash; he had all sorts of papers and letters insecurely thrust into pockets; he always was cleanly shaved, but too often his shoes hadn't been shined since last night, and he obviously was making a sporting event of his chances of catching his train. But, as he was a good runner, he always caught it somehow; and this habit of his was, to say the least, irritating to a methodical and conscientious friend and neighbor such as William.

"Always at the last second," Will frequently rebuked tartly when Tony entered the train in breathless triumph after one of the most sporting of his morning events. "Suppose something happens, then when would you get to your office? The 8:12's a local; you'd lose half the morning."

"What'd happen, Bill?" Tony always rejoined cheerfully, nodding to Guy and Henry, who always were in the seat opposite. "I say a six-minute walk's a six-minute walk; if I dropped dead, I'd be no use at the office anyway."

"All right. It's no concern of mine, of course; but some morning with an important engagement, you'll be sorry." Bill would dismiss the subject with this warning. "Deal the cards," he would command, and the four neighbors would settle down, according to their various moods and dispositions, to their daily "rubber."

IT WAS bridge whist, usually, at a quarter of a cent a point; so, in forty minutes of play before the train arrived at Chicago, no one could win or lose enough to feel it. In fact, no one ever won much; the luck ran around the board. Of course none of the four played for the sake of the money; they did this almost every week-day morning, for the sake of keeping together and continuing, in spite of business and their separate interests during the day, the companionship of play and competition and rivalry which had been going on for twenty-five years—ever since they were boys together living in the same "block" in Chicago. Seymour, the eldest, "Old Bill" merely because he was the eldest and "always had been Old Bill," as Tony explained, was thirty-seven. Guy and Hank were a year younger, and Tony, though now thirty-five, was the "kid" yet. When Old Bill had married twelve years ago and moved to this suburb far north of Chicago, the others only waited till they married before following him. Bill was their head and always had been. Bill's business was the manufacture of washing machines; Guy was a patent lawyer; Hank sold motor cars, and Tony had a paint factory; so they had no natural business association, but, as a matter of course, each knew a good deal about the others' affairs, quite enough for each to realize, upon this particular October morning, the extent of the disaster to Bill from the Hornsby fire.

It was this realization, indeed, which got Tony out of his door a whole minute and a half earlier than his ordinary zero, and which impelled him to hook up with Guy and Hank at the second corner.

"Hello, Tone," Guy greeted him, looking with derisive anxiety at his watch as his neighbor joined them. "Somebody sick at your house?"

"That's it. Got to stop at the drug store," Tony accepted the gibe cheerfully. And, as he caught step with his friends, each glanced ahead to where, just turning into the station, was Old Bill, first on the platform as usual. But for a few moments no one mentioned the matter on their minds It was only casually that Tony inquired:

"Guy, how hard does this Hornsby loss hit Bill?"

"Hank and I were just talking about that," Guy admitted. "You see, Hornsby was making all Bill's tubs; they're a special shape and size, of course, requiring special machinery. Hornsby'd just got the stuff for the new design. Bill had all his metal parts delivered last month for the fall and winter orders; only the tubs'd been holding him up. Hornsby'd had a strike, you see; of course there'd been a shortage of all that sort of stuff, anyway. Hornsby got the material, and had about given his plant over to catching up on Bill's orders, and was just ready to start delivery when—fluey! You read it, didn't you?"

"Of course, I read it; but what does it mean?" Tony persisted.

"Can't you figure it out? Good-by business this winter for Bill, I'm afraid."

"Can't he get the stuff anywhere else?"

"Where?" Guy returned, in disgust at Tony. "Aren't you in business yourself? If you should have a supply of material you'd contracted for burn up overnight, do you suppose you'd find some more on the bushes? Special stuff and special machinery don't grow on any hedges that I've seen."

TONY knew that, of course; and Guy knew that Tony knew it. Tony had just been hoping to hear there might be some way out for Bill.

"Rottenest luck I ever saw," Henry pronounced gloomily. "It seemed, after what Bill'd been through with his business, that this winter he was going to make everything up; and now—" He stopped, and the three went on silently until someone else came up and said:

"I saw in the paper this morning that the Hornsby people completely burnt out. Aren't they the cooperage concern who manufacture for Seymour? How will that affect him?"

"Bill Seymour?" the three replied almost in chorus. "Oh, not at all. He's all right."

So they passed the drug store and, as Tony's minute and a half now dragged upon him, he dropped in and bought a cigar before again hurrying after the others. He wanted to be alone—away even from Guy and Henry for a moment. Poor old Bill; so it meant good-by business this winter for Bill—Bill, who had been counting upon this winter to make up losses of the last few years. That meant, did it not? good-by, Bill, from that home across the street from Tony's; good-by to that pleasant, orderly, always serene and "solid-seeming" household in that substantial, lovely home, which Tony liked to know was there and was Bill's; good-by to the nearness of Constance, Bill's wife, to Janet, his wife; good-by to their children's play together; good-by to the dropping in

"Good morning!" Bill greeted him just as he used to, looking up with relief and, do you realize the risk you run in jumping on a train in motion the way you

across the street morning, afternoon, evening, whenever they wanted to; good-by to their walks and motor-trips together; good-by to their golf, when Bill and he played, and Bill—as Old Bill always had done—criticized his game and told him how he ought to do better, even though he beat Bill; good-by (and strangely this realization was the most distressing to Tony) to the game on the 7:50 'most every morning; good-by to Bill bawling him out for being late and for the way he played his hands.

Suppose Bill wouldn't bawl him out this morning!

THE train had come into the station, so Tony did his lope upon the platform and swung onto the step just as the train started again, and, breathless as usual, he went into the coach, where he found Bill and Guy and Henry seated.

"Good morning!" said Bill, just as usual, looking up. "Guy said you were with him by mistake but couldn't stand the strain of being on time. Some morning something'll happen; then where'll you be?"

"What'll happen?" Tony returned, sliding into his seat under the card table.

"Deal the cards; and, Tony," Bill adjured, "when you're playing with me this morning, and when our opponents bid five on spades, one stopper isn't enough for you to go five no trump on."

"Why not?" Tony returned, tauntingly. "Didn't I get away with it?"

"Once," Bill admitted. "That's the trouble with you; that's why I'm telling you now. You get away with a thing once and you think—" And as Bill went on telling, Tony settled down without replying for once, because of the lump in his throat. Old Bill was bawling him out just as usual. He hadn't lost his nerve or self-confidence at all. The foundation of Tony's world yet was firm.

Outwardly, that week, nothing changed. The three neighbors, of course, mentioned the Hornsby fire to Bill, who said that it hadn't helped him particularly, but that everything would be all right. They said, certainly, and "We know you," and quickly talked about something else, as one do when a fellow has been dealt a [illegible] blow.

For it was mortal, as Tony learned not only from sources in the city but from [illegible] less merciful evidences of alterations in Bill's household affairs across the street.

"Tony, Connie let Huldah go to-day!" Janet announced that tragic occurrence one evening about ten days later, when Tony had just come home and he and Janet had shut themselves up in their room.

"She has?" said Tony, jerking quickly. "Couldn't it be that Huldah left?" But he knew it was not. Huldah was the sort of maid whom only such families as Bill's possessed—a recognized model of maids, efficient, reliable, loyal; she had been with them ten years, and one simply could not think of Huldah suddenly leaving. Why, she "belonged" in the family. Janet voiced this:

"Huldah wouldn't think of leaving Connie. Selma told me that Huldah just broke down and cried when Mrs. Seymour told her. She said she'd wait for her pay; she knew Mr. Seymour would get on his feet. . . . But of course Connie and Will wouldn't owe anyone, much less a maid."

"No; of course not," Tony said, standing with his back to his wife and looking out the window across the street to his friend's home. He put a hand into a

also, with frank disgust. "I say, Tony, do? Suppose you missed the step?"

pocket and took out four dollar bills and seventy-five cents in silver, laying them upon Janet's dresser.

"Oh, here's winnings from this morning, Jannie," he attempted to say lightly as usual. It was their compact about the bridge game for money, which she knew that he played, that he stood his own losses, but his winnings must go to her charities.

PERHAPS, in spite of his attempt to speak as usual, something in his voice warned her, for she asked quickly, "Who lost?"

"Oh, Hank and Bill; Guy and I played together."

"You mean Will Seymour lost four dollars and seventy-five cents to you on the train this morning, and you took it?"

"Certainly," Tony defended himself with asperity. "Why not?"

"Oh, Tony! And Connie, to save ten dollars a week, let Huldah go this morning! I don't see how you could do it, when you knew the trouble he's in, and every penny counts. And, Tony!" Janet recollected suddenly. "You lost five dollars yesterday morning, you said!"

"Five-sixty," Tony corrected.

"Who played with you?"

"Bill."

"Then he lost five dollars and sixty cents, too!"

"Of course."

"And Guy and Henry Leonard took that money! Ten dollars and thirty-five cents in two mornings; and I'll wager you laughed about it, just like you're laughing now. Tony! I do think men are the queerest and cruelest creatures to each other! And you call yourselves his friends! Why, I'd be ashamed—I wouldn't take that money even for the day nursery, I'll take it right back to Connie, and—"

Janet snatched up the four bills and the silver, but only to have her husband's hand clasp over hers. He had been laughing—laughing with his lips—the minute before; but even his lips were very straight and firm now. "Janet!" he reproached her.

She dropped the money on the floor. "Oh, I know I can't, Tony. But it's just pitiful to me to see Connie—dear, steady, sensible Connie, who always had money to count on and do so much for everyone with—just scraping and sparing to save a dime or a nickel. She's simply ordering nothing from the grocery, and not getting a new stitch for herself."

"Neither is Bill for himself," Tony defended his friend.

"But no one notices men's clothes; they don't change. Besides, Will Seymour always looks precisely the same. Anyway, I'd say that was all the more reason you and Guy and Henry—*his friends*—would be a little considerate. How *could* you do it, Tony?"

"Easy enough," Tony said. "I had four hearts, good spades and the ace of diamonds. I bid two hearts, Guy bid me up to three. Bill thought I didn't have 'em, so he doubled; I doubled back. Guy laid down four hearts and I certainly bumped Bill."

"Tony!" Janet cried again at her husband's heartlessness when he laughed; and she gave up trying to understand. She knew her husband had the finest feelings of any man in the world; and she knew that there was no friend in the world that he cared for like Will Seymour. A hundred times he'd related to her how Old Bill used to look out after him when he was a boy of eight, and not well grown for his age then, and Bill was big, and ten. Bill had taught him to swim and to box; Tony had got his father to send him to Princeton because Bill went there; and Tony had "made" the baseball team, under Bill's coaching, when Tony was a sophomore and steady, reliable old Bill was first base and captain. Why, sometimes Janet had seen tears come to Tony's eyes when talking about Bill; and now, when his friend was in terrible trouble, Tony took his money from him and laughed about how he "bumped" him.

"CONSIDERATE!" Tony was repeating to himself her accusation. She couldn't understand, but of course Guy and Hank and he knew that the only way they could show consideration to their friend in trouble was by treating him just the same. Tony wanted to help; oh, quite as hard as Janet possibly could wish it, he longed to help Bill. But he was up against one of the hardest ordeals a friend can suffer—the seeing of his friend and neighbor go under without being permitted to stretch out a hand to hold him above.

And it was harder on Tony than on Guy and Henry, not only because Tony, perhaps, cared more, but because, of the three, Tony was most able to help. Guy had a good, profitable practice, and Hank was doing well; but Tony had put by more than a neat little reserve in Liberty bonds these last years, and he didn't need any of that reserve in his business. There were three or four banks at which he had a line of credit twice as long as he required, whereas, Bill, as Tony happened to learn, could not get another cent at his bank. Bill had never liked to borrow even from a bank; and now, when he desperately needed six months' credit of twenty thousand dollars, not only his own bank but others, to which he had applied, had turned him down; and no one knew better than Tony that for himself to offer twenty thousand dollars to Bill would only frightfully wound his friend. Why, he was still the "kid" to Bill—the undergrown kid whom Bill had brought up and coached and (*Continued on page 110*)

The Greatest Builder of Skyscrapers in the World

Louis J. Horowitz—his story and his ideas

By Helen Christine Bennett

"EVERY man fixes the value of his own services," says Louis Jay Horowitz. Upon that belief he has not hesitated to fix his own value for many years.

At first it was a three-dollar-a-week value, as an errand boy for a clothing firm. This year it is an unknown value, as president of the Thompson-Starrett Company, builders of skyscrapers and industrial plants.

During the past twelve years, under Mr. Horowitz's management and presidency, the Thompson - Starrett Company has made a double record; first in the erection of great buildings, and, second, in a speed of construction that seems no less marvelous than the buildings themselves.

Among the most notable of these is the Equitable Building at 120 Broadway, New York City, the largest office building in the world, 517 feet above street level, 42 stories high, equipped with 63 elevators, a huge pile of stone and steel whose 2,300 offices, 1,250,000 feet of rentable floor space seem a small world. This enterprise involved an investment of $35,000,000. and its construction took just twelve months.

Hardly second in interest to this huge enterprise was the construction, during the late war, of a powder plant at Nitro, West Virginia, for the United States Government. The Thompson-Starrett Company constructed the plant at a cost of $65,000,000, and Mr. Horowitz was personally in charge. The area of operation was 1,900 acres, and 20,000 men were on the pay roll. There were 3,000 buildings, a railroad track of 75 miles, 133 miles of sewer and water piping, etc. The entire plant was built in eight months, which, allowing for a ten-hour day, meant an average of one building every thirty minutes!

Add to Mr. Horowitz's record, the Municipal building of New York City, which cost $11,000,000, the Woolworth building, erected at a cost of $8,000,000, the Hotel McAlpin, the Bush Terminal Company sales building, the Continental and Commercial National Bank building of Chicago, the Metropolis Bank building of San Francisco, the Union Bank building of Winnipeg, Canada, the Union Station at Washington, D. C.; and then throw in Camp Upton, Long Island, the entire plant of Sears-Roebuck and Company at Chicago, and the Soo Line Terminal Elevator at Minneapolis, Minnesota, and you have a partial glimpse of the activities over which he presides.

This man came to the United States of America twenty-eight years ago, alone, practically friendless, with no assets save a good education and a boundless determination. If "every man fixes the value of his own services," I think the rest of us will sit by while Mr. Horowitz fixes his!

A man who had been in Mr. Horowitz's employ when he became manager of the Thompson-Starrett Company told me a story which illustrates this idea. Mr. Horowitz had fixed his company's fee for a certain building. The owner, in attempting to obtain a reduction in fee said, "See here! You want too much for this. One of your competitors offered yesterday to do the job for nothing. He said that the advertisement of doing the job would prove sufficient compensation."

Mr. Horowitz replied, "I will quote a friend of mine by saying, 'The man who offered to do your job for nothing is probably *the best judge of the value of his services*'."

He got that contract, as he has got most of the things he has gone after. When he came to this country, it was as a youth of seventeen, an immigrant from Russian Poland. He spoke little English. His first need was a job, and his first job was as an errand boy for a clothing store. From there he got a job at a dollar more a week as parcel wrapper in a dry-goods house. In three houses he was parcel wrapper, the last of these being Stern Brothers. At Cammeyer's he found promotion to stock boy and later attained the dignity of shoe salesman. He went back to Stern Brothers at a higher salary as shoe salesman.

"*It was here I got a great shock*," he said to me. "I found at Stern Brothers, after three years, in which I had doubled my earnings, the same fellows who had wrapped parcels with me when I was there. They were still doing the same work and earning about the same amount. It gave me my first real knowledge of human nature; the knowledge that there were people who would stand still and be content. These people hadn't moved or grown or budged in three years."

But that is only half the story; the best half is to come. Years later, Mr. Horowitz, as president of the Thompson-Starrett Company, secured the contract to erect the Annex to the old Stern Brothers store on Twenty-third Street, and on one of his visits of inspection he happened to pass through the department where he had once wrapped

(*Continued on page 172*)

"Every Man Fixes the Value of His Own Services

"A YOUNG man came into my office one year in such a pessimistic mood as I have seldom seen in a human being," says Mr. Horowitz. "He was a bright man, his letter applying for the job showed that. But he had suffered financial losses and everything looked black. One day I went into his office and, out of a clear sky, he said, 'I suppose you've come in to tell me you you don't need me any more—to discharge me.' I stopped. Then I said, 'On the contrary, I have just been in to tell the treasurer to raise your salary.'

"It was not true—but I made it true, because he needed it. That day he began to brighten up. Later in the day, I said to him, 'See here, B——, you've got to stop going through life trying to make people think you are a failure. If you try sufficiently, you may succeed.'

"That young man is now in business for himself and almost as optimistic as he was pessimistic—which also has its dangers. *But every young man has it in his power to fix the value of his services and, in a great measure, to determine them.* If you want to impress your employer that you are a failure, you can do it. *You can persuade yourself that you will never get any further than a given point, and you won't.*

"But you need not recognize your limitations until you find them. . . . Every young man in business is more or less handicapped by ideas of preconceived limitations as to what he can do and what he cannot do. Discard all your ideas as to your limitations. Make yourself indispensable to your employer and, in enlightened selfishness, that employer will have to secure you to himself by promotion."

Photograph by Pirie MacDonald, N. Y.

Louis Jay Horowitz

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago Mr. Horowitz arrived in America, a seventeen-year-old immigrant from Russian Poland, with slight knowledge of the English language and practically no friends. His first job was errand boy for a clothing house at three dollars a week. To-day he is undoubtedly the greatest builder in the world, a place to which he has risen by grit, vision, and a really marvelous ability to overcome obstacles. Mr. Horowitz is president of the Thompson-Starrett Company of New York City. His was the guiding genius that put through the construction of the Equitable Building, of New York, the world's largest office building, which has forty-two stories, rises 517 feet above street level, supplies office space to 13,000 persons, and cost $35,000,000. Among his other notable jobs are the construction of the $65,000,000 government powder plant at Nitro, West Virginia, the Woolworth and the Municipal Buildings of New York, the Continental and Commercial National Bank Building of Chicago, the Metropolis Building of San Francisco.

Photograph by Mary C. Hill

Philip Curtiss

HERE is the man who has written the new serial, "Wanted—A Fool," which begins in this magazine next month. His own personal story, commencing on the opposite page, reads like a condensed novel. Call it "The Strange Adventures of a Model Boy," for, from a quiet, studious New England youth, Philip Curtiss reached, through newspaper work, through police courts and race tracks, his final goal as an author.

He was born in April, 1885, at Hartford, Connecticut; graduated at Trinity College, studied at universities in Madrid and Paris. He married in 1916 an English actress he had known only three days. The picture above, of himself with his wife and children, was taken at his home in Norfolk, Connecticut.

Don't Settle Down Into a Soft Snap

I once enjoyed "an easy thing," but I am glad I gave it up

By Philip Curtiss

I BECAME a writer as the direct result of a terrible tragedy—the realization that I could never be an athlete.

I remember the exact day and place at which the decision was made. It was during my second year in the high school and I was walking home from the old trotting park where the school track team did its practicing. That day the team had been picked for an interscholastic meet. Beside me was one of my classmates who had been chosen, gloriously, while I had been eliminated, ignominiously.

Eliminated, did I say? Good heavens! I wasn't even considered. I had known for weeks that I hadn't a chance, but I had been properly fed on boys' books in which the little unknown freshman suddenly has a miraculous spurt and beats all the school champions. I had been hoping for one of those miracles.

Well, events had proved that I wasn't that kind of a freshmen, or even sophomore. The trainer was very kind, so was my more successful companion; but my cup of bitterness was overflowing. After walking along in tactful silence I suddenly thought of the school paper, which was still open to me and, with a brave smile, I said, "Well, I guess that my ambitions will have to be literary."

My companion said nothing. What *could* he say to such a comedown as that? We dropped the humiliating topic; but I stuck to my second-best wish and finally gathered in the faint and hollow honors of being an editor. The funny part of it was that in time I really did become a runner, not much of a one, I will confess, but still enough to make me very happy.

Years later that same companion and I ran side by side on the same college team, but the harm had been done. The seed had been sown, the die had been cast, and, from then on, I knew that if life held for me any compensations I should have to earn them with a pen and not by physical prowess.

I have always been fond of reading stories of men who have really done something. In almost every case I have found that the successful men of this world have begun by being very bad boys, and have ended their preparation for life by barely scraping through school.

At least, that is the impression which the books have given; but too many men are still alive who remember my own calm boyhood for me to get away with anything of that kind. I don't recall that I did anything particularly hideous as a boy. I don't think that I should tell about it if I did. My own children are getting to the point where no such slip as that would get by them. No blackmail would be too low for those little rascals if I confessed to a prank or two, even for the sake of making a good story.

No, I was a model boy. Let it go at that. It makes me unique in this kind of story. A rather more serious slip was the fact that I was graduated very nearly at the top of my class at college. According to the theories of success this was all wrong. I heard a man say on the train the other day that a college valedictorian is always a failure. I have heard other people say that, too, so I seem to have had a narrow squeak.

As if that were not enough for a man to struggle against, I won a Fellowship at college which gave me a year of study abroad. That, of course, was the last straw. At the end of a year at the universities in Paris and Madrid, I came home, a broken man, and tried to begin life anew, to pick up a penny here and there, in spite of my education.

That ended my days of formal study, but I have to confess the truth. The virus was in my blood. Strange as it may sound in one of my profession, I have always had an unholy passion for books. As a boy they had to drive me outdoors when I had something spicy to read, such as Dan

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"If This Young Man Has a Dream, by All Means Urge Him to Follow It"

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Curtiss had an easy salaried job and was trying to write "on the side." Read what he says about it:

"Between my salary and my stories, it seemed as if nobody in the world had as much money as I had! I kept one and sometimes two horses, and a dog cart. When I went to New York I lived at the biggest hotels and never put a foot to the pavement. I made no bones about my habits. The men who paid my salary seemed willing to have me continue, but at the end of three years I threw up the place as suddenly as I had taken it.

"My friends thought that I was insane, but I had two very good reasons: In the first place I was in a position to see that the man who holds a cinch job is putting his head further and further into the noose. At twenty-odd a man can resign such a job without a qualm, but at thirty he finds himself married to it, at thirty-five he is in daily terror of losing it, and at forty he will pull wires and intrigue in order to hold it.

"Even more important than that was the fact that I had never lost my original conviction that a man's best bet is to sink or swim on his chosen line. I did not believe then, and I do not believe now, that any important work can be done 'on the side.'

"I told my employers exactly why I was leaving, and I was gratified to have them ask me to stay but at the same time agree with my decisions. One of them, a hard-headed millionaire manufacturer, said to the others, 'If this young man has a dream, by all means urge him to follow it. I had one once.'

"So then, at almost thirty and out of comparative affluence, I deliberately sentenced myself to poverty—and I got it. Then came the period of struggle from hand to mouth which I should have had long before."

Which Musical Instrument Do You Like Best?

Here are some facts about sales that will enable you to find out how your tastes compare with those of other people

By Marquette A. Healy

Vice President and General Manager, Lyon and Healy

DID you ever stop to think that the four most necessary things in the world are food, shelter, clothing, and *music?* You may question that fourth item at first, but just think it over a little.

No savage is so primitive that he doesn't demand some kind of alleged music. As for civilized human beings, music literally accompanies them from the cradle to the grave.

Babies cry for it. Children dance to it. It is the expression of our joy and of our sorrow. It helps us to work, and it is the accompaniment of our play. We make love to music, we are married to music, and our friends see that we have it at our funerals.

The consequence is that there are almost endless kinds of musical instruments. And the curious thing is that every one of these various sound makers finds at least a few devoted admirers fired with a determination to play it.

Someone recently asked me what was the least common musical instrument. So far as this country is concerned, perhaps the following incident will answer that question:

When this business was founded fifty-five years ago by my father and Mr. Lyon, it took as its motto, "Everything known in music." I doubt if they realized what a large order that motto would turn out to be, but there was only one occasion when it looked as if they couldn't live up to it. That was when an old Scotchman came into the store and said to my father:

"I understand that you claim to have everything known in music. Weel, I'm wantin' a pair o' bagpipes."

Weel, as the Scotchman would have said, that was absolutely the first time anybody had demanded bagpipes, and my father was taken somewhat by surprise. But without showing any sign of it he excused himself and hurried off to one of his assistants.

"Didn't we have some bagpipes around here once?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir; they're up in the attic now."

"Well, bring them down."

So the bagpipes were hunted up, dusted off, the old Scotchman departed in high spirits, and the motto of the house was saved. But I imagine that bagpipes are still the rarest of musical instruments in actual use in this country.

On the other hand, I suppose that, so far as numbers go, the harmonica is the most common. Thousands of children, of course, have "mouth organs;" but so do thousands of grown men. A man who cannot play anything else can make a pretty good stab at playing the mouth organ.

It is cheap, too; and he can carry it in his pocket. So you will find it everywhere you go—and in many places where you probably would not care to go, as in the lumber camps and among cowboys on the Western plains. There were thousands of harmonicas in our army during the war; and there would have been many more thousands but for the shortage in all musical instruments.

The piano is, of course, the most popular among the higher kinds of musical instruments. It is the epitome of the orchestra, and therefore holds a place no other instrument can fill.

I have often been asked whether the sale of regular pianos has not been injured by the introduction of the various mechanically played ones. No, it has not. And the reason is partly because it has been, and always will be, considered a charming accomplishment to be able to play the piano.

Almost any girl is attractive when seated at the piano. If she plays well, it adds to her popularity. It helps her in entertaining. She gains a sort of fascination, moreover, because she is doing something which not everyone else can do. These things are a social asset.

At present there is a fad among fashionable women for drumming. I don't mean "drumming" on the piano, but the real thing. Of course it is due to the present furore for jazz music, in which the drum has an important rôle.

The snare drum can be carried with charming effect by a pretty girl. And the act of drumming is a peculiarly delicate and graceful one. There is a chance, too, for much cleverness and originality in working out the different rhythms.

The late Vernon Castle had almost a mania for drumming. He spent hours practicing. If he went to a restaurant where there was a band or an orchestra, he would take the drummer's place; and he showed astonishing skill and originality in his performance.

The question of fashions in music is an interesting one. For instance, the melodeon is as extinct as the dodo. It is discoverable now only in collections of musical instruments. And there is the cottage organ, or reed organ, that is pumped by the player's feet and which was common in American homes fifty years ago.

You will rarely see one now in the prosperous household; and yet not long ago we had an entire window display of cottage organs. Many families still buy them; and they are in demand for certain Sunday schools and places like that. But

The Girls Don't Care to Play Wind Instruments

WE ASKED Mr. Healy about the differences between men and women when it comes to taking up music. Mr. Healy said:

"You will find that any instrument which is taken up by the feminine half of humanity is one which makes the player appear to advantage. This explains the fact that women, with the exception of a very few professionals, do not play wind instruments. It is not because they cannot play them, but because they know they will not look well if they do. No sensible mother would encourage her daughter to play the trombone, or the bassoon, as a social accomplishment. It just isn't done."

whereas the cases, a generation ago, were of black walnut, that wood has become so costly that oak has taken its place.

In pianos, the movement of fashions has been very interesting. Fifty years ago, everyone, except the few professionals who used grand pianos, had the old "square" variety. Then the upright came into vogue; and to-day, if you tried to buy a *new* square piano you simply couldn't find one.

Recently, what is known as the "apartment grand piano" has been having a tremendous vogue. The preference for the upright was of course due to its saving in space. But the new "apartment grand" virtually takes up no more room than an upright. In fact, prospective buyers are given a "paper pattern" of the instrument, so that they can lay it on the floor and see just how much space will be occupied.

WHILE on the subject of fads, the one which has been supreme during the past four or five years is for the ukulele. This Hawaiian instrument first made its appearance on the Pacific coast. It was brought over by bands of Hawaiian singers, who introduced their peculiar music on our stage; and from that beginning the ukulele spread like wildfire.

It is a rather simple strumming instrument, shaped, as almost everybody knows by this time, like a small guitar. It has a big brother in the "taro-patch fiddle," which is just like the ukulele except that it is larger and has twice as many strings. The taro-patch fiddle has been used in Hawaii for more than a century, and the ukulele was a small replica of it, first made by Mr. Nunes when Kalakaua was king of the islands. It was taken up with enthusiasm, and now no Hawaiian gathering is complete without it.

Because it is inexpensive, and easy to learn, it has been bought by thousands of American schoolboys and schoolgirls. It threatened to become a mere musical pest until the American way of playing it was invented by Jennie Durkee. By this method, instead of simply strumming it, a thick felt plectrum is drawn rapidly back and forth across the strings, producing almost a sustained note.

Music merchants thought the ukulele would be only a passing fancy; but it has shown such surprising tenacity that we now make a "ukulele banjo," a very pretty instrument with quite an effective tone.

The regular Southern banjo is another instrument which has been restored to fashion by jazz music. There is almost a banjo famine in this country now. We cannot begin to supply the demand.

The cornet player used to be the object of endless jokes. But when have you read a joke about the cornet player? Not for a long, long time, I am sure. And the reason is that amateurs do not play that instrument now to the exclusion of others. The man who used to pine to be a "silver cornettist" is now devoting himself, perhaps, to one of twenty other popular instruments.

In playing wind instruments considerable lung power is required. A trombone player is often capable of a lung-expansion of six or seven inches. One of the men in our office went to a life insurance company not long ago for an examination. He is about forty-five years old, and when it came to the lung test, the doctor said:

"Well, I wonder if you can come up to the usual standard. That calls for an expansion of one and a half to two inches."

The test was made and his subject showed a lung expansion of five inches! The doctor looked at him in amazement.

"What kind of a trick is that?" he demanded.

"It's no trick at all—for me," was the reply. "I used to be a trombone player."

"Oh!" said the doctor. "That explains it."

There is a common saying among band men that "a trombone player never dies; and the only way you can get rid of him is to take him out and kill him." The reason for this is, of course, that splendid lung development is a very real health factor.

Someone asked me if anybody but a fat man ever played the bass horn. If you will literally size up all the bands you see, I think you will find that the average horn player is no fatter than his companions. All the horn players have a good lung expansion. It is the huge instrument itself that makes the man in the coils of a bass horn look so big. Any sized man can play it, if he has the necessary lung power and the strength to carry twelve pounds of brass around. It looks heavier than it is.

On the other hand, a man's size is decidedly important when it comes to playing the double bass viol. Billy Nevin, a famous old-time Chicago drummer and a band master, once hired out to play substitute double bass at the French Opera. The instrument was a huge one. And Billy played flat. Finally the French conductor fairly shrieked, "*Mon Dieu*, you Chicago boy, can't you sharp that note!" And Billy replied, "No, sir! I'm reaching as high as I can now!" As Johnny Hand, another old-time Chicago bandmaster once remarked, "Genius is not always!"

One variety of musical instrument for which there is a demand that would surprise most people (*Continued on page 82*)

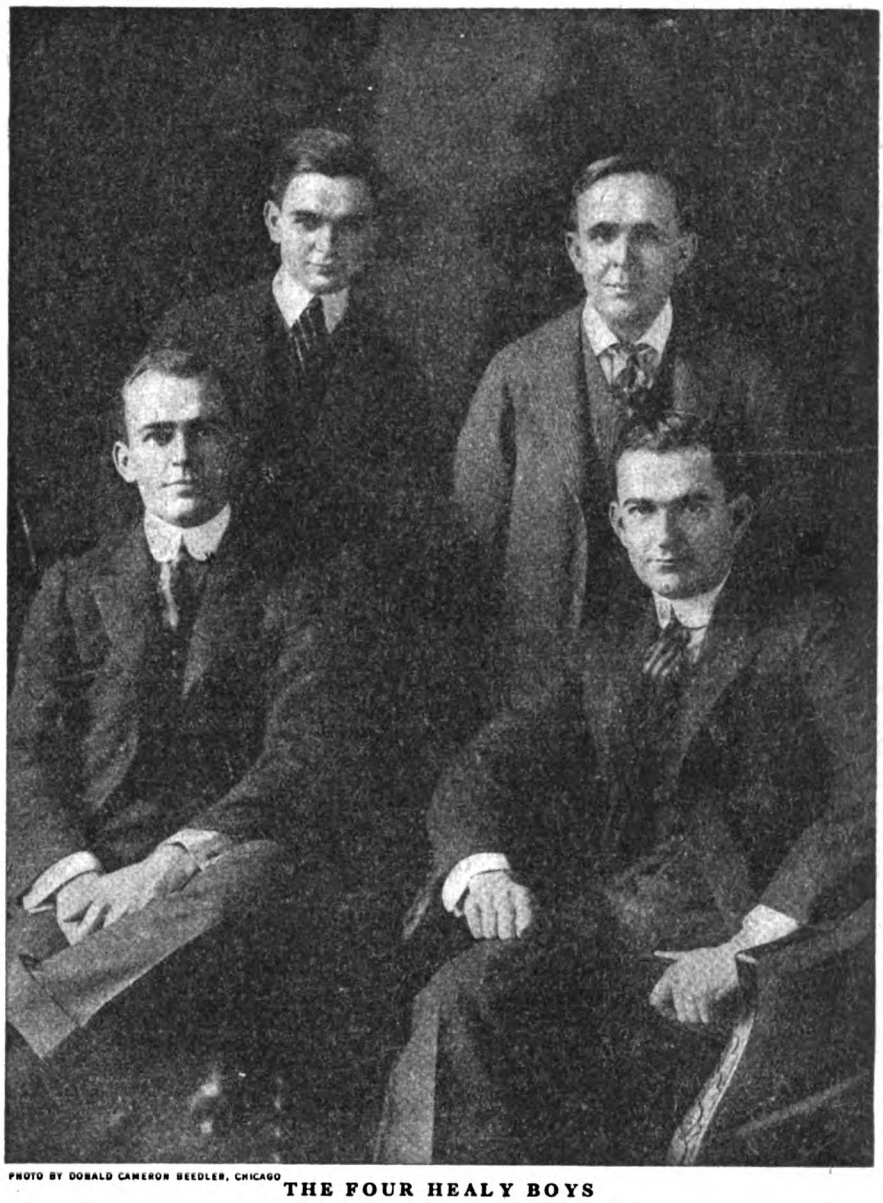

PHOTO BY DONALD CAMERON BEEDLER, CHICAGO

THE FOUR HEALY BOYS

Sons of Patrick J. Healy, who, in 1864, with another clerk from a Boston store, founded the firm of Lyon and Healy in Chicago. Since Patrick Healy's death in 1905, his sons have conducted the business. From left to right in the back row, they are Augustine, the youngest, and Marquette, the eldest; in the front row are Columbus and Vincent. Marquette is head of the firm. All of the sons were born in Chicago, and live there and at Lake Geneva, a summer resort in Wisconsin

As he went back by the road, he overtook the dusky-haired girl herself. They talked pretty much of everything, from blackberry steamed pudding to Lloyd-George

The Mystery of the Red-haired Girl

A story

By Louise Kennedy Mabie

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH

THIS is the story of why Miss Sadie Podinsky received her startling wedding-gift—the new bungalow on the hill, with the stone wall around it and the garage, which is empty only when Miss Sadie Podinsky and her husband go for a ride.

Going over the affair behind closed eyelids, young Hammond became aware that the crowded, stuffy car was clearing; that the air was freshening; that the cinders, as the undaunted little locomotive attacked the steep grade, were thickening.

His eyes opened as they thundered across a trestle above a gorge. His dark head against the dusty plush seat jolted with the increasing sway of the train. His arm held carefully, jealously, a square box, covered with brown paper and stoutly corded with twine.

Almost by chance, young Hammond had been chosen for this journey, for this particular branch of the country-wide, quiet search for the golden girl, the mystery girl, the heiress under the Gower will, the child whom the earth, years before, had swallowed.

Eighteen summers had blazed, eighteen winters had blown, since that night when Mrs. Matt Gower, in a pink ball gown, with a jade comb in her coppery hair, had gone to the night nursery of the great gray stone Gower city house, had wakened her little daughter—dressing her hastily, carelessly, anyhow, with swift, trembling, unaccustomed fingers—had hurried the child, still half asleep, down the cold, curving marble staircase, through the deserted tapestry hall, had opened the huge bronze door, and had swung it shut, firmly, fiercely, finally, behind her.

Any obscure woman bolting with a second-rate, sensationally popular violinist, might have counted upon a newspaper paragraph or so. But Mrs. Matt Gower—taking her small daughter along! . . . Headlines blazed for days.

Then the sensation died, as sensations do. The huge gray stone Gower city house presented its blank lace-covered windows to an already forgetting world. Sturdy little Jerry Hammond ceased to tease his mother with questions— Well, where had Fayre Gower gone? How soon after she had come back might he go over? Gee whiz, but he was lonesome!—had outwardly ceased to grieve when he was sent away to school, in time ceased almost to grieve at all.

Eighteen summers blazed, eighteen winters blew; and Mr. Matt Gower, cool, immaculate, imperturbable, looking the world in the face and finding it wanting, called in his famous doctor, called in his famous lawyer, turned his face to the wall, shrugged his shoulders, and died.

Going over the Gower will one morning with the famous lawyer, Mr. Carson—who was Jerry Hammond's immediate chief—checking up the details of the unsuccessful search, Jerry corrected Mr. Carson as to the color of Fayre Gower's hair.

"It wasn't red, exactly," explained Jerry carefully. "Miss Jones sometimes wears a waist that is just the color, a sort of ruddy brown. And it didn't actually curl," added Jerry, feeling his way. "It—er—waved." Awkwardly with one hand he tried to express the effect of its waving.

Mr. Carson put up his eyeglass. "Hullo! You knew her?" said he.

"As a very little kid," said Jerry. "She was a most particular friend of mine."

"H'm. Would you know her now?" asked Mr. Carson, swinging his eyeglass on a forefinger.

"I couldn't venture to say," said Jerry.

Mr. Carson considered. "We have traced Mrs. Gower and little Alison Fayre to a place called Barre in the Pennsylvania mountains. But beyond that—a blank wall," said he. "After all, eighteen years are eighteen years. Would you care to take a hand in it before we resort to publicity?"

"I would," said Jerry Hammond.

He had come up to Barre with instructions which amounted to one thing—find the girl. In two days he had exhausted the possibilities of the little mountain town. He had carefully managed to see every young woman in the place. A few looked as if they might be twenty-two. Only one had red hair. Her name was Podinsky. She sat in a glass booth just inside the red-white-and-blue lighted entrance to the "Barre Picture Palace" and sold tickets from noon on.

"SAY!" said Miss Podinsky to Jerry Hammond on the afternoon of his fourth day, leaning back in her revolving chair, stretching her arms lazily to adjust her wad of carroty hair, "if you're a film director lookin' fer a red-headed lead whyn't you doll up in some leather leggins? It's the first clause in the Director's Union."

"I'm not a film director," said Jerry Hammond.

"Oh!" said Miss Podinsky, slowly; "I see."

There was a pause. It was quite evident that Miss Podinsky did not see, but wished to.

"Where you been all day?"

"Driving a flivver over to Jones's sawmill," said Jerry, "to look at the red-haired Miss Jones."

Miss Podinsky arrested, momentarily, her chewing gum.

"Nobody never before spent five dollars to lamp Mamie Jones," said she with an accent of awe. "An' nobody never will again. What boob headed you toward her?"

"The expressman," said Jerry.

"Candy from kids," said the young lady scornfully. "You need somebody to steer you."

"I do," said Jerry Hammond.

"My sister's got grand yella' hair," volunteered Miss Podinsky, rather wistfully. "Wouldn't she do fer—whatever it is?"

"Not the type," said Jerry.

"Oh," said Miss Podinsky. A pause. "Well, I'll ask my gent'man friend," she continued. "He sees life all right. He knows this country. He's brakeman on Number Four."

"You are wonderfully kind to trouble at all," said Jerry Hammond sincerely.

The girl flushed a little beneath the twin spots of fixed color upon her cheek bones.

"Breeze in again," she said, briefly.

ON THE sixth day Jerry Hammond journeyed to Blue Pond to see a young woman who worked in the office of the ice company. That evening, wandering drearily down Main Street, he drew up at the Palace.

"On a job like this," confessed Jerry to Miss Podinsky, "I'm a joke."

"All artists is jokes," said Miss Podinsky.

"I'm not an artist," said Jerry.

"Oh," said the girl slowly, "I see."

There was a pause.

"How long ye gonna keep up this here game?" she broke out presently.

"All my life if necessary," said Jerry moodily.

"Well, why begin at this dump?" she asked, sensibly enough. "There's more girls in New York."

"Combing the country in circles," said Jerry, "I may in time reach New York. But my subconscious self points to Barre as the center."

Miss Podinsky, pondering this, gave it up.

"My gent'man friend says there's a—a type—over in Andum. Swell girl, he says. Drives her own bug. Name's Julia Slough. Ever been to Andum?"

"No," said Jerry. "Is there a night train?"

The girl looked at him and shrugged her shoulders. "Pennies from a blind man's cup," she said cryptically.

"Miss Slough is not the type," reported Jerry at the Palace next evening.

"Gee! Advertise!" suggested Miss Podinsky. "Call at th' police station—it's visible to the naked eye; big enough t' hold three cops and a wife-beater. Get busy with the mayor. Honest, dearie, we got one. Get written up in the Barre 'Signal.' Start a contest fer the best-looking red-head in the county and offer th' winner a trip to Scranton. That'd bring in anything."

Jerry shook his head. "Not this girl," said he.

"Oh," said Miss Podinsky in a level voice, "so it ain't just any girl? It's a reg'lar, special girl, is it?"

"You've said it," agreed Jerry Hammond. "A special, particular girl."

Miss Podinsky opened her cash drawer and examined its contents with care.

"My lawd, the pennies I gets in with these here war taxes!" she remarked, shortly. "Sorry I can't waste no more time on you t'night. I got t' count up."

"You can't take that high hand with us. You got nothing on

AFTER that, Jerry stayed away from the little glass cage. He missed Miss Podinsky. She was cheerful and kindly and sharp. He liked Miss Podinsky. She had seemed interested. But probably he had bored her.

In his dreary hotel bedroom he ran over, once more, the reports from the agency which had traced Mrs. Gower to Barre.

"After so long a time," ran the last report, "almost impossible to follow further a clever woman determined to be lost. Advise publicity."

But publicity was what Mr. Carson wished to avoid. The Gowers, according to Mr. Carson, had had quite enough of publicity. Wandering down to the biliously green, cigar-stuffy office, young Hammond found Miss Podinsky's note in his letter-box.

DEAR SIR (ran the straggling writing): If still on same lay, advice visit to Jake Stauffer, Long Run, North Mountain Branch. My Friend, breakman on No. 4, says tipe at Stauffer's. I'm thinking of black die for mine. Red has got so common. Respe'fully,

SADIE H. PODINSKY.

P. S. Sorry I was cross.

It was a near thing but, carrying his bag and his square box, he managed to catch the late afternoon train on the North Mountain Branch. A fussy engine was clanging its bell. A whistle was blowing. The low roof of the train shed was clouded with steam. Jerry flung himself and his possessions aboard the platform of the only passenger coach just in time.

"Lucky I was here," suggested the conductor, taking off his cap to mop his forehead, "or you'd 'uv shot clean across into the Scranton flyer. Some day, ain't she?"

"Is this the train for Long Run?" asked Jerry.

"Last stop," called back the conductor. "Eight-fifty if we're lucky."

A FRESH little wayward breeze, a deserted log station and a dusky-haired girl bending over an old-fashioned lantern were what Jerry found at Long Run. The tracks ended just beyond the rough platform. The train was already gone, backing, coasting its fussy way down the mountain.

"Suppose you let me try," suggested Jerry diffidently at length, moving forward as another match flickered and went out.

"Some day," announced the girl cheerfully, impersonally, sinking back on her heels, "I'm going to save up for one of those ducky electric torches. I've fought this balky old thing every Saturday night for years."

"For years?" echoed Jerry, bending over the lantern, trying to screw up the stiff little wick. "Then you do this trip up from Barre every Saturday?"

"Extension work—English and psychology," she explained casually. "And before that it was French. Pitchy dark getting home in winter. And the walk up

us. You can't prove we ever shut her up in that schoolhouse"

to the house folded its planks quietly together and died when I was eighteen."

"And there hasn't been time—since you were eighteen," said Jerry, "to build a new one."

"Oh, years of time! But nobody bothers much to walk from the station, except me," said the girl.

"What do they do?" asked Jerry.

"They drive. Don't you think a hairpin—jabbed in unexpectedly—"

"I'll hold it," said Jerry, "while you jab."

They smiled at each other in the darkness when the wick was finally drawn up. They smiled again in the thin yellow glow when the little flame finally caught.

"Wonderful air up here," said Jerry, drawing a deep breath. "Let me carry the lantern. And the notebooks. Hang your coat over my left arm."

"But Peterson's Camp," hesitated the girl, "is the other way."

"I'm not going to Peterson's Camp," said Jerry. "Wonderful trees up here. One can feel them shooting up in the dark."

"Big Birch, near my school," said the girl proudly, "was in a geographical magazine."

"Near your school!" echoed Jerry. "You don't mean to say that you—have a school?"

At the incredulity in his voice she laughed. "I have twenty-four children in my school. Some of them tramp miles. Children like mine," she added, flinging up her head, "are the very corner stones of America."

"Then you just teach here, board here?" ventured Jerry. "Your home, your real home, is somewhere else."

"My home is at the top of this ridge," said the girl. "The house used to be an inn in the stage coach days. Occasionally we take in people even now."

"Not—Stauffer's?" asked Jerry.

"Stauffer's, of course," said the girl. She hesitated. Then—"I'm Jess Stauffer," she added clearly.

HE NOTICED that she asked no questions, that she gave him the lantern but carried the notebooks herself, that she accepted his company as easily, as blithely, as unselfconsciously, as she would have accepted his father's. They talked of Barre—its sorry hotel, its flaming "Picture Palace," its ambitious little struggling co-ed seminary. She had never been to Scranton, Jerry discovered. She had never been really anywhere, but she was none the less alive, none the less potent for that. She was compounded of many qualities, Jerry discovered in the walk to the top of the ridge—humor, resource, strength. Undaunted only partly expressed her, thought Jerry as they topped the ridge. Gallant suggested her. He had it. Brave! She was brave!

They came at length to white palings and a gate.

"Here we are," she said. "You're stopping with us tonight, of course, if you're not for Peterson's. There's practically nowhere else."

"Thank you," said Jerry. "I'm stopping here."

They crossed a ragged lawn in silence and came to a short flight of worn stone steps. The bulk of the low house loomed dark against the sky. The circle of light from the lantern showed a row of geraniums in tins along the edge of the porch. In the distance a dog barked. The stars seemed very near. The mountains breathed an enchanted air.

"If you don't mind waiting here for a moment," murmured the dusky-haired girl, "I'll just tell them—"

She disappeared within an open doorway.

Intangibly, indefinably, Jerry gathered that "they" must not only be told but warned of his coming. He saw a light shining at the end of a dark hall. He heard a blur of raised voices, and then a name repeated violently, insistently, in a girl's shrill anger. Reaching Jerry the name beat its way to his nerves, to his brain, to his heart; stamped its significance upon his very soul.

"Matt Gower's dead, ain't he?" shrilled the girl. "Didn't it say so in the 'Signal'? 'Matthew Alison Gower Dies in His City Home'? Well, what (*Continued on page 100*)

How's Your Climate? Have

By Ellis

FOR a long time I have had a theory that the joyfulest writing I do, and the happiest moments of my life, are when I can shut myself in a sunbaked room, and perspire and write.

People are not alike in this. Stefansson, the Arctic explorer, probably would not agree with me. He loves the north, and goes back there as often as he can, prying up the Polar Circle and crawling under it the way a boy crawls under a barb wire fence; and when he feels the cold wind from the imperishable polar ice blowing against his cheek he gives a low cry of joy and is glad to be alive.

We are not all alike. From what I have heard him say, and from things of his I have read, I can believe that Stefansson likes a cool climate. I can imagine him sitting on a cake of ice, with his fountain pen in his hand and the thermometer ten below zero gazing at the glaciers and ice floes and polar bears, and dashing off some of his best literary work.

Of course, if he did sit on an ice cake, with the thermometer below zero, he would have to have some sort of non-freeze compound to use in the radiator of his fountain pen or it would not spark, but that is a mere detail. I suppose arctic explorers know how to manage such things. My point is that I would not enjoy that temperature at all.

I like midsummer and heat. Yes, I do love heat. I get the most out of writing when the weather is so hot that I have to peel off my coat and vest, hang my shirt over the edge of the bookshelf, and sit in a thin, sleeveless, low-neck undergarment, and perspire like a sponge.

When it is so warm that the dewy drops gather on my brow, up where the timber line used to be, and roll down, and drip off my eyelashes like rain off the eaves, I am usually able to write a masterpiece. There are people who could not write a single line in such a temperature; but I like it. I have that kind of moist, equatorial disposition.

I may have exaggerated this a little, but not much. Not as much as I could if I tried. I might go ahead and say that often, when I am in a warm, prolific mood, the clothes line in my back yard is crowded with damp sheets of humor hanging up to dry; or that sometimes the family wash does not get done on time, because the hired girl is kept busy putting the manuscripts of my magazine articles through the clothes wringer; but that would not be the truth. We haven't been able to persuade a hired girl to stay with us, and we send the washing out.

I don't want to over-exaggerate that way. I just want to impress, a little strongly, the fact that I like warm weather. I don't mean to say that I often go down-cellar and build a roaring fire in my furnace on the ninth of August just to create a tropical temperature in my writing-room; but I want to give the impression that I like heat, and that the reason I have been spending the winter in southern California is because I do like heat and not because I am an enfeebled old carcass trying to keep alive for a few more miserable days.

Since I have been here, people I know, and people I don't know, and people I never expect to know, have written to me, and have added postscripts, and have stopped me on the street to say, "I hope you are not in California for the health of yourself or the health of any of your family, but just for the climate."

Some of the citizens have another way of putting it. They say, "That large white building on the corner is the headquarters of our most prominent undertaker." Which gives me a chance to reply, if I want to, "Well, I don't expect to have to patronize him soon. We're out here for fun."

I am now having a rubber stamp made that will print in large block letters: "I am not in California for my health." And I am going to stamp it on all the letters I write, and on all the picture post cards of midwinter roses I send back home, and on the outsides of all my envelopes, and across the marble white tablet of my forehead.

My first idea was to have the rubber stamp say, "I am not in California for my health, but for the climate." But after I had been here a few weeks I decided to leave off the "for the climate" part. I knew more about the climate than I did when I arrived here.

I may have come all the way across the continent, diagonally, because I had heard that southern California has a balmy, warm, joy-giving winter climate, but I did not stay on here for that reason. I stayed on because I have discovered that, as far as climate is concerned, it does not make much difference where a man is. He takes nine tenths of his climate along with him wherever he goes.

Now don't be misled. The climate of California is all that it is advertised to be by its loving friends, the real-estate dealers. The midwinter climate of southern California, with its distant snow-capped mountains and its hot midday sun, and its geranium and rose hedges blooming like hothouse plants that have escaped and gone crazy with blossomitis, is a wonderful and delightful thing for a Northern-bred man to contemplate.

About the time that my friends back

Can You Beat This for a Wind Story?

THE windiest place Butler ever saw was in Montana. Here is his description of golf as they play it there:

"The wind blew cold and hard up in Montana, under what they call the rim-rock, that day, and it was full of fine dust, large dust, pebbles, and boulders. The only way one could play golf at all was to start with the back to the wind and play down the course.

"Not even a strong man can play up the course against that dust wind, and that is why nearly everyone in that town has been forced to join the golf club. It is the only way they can keep the game going.

"After a few days of golf, when all the members have been playing down the course with their backs to the wind and dust, and none of them able to play back, the whole crowd gets bunched up at the far end of the course, against the fence, like tumbleweed, and the membership committee has to go down-town and sign up more members.

"The man I was playing with told me that sometimes it was weeks before the dust storm subsided and the members could get back to the clubhouse; and that the golfers with especially tender faces often waited several months before daring to face the other way; and that one oldish golfer, who chapped easily, had been down there at the far end of the course ever since he was a child, and probably never would come back. Eventually, he said, they would have to go down there and bury him. I think he stretched this a little; but he seemed so sincere and earnest about it that I quit at the third hole and went into the clubhouse."

You Got It With You?

Parker Butler

in Flushing are standing in front of the coal bin in the cellar, gazing sadly at the pitiful little heap of coal—all that is left out of the ten tons that should have lasted until May, I am out in my side yard picking ripe oranges with one hand and orange blossoms with the other, and wondering if my openwork socks are letting my feet get too tanned.

About the time that my Boston friends are standing on their ash cans so that they can say, "Good morning! It must be below zero to-day," across the intervening snowdrifts, my wife is out in the side yard gathering a seven-pound white rose by hacking through its stem with our meat saw, and I am calling to her anxiously, "Don't work too hard, you may be overcome by the heat." At intervals, we go out into the back yard and mow down half an acre of full blooming geraniums, because the glare reflected from a couple of million scarlet blossoms gives the dining-room wall paper such a peculiar tinge.

NO, THE winter climate of California has not been over-advertised. Roses and geraniums do bloom all winter; they bloom *especially* in winter; they bloom—to use a phrase that has become classic—to beat the band. Even a jazz band. And it is amazing to a man from the North to see the palms everywhere—palms, and palmettos, and live-oaks, and acacias, and monkey-puzzle trees, and blue gums, and caster-bean trees as big as oaks, and orange and lemon trees.

It is all exotic and temporarily exciting to the man from the North. It amazes him, for a week or two, to see the birds he never saw before, and violets in mid-winter, and all sorts of cacti, and weird and delicious fruits, and vegetables he never dreamed of, and whole fields of golden poppies, and geraniums blooming everywhere.

Especially geraniums. Unless they are attacked violently and choked while young the geranium of southern California grows as tall as a tree. When a man is too lazy to do anything else he jabs a few stalks of geranium into the ground in the morning, and by night he has a hedge five feet high, three feet thick, with eight million blossoms on it.

White geraniums, pink geraniums, and red geraniums bloom all winter, and bloom with the free abandon of a drunken sailor. For the California geranium, life is just bloom, bloom, bloom, from one end of the year to the other. If you stick a stalk of geranium in the ground anywhere it takes root and blooms. If you drop a stalk of geranium anywhere by mistake, it takes root and blooms. If you happen to be standing in the middle of a cement sidewalk and even think of a geranium, one will take root at your feet and grow up and bloom in your face.

I have to admit that in nearly every detail this southern California climate comes up to the specifications. It is warm by day. I have stood on the south side of the Covina National Bank in November when the sun was as hot as it is in front of the Flushing National Bank on a July afternoon, or in front of the Kalona, Iowa, National Bank in August; and those are two of the hottest, sunniest places I have been, not yet having stood in front of the Sahara National Bank, in the Desert of Sahara—if there is a national bank there.

TO TELL the truth, this southern California country is better than I had expected. I had hoped it would be sunny and warm, and it is. But I had heard rumors of fleas and dust. So far I have not seen a flea, and my wife has not seen a flea, and my children have seen only a few, and those few were highly educated, aristocratic fleas that did stunts in a flea show at Long Beach.

To see those fleas one had to pay admission. And the variety of flea that causes anxiety is not the self-restrained variety that exhibits itself under glass. The annoying variety is the kind one wears as a personal ornament, so to speak. It is the wild, untamed flea that is felt and not seen.

None of these has bit us. I am afraid I shall have to return to the Atlantic coast unbitten by a California flea, unless I go down to Long Beach again and pay a sum of money to have the captive, educated flea bite me. And I doubt whether, even for a bribe of a dollar and a quarter, the owner of the trained fleas would feel justified in permitting his expensively educated live stock to run the risk of catching something by biting a chance acquaintance.

As for dust, there is some dust here, but it would die of shame if it saw the dust we became friendly with in the Middle West last summer and in the Northwest last fall. I played one third of a nine-hole game of golf in Montana last fall, and when I went back to the hotel I had to put aside the ordinary harrow I use on my hair and make use of the subsoil plow. After which the hotel porter drew easily off most of the dust with a vacuum cleaner, or words to that effect. Here in California I can get most of the dust out of my hair with a whisk broom.

The wind blew cold and hard up in Montana, under what they call the rim-rock, that day, and it was full of fine dust, large dust, pebbles and boulders. The only way one could play golf at all was to start with the back to the wind and play down the course.

Not even a strong man can play up the course against that dust wind, and that is why nearly everyone in that town has been forced to join the golf club. It is the only way they can keep the game going.

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The man I was playing with told me that sometimes it was weeks before the dust storm subsided and the members could get back to the clubhouse; and that the golfers with especially tender faces often waited several months before daring to face the other way; and that one oldish golfer, who chapped easily, had been down there at the far end of the course ever since he was a child, and probably never would come back. Eventually, he said, they would have to go down there and bury him. I think he stretched this a little; but he seemed so sincere and earnest about it that I quit at the third hole and went into the clubhouse.

There is nothing like that in California. We do have, out here in the San Gabriel Valley, occasional high winds that blow up a little sand and dust, and that are called Sant' Anas. Once in a while a Sant' Ana may come up and make noon as dark as night, and howl through the trees like a winter storm, and blow vast clouds of dust and sand down the valley, and once in a while it may blow the smaller kind of pebbles through the air. But never, never boulders!

NEITHER is it, if I am forced to say so, at all hours as hot as it is in the noonday sun on the south side of the Covina National Bank. That would be monotonous in the extreme and I rather guessed the climate was not as monotonous as that, when my friends back East who had wintered in California, began saying, "But, whatever you do, be sure you get a house with a furnace in it, or a stove, or an oil stove, or at least a gas jet or a tallow candle. Because it gets cooler at night."

This was good advice. It does get cooler at night. If a man were standing on a sun-heated tower at the equator, and happened to fall off, and at that instant some giant gave him a whack that sent him flying instantly to the upper end of Greenland's icy mountains, he would have some idea of how it gets cooler at night down here where I am.

On the whole, this is a wise provision of nature. It adds delightfulness to the climate. There is not much fun in the kind of night that is so hot the sheets are like hot tin roofs, and when a piece of basting thread is too much covering, and all a man can do is lie on the bed, and pant and gasp, and roll over and over, and turn his pillow, and long for morning. I have gone to bed in one of the good old corn states, for example, with the air at 90 degrees above, and at midnight the temperature had gone up to 92 degrees, and just before daybreak it stood at 93 degrees. The climate does not act that way here. The temperature follows the sun and goes down when the sun goes down. And it goes down the *way* the sun goes down. Suddenly! And quite a distance.

The ardent tropical sun of these latitudes meanders slowly and indolently across the sky all day; but when it gets ready to go down (*Continued on page 141*)

Good and Bad Manners in Business

Together with some interesting facts about the relation between your personal appearance and your job

By Roger W. Babson

President of the Babson Statistical Organization

A FINE young chap came to me a few years ago and wanted to tell me his troubles. He was pretty blue and I didn't blame him. What was more, he was puzzled, and that didn't surprise me either.

The young man had the ability to be a good salesman. He knew it and I knew it. But for weeks he had looked for an opening and no one wanted to take him. I wouldn't have taken him myself. He couldn't make out what was the trouble, but I knew! And when he begged me to tell him, I did.

It was simply this: He had *a gold tooth!*

Now, a gold tooth is all right if it is in a retired position among your molars. But this gold tooth shone like a headlight, squarely in front of the young man's dental outfit. When he talked, you had to make an effort to keep your mind on what he was saying, instead of on that tooth.

Psychologists know that any bright object catches the attention. This fact is actually used in hypnotizing people. And that was precisely the trouble in this young chap's case. The men to whom he applied for a position couldn't see or think of anything but his gold tooth. They knew that customers to whom he might try to sell goods, would feel the same way. It would definitely interfere with his work. And for that sole reason, they turned him down.

When I told him this, he was amazed. He hadn't been conscious that his gold tooth was staring people out of consciousness of anything else about him; but he took my word, had an inconspicuous porcelain one put in its place—and got a position forthwith.

Here is another case: Not long ago I spent some time in certain offices where a good many stenographers were employed. One of these girls was exceptionally capable—and yet she was not advanced as rapidly as some of the other girls in the same office, many of them less efficient than she was. After I had left she wrote to me about her failure to get ahead and asked me what to do about it.

Well, when it comes to criticizing personal appearance, a mere man feels some delicacy about speaking frankly to a girl. But I thought I knew what was holding this one back, and perhaps I wanted to find out if I was right. So I took a chance.

She was a nice-looking girl; neat and well dressed. But she had short hair! She wasn't very young. It wasn't a case of a pretty little thing with "bobbed" hair, à la Irene Castle. It was a plain example of a short-haired woman. And—unreasonably, if you choose to call it so—there is a masculine antipathy to that type.

However, I hadn't the courage to come out boldly and tell her so. Instead, I wrote a semi-humorous letter which I wound up with this statement:

"Perhaps your advancement *hangs by a hair.*"

Evidently she didn't catch on immediately, for I received another letter asking what I meant. And with this direct opening, I told her. Like the fine, sensible girl she was, she took it in the right spirit. She let her hair grow long. And a little while ago I had a letter from her telling me that she was forging ahead at a great rate.

"Apparently," she wrote, "a long head is not enough for a girl. It must have long hair on it."

PHOTO BY HARRIS & EWING

ROGER W. BABSON

One of the best known statisticians in the country, head of the Babson Statistical Organization. He is forty-four years old and a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He lives at Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

I understand from the Editor of this magazine that he receives a great many letters from young men and young women complaining that they work hard and faithfully, and yet are not promoted, as they think they deserve to be. I don't doubt that these young people are speaking the truth. And in telling the above incident and others which I am going to relate, I can give them a clue to what is responsible for their troubles.

Here is a fact which every person who works for another person ought to know. People are influenced by what they *desire* and not by their *reason*. They want a thing—and then they go to work to build up reasons why they should *have* that thing.

In the case of an employer, this is a governing factor in hiring and promoting employees. You may think it is unreasonable. But it is something more powerful than reasonable. It is *instinctive*. A man wants what he likes! And when he finds what he likes, he takes it—and then makes up reasons why it is the right thing for him to have.

Every human being has these instinctive likes and dislikes. They have come to him as an inheritance. The experience of hundreds of ancestors have been boiled down and compressed into a sort of pill which is John Smith, or Mary Jones, or whoever it may be.

When a young man goes to an executive to ask for a position, the executive doesn't hire him because he has a diploma from some college, or a recommendation from another firm. Those things help, perhaps. But what really counts is whether the executive *likes* him.

This liking is instinctive, but it is unconsciously governed by what the applicant does; how he appears and behaves. Suppose you go into a man's office to ask for a position. And, by the way, these things do not apply only to people wanting jobs. They apply to everybody, to any man going into another man's office for *any* purpose; to all grades of workers, from office boys to presidents, to men in clubs, to women in their work and their social relations; to human contact of any kind, anywhere. But as I I cannot enter into all these circumstances, I am going to illustrate by the case of a man applying for a position.

Suppose that you are that man. I think I can guarantee that if you win the *liking* of the employer sitting behind his desk, you will get a trial if there is any possible opening for you. But it is the seemingly little, insignificant things which are going to make him like you, or dislike you.

FOR example, I know an employment manager who has certain tests that he tries on applicants. Before the job-seeker is shown in, this man raises a window curtain and seats himself so that the light shines into his eyes. While he is talking with the visitor, he shows that the light is annoying him. He blinks his eyes uncomfortably, or shades them with his hands.

Perhaps the young man notices it and says something like this: "That light is in your eyes, sir. May I lower the curtain?"

If he does, the employment manager mentally checks him up as observing and courteous. But if the applicant is blandly unconscious and goes right on with his own affairs, the manager puts him down as self-centered and careless.

He has another simple test: As if by accident, he drops a pencil, or paper, and watches what happens. If the young man lets him pick it up himself, it counts against the applicant. But if the young man does this for him, it is a point in his favor.

Why does this manager use tests like these? They don't prove that the applicant can keep books, or understand machinery, or write a good letter. It is chiefly because they show qualities we *like*—thoughtfulness, courtesy, quick observation. There is nothing in business, next to integrity and industry, that counts as much as manners do. And you must remember that with a stranger you cannot offhand prove your integrity, or your honesty; but you cannot *escape* showing your manners.

I once had a curious proof of how much manners count with employers. It was years ago when I was studying a certain railroad and, in company with the general manager, rode over one section of the line in his private car. He was making the trip in order to choose a district superintendent, and he had four men in view.

"I think I will try the celery test on them," he said to me.

When I asked what he meant by that, he explained that Collis P. Huntington used to size up certain qualities in men by the way they ate celery! He would have the whole stalks put on the table; and if a man ate just a part, the best part, of each one, Huntington would mentally label the man as extravagant, and careless about details. If the man thriftily devoured a whole stalk before taking another, Huntington put him down as economical and thorough.

"I don't know that I should go that far in my judgment," the general manager said to me, "but I do size up a man, to a certain extent, by his table manners. A man betrays himself every time he sits down to a meal. Perhaps it is because eating is the most primitive thing we do. At any rate, sit opposite a man at table, study him carefully, and you can give a good guess as to the important traits of his character. You will find out whether he is greedy, selfish, lacking in self-control, unobservant, easy-going, sloppy and careless in his methods."

That day we sat down to lunch four times; once with each of the four possible superintendents. And we had celery each time. Two of the men measured up to the Huntington test; and, whether or not that had anything to do with it, one of them was chosen for the vacant position.

These may seem foolish trifles to you, utterly absurd as a guide in business. Of course a man cannot *hold* a position on the strength of having decent manners. But they count a great deal in getting him his chance. And, other things being equal, it is the man we *like* who is advanced later. In fact, he is often advanced even at the expense of a *more capable* man who is not liked by his employer.

This is not as unjust as it sounds. The man who wins his employer's personal liking, gets his notice as well. The other man doesn't. So the employer probably does not know there is any difference in their work. He thinks it is about the same in quality—and, as I said before, he takes what he instinctively wants.

There is sound judgment in this, too. Where there is mutual liking and understanding there is harmony, and harmony promotes efficiency.

A FEW years ago, John Hays Hammond came over from his summer home near Gloucester and talked to a boys' club in which I was interested. And I have never forgotten what he said to them.

He told them that the greatest factor in *getting* a job was Courtesy. And that the most important help in *obtaining promotion* was Appreciation.

No one will object seriously to the first of these statements. But you may think that the second is not true; or that it *ought* not to be true if it is.

Don't be too sure about that! Do *you* like to have appreciation? You certainly do. It is only human; and the big executive is just as human as anybody else. I have known many of them, and I cannot now recall a really big leader and director of men and affairs who was not a man of strong emotions, and who did not, in one way or another, show that he had them. These men are practically never of the colorless type which does not feel deeply.

If the man you have to deal with—whether you are his clerk or one of his department managers, whether you are trying to buy from him or sell to him, or are meeting him socially—has reached a position of power, you may be very sure that he is a man of strong feeling. He likes keenly, or he dislikes just as intensely.

Because he *seems* unemotional is no proof that he really is. His feelings are there, sometimes all the more powerful because he tries to (*Continued on page 154*)

People Who Get too Familiar

"I KNOW one executive," says Mr. Babson, "who has done two very amusing things in his effort to protect himself from a certain form of annoyance:

"In his office there is a chair about three feet from his desk. When a visitor is shown in, he is invited by a gesture to be seated in this chair. He does so—and almost invariably tries to pull it closer to the desk. But, to his sometimes very evident perturbation, he discovers that it is immovable. It is screwed to the floor! The owner of that office—and if I should tell you his name, you would recognize it at once—has taken this means of protecting himself from the caller who hitches his chair up as close as he possibly can in the attempt to get on a confidential basis.

"'I don't like a man to try to sit in my lap!' the owner of the immovable chair said to me, with a grimace of disgust.

"There is a type of individual, a pretty common one, too, that doesn't understand the repugnance which very many persons have toward a physical nearness to other people. A great many men, when they go into an office, pull a chair close to the man at the desk, lean forward when they are talking, and perhaps tap him on the knee to emphasize their points. If they are standing, they get hold of the lapel of a man's coat, or put their hands on his arm. This sort of thing is irritating to a person. I once heard a man, who had stood it as long as he could, burst out violently and exclaim:

"'Don't maul me! I don't like it!'"

The Making of "Val" Pierce

A story of the bitter experience of a rich man's son

By Conrad Richter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUGLAS DUER

Val, standing passionately above the stranger straighten, stag-

VALENTINE PIERCE, JUNIOR, braked his white roadster to a jerking stop at the oilspattered curb. Lighting a cigarette, he went unhurriedly up the chiseled steps into the brick and mortar offices of the Valentine Pierce Table Company. He smiled to the blond arbiter of the switchboard, nodded to thin Kirke, his father's secretary, and continued casually into the private room beyond.

"Morning, Chancellor," he greeted with easy deference. "Beggs said you left a subpœna while I was still in donkey heaven."

The heavy figure at the bare desk turned in his silent swivel chair and regarded the youth from a pair of sober eyes.

"Val, I gave you the courtesy of a month out of college to ask your dad for a job. Your time limit's expired. Angus tells me he wants to break a new man in in the yard. Knowing me, he's willing to take a chance on my son without putting him through the humiliation of finding out what he can't do and doesn't know. You're hired." He extended a chunky hand. "Good luck, and go to it."

Valentine Pierce, Junior, assumed an expression of regret.

"Well, well! Awfully decent of you, Chancellor, to think of me. If I hadn't made other plans—"

His father's jaw crunched massively down on his narrow spreadaway collar. The son recognized the ominous symptom and grew slightly sobered.

"Listen, Chancellor. We don't want to have any common argument about this. Let's talk it over sensibly. You've got a million and a half laid by—"

"Not laid by—working," informed his father testily.

"My mistake," admitted the son. "The main thing is you've got the million and a half. You could retire to-morrow, not that I cherish any illusions of your doing it. I comprehend perfectly that you were brought up horny-handed, and the calluses on your hands would get lonesome without anything to do."

"What—"

"Just a minute! I don't criticize you one particle, Chancellor. Every man to his own pleasure, I say. Horny-handed work is yours. Go to it. But mine isn't. Eight hours a day in your respected office yard don't inspire me with a splinter of excitement. If I needed the money, I flatter myself I could work up enthusiasm by keeping my mind concentrated on the salary envelope. [illegible] don't need the money [illegible] you don't need it. Mother doesn't need it. Why plunge into an orgy of work and sacrifice my tender hopes and ambitions and desires, my fond pleasures and—"

"What the devil are they?" burst out his father.

"I don't know yet," retorted the youth modestly. "But they don't possibly include a yearning for time-clock labor. I might say they are inclined toward the honest, unassuming life of a rich man's son without the pretension that he has to work for a living. You don't see Stan Weimer skinning hides in his father's tannery, or Mart Larue wearing an eye shade in his governor's office. I don't mind coming down here and talking over mutual business matters for a couple of hours a day. But I'll be hanged, Chancellor, if I can swallow the old fogy humbug of working as though my mother were a washerwoman."

HIS father said nothing. He did not need to. His collar was creaking eloquently under its added weight of jaw and swelling neck.

"Fortunately," continued the son, threatening subtly, "Aunt Carolina blessed me with a hundred and seventy-one shares of this respected corporation. Your distinguished friend, Judge White, tells me they're mine two weeks from Friday."

"Your veneered wormy-chestnut cronies and lady friends with knotty reputations are doubtless awaiting the day with keen anticipation," remarked Valentine Pierce, Senior, heavily.

"I wouldn't possibly be so unchivalrous, Chancellor—"

"I have no compunctions in the matter," assured his father grimly. "I had your daily society looked up as a strictly business measure. I had the pleasure of finding that you've been letting a couple hundred feet of mahogany-maple hang around you, supposedly to drink to your health, but as a matter of fact to spend your good money." He rose and started ringly across the floor. "Thank God, your dad came up out of black swamp muck that grows pin-oak knotty and sour-gum cross-grained and white oak tougher than—"

"Please, Chancellor," implored the son. "I remember the details perfectly: how you loaded your first car of bark for a mere dollar; when and how you cut your foot with the cruel ax and crawled a mile—"

"Shut up!" abruptly bellowed his father, whirling on him with the ponderous rapidity of a grizzly. "This show's over. I order you to report to Angus at once. Get me, son?"

"Perfectly," nodded the youth. "Have a cigarette?" For a moment he fancied a suppressed parental beam in his father's eyes. Afterward he decided he had been mistaken, for when he looked again the eyes were contracted like bullets. "Sorry, Chancellor," he said regretfully. "Give my love to Angus," and took his departure.

FRIDAY afternoon, Lou Baron called up from down-town. Lou was a breezy classmate, perpetually borrowing gas for his father's ancient car; a ready diner at more fortunate friends' expense. An erstwhile member of the college dance

his cane chair, saw
ger, reel and drop

"Hanged if I'd stand that!" incited Lou. "Give him blazes, Val! I'll stand by—" The final word or words were blotted out by the sharp report of a thirty-two caliber revolver. Val, standing passionately above his cane chair, saw the stranger straighten, stagger, reel and drop. He continued to stare stupidly as the room grew into an uproar. Rose screamed and rushed away as from a madman. Lou, after a scared gasp, bent down and tried to raise the stricken stranger to a sitting posture. Each time the silent form insisted upon crumpling back to the floor with a limpness that sickened Val's senses.

The flush had left his face. It felt curiously cold. His nostrils flinched from the pungent smoke of powder. He glanced dazedly at the ring of well-dressed men and women so suddenly transformed from lighthearted merrymakers to mutes with appalled eyes and white faces.

"Stone dead, Val!" gasped Lou from his knees beside the man on the floor. The next moment he had hastily risen, caught Val by the arm and, wielding the revolver wrenched from the other's hand hurried him out through the unresisting crowd to the bevy of parked machines.

"Not yours, Val!" he chattered. "Everybody knows it. Take the machine of the fellow you plugged. Over here somewhere. I was at the window with Sylvia when he came. Here she is. I'll drive her if she's got selective gears. All right. Crawl down on the floor in the back. Wait! Help me get this self-starter started. All right. Get back. Keep low for Pete's sake!" The engine had broken into a roar. Backing violently around a green sedan, they went shooting out into the pike.

It was fifteen or twenty minutes later when the car stopped. Val, lifting his head from the rug of the tonneau, found above him the green leaves of an apple tree. They were still in the country.

"Listen, Val," said Lou hurriedly, turning from the front seat. "I've been doping this thing out. We can't go back to town. Every cop will be looking for you."

"Lou!" begged Val wretchedly. "I didn't want to kill him!"

"Too late now, man, to talk about that!" declared Lou. "The thing is to get away before they hang you—if you can. If they catch me, it'll probably mean ten years as an accomplice. But I'm going to help you out as I promised. A minute ago I thought of a place in Dauphin County. Just the spot for you. Nothing but godforsaken rocks and trees and mountains lined up one beside the other. I was up trout fishing with Joe Crisman over Easter vacation. Saw a fellow cutting timber, who said he couldn't get enough help. It's ten miles to a saloon and four-

and wig club, he trailed an accumulation of dramatic mimicries and aspired to be a movie star.

To-day he announced that fortune had befallen him, and for the moment he had money itching to be dispensed. Would Val bring Rose of the Bon Ton, and join him and a fairy of his own at the Black Horse on the Lancaster Pike Tuesday night? Val accepted at once. A dinner by Lou promised rosily.

His assumptions were not predestined to disillusionment. The evening's dinner and dancing succeeded hilariously, despite the current laws of prohibition. Lou had brought some mysterious elixir in a bottle, which he poured into each served drink to give it a pre-prohibition flavor. He was especially generous with Val's glasses, and by ten-thirty the latter had become too flushed and unsteady to continue on the floor.

About eleven, a lone arrival sat down at an adjoining table and began gazing offensively at Rose. Val saw red at once, but managed to keep within restraint by having the girl exchange chairs with him, which turned her back to the noxious table.

The stranger smiled in derisive amusement, and had his waiter change him to a table that permitted renewed view of the girl's face. Here he continued to stare impudently, his big, handsome bulk lounging easily in his chair. Twice he laughed insolently at Val's palpable fury; and the latter's passion was at white heat when Rose returned a glance and the stranger came sauntering over to ask brazenly for a dance.

"Lord, what a bounder!" sputtered Lou.

"I'LL break his fresh neck!" declared Val, half pushing back his chair.

"Not your fists, Val!" warned Lou. "He's too husky. Here's something better." Under the cover of the table Val felt the touch of an object hard and cold. His fingers convulsed about it hotly.

"Won't your jealous friend let you dance?" jeered the stranger to Rose. The girl turned her head, half haughtily, half coyly. The man laughed again, a short incendiary laugh. Then he glanced contemptuously at the youth and, gently squeezing the girl's shoulder, bent his head to whisper in her ear.

teen to an ice-cream parlor. Get down! Here comes somebody's lights. I'm going to try to get you up there to-night."

For an hour Val lay on his back on the bottom of the car, his head thumping from rock, rut and gutter, his calves jolting on the slanted tonneau cushions. He heard nothing above the roar of the car, saw nothing but a continually dark sky and an occasional flashing tree, smelled only a blend of leather, varnish, rubber, rug dust and occasionally a whiff of Lou's cigarette. His back grew maniacal with aches and cramp. His shoulders seemed caked with rheumatism.

Suddenly he heard Lou give a sharp exclamation. He opened his eyes. The illuminated branches of trees above the car told him they were passing through a city or good sized town. The tires were purring softly as on asphalt. Gradually the car came to a stop.

"Hello!" he heard Lou say nervously. "What's the matter?"

Hugging the floor he heard no reply for a moment, then felt the heave of a heavy foot on the running board.

"Sorry, but I'll have to get your name."

"James Barth," fabricated Lou smoothly. "What's the idea?"

"Where are you going?"

"Up the country, fishing."

"Sorry to be personal, but that mustache—excuse me. . . . Seems to be genuine all right. Sorry to have annoyed you, but we've got orders to look for a smooth-faced young gunman in a machine. Murdered a man in cold blood down near the city to-night. If you happen to see a bird of that description, call me up, will you? City hall. Ask for Judson. We'll take care of the charges. Reward of five thousand out."

"Sure thing," answered Lou nervously. "Have a cigar. Hope you get that coin."

The engine spun, and the car leaped forward. Some minutes later, Lou turned his head soberly. "He must have been blind not to see you." Val didn't answer. His senses were stunned with the realization that there was five thousand dollars reward on his head. In vivid sequence he saw himself in a cell—his name and picture on the front page of the "Journal," his stand in the crowded courtroom, his mother crying down below, the judge's impartial black frock, the unperturbed, placid jurors, the foreman rising to deliver a verdict. . . . Feverishly he forced his eyes apart, pushed up on one elbow and tried to blot out the mental scenes with the actuality of passing country.

SOME hours later, at Lou's direction he rose painfully to a sitting position and looked about. It was dawn in an unfamiliar forest valley. No human habitation was in sight. To the right towered a level bulk of mountain, to the left another. Stiff in shoulders and knees, he clambered down to the ground, which appeared to be red and sandy.

"Can't let you go that way!" declared Lou positively. "Tear off that collar and tie, and come along till I fix you up presentably."

When twenty minutes later they came back from the stream, Val felt complete physical confusion added to mental chaos. His suit was torn and stained, caked with mud and dust. So were his shoes and hat. His collar and tie, with his collar buttons and links, had been stuffed into the soft cavity of a brown stump. The letters in his pocket had been burned. His sleeves were rolled up, and hands, face, arms and neck had been stained with juice from forest leaves and rubbed with dust.

"Your road's down here by that bridge," directed Lou. "It's too rough for a machine. Follow through the gap till you come to a sawmill. See that you tell a likely story. Might call yourself Jim Barth. Then I'll know how to write you."

"Lou," begged Val tremulously, "if you should see my father—"

"No danger," assured Lou, jumping into the machine and slamming the door. "I've got troubles of my own getting this machine to another neck of the woods. If they ever find it up in this part of the country, they won't stop till they get their claws on you." With a jerk he threw in his gears and shot away.

Val watched him out of sight. Then with a start he hurried down to the connecting road. It was a homely mountain product, narrow, sandy, jutting forth with immovable rocks, and lined with a pair of deep canyon-like ruts. But he took it gratefully.

As he went along the sun came up salmon-red, reflected in a million leaf drops, sparkling on endless spider webs strung like white nets on twinberry, wintergreen and cinquefoil. Below the road zigzagged an ice-cold mountain stream, clear as glass, musically slopping over glistening rocks, moving indolently through fern-bordered trout pools, lending a cool, damp tang to the air.

The farther he penetrated into the gap, the racier became each breath, tinctured with hemlock and pine, with blossoming elder thickets, with myriads of faintly fragrant wet leaves and disintegrating forest mold. When he reached the little valley beyond, he halted hungrily. Two or three slab buildings dominated the cuttings. Near by stood a silent sawmill of the portable type, with its inseparable pile of sawdust, neatly layered tiers of railroad ties and lumber, and a pile of jumbled slabs.

THE strong wine fragrance of green lumber, chestnut predominating, came to his nostrils, blended with the pungency of burning pine and the inimitable aroma of coffee and bacon. A tanager stopped its robin-like carol from a standing hollow white oak and dropped like a burning coal to a dogwood twig the level of Val's head, from which it alternately inspected him and displayed its incomparable coat of red and black. Val shuddered slightly as he watched it, feeling the inexorable analogy between the bird's vivid scarlet and his own crimson stain.

He passed on, approached the center building, from which blue smoke filed, knocked on the open door and asked to see the boss. A common-looking workman in disillusioning faded blue shirt and overalls and high-topped shoes presented himself in the doorway.

"Job?" he ruminated. "Come in and get some eats. What can you do?"

"Not very much," admitted Val. "But I'm game to learn. The last job I h as running an automobile."

"Shofer for a ri'h man?"

"You might it that," said V.

"Well—Barn ere's been bellya g for a buddy sin come. He can k you in. Jake, quit your gawking at the young fellow and give him some beans and coffee." He turned to the youth in crude apology. "The flitch's all, but there's more where it came from. Charley, what the devil are you sticking around here for? You ought to be half way down to Murray Siding by this time."

"Oh, go hang yourself Bill," said Charley affably, and strolled leisurely out in the direction of the stable.

NOT daring to arouse suspicion by confessing that he had not slept the night before, Val accompanied Barney up the soft skidway to the standing timber. His hand wavered on the polished handle of the crosscut saw, but the first tree, a rock oak, driving to the ground, imparted a reacting sense of human power that strengthened the spirit.

Physically, he felt in purgatory. He perspired weakly, the midges and forests flies tormented his hot, moist face, and the food he had bolted at breakfast did not want to stay down. After a time, the palm of each hand began to exhibit a row of bluish water blisters, which finally burst and thenceforth burned, shrinking like open flesh from ax and saw handles.

By the end of the week, however, he had somewhat hardened. He was at least physically able to note the valley's evening hush as he came stumbling back to the bunk-house a step or two behind Barney, bitterly anathematizing himself for the mental shadow that prevented normal enjoyment. At this hour the valley seemed like a child down on its knees in prayer. The only sounds were the ceaseless monologue of the red-eyed vireo, the wild, elusive tinkle of the stream on the rocks, and the occasional rumble of a prop wagon returning through the gap from Murray Siding.

A month passed, and he had learned to move a saw without wasted effort, to place the blade of his double-bitted ax in accordance with his vision, to be forgetfully tolerant of the midges and mosquitoes, to judge the fall of a stick of timber, to know the cough of the red squirrel from the bark of the gray; to name the swishing song of the high-perched indigo bunting, the mourn of the turtle dove, the foreboding of the black-billed cuckoo; to discriminate by taste and sight between birch and spice bush; to distinguish rock oak from chestnut and red oak, white oak from sour gum, pignut from ash; to answer in kind the rough badinage of the other members of the crew; to fall into sound sleep with whip-poor-wills racing oratorically outside the window.

There were moments aplenty of distaste and rebellion, but a visualization of waiting prison masonry never failed to minimize his grievances. He felt like a student who, having done a forbidden lesson in the back of the book, turns front to find rudimentary tasks that had looked difficult before, now seem comparatively simple. A few moments' reflection found him invariably tractable, eagerly willing to pay the price of midges, aches and sweat, for the boon of remaining free in this sequestered forest valley.

By the time October dispersed the mosquitoes, softened the sunlight, painted the mountains red and gold and impregnated the air with the tang of cold mornings, Val had let go into the tenor of Beaver

The sandy-haired giant had taken an immediate fancy to the comforts of home. Daily, at nine and three, Mol brought a "piece" of apple-butter sandwiches and hot coffee

Valley existence. He could not let go wholly, for there were nights when he tossed with recurrences of the past, and days when he could not unseat the feeling that officers were closing in on him. Twice the unannounced arrival of tie inspectors from the railroad company sent him into a state of panic, and once a state forester in brown flannels and puttees, riding in from the state land on Black Mountain, had actually put him to temporary flight.

Then, one Saturday afternoon, working in a strip of hemlock by the seasonally depleted stream, he became indefinably conscious of someone watching him. Mechanically he continued lopping withered branches, trying to gain some sense of direction. As he persisted, the fringe of hair above his ears seemed to stand toward an invisible magnet on Black Mountain. His eyes scoured the steep slope, but he could distinguish nothing, except a long familiar gray rock prominent amid the mass of green, and a trio of turkey buzzards sailing silently up in the blue.

He was about to force himself back to work when, for the fraction of a second, a flash of light flicked his eyes. It was as if a small mirror on Black Mountain had reflected the sun across his face. Scarcely breathing, he realized that the lenses of a field glass might have done it. Unsteadily he studied the spot from which the flash had come, the foot of a lone pitch pine whose darker green foliage stood out perceptibly from the preponderance of hardwood.

"Barney," he asked, trying to remain calm. "Can you see anything under that yellow pine over (*Continued on page 198*)

Only 26—But on the Stage 21 Years

Some of the things I have experienced and learned

By Fay Bainter

I AM twenty-six years old. Especially to people who are not of the stage, that may not seem an age when one becomes exactly decrepit. It may not seem that a success finally gained when you still are in your twenties could have been very long delayed. But I have been on the stage for twenty-one years. Exactly. I began at the fairly early age of five.

It was out in Los Angeles, California, where I was born. I had taken part in pageants and other amateur entertainments People hailed me as an infant prodigy. My father was ever a man of dreams, a dreamer of dreams that never came true, of inventions that never became practicable. Out there in California, in a sanitarium, he still is dreaming—happily, thank God!—of such things as perpetual motion. So, while I was only five, it became necessary for me to help pay for my food and clothes. And that, together with what I had done in amateur performances, explains why I went—or rather was taken—on the professional stage.

Hardly can I remember a time when I was not on the stage. What I remember chiefly about my first stage work was that I had a lovely doll, which I was permitted to carry to the theatre, and that my mother always accompanied me. It was a dark theatre, where strange people rehearsed. A man and a woman told me just what I was to do. The woman was Nance O'Neil. She was playing a series of special engagements with the Morosco Stock Company, and the play that was being rehearsed was one of her great successes, "The Jewess."

I was with that Los Angeles stock company for nine years, or until I grew too tall for children's parts. There is nothing particularly painful about my recollections of *this* period of my life. It never occurred to me that mine was a hard lot. From the beginning, I accepted it as perfectly natural that I must work or starve. And the ladies and gentlemen of that stock company truly raised me a pet. They saw to it that I never lacked such tangible evidences of their affection as fruit, cake, and candy. Then, even before I was fourteen, I came to love the theatre, and to dream of a great stage career. You see, I must have inherited a tendency to dream. Only in my case it was deeply impressed on me that I must be practical; that, above all, I must make money.

After leaving Los Angeles, I played ingénue rôles for three years with stock companies in Seattle and Portland. Now it was that I began to dream of New York. Doubtless you know that it is the ambition of every stage person who has any ambition at all, to make a success and acquire a following on Broadway. At seventeen I thought I was a woman. My salary had been getting larger, and I had been able to save up three or four hundred dollars.

There came the day when I gave the manager notice that I was through with being a stock ingénue. I bought what seemed like several feet of railway ticket, and by virtue of it landed in New York. My mother could not afford to take that journey of three thousand miles with me. I was all alone.

I was practical enough to know that I must take good care of what money I had left. I rented a cheap room in a lodging-house in one of the West Forty streets, a house and a neighborhood frequented by the lesser theatrical people.

From one manager's office to another I traveled, always to be absolutely ignored. I could not get a suspicion of a hearing. It hardly was any wonder. I thought I was a woman, but I was only a girl at the awkward age of seventeen. So far from being a stage beauty I was not, I am sure, even ordinarily attractive. For one thing, I did not have the clothes for New York. And from being turned away again and again, I became so disheartened and frightened that I suppose my very appearance invited rebuffs. It became so that as soon as I asked for work I was ready to run. It is easy in a cynical spirit to say that people turn a cold shoulder to those who are down; but I presume that what employers of all kinds are looking for are those that can help *them*, and so it is perfectly natural for them to turn from you when you l[illegible]s if *you* needed the help.

I had weeks of (Co[illegible]d on page 223)

You Don't Have to be an Actor to Take This Tip from Mrs. Fiske

MISS BAINTER says she owes a lot to that great actress, Mrs. Fiske, in whose company she played for a time. Here is a part of what she says about Mrs. Fiske:

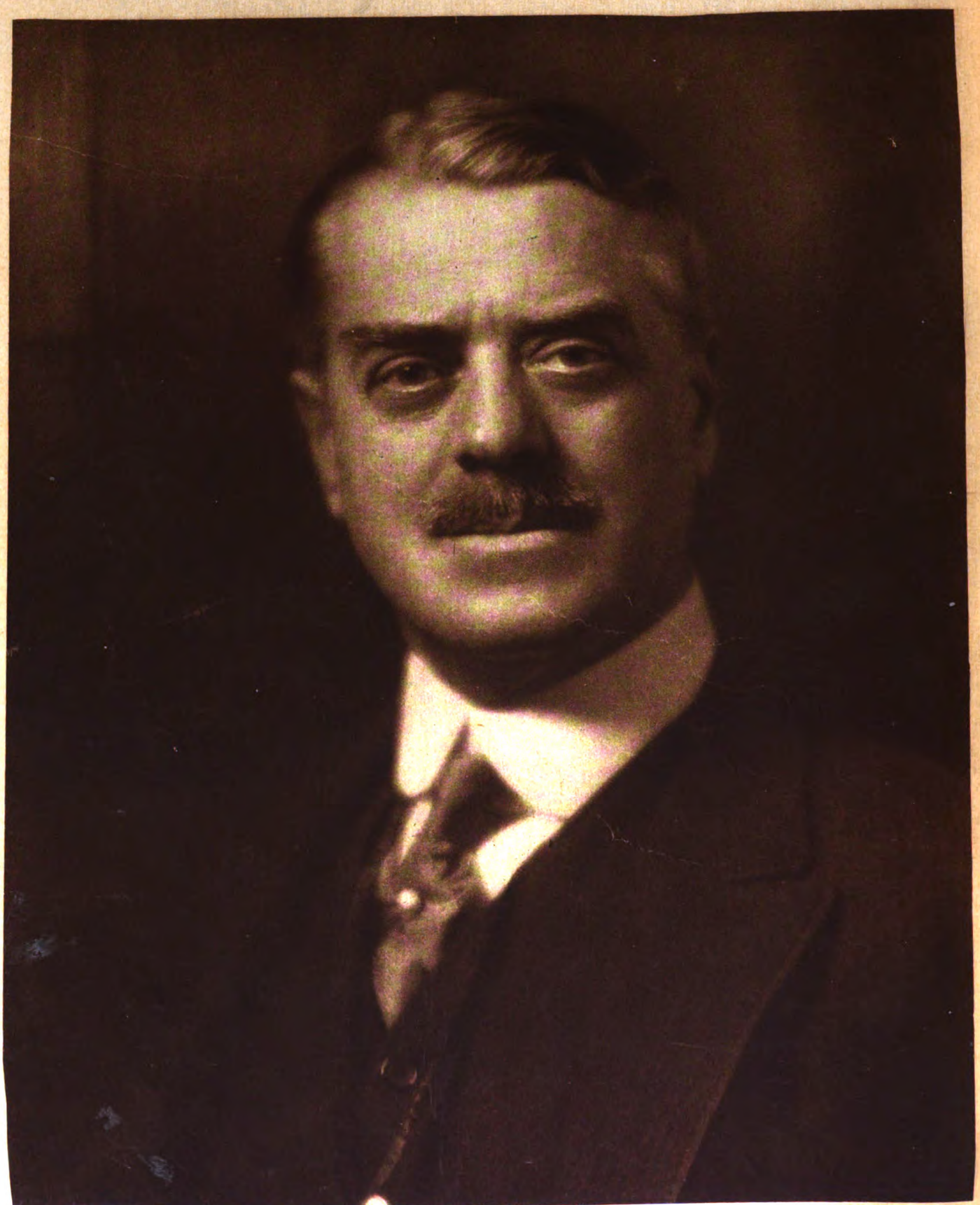
What Mrs. Fiske's advice amounted to was this: "Do not try to rise to something higher *before you are ready for it.* Be satisfied where you are, *for the time being.* Wherever you are, *make the most of it, get all you can out of it;* for that is the sure way to make yourself ready for something better. As a matter of fact, you have no right to aspire to anything better unless you are doing the best you can where you are. However, you must picture to yourself every day that you already are what you want to be, and where you want to be, and key yourself up accordingly. Do this, and every day you almost automatically will do your very best, and give of your very best. You will acquire the habit of being successful *every day*, and in *everything* you do."

This was the lesson I learned from Mrs. Fiske. And it was wonderful what a new world opened for me as I ceased to dream of how big I was going to be in the future, and got right down to the business of doing my job every day, of throwing myself into my day's work with a spirit that rose superior to all the limitations and drawbacks I might encounter. Is it not always true that what you have, and where you are, is of little or no importance as compared with your disposition to go as far as you can with what you have and where you are?

Photograph by White Studio

Fay Bainter

THOUGH only twenty-six years old, she has been on the stage for twenty-one years. As the fascinating Chinese heroine of "East is West," the play that has run for more than a year continuously on Broadway, she suddenly has come into fame. Some persons of the theatrical world are now looking to see this California girl become a second Maude Adams. Behind this success of hers is a remarkable story of many bitter years of struggle. Few actresses—certainly none of her age—have come to the front so well qualified by experience to go on progressing in their profession as has Fay Bainter.



Photograph by Pirie MacDonald, N. Y.

William B. Joyce

BEGINNING work at the age of five, as a newsboy on the streets of Grand Rapids, Michigan, Mr. Joyce has come up the business ladder round by round until to-day he is president of the National Surety Company, the largest concern of its kind in the world. In the article on the opposite page, Mr. Joyce tells what a great bonding company finds out about human nature. His article makes interesting reading, and it also contains tips of great value to the rest of us. Some of the things he reports will surprise you.

A Great Expert In Telling Who Can Be Trusted

The personal story of William B. Joyce—one of the biggest surety men in the world

By Merle Crowell

FIFTEEN years ago a New York surety company woke from a financial nightmare to find itself on the point of toppling into bankruptcy. Its direct and contingent obligations were between five and six million dollars. Its net assets, even "on paper," could be stretched to a total of only $686,000—about one tenth of its liabilities. By every rule of the game, a new disaster was impending in a field already white with the tombstones of deceased companies.

In the midst of the panic, a young officer came to his father, the most influential director.

"Only one man in the world can save us," he announced.

"Who is that?" asked his father.

"William B. Joyce."

As Northwestern agent for the company, Joyce—one-time newsboy on the streets of Grand Rapids—had clinched the title of the greatest surety salesman in America. Entering the field when the business of bonding men was new, he had cultivated his territory with such energy and imagination that he was then making between thirty and forty thousand dollars a year in commissions.

To Joyce, of St. Paul, came the call to leave his lucrative agency and become president of the National Surety Company at a salary of only ten thousand dollars a year. It was a perilous gamble. For a moment he hesitated. Then there flashed before him the thought of hundreds of personal friends who had given him their business.

"I can't look them in the face," he told himself, "if the company I have represented—which they have trusted because of me—goes to the wall, and they lose not only their claims but their paid-in premiums."

SO JOYCE took the next train for New York.

There followed one of the most splendid financial fights ever staged. By sheer personal force, by the imagination of salesmanship, by a driving enthusiasm that swept everything before it, Joyce set the tottering institution solidly on its feet within a few years. In doing this he wiped out not only the original obligations but several million dollars more that had piled up as the result of old and unwise risks. To-day he heads the largest and financially the strongest surety company in the world, with a capital of $5,000,000 and a surplus of $5,500,000. The *increase* in business alone, for 1919, was twice the *total business* of the company when he took hold of it in 1904.

"I have never had a discouraged moment in my life," Joyce once remarked.

This statement seems peculiarly to fit the man with whom I talked one Sunday morning recently, as we sat in his New York apartment, through the wet windows of which one could see the trees in Manhattan Park slowly turning to silver at the touch of winter sleet.

I have never met a man who seemed to personify power more positively than does William B. Joyce. He is charged with a perfectly controlled nervous force—from his iron-gray hair, his blue eyes, his close-cropped mustache and his strong chin, down to the hands that drive through the air in pistonlike strokes to emphasize some point. His convictions are positive, too. One that seemed to jut out above all others was his belief that the normal human being, willing to pay the price, is as sure to seize success as he is to see the sun rise. Born in poverty, a newsboy at the age of five, a bell boy at ten, and a telegraph messenger boy at twelve, he has climbed steadily to the heights by the light of that conviction.

On this winter Sunday we were discussing the powers of men, the paths by which they reach the rewards to which they have dedicated their lives, when he said, suddenly:

"Why, it's as plain as the noonday sun! Even as a boy I saw it. There I was—a struggling little shaver—with no powerful friends, no rich relatives, no pull, and no prospect of one. (*Continued on page 208*)

Human Beings Who Are Good Risks—and Poor Ones

By William B. Joyce

President of the National Surety Company, New York

WE DEAL in character, and any man who is interested in human beings will find the surety business a fascinating field. In order to write fidelity bonds successfully one must know how all kinds of people will react under given sets of circumstances, just as the laboratory expert knows what will happen when he puts two chemicals into a test tube. Guesswork will not do at all. Many surety companies tried it in the early days. Their obituaries decorate the bound volumes of trade reports.

The surety man soon finds out that nearly all normal human beings are naturally honest. In the last thirty years the company of which I am the head has bonded at least seven million men and women—rich and poor, young and old, natives and foreigners, church members and atheists. Not more than one per cent went wrong, and I suppose that hardly 1,000 persons altogether out of over 70,000 defaulters set out with the deliberate and premeditated intention to steal and ultimately keep their employers' money.

Defaulters are usually the victims of circumstances. Sudden temptation overpowers them, or the slow sapping of hardship, poverty, or discontent, breaks down their moral resistance, especially during the character-forming period of youth. A surprisingly large percentage of embezzlers, however, seem to lack a moral sense of right and wrong—just as some persons are color blind. They do not steal; they "borrow." This type is particularly prevalent among the young.

It is difficult to generalize on human nature. As soon as you get everyone nicely labeled and put on the proper shelf

of the cabinet, some fellow out in Chicago or Medicine Hat goes off on a tangent and violates all the rules. Yet, day in and day out, a surety company builds up a certain "law of averages" covering the resistability to temptation of people of various races, ages, occupations, tempers and tendencies.

A happily married man, for instance, is a better risk than a bachelor. I would say the chances were six to one in his favor. Yet some of the largest and most deliberately calculated embezzlements on record have been committed by married men, with happy homes, children, social position, church standing, and apparently everything in the world to live for.

Newcomers in the surety business have lots of things to learn about human nature. I remember discussing a certain prospect with a young salesman of our company.

"We can't bond that man," he broke in suddenly. "He's a crank."

I couldn't help smiling as I answered: "When you've been in this business, my boy, as long as I have, you'll know that 'cranks' are never dishonest. It's usually the smooth, suave, hail-and-well-met fellow who causes our losses. The eccentric person who wears weird clothing, or has weird ideas, and isn't afraid to express them, could be trusted with the queen's jewels. There's no camouflage about him. You know right where he stands."

There's the same sort of psychology back of the fact that a very profane man is almost never a defaulter. He may shock our sensibilities, but he won't often bother our bank account. All his protests against life evaporate in language. They do not sour down inside him.

Jumping to the other extreme, the big, fat, good-natured man can almost always be trusted. He isn't corroded by worry and dissatisfaction—two very common causes of defalcations.

Foreigners, as a rule, have a weaker sense of moral obligation than the native American. Yet the best risks in the whole wide world are the Chinese.

Among the European peoples I believe the Hollanders rate highest in integrity. They are very frugal and inclined to be phlegmatic—to think before they act. The excitable Latin races yield to temptation much more readily, but their embezzlements are more likely to be petty. When the deliberate Hollander or Anglo-Saxon decides to steal, he is likely to take "lock, stock and barrel."

People of the Northern races, by and large, are less prone to purloin than those of the Southern races, but they sometimes default heavily when they do step over the line. The same parallel may be drawn between young folk and those of maturer years. Youth falls more readily, but age is likely to fall far harder.

The "remittance man," whether he comes from London, Berlin, Hongkong, or Buenos Aires, is a poor one to bond.

NEWSPAPERS often make a nine-day wonder of the fact that some institution has been wrecked by a "trusted employee." Did you ever stop to think that only a *trusted* employee is in a position to wreck an institution? No sane man will give a suspected employee a chance to embezzle.

One of the biggest obstacles surety companies had to overcome in the early days was the reluctance of firms to "check up" on assistants in whom they had come to have perfect confidence. Back of most big defalcations you will find that surprising latitude, amounting to culpable negligence, has been given to some time-tried subordinate. One recent million-dollar loss was made possible because an old employee had been practically given *carte blanche* in making out company checks.

Employees of to-day are future employers.

To the head of any firm I would say: "Guide and guard *your* employees with great care. Don't allow them to be unnecessarily subjected to temptation—particularly the younger ones. Trust them, but check them up often. Audit their accounts frequently, but at irregular intervals.

The best risk, after all, is the man most closely watched. We have to pay hundreds of losses because the employer has been culpably negligent in failing to adopt an up-to-date accounting system. Some employers feel so guilty that they will not ask us to pay losses.

Whenever possible, office procedure should be so arranged that no single individual will be able to effect a large embezzlement without collusion. Little banks are more dangerous risks than large ones, because in many of the small, rural institutions one man acts as cashier, bookkeeper, and office manager, with no restraint or supervision whatever.

Not one embezzler in twenty believes in his heart that he is "dishonest." Usually, he has merely "borrowed" a little money to help his mother, sister or friend; to settle a debt; to speculate in the market, or meet some other sudden outside pressure. If his first attempt passes without detection, the second and third come much more easily.

SOME people have strange ideas about honesty. Men who would shrink in horror from a chance to steal a thousand dollars will steal office postage stamps for private correspondence, or list a few imaginary items on their expense accounts.

Moral standards seem particularly prone to wobble where a public service corporation is concerned. Hundreds of sober and respected citizens will deliberately overlook the failure of a street car conductor to collect a fare, or they will pocket the nickel that the telephone slot machine sometimes lets drop accidentally.

Officials who handle funds for municipalities and counties, particularly in the rural districts, often have odd and amusing ideas about financial responsibility. The head of an important department in this company was once called on to examine the finances of a certain small city. He found a treasury shortage of twenty-two thousand dollars. . . . Dishonesty? The treasurer was indignant at the mere hint. As a "good fellow," he had simply advanced salaries—often for months ahead—to improvident office holders. Since he was a wealthy man, this treasurer gave his check for the amount of shortage after the seriousness of the situation had been impressed upon him. A few months later he gave up his office exactly ten thousand dollars poorer than when he went into it.

A county treasurer in one of the Southern states had been in office for twenty-seven years when a general bonding of officials necessitated an examination of his accounts. His books made up in simplicity what they lacked in method. The entries for each year were as follows: The amount charged up against him to collect, minus what he had paid out during the year, minus the cash in the bank, equaled the uncollected balance. A few strokes of the pen and his year's bookkeeping was done!

His own salary he had seldom bothered to draw, as he had a good income outside. After working for weeks over scattered receipts and other "scraps of paper," the examiner made a most extraordinary discovery. Far from a shortage, it turned out that the *county owed the treasurer $30,000.*

As a result of this investigation, the treasurer made the county a present of the $30,000, on condition that a modern accounting system be established and a bookkeeper furnished him to handle the office properly.

THE daily press finds frequent and great sensations in the fact that some church member of high standing has become an embezzler. These defaults usually occur because of the employer's tendency to trust implicitly a man of spotless reputation and religious standing. Extraordinary opportunities for taking money thus arise—and human nature sometimes succumbs to the temptation.

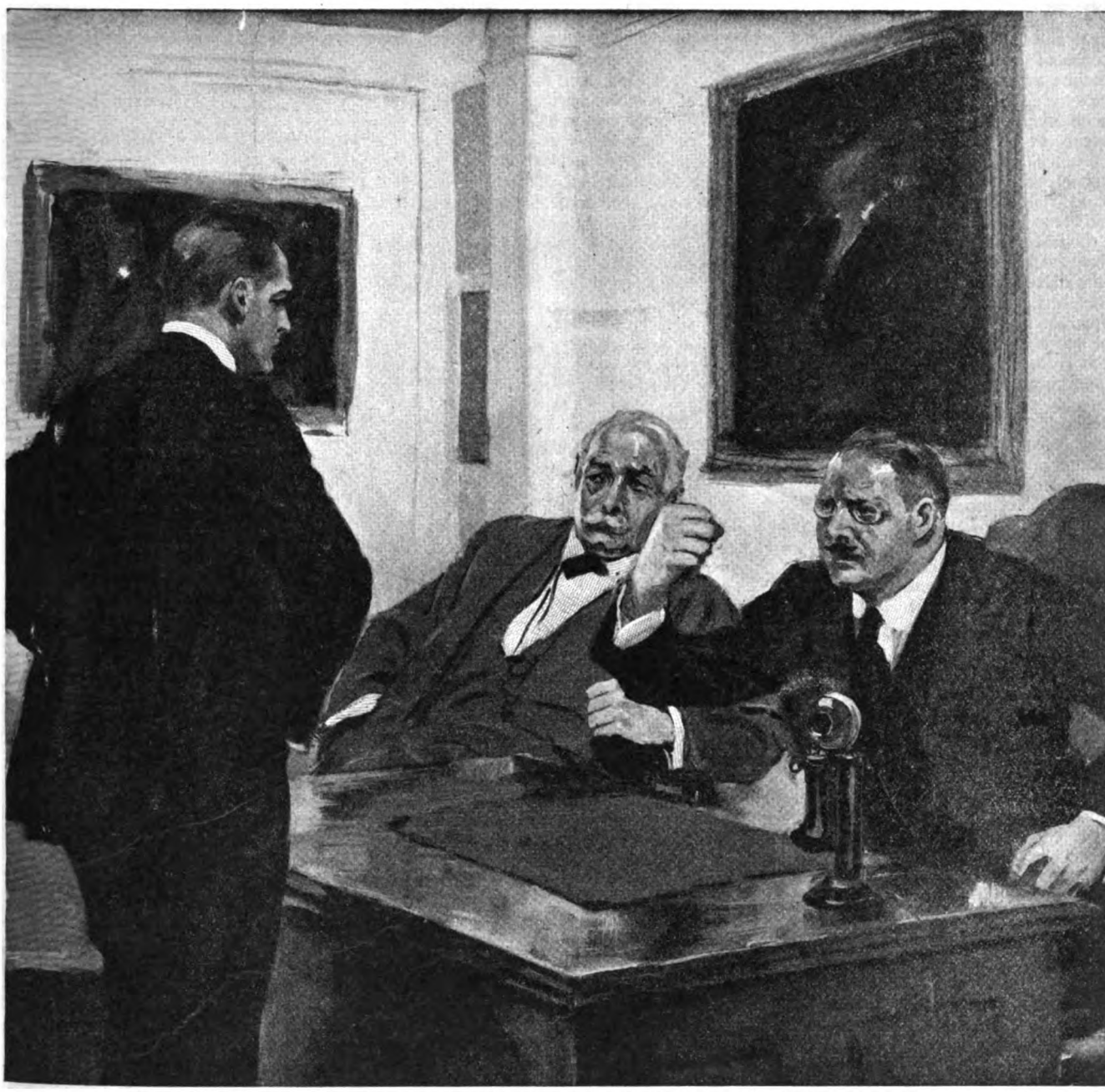
I can remember no stranger case of this sort than that of a general agent for one of the large life insurance companies, who succeeded in appropriating $60,000 in a period of ten years. Thirty thousand dollars of this amount he gave to a prosperous church of which he was the leading member.

One of the principal citizens of a good-sized city, blessed with a beautiful home, a wife, and three charming children, this man would have seemed a perfect surety risk. His downfall really resulted from religious ambitions. Through his large donations to the church, he had gained a high place in his denominational conference. . . . Influential friends made good the amount of the shortage and the story never was published.

Extravagance was the road to ruin in a somewhat similar case. Just after he had returned from his honeymoon and settled down in a newly furnished home, the cashier of an Eastern institution learned that his books were to be checked by an outside auditor. He fled the city, not only with several thousand dollars of the firm's money but with all the funds of the Sunday school of which he was treasurer. He was arrested almost immediately and is now in the penitentiary.

There is a prevalent impression that surety companies will refuse to bond any man who has been guilty of a previous peculation. This is not wholly true. One important factor is whether the man is really penitent and whether he freely confesses the facts of his past "errors." We always insist, however, that the employer be told, too, and that he manifests his entire willingness to take the man on.

On one occasion I was asked to bond a man who looked (*Continued on page 215*)



"You're fired, Mr. Quest. You're through. I'll cancel that Pinkham contract if I have to stand suit for it"

Martin Quest and Wife—Purchasing Agents

A story showing that you can't beat the right kind of a pair

By Wilbur Hall

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. UNDERWOOD

MARTHA QUEST believed in Martin Quest more than Martin believed in himself. But what saved the situation was that Martin believed in Martha with his whole heart.

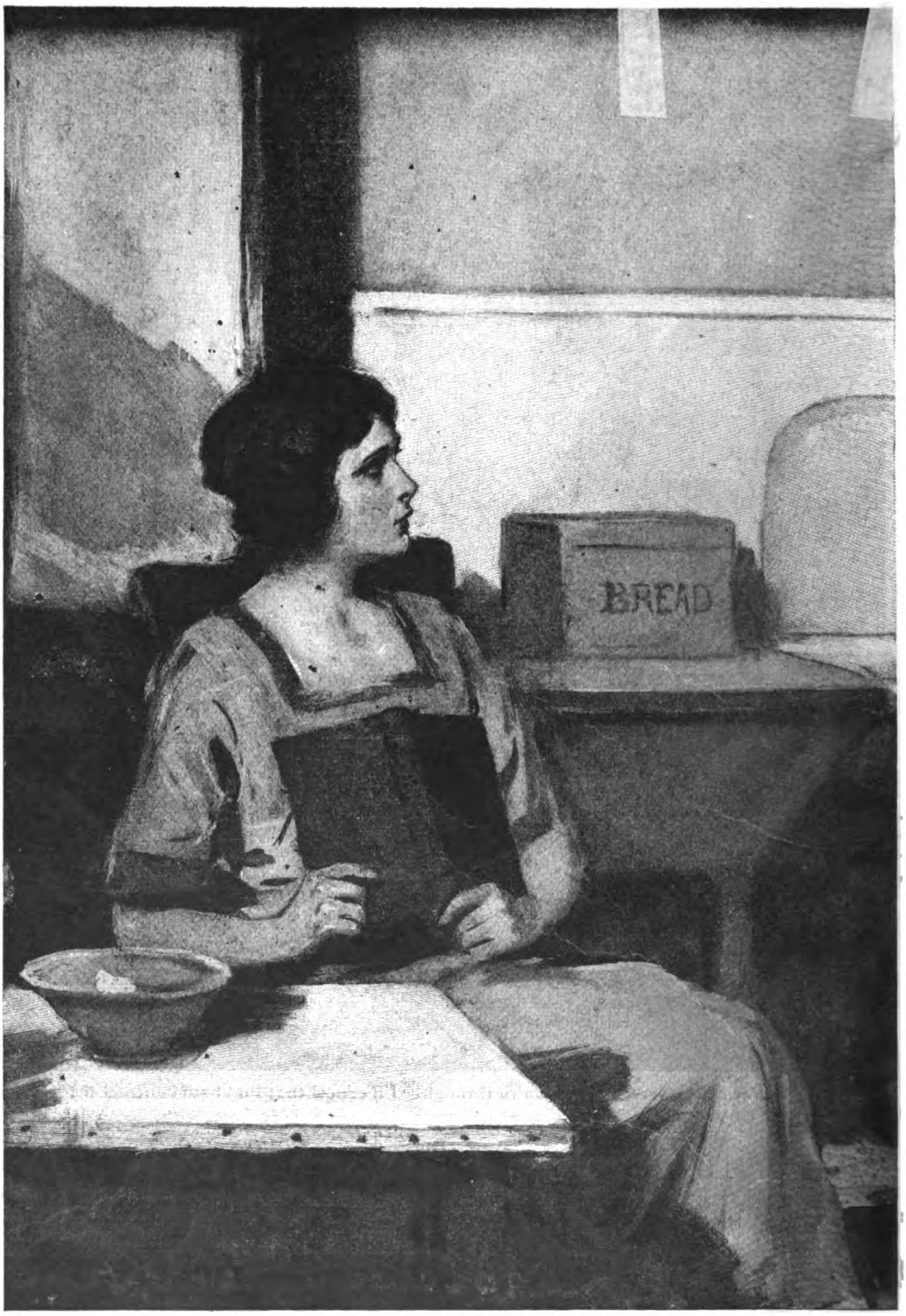
"If you say I'm going to be a great man, Marty," he would remark, "then I am going to be a great man."

"You *are* a great man," Martha corrected, biting a thread on a very little garment and holding it up to see, smilingly, how it would look when all the edging was on. "You must remember that you're only twenty-seven; you don't expect to be president of Western Consolidated Creameries at twenty-eight, I hope."

"Not exactly," Martin laughed. "Well, do we buy that ten thousand yards of burlap?"

It was a game they played, a game of buying for the company, where Martin was chief clerk in the purchasing agent's office, with hopes of being something more some day. Martha had invented the game. It consisted of studying mar-

kets and the requirements of the company, playing at buying goods that were or that would be needed, noting the prices at which they "bought," and then, six months later, setting down the state of the market at that time, and thus being enabled to estimate how much their "purchases" had saved —or lost. And it had grown to be a fascinating game, as well as one that was at least not lessening Martin's touch with the affairs of his company and particularly of his department. That explains what Martin meant about ten thousand yards of burlap.



"Did I tell you the news?" "What news?" "Presi-

MARTHA put down the tiny garment, at the question, and frowned. The frown wasn't very impressive, because a frown, to be impressive, needs deep lines on a face heavy with importance and responsibilities. Martha's pink cheeks, high white forehead, and cupid's-bow mouth simply would not lend themselves to deep lines nor looks of heavy responsibility. Nevertheless, it was quite a frown, for Martha.

"I doubt it," she said. "The Government Report you brought home on burlap—"

"We haven't had time to read that yet."

"I took time. I didn't understand all of it; but it seems to mean that the burlap market is controlled by a lot of brokers and speculators in India, and they juggle the prices to suit themselves. When they overload, the market goes down bang—like that!"

"I've heard that. The law of supply and demand doesn't control burlap prices."

"Besides, you said the other night that there must be a big supply somewhere in storage. And you know the Government isn't going to use so much now. I believe we'd better drift a while on burlap."

"Good for you, Martha. That's my hunch. And the next item is cartons."

"Why cartons?"

"Because, while Merridew was away to-day an agent for the Pinkham Box and Board Company came in and made us a wonderful offer. Anything up to fifteen million cartons at two-forty."

"Two dollars and forty cents a thousand, you mean?"

"Yep."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to buy 'em."

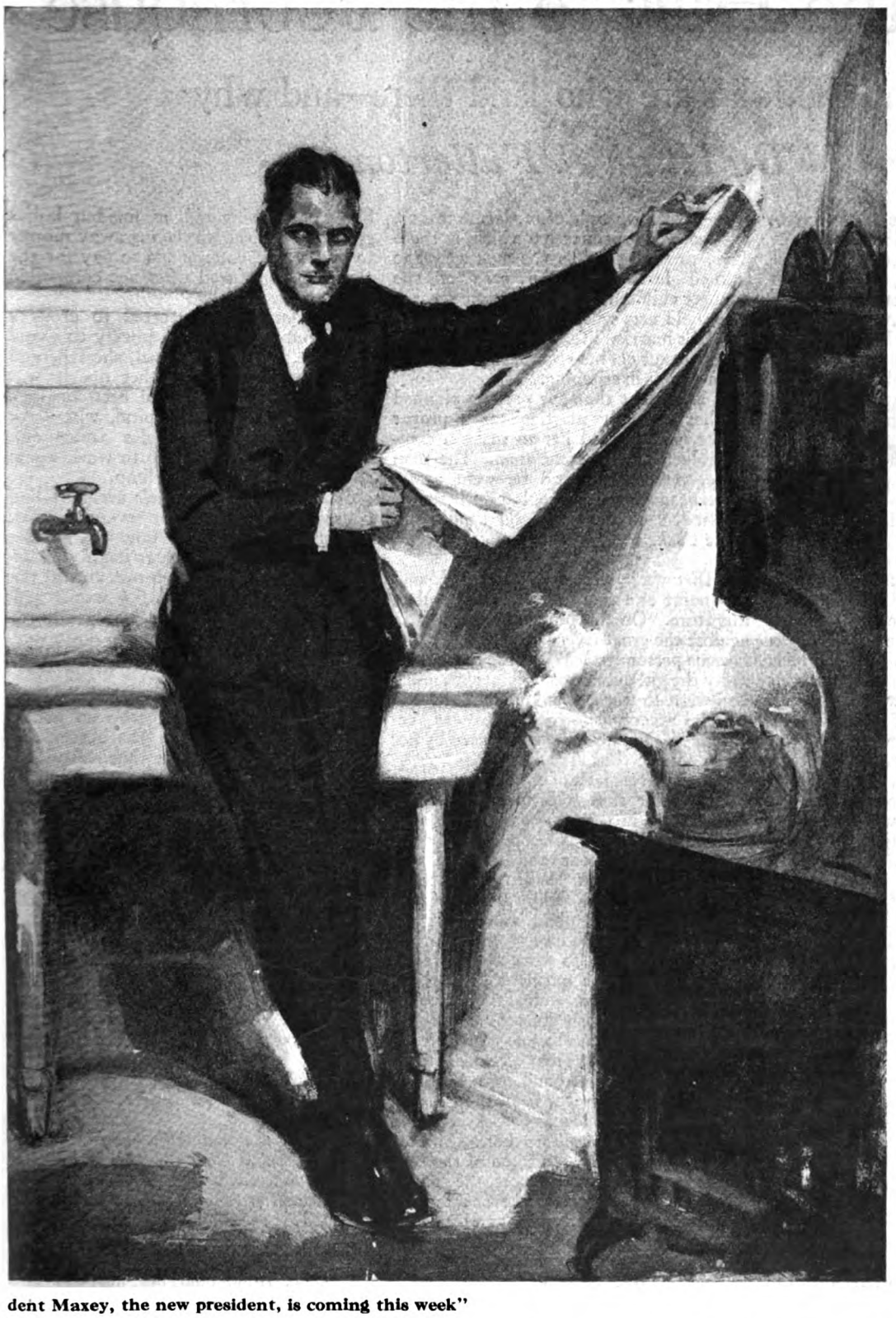
"Whole hog or none?"

"Yes. I'm going to buy fifteen million. Paper is going to keep on where it is, if it doesn't go higher. Labor is uncertain. You know what our inside report said the other day on that. What makes me sick is that I can't actually buy for the firm. Merridew won't. He's too conservative. I don't believe we ever bought more than five million at a shot. And I suggested that we take a chance—well you know what he'd say!"

Martha dropped her sewing and giggled. She was so little more than a child herself it seemed preposterous for her to be sewing on tiny garments and expecting someone to come along soon small enough to wear them—at any rate, Martha had been the manager's stenographer when she met and married M[illegible] Quest, then a mere clerk in the p[illegible]asing agent's department, and she k[illegible] grouchy, conservative old F. G. M[illegible]lew, the purchasing agent, and she [illegible] to see Martin mimic him.

"Go on and sho[illegible] she said, still giggling.

Martin obligingly [illegible] down his pencil



dent Maxey, the new president, is coming this week"

and paper, pulled a lock of hair over his eyes, frowned, folded his arms, and squinted as though through nearsighted spectacles. His voice rumbled.

"Nonsense," he said. "Rot! Rubbish! Don't know what you're talking about! Young bumpkin! Ten million cartons! When I want advice I'll ask for it!"

"Does he still say that, Martin?"

"Yes. I've quit giving him chances to say it to me."

"I wish you were purchasing agent for Consolidated Creameries."

"So do I. But I'm not, I'm only playing I am, here at home. And to finish up a good evening's work I think I'll put down fifteen million cartons at two-forty and go to bed. . . . We'll make anywhere up to ten thousand dollars by the deal, too, before six months are past."

He locked up, and she wound the little alarm clock, that would go off in a few minutes and show them that it was half past six, and they went up-stairs.

"By the way, Marty," Martin called, after the lights were out.

"Yes, Martin?" Drowsily.

"I forgot to tell you that we lost money on the milk cans we bought last February."

"Honest? How much?"

"About three hundred. The price dropped a little only last Wednesday, and Merridew bought a thousand. But we'll make up that loss ten times over on the cartons."

"Sure we will. G'night, Martin."

"'Night, lovely!"

F. G. MERRIDEW, purchasing agent for the California branch of Western Consolidated Creameries, believed in the efficacy of what might be called the overawing method of doing business. He was large, abrupt, and very positive. His frown alone had been known to keep many young salesmen out of his office entirely. He had been known to defeat several well-conceived selling plans with one tremendous snort and a thunderous "Pooh-pooh!" There were salesmen who knew how to get around him—he was susceptible to flattery. Those who told him that he was too big for his position, or who compared him, to his great advantage, with other purchasing agents, pocketed orders.

Sometimes the Merridew method was profitable for the company. But its operation required that he preserve a heavy dignity, move slowly, and order conservatively, and in times, when instant decisions were necessary, dignity, caution and conservatism often lost money. Some of the younger and more aggressive officials of Consolidated Creameries understood this—had even ventured to suggest something of the sort to Merridew. But his pomposity carried him through all crises. And it was a fact that having Merridew in the establishment lent it a certain air!

Martin Quest saw through Merridew, but seeing through him and getting courage enough to face him down were two different things. Martin knew his place and wanted to keep it. In the matter of these butter cartons, for example, he was sure of his ground and confident of the correctness of his judgment, so he determined to beard the lion and present his reasons for consideration of this proposed contract. When Merridew came in, Martin was ready for him.

"I think we have a great opportunity in cartons from the Pinkham Company," he said, as soon (*Continued on page 246*)

Over the Hills to the Poorhouse

Who the folks are who land there—and why

By Hugh S. Fullerton

THE typical inmate of the poorhouse in the United States in 1918 was uneducated, unskilled labor; unmarried, and of an average age of forty-six years. Taken by and large, more inmates of these Houses of the Hopeless had been brought there by drink and a disease which is to a large extent traceable to intoxication, than by all other causes. This was particularly true in the almshouses near large cities.

The population of poorhouses in 1919 is about sixty per cent of what it was in 1918—in some localities less than fifty per cent. This decrease is due largely to prohibition of the sale of intoxicants, although scarcity of labor created such a demand that many previously considered unfit have been able to find work.

The average age of the inmates has risen from forty-six to close to fifty-eight years. This is encouraging. And it is estimated that, should the demand for labor return to the pre-war basis, not more than fifty per cent of those who escaped the poorhouse will go back "Over the Hills." But should intoxicating liquor be restored to general use, it is declared that the population of the poorhouses will come back close to the pre-war basis.

This is a powerful anti-saloon argument. The prohibitionists may have it for what it is worth. But it was not for prohibition arguments that I went "Over the Hills" to visit the Houses of the Hopeless. I wanted to find out, from the lips of the failures, the things that cause men to fail.

When I said this to a friend, he retorted, "The poorhouse? That's the deuce of a place to look for inspiration." Yet, in any poorhouse any man may learn what to avoid, and he can find among the hopeless one or more who have won something that is above counting in terms of money or fame. There is, for instance, the story of the woman who never complained.

ALONG the banks of the Hudson, in a region where the houses of the great and the rich crown the hills, commanding wonderful views of the most beautiful of rivers, where little lakes gem the valleys and smooth roads sweep, curving and undulating through forest and park, there is an almshouse. Quite fittingly, it snuggles close to the foot of one of the wooded hills, as if striving to hide itself.

Inside this almshouse, in bare, white-washed wards, men and women with burned-out bodies and minds, and weary souls, sit staring at the floors, with blank, unseeing eyes. They are waiting, and perhaps longing, for the day of their relief. Among these, for many years, lived the woman who never complained.

There are those who know the story of her youth. It is not much different from that of other girls. Her family was a good one—working people of moderate means. She received an education which, in those days, was better than the average. She learned housework, the care of the younger children, sewing, embroidery, the household arts which are supposed to fit a girl for married life. She became known for the beauty of her embroidery work and her neatness in stitching.

It is evident that her parents planned for her an early marriage as a proper career, and trained her to make a comfortable home for some man. The man came, they loved, and he went away. Perhaps other men came, but for her none counted, save the one—and he did not come back.

THE town in which she lived is old and quaint and famous in history and in literature. On the hills which hem it in against the great river live many rich and famous personages. When the lover went away the girl did not complain; she smiled and went to work, thankful that she had "useful accomplishments," and was "capable." Those were the terms used by her friends when they spoke of her.

There was no lack of employment. The fame of her skill with the needle had spread, and in the houses of the rich on the hill tops she was welcome because she was quiet and neat and cheerful and skilled at her work. When she stitched and designed the fluffy finery of the débutantes, she smiled; and when she embroidered some happy girl's bridal finery, she seemed to work a little bit of her soul into each garment. Along the Heights it became quite the thing to have Anne help with the sewing and give the finishing touches to fine garments.

She had many great friends. Rich ladies brought her to and from her little home. Women, grown from the girls for whom she had made party frocks, stopped on the street to talk to her. Children called to her gayly. In some of the sewing-rooms in the great houses, the coming of Anne to sew was an event for the children. She loved them and showed them how to make pretty things with their own hands, and how "little ladies should behave."

Perhaps she was not entirely happy in those days, but no one ever heard her complain. She smiled, and said all was well; and many considered her lot one to be envied. After many years the townspeople came to look upon Anne as they did upon the town clock, or the fountain, or the bottles in the drug-store windows which never changed. Probably they grew so accustomed to seeing her always smiling and always the same, that they did not see her at all—at least not consciously.

Anne was saving. Her wants were few and easily supplied, and her pleasures cost but little, because she found her greatest pleasure in seeing others happy. She was growing old, as maiden ladies grow old, and she was laying away money to buy a little cottage and to pay for the care she might need when age compelled her to cease work.

One morning she started to cross a street and stepped back quickly to avoid a vehicle. Her foot slipped, she fell, and when passers-by picked her up, it was found that one ankle had been broken. She was taken to a hospital, where for six weeks she was under treatment. When she was able to go to work again she walked with a slight limp.

It happened that Anne's accident had caused her to disappoint several clients, and one remarked that Anne was getting old and unreliable. Others heard the remark. Of course the rich woman did not mean to harm Anne. A few weeks ago, when I told her the story, she was horrified, and said she would have done *anything* for Anne—had she known. Why didn't Anne *tell* her?

The broken ankle was weak, but Anne did not complain. To those who asked, she said that the ankle was better and growing stronger all the time. And she hobbled away smiling and worked harder at the sewing and the embroidery to make up for the expenses and the loss of time in the hospital. Some of her best paying clients had found other sewing women; but still there was plenty of work, and there was almost enough in her "Old Age Fund" to keep her in comfort.

That winter she was walking homeward one evening. She did not go so often now to the places where the limousine was called to take her home. And the weakened ankle gave way as she stepped upon an icy place. She fell; and this time her hip was broken and she was lamed in both limbs. For more than six months she was in the hospital.

THERE is one thing I do not understand about Anne's case: The hospital takes some cases free of charge. It is probable that Anne could have found a free bed. It is certain that had some of the rich who knew her been told, they would have helped. Perhaps it was pride. At any rate, Anne paid her hospital bills promptly each week, and did not mention the fact that her Old Age Fund was nearly exhausted. When she finally was able to hobble out of the hospital, smiling from gladness that she was to be in the spring sunshine again, her money was gone.

Often when the limousines rolled past, the occupants nodded to the old woman hobbling along the sidewalk, and she smiled back at them. Some, who had heard of her [illegible] lents, sent for her and paid her well [illegible] her work. But among themselves th[illegible] had to admit that Anne was slower, a[illegible] hat her embroidery was not what it [illegible] been. They meant no harm—but c[illegible]s heard and employed younger and [illegible]e rapid workers.

There were times when Anne could not find work—she who had so long had waiting lists of clients. But she worked harder than ever when the chance came, and was content, because the Old Age Fund was increasing again. In another two years, by careful saving and management, it would be sufficient to pay for a room in some Home, when she could no longer work at all.

It seems to have been about that time that she surrendered her hope of possessing a cottage with a small garden plot, and commenced planning to buy the right to spend her remaining years in a home for aged women. She did not complain, but smiled, as she told her neighbors of the comforts and ease of the Home and how bright the rooms were.

Seven months later Anne's eyes, overstrained by work on fine stitching, failed. Dollar by dollar the Old Age Fund went to oculists and to drug stores. When it was nearly exhausted, she went out to do coarse sewing, explaining that her eyes were better, but that she could no longer see to do the fine stitching.

But even on such work her eyes, of course, grew worse; and there came a day when the money was all gone, when there was no food, and when the overstrained eyes could see only dim figures. Then, after a brave but unsuccessful attempt to do housework, Anne went out "Over the Hills."

On the way, the driver told me, they passed several cars in which rode women for whom she had worked; and Anne shrank back and averted her face. You will discover, if you go to visit an almshouse, that the great fear is that someone will know.

WHEN Anne came to her cot in the ward of those who wait, she did not weep and "carry on," as some do, and the kind matron was relieved. It is hard for everyone when newcomers, especially men, "carry on." Anne smiled with her half-blind eyes, felt of the bed, and said it was nice and soft, and that the view from the windows must be lovely in the spring, by which time, she hoped, her eyes would be stronger. No one ever heard her complain. But when spring came the matron often would find her standing in the hall outside the women's ward, gazing with half-seeing eyes across the woodland.

"Anne," the matron would say, "it is bad to be alone and to think all the time. Why don't you sit with the other women, and talk?"

"Don't ask me, please, dearie," Anne would say, smiling gently. And the matron understood and left her to her thoughts.

Then, after a time, Anne would return to the ward to sit, smiling as she tried patiently to guide the fingers of some poor old creature, and to teach them to fashion things of yarn and cloth and thread. Always she was (*Continued on page 280*)

Sid Says:

You wouldn't go to a deaf mute for lessons in elocution

B. G. KOETHER, Editor of "The Quieterion," a monthly published at Detroit by the Hyatt Roller Bearing Company, has printed an open letter to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. Extracts from the letter follow:

DEAR MR. EDITOR: I enjoy THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. I think it's the livest magazine of to-day. And I think it is doing a great, big, constructive work, too. It is about the only magazine that will keep me up after eleven-thirty at night. . . .

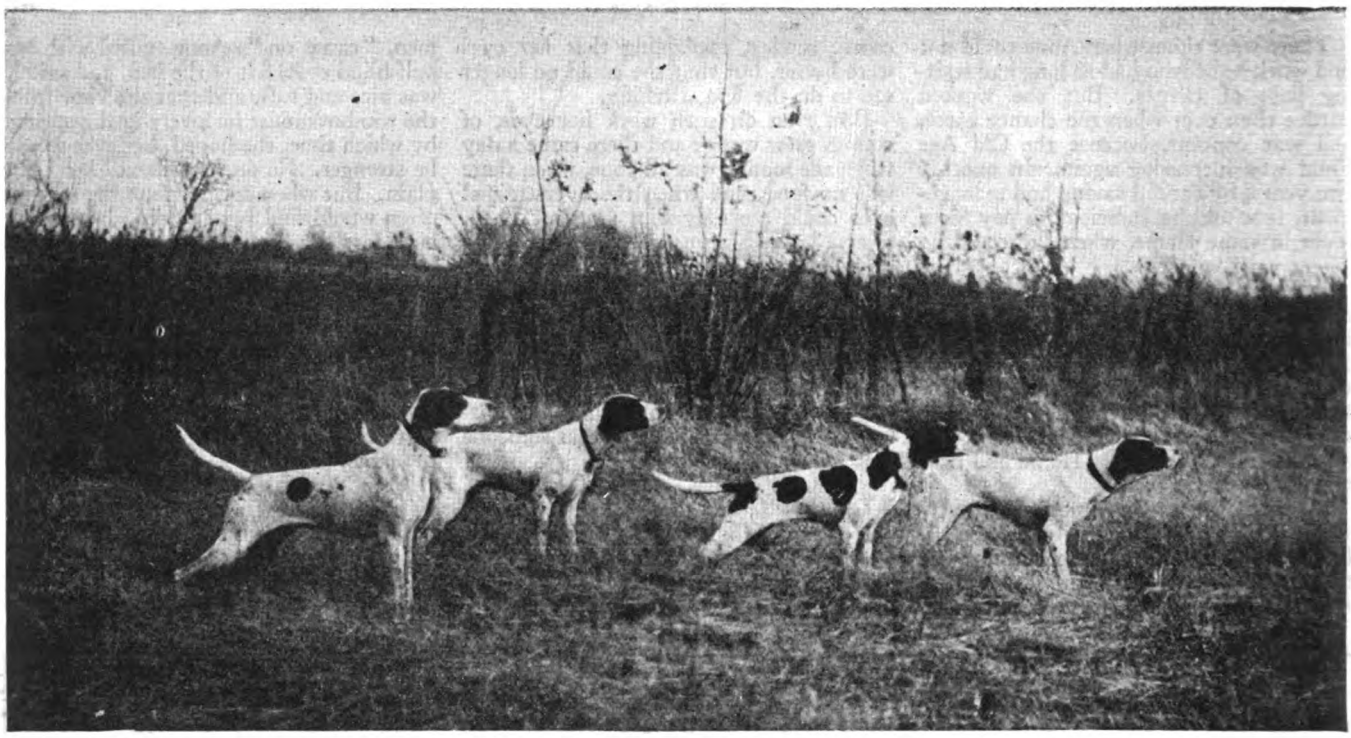
But I've got a suggestion to make: Tell us about some failures, and why, that we may profit from the experiences of others. Tell us about some Smiths and Browns and Joneses who have climbed to the third or fourth rung, there to make a false step that has sent them to the bottom. And tell us what that false step was, that we may avoid it.

All right, Mr. Koether, here is your answer. "Hughie" Fullerton, one of the best and most sympathetic reporters in the United States, has taken your very interesting suggestion and carried it out. He has visited a number of poorhouses and talked with dozens of failures. The story he tells is good reading and it touches the heart. But I am afraid that it will not satisfy you, because there is not really much to be learned from it. All of which brings me to this point:

After all, you never can learn from the fellow who has failed as *much* as you can learn from the fellow who has succeeded. This does not mean that you cannot get any lessons from your own mistakes and those of others. In another part of the magazine Dr. Frank Crane writes an article on that very subject. But the failures in life are the men and the women who have *not* learned from mistakes; and you don't go to them to find out how to act. Suppose, for example, you would like to learn how to play golf. You would not go for instruction to a man who has played golf badly for years and years. Not at all. You would go to a man who has learned to play well. You just can't get around the fact that the man who has succeeded can tell you much more that is worth listening to than the man who has failed. That is why, in editing THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, we make a bee line for the fellow who has won out in some sort of a struggle. We do it because that is the man who can tell something definite that is worth emulation. We do it because he makes a better witness—tells a more concrete, understandable story.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE is devoted to the improvement of the individual. But do not forget this: It is *not* devoted to the idea that the only way to improve him is to show him how to make more money. There are lots of things people need besides money, and it is the duty of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE to find out what they are. Some people need to learn to take care of their health. Others need to learn to get rid of bad tempers, envy, jealousy, and all sorts of drawbacks that prevent their attaining a full enjoyment of life. A full enjoyment of life. That is exactly the idea. And what a variety of things enter into it! Nobody can enjoy life fully without work, without achievement. Nobody can enjoy life fully if he is unhealthy—either in body or mind. Nobody can enjoy life fully if he is ugly or mean or ungenerous.

Hence the variety of subjects that are treated in this magazine. There is no end to them. They are as various as life itself. Anything that can contribute to the spiritual, physical, or material welfare of readers is a fit topic for these pages. We therefore expect to be kept busy!



Four pointers on birds. Each one has the smell strong in his nose, and each one knows that just ahead in the straw the birds are huddled. Here they will stand, never moving, until the hunters come up

These Dogs Can Teach Us All Something

Stories showing how wise they are and how much they are able to learn

By Samuel A. Derieux

DID you ever see a high-spirited young fellow, full of energy, enthusiasm—and inexperience—start out confidently and eagerly on his first day at his chosen profession?

If so, you have seen the human counterpart of many young bird dogs entering upon *their* professional careers.

Did you ever see a nervous, hypersensitive young man, overanxious because of fear that he may do something wrong, make some mistake? If so, you have seen the human counterpart of other young bird dogs.

I have known a good many bird dogs. I have seen them trained in the yard, have hunted with them, have followed their careers through life. And, so far as my observation goes, the dog most likely to make his mark in life belongs usually to the first or high-spirited class.

Therefore we'll begin with him. We'll take him out for the first time with a gun, under actual hunting conditions. He's over a year old, neither pup nor dog, but part of both. He is long and lanky and very swift. When once we reach open country, he begins to quiver. He seems to know that his testing time has come.

He has been painstakingly trained in the yard, and has been taught to obey a number of commands, not sometimes, but all the time. On walks in the country he has learned that it is game birds you're after—quail, grouse, pheasants, prairie chickens. And now, the hunt begun, it is his business, after he has located quail, for example, to stand perfectly steady until you come, to advance at your side while you walk in to the birds, then to remain staunch or "drop" at command while you shoot.

AND yet, likely as not, when the birds rise with a whir and the bark of your gun follows, this carefully trained youngster, in spite of all your commands, in spite of the frantic blowing of your whistle, rushes after those birds as if he thinks he can catch them, although they are flying with the speed of an express train. Over the hills he follows them, and disappears like a comet into the woods!

Now, if you are an inexperienced man, you may lose your head; if you are not, you may even smile to yourself. Your dog's not lazy, that's sure; he loves this game, that's painfully certain; and laziness or indifference are the only vices for which there seems to be no cure at all.

Of course you'll have to break him; you'll have to do for him what the hard knocks of life do for the over-impetuous young man. Maybe you'll have to use on him the "force collar," a collar with a long leash attached, the end of which you can catch hold of or put your foot on before you flush the birds and shoot. That brings him up short when he makes his rush, sometimes tumbling him head over heels, and sometimes, if he's a heavy, strong fellow, and you're not careful, tumbling *you* head over heels instead.

But, you ask, what's the use of training if he is going to forget all the lessons he has learned? The answer is that, in spite of appearances to the contrary, training has made its indelible impression on his mind. Maybe he'll never do such a thing again. Sometimes, in the midst of his first break, he remembers suddenly. I have seen them rush a hundred yards, then stop, turn, and come contritely back.

Even the fellow who runs wild, probably doesn't mean to disobey. I doubt if he even hears you, so loud is the voice of nature calling in his ears. I am reminded of a poem by Cowper, who must have seen just this thing. The dog is speaking:

"Sir, when I flew to seize the bird
In spite of your command
A louder voice than yours I heard
And harder to withstand.

"You cried 'Forbear!' but in my breast
A mightier cried 'Proceed!'
'Twas Nature, sir, whose strong behest
Impelled me to the deed."

There's another type of young dog, who runs away. He doesn't chase birds but he makes straight for home, as if he had a can tied to his tail. He's the "gun-shy" dog, terrified by the sound of the shot.

There's an amusing picture by A. B. Frost illustrating this near-tragic moment in the life of a man and his dog. The man has spent a good sum for a fine-bred bird dog, has taken him out for trial, has shot at the birds, and is now watching with disgust his dog, who, tail tucked, is disappearing in the distance.

The gun-shy dog is the extreme type of the timid dog, and is found among hounds and other breeds more often than among bird dogs. Of course gun-shyness, unless cured, renders the dog absolutely useless in the field. I never had any experience with one myself, but our dogs were brought up in the country, or in a small town, and were used to the sound of a gun from infancy.

The impression was general among hunters I knew that the dog who ran at first shot would never amount to anything; that even if you got him over this particular fear, you could never cure him of the yellow streak it sprang from.

I do not think this opinion was always founded on justice or reason, however. Gun-shy dogs, I understand, are sometimes bold watch dogs, and show no other form of fear. Perhaps there is something wrong with the structure of the ear. There may be an exposed nerve, which makes the concussion of a loud report real physical agony.

Again, the dog may have been terrified when he was a small pup by the careless shooting of a gun very near him, or the mischievous popping of a firecracker, just to see him run. Havoc can be played with a small child's nerves by frightening him during the sensitive period of his existence, and it is the same way with a dog. Thoughtless parents, older brothers, and selfish nurses are to blame for many a case of nerves in after life; and careless masters or members of that master's family have blasted the life of many a hunting dog.

Where the fear does not go too deep, gun-shy dogs can be cured. One method is to tie such a dog to his kennel, starve him for twelve hours, then place food before him and shoot a gun. If he bolts into his kennel, take the food away. At last hunger will become stronger than fear, and the hungry dog will go on with his meal while gun after gun is fired over his head.

There's another kind of young dog who neither chases birds nor runs at the shot, but who stays too close to you, and depends too much on you for direction. He starts to cover a field, then stops and looks back. You wave him on and he starts once more, only to stop and look back again.

Now, if he's another man's dog, and promising to look at and well bred, I'll have a suspicion that the master is either fussy or brutal, or of the doting variety. Especially will I suspect the latter, for I have seen men who were inordinately proud of everything their own dogs did, even though the acts were simple and instinctive, like pointing game, for instance.

All bird dogs point game. You don't have to train them to it. And yet I have had a man, when his own dog pointed, look at me with a fatuous smile. "Isn't he a wonder?" he asks. That same man is always talking to his dog, giving him directions, encouraging him, and petting him when, as I say, the dog has done no more than his instinct prompted him to do. A dog that is treated that way grows to be a parasite, a moral weakling.

And it is just as true that the young man, who is always being coddled, praised and sympathized with, does not develop self-reliance and initiative. He, too, is

Five English setters. The one in advance has found the birds; the others are "backstanding." When the hunter, who may be far down the road, comes upon them he will know to which one belongs the credit. The others will not advance on the one who has "scored"

This setter has just brought to his master a dead bird. Notice how carefully he holds the game, hardly ruffling a feather. The other dog is waiting for orders. If another bird should be brought down, it will be his turn to "fetch"

When a dog has pointed birds, he does not move until the hunter comes up. Then man and dog advance side by side until the birds rise and dart off with the speed of an express train, giving the hunter a chance for a shot

always hesitating, always looking around for somebody to tell him what to do next, or to pat him on the back and give him a moral shove.

But if a dog that has been handled *right*, shows this hesitation and dependence, then I know that he is lacking in confidence and aggressiveness. In that case, the wise hunter pays no attention to his appeals for direction and sympathy, but goes on his way as if he had not noticed them. Then sometimes the youngster, seeing that he's not to get any help, starts out on his own hook, perhaps stumbles on a covey of birds, and before he knows it is so interested in the game that he forgets to depend on the man; just as the spoiled young fellow, if the constant help, sympathy, and encouragement are cut off, may in a sort of desperation strike out for himself and, because of some ability concealed about him, make good before he knows it.

THEN, there's the overconscientious youngster, who when another dog has flushed birds—that is, rushed in and made them fly—comes crouching to you as if he had done it himself. You simply have to encourage such a one, speaking kindly to him, even stopping to pet and reassure him, for he is afflicted, as some people are, with the sense of responsibility for the wrongdoings of others.

Even if he does happen to flush birds, never whip or scold him. He didn't mean to do it. But as for the headstrong fellow, give him a brushing every time he does wrong, for the chances are he meant to, though he tries to brazen it out. Even when punished he doesn't look half as humbled as the innocent but conscientious one.

Roy, one of our dogs, had a regular New England conscience. He was a wide ranger; that is, he hunted far away from us and often we would not see him until we found him with birds. But if he were a mile away and by some accident flushed a covey, he would come to us and lie down at our feet, begging, apparently, to be whipped. Of course he probably had an exalted opinion of our omniscience, and thought that we could look right through the intervening woods and hills and see whatever he did. If he had just kept quiet about it, we should have been none the wiser, and would never have known he had flushed birds. The damage was already done; nothing was accomplished by his telling on himself; and yet he always told.

As for the lazy and indifferent dog, you can do nothing for him, no device having yet been discovered for inoculating a spiritless animal, dog or man, with enthusiasm. There's a type of lazy dog in the South called a "plug shooter;" perhaps his breed has been mixed, or his ancestors have for generations associated with shiftless people—and dogs take after their masters. If he happens to run across birds, this dog will point them; but he will not go out of his way to find them. Sometimes, when you think he is hunting hard, you will stumble across him in a fence corner, dozing in the sunshine.

He's an apostle of the peaceful life; he doesn't believe in work. His human counterparts may be seen on any mild, sunshiny day, sitting in a comatose state on benches in the park.

The dogs we owned did not belong to such a breed, and as a rule we kept for ourselves those individuals who were headstrong when young. Perhaps they are more trouble at the beginning, but from such as they have come the best dogs I have known.

COURTESY OF MR. RATHBONE

This setter was running through the woods, had started to jump a log, when he caught the smell of a partridge, and here he stands in the exact position he was in when the smell came to him

Courage, an undaunted will, and inexhaustible energy are needed in a bird dog. I have known many who, when no game had been found for an hour or two, lost interest and began to loaf. The undaunted kind, on the other hand, never under such circumstances slackened pace, though barren hours had passed, but, heads high, covered field after field just as if birds were plentiful and easy to find. In fact it is one of the prime tests of a great dog that he should travel the same pace in a poor game country that he travels in a country where game is plentiful. Fortune does not unduly elate him, nor does misfortune cast him down.

PHOTO BY COUNTRY LIFE

This fellow was going at full speed when suddenly he caught the smell that told him "Birds Just Ahead!" He clapped on his emergency brakes, bringing him to a dead stop, then, since he was in an uncomfortable position, sank slowly and cautiously down. Just as he is, he will remain until the hunter comes

Young dogs are usually hunted with an old dog or two, and it is amusing sometimes to see the admiration which the youngster conceives for the veteran. I recall one pup in particular who used to worry his father unmercifully about the yard, chewing the old boy's long ears and swinging to his tail. But after the first day in the field with his father, the youngster became an ardent worshiper of him, fawning before him, but bothering him no more.

He was like the schoolboy who doesn't think so very highly of his father until school is over and he is taken into the business. Then for the first time he discovers how inadequate he himself is, and in contrast to this inadequacy he sees the older man in action, giving orders, making quick decisions; and he finds out how much the old gentleman really knows and how great his power is.

AFTER a season or two, the young dog gets into the veteran class himself, and you can depend on him not to flush birds, but, if his range has taken him out of your sight, to stand perfectly steady on the point until you get there, no matter how long that may take you.

I remember once coming across Bryan, an Irish setter, in a curiously uncomfortable attitude, half sitting down, his hind feet in *front* of his fore feet, and his back arched like a frightened cat's. I wondered how he could endure the strained posture, and yet I knew he had been there a long time.

The explanation was this. He had been galloping across a cotton patch, making for a broomstraw field. He was the swiftest dog I have ever known and he had been going at full speed. It was a March day, and a high wind was blowing in the same direction he was traveling, carrying the scent of the birds who were in the edge of the broomstraw away from him.

Suddenly, while he was going at his furious pace, he smelled those birds, smelled them so strong that he knew he was right on them. There had been a heavy rain the day before and the ground in the cotton field was muddy. You could see where he had clapped on the emergency brakes and skidded twenty feet! He was so close to the birds that he was afraid to move a muscle, and there he had been all the time, fully fifteen minutes, while we were looking for him.

This was not an exceptional case. I have seen dogs with their bodies twisted half around like a whip, clinging precariously to the side of a bank. Father once came across old Flora, reared up on a high rail fence. She had started to clamber over, had got the scent of birds and she was afraid even to let herself down the way she had come. (*Continued on page 254*)

What I Have Learned from Old Ben Franklin

Stories of a great man who had a wonderful insight into human nature

IN THE years when my children were younger I was frequently entertained by the comments of my wife's friends about them. It seemed to be a great game to pick out every individual feature and character element of each child and trace it back to either my wife or me. One of them would put her hand across the lower part of my little daughter's face and exclaim triumphantly:

"Now, from there up she's the perfect image of you, Joe; but her mouth is more like her mother's."

Comments of this kind never interested me very much, for I feel that we are the creatures of environment far more than of heredity. What may or may not have been put into my character before my birth I do not know, but I am perfectly well aware of certain elements that have been added to it as a result of contact with the lives of other people.

And not a business day passes without making me conscious of the debt I owe a certain remarkable man—a man whom I have never seen, who died, in fact, almost a century before I was born. I refer to Benjamin Franklin.

We naturally feel grateful to those who have helped us at times when the sledding was hard; and Franklin came into my life at such a time. I was only sixteen years old when I left home and went to the city with twenty-five dollars in my pocket — representing all that the self-denial of my parents could do. My first job was in the shipping-room of a wholesale shoe concern, and it paid me six dollars a week. With that amount I managed to keep alive, but it was a very real struggle.

One night when I was alone in the shipping-room I heard a noise in the doorway and turned to find the manager looking at me. He was a pleasant, good-hearted man and generally well liked by the office force. Perhaps he discovered a trace of homesickness in my face; perhaps the change from the bountiful meals of the farm to the scanty fare of a city boarding-house had given it a rather wan expression. At any rate his voice was more than usually kind.

"How goes it, Joe?" he asked.

It was the first really friendly inquiry that had been addressed to me since I left home, and I had to choke hard before I spoke.

"Pretty well," I managed to say.

"Keep up your courage," he answered, and with a nod he passed on out the door.

I was grateful for even so slight an encouragement, and considered the incident closed. To my surprise, however, he called me into his office the next afternoon about five o'clock.

"I'm going to give you two dollars more a week, Joe," he said.

I felt like shouting with delight, and began to express my gratitude, but he stopped me.

"The other thing I'm giving you ought to be worth a lot more than two dollars, if you have sense enough to use it," he continued. "It's a book. Take it home and read it. It's the life story of a man who started just as hard up and friendless as you are, in a city altogether strange to him, and who became before he died one of the greatest men in the world. Don't unwrap it now, but when you have finished it at home let me know what you think about it."

The book, of course, was "Franklin's Autobiography." Even after all these years I still can feel a little thrill at the memory of that night when I pored over the pages hour after hour. My schooling had been cut short at fourteen; and the meager finances of the farm had not provided books. The Autobiography was a revelation to me: I had never pictured the possibility of so large a success coming out of beginnings as humble as my own. It gave me new courage and a bigger vision.

If I were very wealthy and wanted to invest a few hundred thousand dollars in a way that would do the most good to American young men, I think I should have a special edition of the Autobiography printed and put into the hands of anyone who had ambition enough to ask for it. Franklin was the first self-made American, in the modern sense of the phrase. Washington was the child of wealth; Jefferson inherited broad plantations and added to them by his marriage; the Adams family were rich traders; and even Alexander Hamilton was helped by his wife's connections. But Franklin had nothing which did not come to him as a result of his own shrewd business sense and well-directed effort.

He had little educational advantage, yet by a diligent course in self-improvement he became one of the wisest men of his generation. Starting with no money at all, he made his fortune early enough so that the last forty years of his life could be spent in doing the things that interested him most. He began with only average health, and knew nothing of the modern god, Exercise. But by an intelligent study of his physical needs, and a reasonable amount of care, he lived to be eighty-four years of age, and did his largest work in the years after seventy. What man is there who would not like to make such a career his own?

One thing that (*Continued on page 186*)

A Sample of Franklin's Shrewdness

EARLY in his career Franklin ran for the office of clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly. There was danger of his being defeated, because of the indifference of one man. Here is Franklin's own account of how he overcame this man's indifference to him:

Having heard that he had in his library a certain very scarce and curious book, I wrote a note to him expressing my desire of perusing that book, and requesting he would do the favour of lending it to me for a few days. He sent it immediately, and I return'd it in about a week with another note, expressing strongly my sense of the favour. When we next met in the House, he spoke to me (which he had never done before), and with great civility; and he ever after manifested a readiness to serve me on all occasions, so that we became great friends, and our friendship continued to his death. This is another instance of the truth of an old axiom I had learned, which says, "He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another, than he whom you yourself have obliged."

Why I Am Glad I Married a Suffragist

By William Dudley Pelley

TO BEGIN: I have long contemplated this article. Of course nobody gives a hoot whether I have or not, but I make the statement in a sort of self-defense. In advance, I aim to refute the possible charge of poor taste due to snap judgment or temporary indiscretion. It is nothing of the sort. I pen this piece on domestic bliss maliciously and deliberately.

It was not fear of marital consequences that caused me to hesitate. Not much! In my own home I am boss. At least, I know I am a brave man, in whom lurk the qualifications for a model wife-beater. Mary Ann Elizabeth understands it perfectly, though I have never encountered the domestic provocation where a demonstration was necessary.

No, my dilemmas were these: Should I use the title which now reads across the top of this page? Secondly, should I append my full, true, and supposedly Christian name as an evidence of good faith before the neighbors, or should I adopt the cowardly device of anonymity? You know how I decided; for you observe my title—and I hope you observe my name.

This, then, is an exposé of friend wife. She does not know that I am writing it. I shall not tell her. I shall get paid for the article, and whisk the check out of the mail without her knowledge. I intend to cash it at a strange bank and hide the currency in the up-stairs bedroom closet. There it shall remain until one of the neighbors calls her excitedly to the 'phone on some distant forenoon to ask if she knows about the article that has been printed about her. And when she comes to me with blood in her eye, demanding that she get her rights in something besides politics, maybe I will bring the money to light and present it, to smooth her injured feelings. I am certain it will work. I have done it before.

For several years, my wife has been interested in the suffrage movement. I have been stopped upon the street and asked how I enjoy being the husband of one of the suffragists who actually get out and try to do things, not talk about them.

I fell in with a man in the smoker the other day who said, "Thank God, my wife is content to stay in her home! The day when she goes outside it to get mixed up in all these fads and isms and cheap politics, I swear I'll get a divorce and marry a woman who's a *woman!*"

Male America is divided into two camps—husbands like myself and husbands who hold the views of my acquaintance in the smoker. In the West, I understand that my camp numbers the greater mobilization. Here in the East and South are the myriad males who are "viewing the situation with alarm." The reason I pen these lines is that the latter may stop viewing with alarm. For I have been through the mill, and, believe me, I write from the heart *out!* I am the husband of a suffragist, and I solemnly affirm that it doesn't hurt a bit. On the contrary, I wouldn't have my wife otherwise for all the money Irv Cobb makes on a lecture tour through Kentucky.

I met my wife in a newspaper office shortly after a crushing financial failure in a business to which I was not temperamentally fitted. I'd sworn that if I ever got free from the aforesaid business I'd go into the work I loved. And I did. I started as an humble attaché of the city room for twenty-five dollars a week. Mary Ann was the proof reader—and the only employee on the sheet who dared to trim the boss. You see, good proof readers were scarce.

I acquired a sudden propensity for using long and difficult words which had to be looked up in the dictionary, the same being located in the proof-room. I was somewhat warped in my outlook on life by the business disaster mentioned above, and I suspect I was looking for sympathy. Anyway, it was quite natural that I should tell her my sad story, and equally natural that she should supply the thing for which I sought. The day inevitably came when the proof-room palled on Mary Ann and she aspired to a vacuum cleaner and a bassinet. So did I.

It happened.

WE STARTED housekeeping in three rooms, and I made the kitchen table myself; if I remember correctly the legs were derived from a set of old bed slats. When the relatives dropped in for a week at a clip, we fed them on beans; for beans in those days were cheap. When the first baby came along she slept, for economy as well as convenience, in an ordinary clothes basket on legs, trimmed with material which had once done service as a window curtain. Of worldly goods we were plainly not overburdened, but I'd give all the money I hope to make in the next five years to go back and live through three months of those happy days again.

You see, I had it all figured out that I was to become a great newspaper publisher, and Mary Ann, knowing the business from the proof-room instead of the advertising department, was certain of it. So we broke up that home and removed to the town where I acquired my first newspaper.

Mary Ann read proof and set type. Like every young husband, it galled me that my wife had to do this manual labor. It never occurred to me that the thing was happening that for marital profit could never be surpassed—Mary Ann was keeping step with me in business and life outside her home. She knew pretty much all that was going on in the office, the problems I faced, and how I solved them, where the money came from and where it went. We were hooked up together and pulled an even pace. Pity the poor young dubs, both male and otherwise, who partition their lives between them, home and business, so that the female right hand knoweth not what the male left hand doeth! Of course there are times when a man's business or job is such that this cannot be avoided. But I was lucky.

IT WAS one summer sunset while we were strolling over a most romantic bridge off in Vermont country that the idea of magazine writing came to me. I could go this moment and stand on the exact spot again. I had heard about a young chap down on the Springfield "Republican" receiving one hundred dollars for a short story, and Mary Ann and I were discussing this achievement of his.

"Wouldn't it be great," breathed Mary Ann, at her usual business of seeing visions and dreaming dreams, "if you could spend your time just sitting down at a typewriter and putting words on paper, making *our* living at a hundred dollars a clip!" And I agreed that it would. I remember going home that night and writing a story.

It was a peach of a story. At least, I thought so then. My heart was broken when it was refused. I tried and tried and tried again. I rewrote that yarn six times, and I might digress here enough to add that it was four years before I fished that poor manuscript out of an old bureau drawer, rewrote it a seventh time, after I had learned my trade, and sold it promptly.

I might tell here of the heartaches which Mary Ann and I experienced in the next three years. I needed capital for the newspaper business, but that was forgotten. Every manuscript which came back made me fighting mad. Mary Ann read proof on my manuscript and copied many a revised yarn when her back ached. The biggest check I have ever received for a story never brought us half the delirious joy that descended on the house of Pelley the noon-time I came from the office to dinner, turned over my plate and discovered the publisher's envelope containing my first acceptance. It had been placed there by Mary Ann, who had to bend closely over her cook stove in the kitchen so I would not see her face. It was for fifty dollars, but it was the biggest fifty dollars I ever made.

No; there were more heartbreaking months before the checks came in such quantity and quality that I could disassociate myself from a linotype and a

duplex press. But I was constantly learning what not to write, and how not to write it, and I made progress.

It was when there was no more newspaper office for Mary Ann to monkey around in, that she took up suffrage. I don't mean that she took it up as a fad. She got interested in the woman's movement because she had the ability and brains to run more than a house. She couldn't help me in my work as she had on my papers. Unfortunately, the business of literature is something which the devotee must do absolutely for himself. Ideas? Suggestions? Yes! But in the final analysis it is a profession of privacy. Mary Ann hungered to have something to worry about; and at that psychological moment along came Lela.

I won't give Lela's last name. But she is a very real person—a young married woman of about my wife's age and a college graduate, who became our nearest neighbor. She had come to Vermont direct from New York, where before her marriage she had been a something-or-other in the party.

IT WAS from coming to know Lela intimately that I had the one great absurdity of my young life exploded, regarding women. Being denied even the profit of a high-school education myself, to say nothing of college, I held rather contemptuous notions about education for wives. Fizzle-headed sisters they were, who lacked even sufficient domestic knowledge to boil water without burning it, or not to cook a chicken without first removing its feathers. From somewhere I had got the idea that to educate a girl was to make her into a sort of human charlotte-russe. Lela was a revelation in more ways than one.

Lela, with a college degree, had actually married a chap who earned no more than I did. She had a perfectly normal young one that could swipe cold food out of the refrigerator with the best. She did her own washing, and often made her last year's hat go for two summers more by tacking on a folderol here and stitching on a doo-dab that hung at just the right angle over the side.

But this thing I saw and marveled at: Because of her education, Lela was fourteen times the better wife—I don't mean than mine, there never has been and never will be a better one than the heroine I married—but fourteen times better than the ordinary grammar-school-and-then-the-job girl. You saw the evidence of her brains, education, and personality, the moment you set foot inside her door. In the matter of household management, child-rearing, recreation, everywhere—it was the same. Her education was not a handicap. It did not make her dissatisfied because she had not wedded a millionaire. It took the humblest, homeliest things, and converted them into articles of grace and beauty.

It was through this girl that my wife got her real stride in boosting the women's movement. There was no blatant "give-us - our - rights - or - we'll - smash - up - something" stuff, no neglecting home and babies and hot suppers to argue who ought to be the next candidate for chicken inspector. Let me put you wise, boys, the suffragists aren't that at all; you've got it all wrong. It's been my experience that the rank and file of the suffragists are refined, feminine, home-loving women like this girl Lela I'm introducing to you. You should hear my wife lay out the suffragettes! She does it in lavender. She thinks the same way about them as you do. You see, she's a suffra*gist*—and that's different. The trouble with me at the start was that I thought my wife was going to become a suffra*gette*. I admit I was worried. But I had been scared by a bugaboo. And I wasn't long in finding it out.

I found out, for the first thing, with a vast relief, that my wife never referred to her "rights" nor minimized my importance around the shack as a male—which had worried me more than anything else. What she was really interested in was getting old Tom Ryan kicked out as head of the Board of Health, and a competent person put in his place who would see that our garbage was carted away regularly. She paid no attention to who was going to run for third-assistant postmaster in the League of Nations, but she was rather peppery about little Annie Riordan, just left a widow, having to stand up to a knitting machine in the mills eleven hours a day, and nobody giving a damn. I never heard a peep out of her as to whether the Democrats were worse horse thieves than the Republicans; but when old Ben Amesley came up for school director another term, and she found our little girl was facing a public school system that had been discarded in the big cities a decade bygone, she was scintillatingly active in seeing to it that Mrs. Dr. Bartlett, who had made a study of such things, was landed on the board of education in his place.

In short, boys, I began to wake up. I'd got this thing wrong somewhere. A lot of refined, dignified, lovable, but none the less determined women had grown sick and tired of a lot of grafters doing as they pleased and asking us sheepish males what we intended doing about it. They had seen that the effective method was to boot them out and make our town and state a better place for me and the kids to live in. And they were accomplishing it the way all such things should be accomplished in civilized America—by the vote. What is more, I suddenly realized that if my wife *wasn't* the kind of woman to be interested in such commendable renovations, she wasn't the kind of woman I wanted for a wife! And there's a lot of two-legged male specimens hanging around this country who've got to reach the same conclusion.

AND yet this wasn't all. Pretty soon I began to sit up and take notice that my wife was evolving into a better partner and companion. The boys in the bleachers can give all the catcalls they desire, but I'm saying that at the present moment I'd rather spend an evening at home with her, or take a trip in her society, or have her for a pal, than any trousered specimen I could pick out in the whole State of Vermont. And there's several people around the Green Mountains who haven't called me a mollycoddle, either.

Maybe, like myself, Mary Ann was denied the advantage of a well-rounded education, but I've never heard her sniffling over that. She waded in with both feet into a subject and a movement which is self-educational, and as a result she's interested in something besides the bilious look on the baby's face, or how many pounds of sugar you can get for a dollar—without in the least minimizing the importance of the humblest of her duties in our home or losing interest in them.

You say I married a peach? I won't deny it. But she's no phenomenon. She's just got her home in the proper ratio to the rest of our existence. We can discuss the constitution (*Continued on page 122*)

Is Pelley Right? Don't All Speak at Once

PELLEY says he has discovered that a woman can be a suffragist without neglecting home and babies and hot suppers to argue who ought to be the next candidate for chicken inspector. He goes on:

"Let me put you wise, boys, the suffragists aren't that at all; you've got it all wrong. It's been my experience that the rank and file of the suffragists are refined, feminine, home-loving women. You should hear my wife lay out the suffragettes! She does it in lavender. She thinks the same way about them as you do. You see, she's a suffra*gist*—and that's different. The trouble with me at the start was that I thought my wife was going to become a suffra*gette*. I admit I was worried. But I had been scared by a bugaboo. And I wasn't long in finding it out."

Father looked over the top of his paper. Father was one of those men who have to read and digest all the international news while the one on the upper floor

Tillie Cuts Loose

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. G. COOTES

TILLIE HORN—her church letter and bank book said Matilda Horn—had lived in the Mason household for eighteen years. According to present-day standards her position there was hard to define. Guest? No. Mother silently put a check on the kitchen clock shelf every Saturday morning and Tillie as surreptitiously removed it sometime during the day. It was one of Tillie's forty-odd characteristics that she disliked to speak of her wages. Several times in the eighteen years, as the H. C. of L. thrust itself with nightmare ferocity on an unwary world, the amount on the check had been voluntarily raised by Mother, to which Tillie had made grateful and appreciative response, "Wha'd you do that silly thing for?"

Domestic servant? The day the new doctor's wife returned Mother's call, she asked affably, "Do you find your servant satisfactory?" As smooth as lubricating oil, Mother answered, "I have none. My old friend Miss Horn lives with us and helps me." Then she called pleasantly, "Come in, Tillie, and meet Mrs. Cummings." Which of course was not at all according to Hoyle. But then Mother did not do things by footrules and yardsticks. She did them by friendly instinct. And when you stop to think about it, that is a fairly good definition of a lady and a Christian.

No, Tillie was not a servant. For those eighteen years she had alternately worked like a Trojan or "slicked up" and gone

an apartment-house brain, the party that lives on the lower floor being able constantly sticks his head out the window and hears all the household gossip

Another story of the Mason Family

By Bess Streeter Aldrich

comfortably to Mite Societies and Missionary Meetings with Mother.

The two had known each other years before in the more-or-less pleasant intimacy of a cross-roads schoolhouse, where Tillie's education had abruptly ceased. Mother had gone away to school, taught, been married, and was in the midst of the triple-ringed circus-act of trying to raise three babies at once when Tillie dropped in one day between trains to call upon her. That call had lasted eighteen years, broken only by two intervals.

In appearance Tillie was all that any enterprising movie manager could desire. She was tall, angular, homely. Her long neck, rising from the habitually worn dull gray kitchen dress, was slightly crooked, like a Hubbard squash's. Hair, to Tillie, meant nothing by way of being a woman's crowning glory. It was merely, as the dictionary so ably states, small horny, fibrous tubes with bulbous roots, growing out of the skins of mammals; and it was meant to be combed down as flat as possible and held in place with countless wire hairpins. Her eyes were small and nondescript in color, her mouth and nose large, and her teeth of a glaring china-white falseness. Altogether, it was a lucky thing for Tillie that while man looketh on the outward appearance the Lord looketh on the heart. For Tillie's heart was as good as gold, and was buried under just about the same proportion of crusty exterior as the yellow metal under the earth.

Tillie's sense of humor, or lack of it, was

not an understandable thing to the fun-loving Masons. The ancient author who copyrighted most of the wise sayings of the world once stated that there was a time to weep and a time to laugh. Tillie seemed never to know when that time was. Over things that the whole family shouted about, she maintained a dignified and critical silence. On the other hand, she would occasionally break out into a high, weird, henlike cackle over the most trivial thing imaginable. If the Masons laughed then, it was not at the trifling joke but because Tillie herself was so odd.

"My stars! Listen to Tillie!" one of the girls would say. "I'll bet a nickel she's just found out it's Thursday instead of Friday."

"Or picked up the egg beater instead of the potato masher," another would guess.

No, in spite of the long association with a family whose chief delight in life was the foolish little fun extracted by the way, Tillie's sense of humor was almost negligible. And it is easier for the keeper of five cinnamon bears to control his charges without chains and a prodding pole, than it is for any member of a household that contains five hilarious young people to exist comfortably with them, minus a highly developed sense of humor.

A BUFFER being any contrivance that serves to deaden the concussion caused by the impact of two bodies, it became apparent, when the children were growing up, that such an apparatus was needed between them and Tillie. And with that clear perception with which some people see their duty, Mother very early discovered that she, herself, must be that device. During all these years she had stood between her noisy, merry brood and this old friend, whose ideas of life were invoiced in terms of sweeping and scrubbing.

With that capacity for sinking herself in another's personality, Mother could clearly see both sides of a situation, and as for the diplomatic handling of it, she was an able ambassador to the Court of the Kitchen. So she had tactfully handled each *affaire d'honneur* from the days when Bob's kites littered up the back porch, through the period of the girls messing around with dough, down to Junior's high jinks. Firmly had she made a stand for Tillie's right to have certain hours in the day to herself, and stanchly had she defended the children's legitimate desires for picnic lunches and other childish necessities. Yes, Mother certainly deadened the concussion caused by the impact of two bodies.

The two intervals in which Tillie had not worked for the Masons were occasions when she had become vaguely dissatisfied and gone away to live permanently with her own relatives. The first time, after being gone two months, she wrote Mother and asked if she might come back, that she couldn't abide her sister's husband, and would die happy if she could only put him in her mop stick and scrub the kitchen floor with him.

The other time she had gone to a cousin's, returning in three weeks with the information that her cousin's daughters both had beaus, and they made her sick with what she chose to call their "lally-gagging" around. Aversion to the display of sentiment being another of Tillie's characteristics, no one was surprised.

If she ever had a romance of her own, no one knew of it. It was often recalled in the family that Hod Beeson, erstwhile a drayman by profession and a widower by Providence, had once come to the back door on a Sunday night, dressed in his best. To the unsuspecting Tillie who opened the door this smiling Lochinvar had ventured jauntily, "It's a nice evening, Miss Horn." But, unlike Ellen of Netherby Hall, Tillie had snapped out, "Maybe so. I ain't noticed it," and peremptorily shut the door.

This past spring Tillie had again given evidence of ingrowing restlessness.

"One of these days I'm goin' to cut loose," she would hint mysteriously. Mother listened and smiled, but seldom encouraged her. On one of those other occasions, years before, Mother had agreed with and encouraged her to try a change for a while. Tillie had suddenly broken out into a wild and distressed sniveling. "I can see right through you," she had cried into her gingham apron; "you're sick of me livin' here."

"You certainly (*Continued on page 272*)

Suddenly Tillie pulled [illegible] apron off her head, raised h[illegible] distorted face and broke forth in[illegible] high, weird, henlike cackle. [illegible] my land-a-Goshen!" she [illegible] "Stretchin' my soul! *Ain't I* [illegible]

Just What Has Been Done to Communicate With the Dead

A sober, scientific statement of the case by James H. Hyslop, Secretary of the American Society for Psychical Research. How to tell real evidence if you see it. How to identify fakes

Note by the Editor:

DO YOU believe that the dead can communicate with the living? Do you *want* to believe this, but find no evidence worth taking seriously?

There is a great wave of popular interest in these questions now. Perhaps it is because the war made the fact of death a present reality to millions of human beings.

This magazine tries to take up every subject of vital interest to its readers. It seeks out the men who have given their best thought to these various subjects, and gets from them a plain statement of what they think they have found out. It does this without prejudice or partisanship. All it claims is a belief in the sincerity of the men quoted.

It is on this basis that the following interview is printed. Doctor Hyslop is secretary—there is no president—of the American Society for Psychical Research. For years he has carried on experiments and investigations, not because he believed in advance that the spirits of the dead come back, but with the object of determining scientifically whether there is any *evidence* that they do.

The men who have engaged in these investigations have encountered a good deal of ridicule; but that is hardly a fair attitude to take. We have the right to disagree with their conclusions. But we cannot do this *intelligently*, if we do not understand how these conclusions have been reached.

The whole subject of spiritualism has been for years discredited, by the claims of charlatans on the one hand and of fools on the other. But we must admit that there was a time when the treatment of disease was also in the hands of ignorant charlatans. There are cases where that is still true. If it were not for scientific investigation and experiment, it would be true everywhere. It does not become anyone to ridicule a serious attempt to apply scientific methods to the study of any problem, certainly not to so important a human problem as that of survival after death.

Many men of unquestionable integrity and the highest standing as scientists have investigated psychic phenomena. The list includes Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Barrett, Sir William Crookes, Lord Raleigh, Frederick W. H. Myers, Doctor Crawford, Dr. Charles Richet, Professor Max Dessoir, Professor William James, and Dr. Richard Hodgson. These names command respect in England, France, Germany, and America.

Most of us have only a vague idea of how these men have gone to work, and what evidence they think they have found. The reports of the societies of which they are, or were, members contain many thousands of pages. But in the following interview only the A B C of the subject is given. It is a primer lesson; not a scientific treatise. But it will help us to decide more intelligently whether we are going to believe anything at all; and, if so, how much.

Because most of us are very ignorant on this subject, Doctor Hyslop was asked to explain some of the terms used. A "medium" is a person who is able, through some peculiar sensitiveness not clearly understood, to receive communications claiming to come from spirits.

The alleged spirit communicates to the medium through a "control." These controls are also spirits; and they are always the spirits of persons who have been dead a long time. The explanation is that a spirit is unable, until after a long period of adjustment, to meet the conditions involved in this contact between the two worlds.

A "guide" is a spirit supposed to be having some sort of guardianship over a living person.

In regard to phenomena, or to the information received through mediums, we must discriminate between "supernormal" and "supernatural." Telepathy, for instance, is a supernormal phenomenon. That is, it is not a normal thing for one person to transmit thought telepathically to another person. It *may* be a supernatural phenomenon. That is, it may possibly be that this thought transference is accomplished through the intervention of spirits. The information given in an alleged communication through a medium is supernormal, if it contains facts which could not be normally known to the medium. It is supernatural, if it relates to another world.

A "discarnate" spirit is a disembodied personality. It is the personality of a once living human being, but now become discarnate.

These explanations are necessarily brief, but they are sufficient to enable the reader to understand the statements in the interview.

The Only Way to Prove the Existence of Spirits

An authorized interview with Dr. Hyslop as reported by *Mary B. Mullett*

DOCTOR HYSLOP believes that the personality of a human being survives after death; and that this personality, or spirit, is sometimes able to communicate with the living.

Knowing this to be his belief, the first question I asked him was whether he could give a single piece of evidence which would prove this survival of a spirit and its power to communicate with the living.

"Absolutely none!" was his quick reply. "But *no* scientific fact is proved by a single piece of evidence. If, for example, we had only one instance of the magnetic needle pointing to the north, that single bit of evidence would not prove that polar attraction was a fact. It is necessary, in order to demonstrate any fact scientifically, to present a mass of collective evidence."

"Will you tell me, then, how scientific investigators gather the facts about alleged spirit phenomena, and how they sift out the ones they consider 'evidential'? How can *we* determine whether the stories we hear, or our own experiences, have any value at all as evidence? How can we know whether we are being deceived by others, or are deceiving ourselves?"

"The only way to be reasonably certain," said Doctor Hyslop with emphasis, "is to understand the *other* possible explanation of these phenomena. Then reject everything which can *possibly* be accounted for by one or more of these other explanations.

"You must first make sure that there has been no *fraud*. There are alleged

mediums who have no power of mediumship and who depend largely on tricks. They intentionally fool the people who are gullible enough to go to them. They are mere charlatans.

"I heard of a séance recently arranged in New York to which a group of highly intelligent men and women were especially invited. The séance took place in an absolutely dark room, not a ray of light anywhere.

"I do not say that the manifestations which occurred were due to fraud; but I do say that, coming under those conditions, they were absolutely worthless as evidence of the presence of spirits. There may not have *been* any fraud—but fraud was perfectly possible.

"If you are going to attach any value to any alleged spiritistic phenomenon, you must prove that no trickery was even *possible*. It is not enough to say that you did not discover any trick or deception. You must insist on conditions where there could be no *chance* of trickery.

"There are some persons who have a genuine mediumistic power, but who at times resort to tricks and lying. Even the scientific investigators have sometimes been deceived, but they have learned through experience how to guard against it.

"THEY select their mediums carefully; they themselves prepare the room where an experiment takes place; they furnish any equipment used; and they insist on sufficient light to enable them to watch the proceedings.

"These precautions, of course, apply to experiments when *physical* phenomena are to be studied. It is these physical phenomena—raps, table tipping, levitation, voices, lights, and so on—which strike most people as wonderful. But, as I will explain later, it is not about the physical but the mental phenomena that I am concerned. And for these entirely different kinds of precaution are necessary.

"Even when you have eliminated the possibility of fraud, you cannot be certain that you are getting evidence of *spirit* phenomena. You have, for instance, to consider whether the subconscious mind is playing a part in what occurs.

"We are all the time receiving mental impressions, to which we pay no conscious attention. These impressions are, however, recorded by the subconscious mind. Not only that, but we often do, say, and think things without our conscious minds knowing anything about it.

"For example, the person who walks, or talks, in his sleep, generally remembers nothing about it when he awakes. His subconscious mind was directing his actions. And the same thing may be true sometimes of what a medium says or does during a trance.

"What you take for a spirit communication may, therefore, be coming from the medium's subconscious mind, and not from any discarnate spirit. In this case there is no fraud, for the medium is not intentionally deceiving you. The thing is genuine—such as it is. But it is worthless as an evidence of spirit communication.

"Suppose a medium, while in a trance, describes to you a person or an incident. If you can trace this to some previous experience of the medium herself, you must not consider it as evidence of spirit communication, even though this explanation may seem plausible to you. You must make careful inquiry to find out if the medium has ever had any knowledge of the facts she communicates during a trance.

"Of course, it is possible that they might come from a spirit source, even though the medium did have previous knowledge of them. But as it is also possible in that case, that they might come from her subconscious mind, you must not count them as evidential.

"People who reject the possibility of the survival of the spirit claim that the subconscious mind is the explanation of many phenomena, such as clairvoyance, clairaudience, and so on.

"But scientific men believe that even the subconscious mind has no knowledge of a fact, unless it acquires that knowledge in a normal way. Therefore, if a medium tells you something which she could not possibly know, or ever have known, you cannot explain it by saying that it came from her subconscious mind, because it simply never was there.

"Let us suppose that I go to a medium. Her subconscious mind can have no knowledge of what I had for breakfast, we will say, unless she had seen or been told what I had. If, therefore, she goes into a trance, and tells me what I ate for breakfast, where did she get her information?

"This brings us to what is a common explanation of such occurrences by people who refuse to believe in their supernatural character. These people claim that the whole thing is due to telepathy.

"TELEPATHY may be transmission of thought from one mind to another, independently of the recognized channels of sense. Admitting the possibility of telepathy, the medium might tell me what I had for breakfast because my mind transmitted its knowledge on that subject to her mind.

"She might even tell me what somebody on the other side of the world had for breakfast, a fact of which neither she nor I had any knowledge. But the objectors would at once declare that her mind received the information telepathically from the mind of someone who did know the facts.

"But there is still a third possibility: Suppose the medium tells me something of which no living person has any present knowledge. Still your objector has his answer ready. He says that there is a sort of 'world mind' floating around, containing all the memories of all the dead people who ever lived! According to him, the medium selects from this incredible mass of thoughts the ones she communicates to the sitter.

"If you can swallow that theory, you have an explanation which makes it unnecessary to consider the spirits as sources of any communications relating to this life. I personally cannot accept it. That a medium has access to an incalculable accumulation of all the mental impressions in the history of the human race, and can select from these millions and billions and trillions of impressions just the right

Make a Spirit "Get Down to Dots"

Doctor Hyslop says in this article:

THERE is *only one thing* that should make us believe in the existence of spirits. That is, for them to give us *proof of their personal identity*. And the only way in which this personal identity can be proved is for an alleged spirit to tell us facts about himself when he was alive. Information that pretends to be about the future world is no proof at all, because you can't verify it now. Information about *this* world is no proof that it comes from a spirit—unless the spirit *identifies* himself.

This is the reason why the scientific investigator pays special attention to trivial statements in alleged spirit communications. For these are the things he can try to verify. And these are the things which, if they *are* verified, help to prove the personal identity of the spirit.

For example, suppose you go to a medium and she tells you that your father wishes to communicate with you. If she then launches into an account, supposed to be coming from your father, of conditions in the next world, you have absolutely no evidence that your father was present. No matter what you are told about the next world, you cannot check up the information and prove that it is true! You don't know anything *about* the next world.

If his alleged spirit tells you nothing else, you have no proof that he had anything to do with the performance. He must tell you things about *this* world, and about *his life in this world*, so that you can prove that they are true, and that they could come *only* from *him*.

ones to apply to an individual sitter—and frequently one unknown to her—is something I cannot believe.

"But to go on with the other things which you must eliminate in weighing your evidence, there is the possibility of chance coincidence and also of guessing.

"The charlatans depend a good deal on making a lucky guess in giving an alleged communication, and on *your* helping them out by guessing what it is all about. Suppose one of these mediums says, 'I see a name that looks like Mary.' That's a fairly safe name to introduce. Practically everybody knows one or more Marys. If you say, 'Yes; my grandmother;' it may be simply a case of dual guessing. Any communicated fact which can be explained as guesswork is worthless as evidence.

"As for chance coincidence, I have explained that in my book," said Doctor Hyslop, and, taking up a copy of his latest volume, 'Contact with the other World,' he turned to this paragraph:

"Bring two strangers together and record what happens. Let A be the psychic (the medium) and B the sitter. If A, without knowing the person (B), without even seeing the person, who may have come for the first time from the other side of the globe, should give the sitter's name, state that he was a diamond miner, that his father's name was Chelmsford, and that both his father and mother were dead, that the mother had given him a special picture of a little church on the corner of the street opposite their home—if these incidents should occur under such circumstances, we should have facts which would at least appear to exclude chance and guessing.

"NOW suppose you took the sitter, B, to another medium, C, under the same conditions," said Doctor Hyslop. "That is, C does not know B, and does not even see him. If this second medium gives the same facts about B, you certainly cannot ascribe them to chance or to guessing. No two human beings would *happen* to state that particular group of facts and *happen* to apply them to an unknown and unseen person—the one person in the world to whom they would apply. Such a coincidence is unbelievable.

"Or if you take the sitter, B, to the psychic, A, a second and a third time, never allowing A to see B, or to know who is present; and if A either repeats the original statement of facts, or supplies a new group which are equally true about the sitter, you can then say that, whatever is the explanation, it is *not* chance coincidence, or guessing.

"Another thing to be considered is what is known as secondary or multiple personality. In these cases the psychic goes into a state resembling hypnosis, and then exhibits a personality entirely different from the normal one. There have been famous examples of this, and scientific men have studied them with great interest. They are explained as an organized form of subconscious activity. But they are so rare that the average investigator will probably never run across them.

"These are the things which you must eliminate before you can consider your alleged phenomena as of any scientific value. But, even though you are absolutely certain that there has been no opportunity for fraud, that the alleged communication cannot possibly be due to chance coincidence, or to a lucky guess, that they cannot be due to telepathy between the living, and that they cannot have come from the subconscious mind of the medium, you may *still* be without any evidence which will be accepted by the scientific investigator.

"THERE is *only one thing* that should make us believe in the existence of spirits. That is, for them *to give us proof of their personal identity*. And the only way in which this personal identity can be proved is for an alleged spirit to tell us facts about himself when he was alive. Information that pretends to be about the future world is no proof at all, because you can't verify it now. Information about *this* world is no proof that it comes from a spirit—unless the spirit *identifies* himself.

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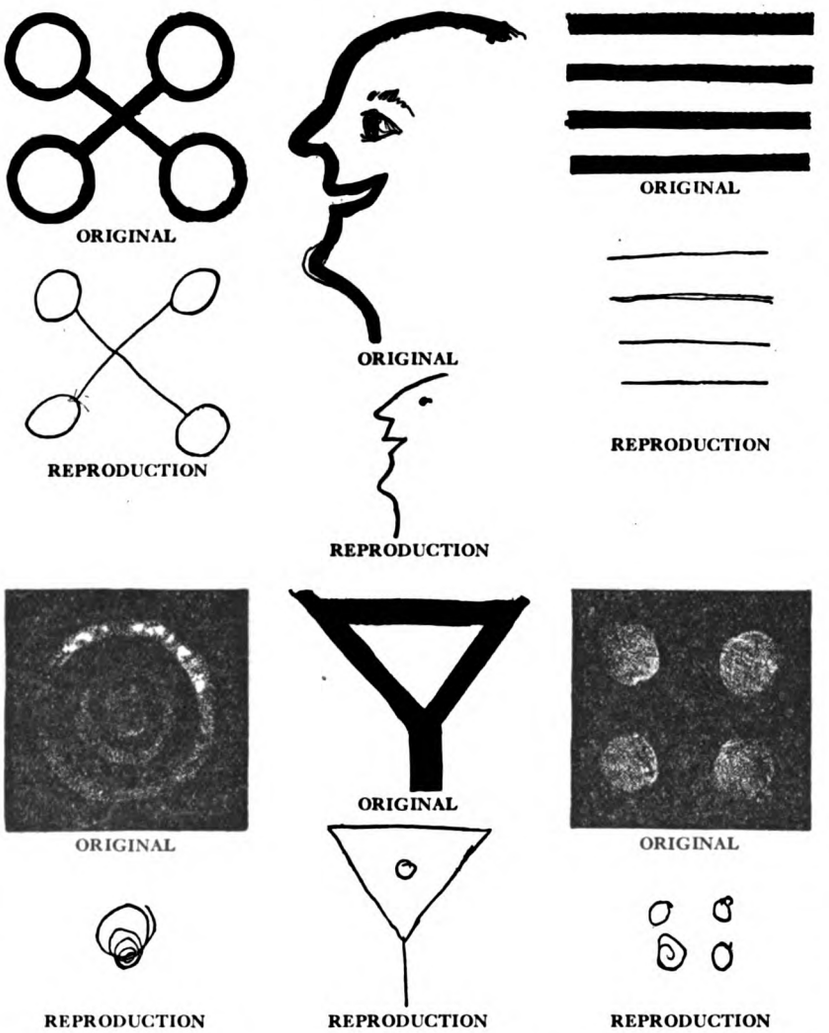


The drawings reproduced here show some authenticated results obtained by experiments in telepathy, or thought transference. In each case, the one marked "Original Drawing" was made by the person conducting the experiment. Without any word being spoken, or any signal given, the reproduction was then made by the person receiving the "telepathic message." It is an accepted fact that these messages can be received by certain individuals. Thousands of cases have been recorded. No one can explain just how it is done, but even the scientists admit that it is done. Often the "sender" and the "receiver" are miles apart. Sometimes the sender deliberately "wills" the receiver to do some specific thing. But there are very many authenticated instances when the "message" was sent without deliberate intention; as, for example, when one person gets a mental impression of some friend or relative being ill, or in danger. This impression is so vivid that the scene, with all its details, is described by the receiver and is later verified. Telepathy is of great importance in studying the evidence about so-called spirit phenomena; because many persons claim that all these phenomena can be explained on the theory of this thought transference. In this article, Doctor Hyslop declares that some occurrences cannot be accounted for by telepathy, except by pushing the theory to a point where he cannot accept it. The drawings reproduced here are from Doctor Hyslop's book, "Contact with the Other World," and are reprinted by permission of the Century Company

Gently the calloused hand dropped to the plump round shoulder; the woman glanced up, meeting the kind old eyes, her own flooding with heart-content

"Nobody Else's Home Seems Just Right"

The story of two old people who got tired of "just visitin'" their children

By Ruth Fargo

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

"THAT old barn's an eyesore!" stormed young Mrs. Jim Kuykendahl to her visiting sister. "It ought to be torn down! It would have been, too, months ago, except for Jim's father. He's coggled up some sort of a shop out there—putters away with a few old tools and some tin, till I'd think he'd go daft. *I* should! Besides, he might help out in the store—!"

The clear young voice showed unmistakable vexation. It whipped through the crack of the kitchen door and struck Jim's father full in the face, like a slap of sudden sleet. He had started up the back steps with a handful of fresh eggs. Now he stopped, gaped, his mouth partly open, backed down a step, and stumbled. The top egg rolled off. In an awkward effort to catch it he crushed the thin shell against his sleeve.

"Dum it!" gritted old Jim Kuykendahl in a vexed undertone.

His eyes wavered from the yellow blot adorning the sleeve of his clean shirt to the yellow blot oozing stickily down a stalk of blossoming sweet-rocket by the steps.

"Oh, dum it all!" he reiterated disgustedly. "Daughter-in-law Cora'll say I'm careless *now!* Guess I am. Else I'm gettin' old."

Stooping, he carefully deposited the rest of the eggs along a crack in the cupped step where they couldn't roll; then, dragging a soiled handkerchief from somewhere, he sponged away at the spot on his sleeve.

"Wisht I had my spec's." He squinted critically. "Reckon I've left 'em som'eres abouts."

He pushed back a lock of gray hair, bent his head, judicially considering his work.

"Oh, it shows, more or less. Cora'll see—an' she tol' me t' keep this shirt clean." The man sighed with a sort of patient weariness. "I seem ordained t' spot up everything I tetch, best I c'n do."

He lifted his head and stared absently away between the housed spaces to where a little line of distant gray horizon stared back at him.

"It ain't human-like to keep so slicked up—all th' time," he rebelled. "I'd like to crawl into an old jumper," wistfully, "an' overalls and do some real work—once more"

The exasperated voice of his daughter-in-law, together with the broken pullet's egg, flooded afresh the tragedy darkening the older man's declining days. Nothing could ameliorate this lonesome living in town! He wanted to be out on a farm—he and "Mother" had always lived on a farm. The man's lips trembled mutely; he did not like to think of those days. Mother—Mother was gone. And the farm was sold, and the money turned over to Jim, Junior—or most of it, for the old man was wise in his way. Jim had needed money in the hardware business. Jim, Junior, had never liked the farm; but the price of the old place had set him securely on his feet in a business way and the father had been glad of it. He had been glad to do it. But, somehow— Well, that was a year ago.

"Jim's a good boy," condoned the older Jim, almost defiantly. "He's pretty busy—but he's *good.* An' Cora means well; she's young yet." He drew the back of his hand across his eyes. "Where'n tunket did I put my spec's," he complained huskily.

THEN, with sudden intent, he bent down and broke off the branch of blossoming sweet-rocket, telltale plant, and thrust it surreptitiously under the steps; after which he swiftly gathered up the eggs, one by one, lovingly.

"One, two, three, four, five," he counted, "an' I told Cora there was goin' to be six. Six eggs, I said, an' six hens. Now, you can't say they ain't worth their keep. You can't say my old barn out there ain't payin' for itself, for that's where they lay." He thought a while. "There will be six," he said. "She won't know nothin' about this one bein' broke. I got some more out there. I don't put all my eggs in one basket."

He chuckled softly, ruefully.

"I reckon I won't take 'em in—yet." His hesitant eye traveled from the obvious stain on his arm across to the kitchen. He listened. All was quiet. The voices had died away; evidently the women-folk had drifted to the front of the house. But Jim's father did not venture. "I'll put 'em all back'n the nests," he averred glumly. "Gol-dum it all! I c'n gather 'em over again—when I get good'n ready. I ain't nuthin' else t' do."

Then, across his mind flicked the unfinished sentence of his daughter-in-law; he had not heard more, the broken egg had claimed his full attention.

"Help in th' store," he muttered. "I wisht I could. I've tried. Son Jim thinks his old farmer dad don't know nuthin' 'bout hardware; 'drather have those dapper little clerks. Bet I c'd beat any one on 'em, give me a little time an' half a chanct!"

Deliberately Jim's father was redistributing the eggs among the nests in the old barn at the back of the town lot, the old barn that Jim's wife wanted torn away, but that Jim himself had been slow to touch, paintless, dilapidated derelict that it was.

His task finished, the elderly man lingered a moment, silent, his listless figure proclaiming a dejection poignant and aching.

"Believe I'll pike down-street a piece," he cogitated, "mebbe—"

Hope sprang eternal. Maybe the son had, at last, found something for the father to do! . . . But, alas! it was not so. Behind heavy doors, son had even been too busy to be seen. The father drifted away again, baffled, mutely blasphemous—though this latter fact he would have repudiated with firm vehemence. The mind, in unguarded moments, performs freakish pranks from which the best of us never wholly escape.

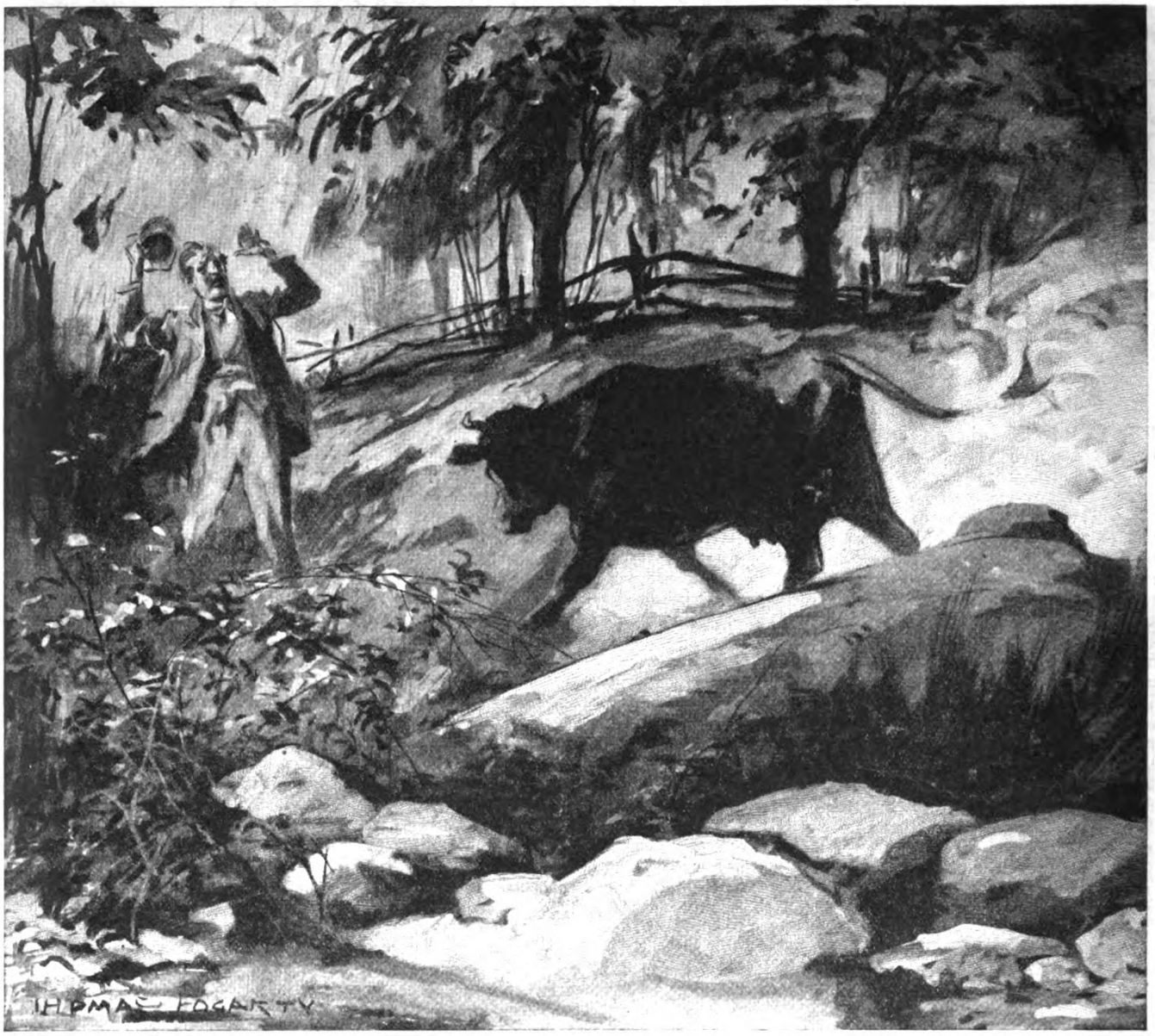
He strode on—on and on and on and on, brooding moodily, careless of direction or destination. The green wealth of fresh fields engulfed him; the village, far-flung, grew gray with backward distance. Birds twittered in voluble content; cattle, somewhere, bawled in lazy cadences. The scent of falling locust blooms came over a hill, strong and sweet. Mechanically, he drew aside from the whir of coming wheels.

"Whoa! . . . Howdy, Kuykendahl?"

Old Jim glanced up.

"How're ye? Ain't set eyes on ye for a coon's age." The man in the dust-covered rig held out a calloused hand. "Heard y'd been sick. . . . No? Nuthin' much? . . . Still at Jim, Junior's, I reckon. Hear he's pushing business nowadays; guess th' ol' man's farm fixed him all right. Well, 'twas a good farm. Brought a good price."

THE shrewd eyes of the old neighbor had not missed the apathy in the face of Jim's father. "Well, money's money," he went on. "Yourn, I reckon, is earnin' more'n it ever did tied up'n a farm. Jim, Junior's, a hustler. . . . An' board an' room ain't t' be sneezed at these times. . . . G'long there, Nancy!" He slapped the reins on the colt's back. "Take keer o' yourse'f, Kuykendahl! I've seen y'u lookin' sprucer."



A feminine voice shrilled frantically somewhere behind the pillar of dust. Chivalrously, old

Jim's father looked after the vanishing rig in silence. He felt shriveled under the subtle commiseration of its occupant. Ill it behooved him to let this carping old-time neighbor discern the empty depths of his desiccated hopes! . . . Then something choked in old Jim's throat—the dust, maybe. He coughed, blinked back a look of futile bitterness; and, shading his eyes with his hand, scanned the ribboning road as apprehensive as a scout in the enemy country.

"Dunno's I'm achin' t' meet anybody else," he mumbled.

Then it was that a little trail, debouching from the main highway, reached out and beckoned enticingly to the elderly man. Father Jim took it, eager as a boy out of school, letting down a pair of weathered pine bars, utterly regardless of a private "*trespass*" notice, followed the desultory, grass-tangled trail, that almost at once began to wander idly around a hill and down a brooky dale where dragonflies danced, under shaded festive stretches and past pasturing slopes, cross lots, like some gipsyish picnic party, in no particular hurry to get anywhere. And then it abruptly ended in an absurdly narrow lane, a lane where a mild-eyed, dun-colored cow came plunging precipitately along in a perfect lather of dust, dragging her tether stumblingly.

"Hi, there! Head off my cow!"

A feminine voice shrilled frantically somewhere behind the pillar of dust. Chivalrously, old Jim sprang into adequate action. It was not the first time he had faced an incorrigible cow.

"Co-boss!" he coaxed, soothingly. "Co-boss—boss—bossy!" gripping tightly the trailing tether.

"Oh, I'm that glad you've got her!" panted the feminine voice closely. "I was afraid she's get—clear away—again!" And then, "Well, well, Jimmie Kuykendahl! And is it you!"

WHEN before had old Jim been called Jimmie! The name was dynamic. He pirouetted as by an electrical pivot; but, with conciliative touch, he still patted the bovine neck.

"Emmie!" he gasped. "Emeline Waite! What you doin' down here—chasin' after a cow?"

Old Jim's tone was absurdly accusing, but the woman dimpled—rather moistly—in placid friendliness. She had gone to school with old Jim. Many a time in that long ago had she left him, red-cheeked, recalcitrant, below her in the spelling line. But, just now, she was speechlessly engaged in getting her breath back—it is not so easy, when one has acquired avoirdupois, to chase after nomadic bovines.

"I thought you went West to live with daughter, with Cornie," demanded Jim's father with particular definiteness.

"I did—year ago come August," panted Cornie's mother pensively.

From somewhere she produced a lacy wisp of handkerchief, which, with swift deftness, daintily disturbed the damp, brown-gray, crinkly-attractive curls that clung about her forehead. Then:

"Come on up, Jimmie."

"I don't mind if I do," admitted the elderly man.

The little cavalcade, two unflurried folk and a mild-eyed cow, swung leisurely toward the squat, comfortable abode at the end of the lane.

"You leased your farm—now I recall," cogitated Jim's father presently.

"I leased it," admitted Cornie's mother grudgingly.

Jim sprang into adequate action. It was not the first time he had faced an incorrigible cow

"To Thaddeus Brown, wa'n't it? When you went to Cornie's?"

"Yes—to Thaddeus Brown."

"What ailed him? Why didn't he stay?" The gray brows beetled protestingly. Business was business. But if Thaddeus had browbeaten Emmie, little Emmie—why—

"Thaddeus was—was sort of—asked to quit. That is, to give up his lease, you know."

"Thunderation! He was, was he? Now, who—?"

"Oh, it wasn't anybody," hastily interrupted Cornie's mother. "That is—not exactly. I—I sort of wanted to come back. I—I guess I was homesick."

Jim's father stared. Plainly he was puzzled.

"Thad understood—he said he'd been homesick himself," with simple dignity. "He—he let me buy up the lease." And then, "Don't you see, Jimmie? I *had* to come."

"Well—I—vum!" avowed Jim's father. Then, trenchantly suspicious, "Didn't Cornie treat you right?"

"Oh, my soul, yes! Cornie treated me fine! All on 'em did. Cornie's got a nice family," warmly. "But, don't you see, Jimmie, when a body's bossed a home o' their own long's I have, nobody else's home seems just right, no matter how fine it is—no matter anything at all. A body just wants their own old home place—where they've lived so long, like I have here. I liked it fine at Cornie's—but—it was *just visitin'*, Jimmie. Don't you see?"

JIMMIE saw. He blew his nose vigorously. Then he wiped his eyes, the dust, maybe. . . . Or was it the inevitable fly in the ointment!

"I got so's I didn't have a mite o' ambition 'bout a single livin' thing," went on the little woman at his side. "I felt like a pan o' dough—with the yeast forgot."

"Jes' so," agreed Jim's father.

"Cornie wouldn't hear to my comin', noways; so I just slipped off one Sunday—and come. I ain't goin' gallivantin' any more—till I *have to*."

A little drift of silence dropped over the dusty cavalcade. A sudden remembering damped the lighted fire in the man's fine old eyes, because of which he failed to catch the shadow of fear in the woman's final word.

Mutely he lifted the heavy latch from the pasture gate; silently Emeline Waite pushed it wide, creaking plaintively on blatant hinges. With dumb decorum bossy ambled mildly into her approved pasture. Then, carefully coiling the tether, old Jim hung it over a post, put in place the heavy fastening latch.

"That gate needs oilin'—an' coggling at," he remarked mildly.

"It does," sighed the woman. "Everything 'bout the place needs oilin'—an' cogglin'. But hired help don't oil—or coggle!"

Emeline Waite's eyes trailed tiredly across her disheveled acres. Then:

"I had to hire. I got Peter Pense to manage. But—" She paused, wistful. The ever-ready ghost had found her eyes again. "That's why I had to give the mortgage—that, an' buyin' up th' lease."

But Jim's father didn't hear. He was busy investigating the gate.

"Got a hammer handy, Emmie?" he questioned. "I c'n fix that thing in 'bout a minit."

"The hammer's (*Continued on page 144*)

How to Use Your Mistakes

By Dr. Frank Crane

WALKING to lunch one noon I saw a teamster of my acquaintance who had loosened the harness of his horses and was letting them feed while he, also, was taking a snack. I stopped and talked. During our converse I noticed that one of the horses had a sore shoulder, a raw spot just where the collar touched. I pointed to it and remarked:

"It's too bad you have to work that horse when his shoulder's sore."

"Yes," replied the teamster. "It is too bad. Still," he added, "there wouldn't be much work done in this world if only the horses and folks that are fitten worked."

He was right. The work of the world is done by the blunderers, the inexpert, those who are not feeling well, those that don't know how, and those generally who are not "fitten."

Hence it follows that what you and I and all the world need to know is not so much how to do things Right, as how to do them Wrong. What I mean is that we must count on errors and inefficiencies, and learn how to get things done in spite of them.

The art of perfection is beautiful; the art of imperfection is absolutely essential, if we are to get on.

Most of what we have to do in this world, we must do faultily, or not at all. Perfection is all right as the goal, but the road to it is through Mistakes. And what we need to learn is not to hesitate.

The sure hand, the clear brain, the pure heart, are unhesitating.

There isn't anything you do in this mortal sphere that might not have been done better. What of it? The thing you have to do is to be done, not to be done the best possible way. One ounce of positive, tangible efficiency is worth a pound of meditative perfection.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen the saddest are these, "It might have been," also the most foolish.

The ways of the world are strewn with the tragedies of indecision.

A blind man, deaf and dumb, could walk down the middle of State Street, Chicago, or the Strand in London, or the Avenue de l'Opera in Paris, and never get jostled by foot, horse or motor, if he would keep on going at an even pace. It's the people that pause and reflect that get killed.

Of course, pausing and reflecting are important, but they should all be done before you start.

"But how can I know I'm right?"

You can't know. Because you are not right, ever. We are all human, hence imperfect, hence wrong to a certain extent, and not most of the time but all the time. And any philosophy of life that does not acknowledge this fact, and that assumes that we can be perfectly right, free from any error, and altogether one hundred per cent, is sheer fatuity.

Impeccability is not for the sons and daughters of Eve. We have made mistakes all our life long, we are making them now, and we shall continue to make them until we shall receive our final sentence on the Day of Judgment. And since this is true, since we are to be principally occupied with the business of making mistakes, it follows that—

The most important thing in the world is to learn how to use Mistakes, what to do with the imperfections we surely have.

Not, mark you, how to be perfect. Anybody can read all about that in a book.

The trouble with teaching, advice, philosophy, and all textbooks, and every science of anything, is that they assume an element in us which is not there, to wit, exactness.

It is easy to find out how to be a perfect wife, but what's the use of knowing? No woman can compass it. When we speak of a perfect servant, we are using a figure of speech, for such a servant never existed. Neither was there ever, nor will there ever be, a perfect father, husband, son, workman, boss, engineer, priest, or even devil.

What behooves you, therefore, is not only to learn to do things right, but how to do things, even if poorly.

We need to know how to be happy, good, efficient, rich and successful by the road of Mistake Making. And if you don't know how to stumble you'll never know how to arrive.

IT MAY be well to dig into the philosophy of this, to get a background for our thought. We live, we say, in a world of cosmic accuracies. Nature never fumbles. No matter is destroyed. No force is lost; as, for instance, what disappears as motion in the hammer appears as heat in the nail. The earth and the stars, the flying ball and the spumy wave, the crash of sound and the play of color, are all governed by laws of utter exactitude. The power that molds the planet molds the tear. And all that.

True enough. Exactness is at the bottom of things. But not at the top. Perfection underlies all. But actual accomplishment is never perfect. There's a deal of bungling and waste in nature. Why ten thousand apple blossoms to make one hundred apples? Why does it rain on the lake, where it's wet enough? Why the surge and storm and surplus of the procreative instinct, with all its appanage of sin and tragedy, just to get a certain number of children born into the world, and why was not the cause here nicely graduated to produce just the effect and no more? Why does the body not take exactly the amount of food it needs, instead of a vast deal more, which must be eliminated as waste? Doesn't nature constantly slop over, and not nicely adjust means to ends?

We all think that "somehow good will be the final goal of ill," that the Creator designs mankind for the millennium; but why did He not make man millennial in the first place, why all this long-drawn tragedy of history, woes and wars and strivings, and reactions and reforms?

The fact is that the most amazing element in nature is not its mathematic accuracy, but its healing power, its recuperative function, its skill in making mistakes and getting over them.

So I grant you any amount of perfection in nature, but it's all hidden, none is manifest. And in all her visible accomplishments we see also in the Creator's ways the use of the rule of thumb.

AS IN nature, so in life. Life is not an exact science; it is a continuous experiment. Indeed, it is not a science at all, but an Art; and a science you can learn from a book, but an art you learn only by doing.

Life is not an arithmetic, with the answers all in the back of the book, which you are certain to get if you know the rules; Life is a ring puzzle, which you simply keep working at till you get the solution. Life is like a game of solitaire, half skill, half luck, and you work it sometimes, and sometimes you don't; you may fail because of your own stupidity, or because the cards do not fall right.

And the most inalienable and precious right of every human being is the right to make his own mistakes. Take that from him and you wrong him deeply. When God made your immortal soul He gave you one inestimable privilege, worth more to you than anything else—the privilege of going to the Devil whenever you want to.

You may have been building up a reputation for forty years, but at any moment of that time, even as right now, you can spoil it all, disgrace yourself and spill the whole kettle of beans, by one act of folly.

And if you had not that power of freedom you would not be a man, but would be no better than a dog or horse. The animals make no such mistakes as we, but are guided by unerring instincts. Where there is the kingship of reason there is fallibility.

By making mistakes you learn what a fool you are, which is the most valuable thing in the world to know. You learn your weakness, which is the prime

essential to becoming strong. The consciousness of error is the threshold of wisdom.

Coop a boy up, never allow him to make any mistakes, keep him safe from all temptation, immune from wine, women and wassail, and turn him loose at twenty-one in this untoward world, and he would not get two blocks before some googoo-eyed siren would ensnare him, or some other fool-killer chop him down. He would have every excellence but the one thing needful. He might get along all right in heaven, but on earth the only safe place for him would be in jail. Whereas the average boy, blundering, callow, ridiculous, erring, full of absurd enthusiasms and fancies, when he reaches twenty-one is rather able to take care of himself, because he has had a thorough course and an enriching experience in making mistakes.

GERMANY in the late war was monstrously efficient. She had a perfect army, perfectly managed. England and America, the lumbering democracies, were unready and ill-disciplined. The German military machine rolled down over Belgium and into France with the precision of clockwork. Experts say she ought to have won the war in six months. But she didn't. Something went wrong. There was a mistake somewhere. And she didn't know how to make mistakes. All she knew was how to be perfect. England, they said, "muddled through," but she muddled—*through*. So did America. Didn't you read the papers? Don't you remember how wrong we were? Unprepared. With "a contemptible little army." The wrong President, the wrong Secretary of War, the wrong Secretary of the Navy. No ships. Congress blundering. Everything at sixes and sevens. Sure! we made mistakes, *but we knew how to use them*, we had been practicing a hundred years. And the result was that when the expert mistake makers from the U. S. A. and Canada and Australia and England and France and other blundering democracies got over into the game, the flawless German machine crumpled. Look out for the men that have been making mistakes all their lives, and using them for better effort, for defeat and humiliation are familiar bread to them, they thrive on such food, and go on, and muddle—through.

So never you mind about how much you could do, and how bright your prospects would be, if only you hadn't made this mistake or had that bad luck. Your problem is never "What you might do, if," but "What you *can* do, anyhow." You have fallen in the fight, your knees are skinned, one eye is swollen shut, your shoulder bleeds, your back aches—you have made the wrong investment, trusted a false friend, been betrayed in love, acted the fool, and been asleep at the switch—What now? Why, up and at them! The man that wins is the man that won't quit. Your mistakes and misfortunes have but cast you back upon humanity, our common mother, and you can rise with new strength, as Atlas when he touched the Earth.

I always like to go back to God in my thinking, as a sailor looks at the Pole Star. So let us ask ourselves, Why were we born? What object did God have in creating us?

I used to think He created us to be Good and Perfect. I know now that He did not. For the simple reason that if He did, He missed it. And I refuse to believe He ever misses. Surely if He had intended us to be good and perfect He would have made at least a half dozen or so as samples. But He did not. They are all imperfect. Every apple on the human tree is spotted. History records not one perfect man, with, perhaps, one exception.

Whatever He made us to do we must be doing, else He fails, which is absurd. And there is one thing we are all doing. To wit, and namely, *growing*. Growth, not perfection, is the key word of the universe.

The individual grows, the whole world grows. The boy becomes a man; mankind progresses. The idea in the acorn is the oak.

And the chief means of growth is mistake making. The baby learns to take care of himself by bumping his nose, burning his fingers and stubbing his toes. The shrewd business man is all over scars. The ripened scholar has followed a thousand fallacies, and been undeceived. The violinist owes his virtuosity to long days of practice, and practice means rubbing out endless errors, correcting infinite false moves.

Even the old saint owes his sanctity to his bruises. All his patience, and resignation, and unwavering faith, and fixed purity, is the ripened fruit of many a fall and struggle and doubt and passion. All the way up to his pinnacle of character he has fought with the wild beasts. And if he never had any weaknesses to overcome, nor mistakes to regret, nor faults to repent of, he is no saint at all, but an imbecile.

Do not take all this as a sophistic attempt to prove that wrong is right, that sin is, after all, not so bad, and black is white if you only think so. That is not true. The colors in the moral spectrum are fixed and true, and the Puritans were sound in their insistence on "the exceeding sinfulness of sin." Wrong is wrong, and to be eternally fought and hated. And right is right, and to be lived for, and to die for.

BUT our point is that out of all this failure and imperfection comes the desired flower of life—Character. Success springs from failures, as the white lily grows from the ugly bulb. Out of the mud comes the lotus, out of the rotting mold, the tree bearing pomegranates; out of the bull, bezoar; out of the crushed grain, flour and bread; so, out of disillusion comes the profoundest faith; out of the broken heart, the sweetest sympathy; out of the crushed rose, the attar; out of that disciple who denied his Lord with cursings came he who was to be the head of the Church.

The secret of health is not guarding against disease. It is the strength of your vital force. The strong, healthy body is antiseptic. Everybody's mouth contains disease germs. Even the purest milk and butter hold myriads of dangerous bacteria. The arrows of death rain continually upon the robust, but fall harmless upon the armor of health. Whereas if one's vitality is low, his vigor sapped and his powers of resistance diminished, trifles light as air may slay him.

Wherefore, soul of man, go on! You've done wrong? Forget it! Not mourning, but better deeds, is true repentance. Not in meticulous care, but in the abandonment of courage, lies safety. Success is like riding a bicycle; you're all right if you keep going, but when you try to stand still you fall down.

That we learn from experience has become a proverb. But what is experience but the sum of our mistakes?

Mistakes are the human ties that link us. From our errors, and the consciousness of them, come our dear dependencies. It is because they realize their ignorance and frailty that human creatures huddle close, and love one another, and weep together, and join loyal (*Continued on page 290*)

The Man That Wins is the Man That Won't Quit

"NEVER you mind about how much you could do, and how bright your prospects would be, if only you hadn't made this mistake or had that bad luck. Your problem is never 'What you might do, if,' but 'What you *can* do, anyhow.' You have fallen in the fight, your knees are skinned, one eye is swollen shut, your shoulder bleeds, your back aches—you have made the wrong investment, trusted a false friend, been betrayed in love, acted the fool, and been asleep at the switch—What now? Why, up and at them! The man that wins is the man that won't quit. Your mistakes and misfortunes have but cast you back upon humanity, our common mother, and you can rise with new strength."

Last Instalment of "Egan Comes Down to Earth"
A Serial Novel—BY HOLWORTHY HALL

Unraveling the Threads of Intrigue

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESLIE BENSON

AFTER mature reflection it seemed to Egan hardly fitting for him to call at once on Mary Kent. Things had been going crossways, and he wanted plenty of time to think them over. The prospect of G. Willoughby Kent as a father-in-law had definitely ceased to be alluring. The prospect of Mary as a wife was hardly less so. Yet he had made her a reversionary proposal of marriage. Automatically, that proposal became effective on the moment that she turned from Eddie Macklin.

He had hurried away from Martha for Mary's sake; but he kept away from Mary that Sunday for his own sake. He went out alone over the frozen roads to the flying field, and found a perversive pleasure in the bitterness of the weather. He tried hard to think of Mary, because he felt that it was the only right thing for him to do. But he failed.

For a single instant he could compel himself to concentrate on Mary. He remembered fighting Eddie Macklin after school. He smiled reminiscently as he found himself touching his ear. That same ear had been frostbitten in the Vosges. A cruel country, that—and those iron-rutted roads, by comparison, were splendid boulevards. He had a swift vision of his last ambulance, turned upward in an icy ditch, and wriggling its wheels like some monstrosity of an insect. But it wasn't funny, especially for the men inside. One of them had recovered, and won a D. S. C. His name was Bergwasser, and he came from— Oh, lord! what *was* the name of the place that man came from? Never mind. Well—oh, there was Mary. Pretty—yes, superlatively. Sweet-dispositioned, yes; but— But what on earth was the name of the place Bergwasser came from?

But when Martha Henderson became all at once a passenger on his train of dreams, that train never halted, nor turned out on a siding, nor wrecked itself on a matter of geography. This made him feel guilty.

He sat huddled on the steps of the little administration building to smoke a comfortless cigarette. He felt that he *must* be a scoundrel for harboring all these curious reflexes, and yet he couldn't feel as scoundrelly as he thought he ought to. He was chastened, sobered, but not ashamed. He wondered if it were really despicable of him to consider his obligation toward her in the same manner as he would consider any other obligation, except this one. She had been engaged to Macklin at the time. Egan had merely stated a fact, and an intention. The fact was that he loved her. The intention referred to marriage by victory over Macklin. But past facts may not necessarily be present facts. Intentions, weathered by experience, may crumble without so much as depositing a dusty residue of regret. Would it be fair to Mary—would it *not* be fair to Mary—to tell her the truth?

He knew that he had no longer the sort of love for Mary which made him want to marry her. He had lost it somewhere, traveled for a time without perceiving the loss, and comprehended it only when he had found a more desirable substitute. He *had* loved her . . . but if he had taken no personal credit, then, for what was absolutely beyond the freedom of his will, why should he take discredit on himself, *now*, for what he was equally powerless to control?

The stubble before him was littered with half-smoked cigarettes. Egan rose, shivering. Mechanically, as he set out for home, he concentrated upon the virtues, the delicacies, the womanly qualifications of Mary. Unwittingly, he was trying to persuade himself back into that era when he had loved her. He blamed himself for the impossibility of it.

Blame? Blame a man for the unfathomable workings of the universe? For the ungovernable twistings and turnings of the human mind? Blame him for not wanting Mary now—but Martha?

HE HAD hardly set foot in the hallway when Stanley Adams, wearing the expression of Sister Anne, frayed by long waiting, appeared at the door of his room.

"Bronson! Where in thunder have you been all day? We've been waiting for you since two o'clock."

Egan wearily climbed the last few steps. "I'm pretty tired, Uncle Stanley. Can't you wait a while?"

The journalist took his arm. "Bill Garrity's here!"

The greater part of his fatigue dropped away from Egan.

"Really?"

"Yes, and he's ready to talk. He's scared stiff. Come on in. You can't afford to be tired now."

The room, as Egan entered it, was dense with cigar smoke hanging in mica-like layers. The Honorable George Perkins, coatless, was tipped back in his chair against the wall, a ruminative Daniel. In the middle of the room sat Garrity, middle-aged, shiny-headed, short, stocky, painfully dressed in a seventy-dollar suit of clothes and a twenty-five cent necktie.

The judge waved a welcoming hand.

"Hello, boy! Have a good trip?"

"Fine, thank you."

"You know Bill Garrity, of course."

"Oh, yes." Egan shook hands with him.

"You've growed some," said Garrity, conventionally.

"I have, a little." He sat down on the edge of Adams's bed. "What's the conference about?"

After a faintly uncomfortable pause, Perkins threw out a feeler. "Garrity's a friend of ours, Bronson."

"I was sure of that."

"He had some news he thought we'd like to know, so he brought it to us. To you especially."

Egan could see at a glance that Garrity was nervous. The former superintendent had put on his hat, raking it backward to an acute angle. His collar, barely three quarters of an inch high, but already five eighths of an inch too much, was slowly liquefying.

"That's good," said Egan pleasantly.

Garrity gazed at him without speaking.

"Now that we're all here—" suggested the judge.

GARRITY drew a tremendous breath. He looked from one to the other of the trio, looked at the floor. "Am I to begin, then, Judge?"

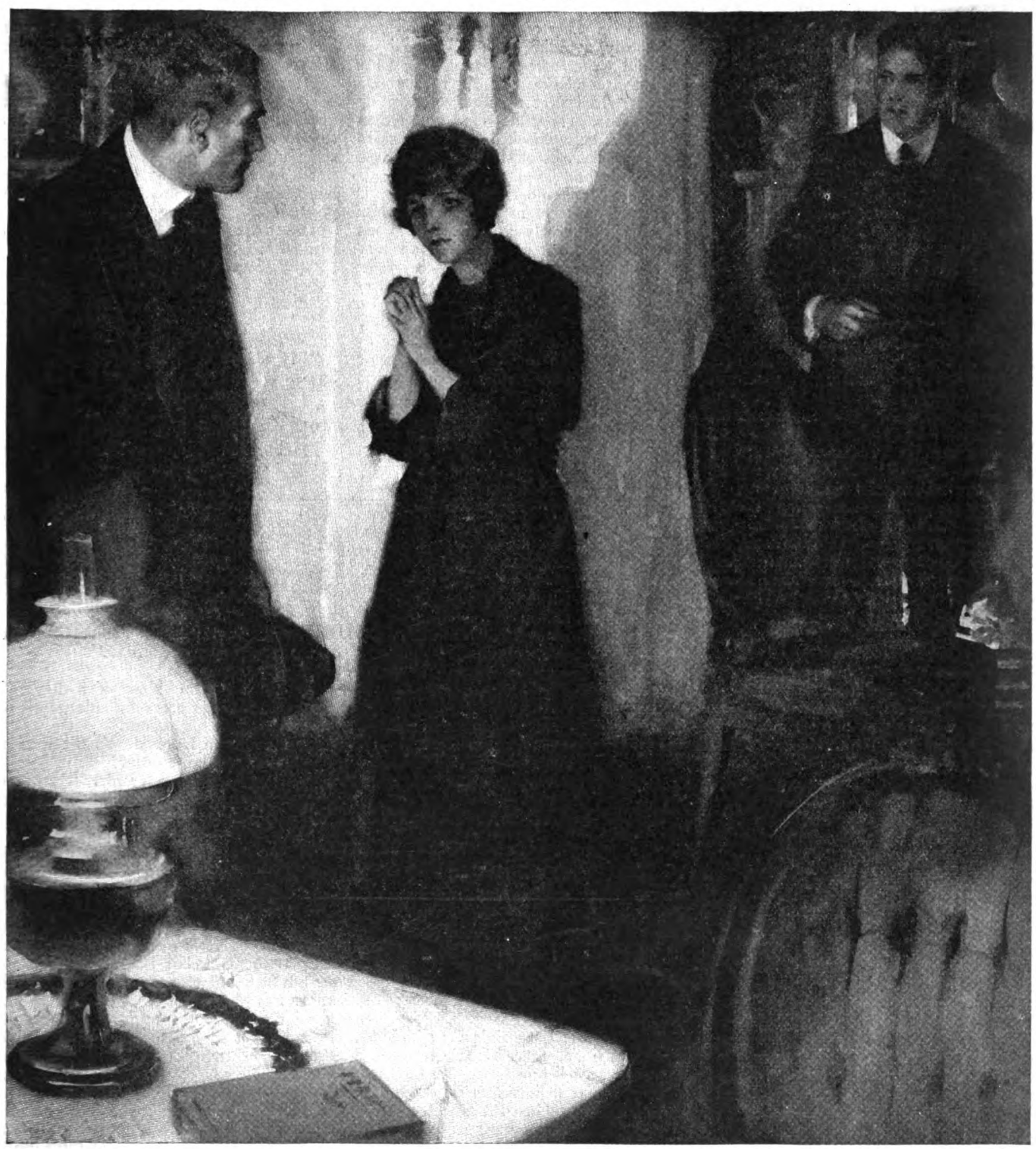
"Yes, Garrity; go ahead."

"So I will, then." He focused intently on the carpet, cleared his throat, swallowed once or twice, and began: "Twenty years did I slave and labor for Old Man Egan, and devil a chance did I have, and no one else, neither, for the Old Man he carried the business under his hat, and there was no easy pickin's for nobody."

Egan, fascinated, bent his head a little nearer, for Garrity's voice was low.

"When he was took sick, there was neither head nor tail to us, not knowin', as they say in the west of Ireland, which was the why nor forever after. One day comes a letter from the Citizens Bank which I and the bookkeeper opens, and we find it's about a big sum of money owed, that we know nothin' about, so I and the bookkeeper goes to the bank and sees Mr. Luke. 'Garrity,' he says, 'this don't concern you. This is a bit of private business betwixt this bank and your boss. Chase yourself out of here.' 'Tell me, then,' I says, 'what I'd best do with it, for the Old Man is sick, and who is his lawyer I dunno, now Judge Perkins and him is on the outs.' 'Garrity,' he says, 'you go to Eddie Macklin. He's a good lawyer, and he'll see to the Old Man's interest.' So I go to Eddie and tell him, and then I go back to my work."

Adams glanced at Egan. "Dovetails



She came slowly toward him, stopped half way. She was pale and nervous; it was obviously hard for her to speak

very nicely into everything, doesn't it?"

"Eddie comes to me. 'The Old Man has hocked some of his own stock, and cannot buy it out of the bank,' he says, 'and the bank will sell it to the high dollar on Saturday. If you've ready money, you can buy cheap. Give me what you've saved, and I'll get it for you.' Now I had always wanted a bit of the Egan stock. I gave him all I had; he bought the stock Saturday; the Old Man died Tuesday. Wednesday, Eddie come to me. 'Bill,' he says, 'we'll make you president of Egan's.' 'Do you mean it?' I says. 'I do,' he says. 'On one condition. The plant must cut down its costs.' 'Cut *wages?*' I says. 'Cut *costs*,' he says."

The Honorable George silently prof fered another cigar, which Garrity proceeded to smoke dry.

"'Drive the men harder,' he says, 'and save payin' overtime. Put the whole crowd on piece work.' 'There'll be big trouble,' I says. 'The men will never stand for it.' 'Then we'll replace them,' he says. 'Replace hell,' I says. 'Am I to watch my own money be throwed away?' 'That's all right,' he says, 'we will replace them. Kent is in Washington, and he'll frame a deal to have skilled workmen furloughed out of the army and sent us to complete our gover'ment contracts. Another thing,' he says, 'if we are to get soldiers, we must show a clean slate. Every man in the plant with a Dutch name must go.'"

Adams coughed gently to direct Egan's attention.

"There was trouble on the Dutchmen, some of 'em bein' Americans, and there was trouble on the piece work; and soon enough the boys voted to strike. 'Tell them to strike and be hanged,' says Eddie. 'If they go out and don't come back, Kent'll help us from Washington.' So the boys went out, but all we got from Washington was an order from the Labor Department to behave. 'Take them back, then,' says Eddie, 'and you and me will have a talk with Colonel Kent, who is home from Washington.' So we have a

talk. 'Are the boys dissatisfied?' says he. 'They are,' says I, 'unanimously.' 'We'd best clean house, then,' he says, 'before the Labor Department begins on us. I can arrange matters. But keep up the *discipline*. If the men is dissatisfied, leave them drift off. We will have soldiers furloughed and save money.' Well, the men is dissatisfied, and they drift. One day we're with half the machines standin' idle. Kent and Eddie is both out of town. I send a telegram to Kent, asking where are the furloughed soldiers. Two days later we are notified our steel delivery is to be cut two thirds. Kent is home over Sunday. 'What you've done,' he says to me, 'is to gum the whole game. You'd better have kept your face shut. You've put me in a deep hole. You're lucky if you ain't indicted. Telegrams is all read by censures, these days. You blew the secret, and that's why they stopped your steel.' 'What do I do now?' I says. 'Close down?' 'Close down is right,' he says, 'and keep your face closed down while I try to fix this up. We'll be runnin' full blast again in two weeks.' So we close down, but we wasn't runnin' again in two weeks, nor four. Then Eddie comes to me. 'Because the plant has been shut down a month, the city will take back its land,' he says, 'and the Egan Company has bust. You did it,' he says. 'Your damn fool telegram did it. You killed the best business in Plainfield. I know you lose your ten thou,' he says, 'but other folks lose fifty to your one. If you peep,' he says, 'you'll likely land in the cooler. Kent is crazy. Go get a job and forget it.' So I got a job, but I don't forget it. Then there is trouble in the politics in this town, and both ends is against the middle, and I am part of the middle. Kent has been to see me, and Eddie has been to see me, and they have got my goat. I know that the Old Man's son will see fair play. So I come to you, and here I am."

He finished stolidly, and continued to stare at the carpet. Egan and the Honorable George were regarding each other fixedly.

"I suppose you'd be willing to sign an affidavit, wouldn't you?" asked Adams.

"I'll sign anything the judge says. He's my lawyer."

"We'll draw it up to-night."

"Not to-night," said Garrity. "I got to go to Cleveland. My sister's sick. I'll be back to-morrow afternoon."

"To-morrow night, then." The judge sighed with relief. "Well, I guess that clears the path for us—"

He smiled broadly, but Egan, confronted at last by certainty that his father's old friend and Mary's father had planned this strategy of destruction, was so infinitely depressed that nothing could have wrung an answering smile from him. Not even a thought of Martha.

XXII

AT THE usual hour on Monday, Egan was in his office, and he remained there throughout the greater part of the day, although his mind was absent with Martha in Dayton. At four o'clock, sedulously avoiding Adams, he slipped out and went to the Metropolitan Club for private meditation. At five, a boy informed him that a caller was waiting down-stairs. The caller was a young man in a strikingly checked suit and vivid haberdashery, set off by numerous articles of diamond jewelry.

"Why, Mr. Feinberg!" said Egan.

The young man approached him nervously. "Howdy-do, Mr. Egan? Long time since we met each other, ain't it?" He took Egan by the lapel of his coat. "You know something? I got a friend of mine wants to do some business with you. I got a oitermobile outside here. They told me at your office you'd be here or home, and you wasn't home, so I come here. Just a couple minutes. It's no fake—honest."

"Who is it?"

"E—M," said Mr. Feinberg in a tone that was freighted with mystery.

"Oh! Why didn't he come himself?"

"He couldn't."

"Well, why didn't he telephone?"

"He couldn't do that, either."

"Why not?"

"Where he is, there ain't any telephone. I tell you it's no fake, Mr. Egan. He—"

"You can tell him for me," said Egan shortly, "that if he wants to see me, he can come here. Then I'll consider it."

The jewelry salesman caught Egan's sleeve. "I ask you please, Mr. Egan, be a good sport. I wouldn't come here only if it wasn't important. It won't take you any time at all. It's no fake. Honest. It's about—*you* know." He danced back impressively. "He said I should tell you it's to— *You* know."

"No, I don't."

"Well, it's no fake. I give you my word of honor, Mr. Egan. It's worth going for. Please hurry up, Mr. Egan."

"And he can't come here?"

"No, sir."

"All right," said Egan. "I'll be with you as soon as I can get my coat and hat."

The door of the small house was opened by an acidulous young woman with an oil lamp in her hand. At sight of Feinberg, she stood aside to permit the pair to enter.

"Go right in the poller," she said unemotionally. Egan, entering the "poller," was immediately alone. Feinberg had remained in the hall and closed the door.

For an instant, Egan was expectant of surprise, but he dismissed the thought of ambush with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders and gave himself to an inspection of the room. It was a very low-ceiled room, lighted by a large kerosene lamp, and comfortably furnished in red plush.

The door opened again, and Egan turned.

"I'm glad you came, Bronson."

"Hello, Eddie!"

"You're mighty decent to come, anyway."

"Whose place is this?"

"My mother's. Let's sit down. . . . Smoke a cigarette?"

"I have some, thanks."

"Matches?"

"Much obliged."

Macklin sat down, his feet profaning one of the roses.

"You've won, of course you know."

"Won? How do you mean?"

"The first night you were back? You said there wasn't room for both of us in the same town. Well, I'm leaving."

"Is that so?"

"I hope it is. You can make it sure if you want to."

"How?"

Macklin blew a volley of smoke at a crayon enlargement. "Help me get out."

Egan laughed. "Isn't that a rather large order?"

"It is, and it isn't. I want to get to Saint Louis."

"You want money?"

"No."

"Then what do you expect—"

"All I want to do is to begin over again. I've got a lawyer friend in Saint Louis who'll give me a job. Nobody knows I'm here; I'm supposed to be in Chicago over the week-end. What I want to do is to get out fast, and not have too many people know I'm getting out. After two days, I don't care. But I want to get out of Plainfield for good before anybody knows I'm gone, or where I'm going. And there's a few people who'd stop me if they could. *You* ought to be glad enough to have me get out, and to give me a hand." He flipped the butt of his cigarette into a hand-painted china plate on the table, and got to his feet. "Bronson, it's a darned crooked world. God knows I've tried to play it square, but it don't work. Honesty *don't* pay. I'll tell you why I'm going out —because I was too blamed honest." He sat down again. "Oh, I know you've been with Henderson, and your pal Adams has been pumping Bill Garrity; I wouldn't talk this way if you weren't wise already. If I tell you something, will you help me get out?"

"That depends, Eddie."

Macklin regarded him sharply. "Oh, rot! . . . I'm not as bad as you think. Bronson, it was Kent and his crowd made me city counsel. I wa[illegible]aight as a string, by heaven, until t[illegible] began to get after me for favors. No[illegible] out of the way, just small stuff. On[illegible] Kent asked me for some legal advice, [illegible]inued on page 262)

"Wanted—A Fool"

A new serial novel by PHILIP CURTISS—to begin in next month's AMERICAN MAGAZINE

It is a mystery story—full of suspense and surprise. Read the first instalment and see whether you won't be on watch for the second!

Oh, Yes—They Do Come Back

Stories of men who turned out to be winners after everybody thought they were "through"

By Grantland Rice

I'M NOT talking about cats. I'm talking about human beings—and that's a mighty different proposition. You have heard the slogan, "A man may be down, but he's never out." That is true in theory; but it is also true that a good many men who are down *think* they are out, and don't try to get up again.

Not only that, but their friends, and their enemies, have the same belief. How many times have you heard people say, and said to yourself, "Too bad about Smith! I guess he's through. He'll never come back."

Now, I am going to pick out a phase of life where this "can't come back" theory is reiterated over and over again. I am going to take a line of work where I believe it is harder for a man to come back than in any other calling, and I am going to tell the stories of real men who refused to accept the verdict that they were out, even after they had been *turned* out repeatedly.

The line of work I refer to is sports. And the men I am going to tell you about are men who either earn their living in that line, or who put most of their time and effort into it. And don't you think for one minute that their stories have no relation to you! It is the *spirit* of Vaughn and Gleason and Travis and Bender and the rest of these men that turned the trick. And it would have done it in business, or politics, or anywhere else.

In the fall of 1909 the New York American League ball club signed up a big two-hundred-pound Texan named Jim Vaughn. He was a powerful-looking left-handed pitcher who had been tried out the year before, had failed to make good, and had wandered along the trail from Scranton to Louisville, to Macon, before he was given the second chance, this time with New York.

He did fairly well with them the first year, but in 1911 his work was both erratic and indifferent. In 1912 he continued to wobble and skid, so New York turned him over to Clark Griffith, of Washington.

Griffith, being a past-master at handling pitchers, worked hard to get Vaughn going, but without success. The pitcher's apparent indifference continued; he failed to win, and finally Griffith secured waivers from all sixteen major league clubs, and sent the left-hander back to the minor leagues. This made Vaughn's second trip over the roadbed of failure. And consequently several million fans and several hundred sporting writers proceeded to put "All through" after his name.

"They don't come back" was the cry that followed Vaughn from the big league to Kansas City.

At this point, the spark that no one had been able to fan into a flame began at last to burn in Vaughn's breast. Where the pleadings and the threats of great managers had failed, the prospect of going back to the "bush," and the fading echo, "They don't come back," woke him up. With his back to the wall, he finally took a tumble to himself, settled down to hard work and began to win.

What was the result? In the fall of 1913 he was recalled by the Chicago Cubs for another chance, and through the last six years Vaughn has not only been the star pitcher of that club but one of the star pitchers of his league, a sure and consistent winner from April through September.

What is the explanation? Just one thing. Knowing he had the ability, Vaughn knew it was up to him to make good. And the minute he did make good, he found the gate open to the road that led from the wilderness into the promised land. Whereas he had failed to break even before, he has had a winning percentage above Chicago Cubs in the past six years with the Cubs. He had merely been another entry to shatter that ancient call of the sporting highway, "They don't come back." The main trouble is that too many entries, after they have failed once or twice, take the old slogan of the game as being solid truth, lose heart and confidence, and then begin to drift. And they don't drift back! You can write that down on the scroll, and mark it as the last word in fact. The drifter travels in only one direction—and that isn't *up* the stream.

"YES," you say, "that might apply to Vaughn, who was still fairly young and husky, and who was still in fine physical shape. But suppose his arm had given out? Then what?"

We still maintain that the road back is rarely barricaded. For there is, by way of example, a short, thick-set, seamy-faced individual named Kid Gleason.

In 1892, nearly thirty years ago, when the Kid was a pitcher on the Saint Louis club, his arm gave out. He had begun his career with Philadelphia back in 1888 and by 1895, because of his "bum arm," his career as a pitcher was over.

But the Kid wasn't the type to quit that easy. With one trail blocked, he started over another highway. In 1896, no longer a pitcher, he settled down at second base for the New York Giants, and he served there for six seasons before old Doc Time again began making signals of distress.

Gleason had his ups and downs after that, but he was always sparring for another start on the "come back" way. Finally, he popped into the limelight as a coach and general aid-de-camp to Charles Comiskey of the White Sox. It was his third branch of the trail, but he began by hustling as hard as he ever did before, giving one hundred per cent of what he had to offer.

His new job lacked the thrill of competition and the big headlines of his old campaigning days. It was a job that he might have taken lightly and easily, content to drift along, as so many have in like undertakings. But not the Kid! He dived in up to his chin and made the job an important one—so important that when Comiskey finally decided on a change of managers, it was William (Kid) Gleason who drew the assignment. And it was also William (Kid) Gleason who took a ball club which had finished down in the rut the year before, but which now, with only two winning pitchers, yet bagged the championship of the American League for the Chicago White Sox.

"They don't come back!" Don't they! The Kid has spent the better part of his life coming back—and he has always arrived. When they blocked one road he found another; and the result is that now, when he is more than fifty years old, he is still in the thick of the game as a pennant-winning manager.

IN 1916, in the Amateur Golf Championship tournament at Merion, Bob Gardner, of Chicago, and Bobby Jones, of Atlanta, met in the battle of the Bobs. In this match, Big Bob of Chicago vanquished his young opponent by a decisive margin, playing brilliant golf to achieve this result.

It was a discouraging match for young Jones, as he had been ahead at one stage, only to have his lead cut away by a series of spectacular recoveries, for which Gardner has always been famous when hard pressed. In 1919, the two Bobs met again at Oakmont, in the next championship renewal.

Gardner had beaten Max Marston just the day before, and was considered a strong contender for the title. There were any number who believed that he would again down his Atlanta rival, largely because he had won from him so handily the time before.

"Jones will remember that trimming," one of the experts remarked, "and it isn't going to help him any. After a good beating, they don't often come back; especially against the same man."

When I decided to find out just how all this appealed to Jones, he said, "I may very easily lose, because Gardner is a fine golfer and a hard man to beat. But that 1916 match won't have anything to do with the present one. This is another day, another year, and another battle. What happened in one match has nothing to do with what may happen in another. If he wins this (*Continued on page 150*)

What Mother Had Always Wanted

The story of a longing that lasted through the years

By Linda Buntyn Willie

ILLUSTRATION BY W. B. KING

"I JUST hate to show it to Ma!" Laura held up her left hand and watched the light play on the diamond on the engagement finger. "I just hate to! Knowing how she's always wanted a ring is going to about take all the pleasure out of having one myself."

"I think it's downright foolish in a woman of Ma's age and—" Viva stopped suddenly, then went on—"to want a ring."

Laura turned on her sharply. "Why didn't you finish what you started to say? Why didn't you say that she was fat and plain and had rough, red hands from working for us, that would look funny with rings on them?"

Viva shrugged her shoulders as she glanced in the mirror.

"You know it is foolish, Laura."

"I don't know that it is!" Laura's voice was still sharp. "She was just a girl like other girls once, and I wouldn't be surprised if she wasn't fully as good looking as you think you are, and she never had anything! I've had lots more than she ever did, and I still want some of the things I wanted when I was a kid and didn't get. I wanted to ride on a flying-jinny, I know, and didn't. Ma told me ladies didn't get on such things, because she didn't have the nickel to pay for a ride, and I went around saying that I wouldn't ride on one, as they were no place for ladies, but just the same I wanted to, and I still do just because I didn't get to when I was a kid."

Viva turned her head to get the effect of her profile from another angle. "Ma always was romantic," she giggled.

Laura's eye softened. "Yes," she said; "and Pa was about the sorriest excuse for a romance that she could have found. Not that he doesn't love Ma," she added quickly, "for he does; but he couldn't see a halo around an angel's head."

Jasper looked up from the leggins he was mending, and grinned. "Pa don't even know angels wear halos," he said; "and if he found out they did, he'd be shocked at such foolishness."

Laura laughed, but her eyes were tender. "Poor Ma! She missed all the romance."

"Well, why do you reckon Pa didn't give her a ring?" Jasper asked, holding up the finished leggin and looking it over.

"You know Pa as well as I do, Jasper."

Jasper laughed. "I guess I do. Well, why don't *we* give her one?"

Laura looked at him, her young eyes full of scorn of the masculine understanding. "Do you think that would be the same?"

Jasper threw up his hands. "A ring's a ring, ain't it?"

"No; it ain't," Laura said as she went toward the door. "I'm going to show it to Ma now and have it over."

MA, SHORT, fat, gray-haired, fifty, and utterly unromantic-looking, was rolling out biscuit for supper. Laura went in the kitchen gayly, holding her hand behind her.

"Guess what I've got, Ma!" she said.

"Why, Daughter, I don't know." Ma looked up from her work.

"Well, then, shut your eyes," Laura commanded.

Ma obediently shut her eyes and Laura put up her hand. "Now look!" Ma opened her eyes and looked, and, as she looked, she caught her breath suddenly.

"A diamond!" she half whispered, "a diamond!" Then she carefully wiped her hands on her apron and examined the ring with reverent fingers and awed eyes. "I was hoping all the time he'd give you a ring," she said; "but I never thought of a diamond."

Something in Laura's throat hurt at the look in Ma's eyes. "You try it on, Ma," she said suddenly, slipping the ring off her finger.

"Why—why, Daughter, how'd I look with a ring like that on?" Ma asked, laughing a little tremulously; nevertheless, she took the ring and, after wiping her hands again, slipped it on her rough red finger and looked at it with wistful eyes.

"I never had a ring in my life," she said as she handed it back, "and I always did want one—wanted your pa to give me one. But he never thought about it, and he'd have had a fit if he'd known I wanted it. It's funny how different a man feels about things like that, ain't it? Why, he wouldn't even have a wedding, nor no presents, nor nothing, and I'd counted on them all my life."

When Laura went back to the other room, her eyes were very bright. "I'm going to tell Pa, Ma wants that ring," she said. "I always said I wouldn't, for I know Ma wouldn't want it unless he thought of it himself, but I'm going to tell him, and if he don't come across—"

"What did Ma say?" Jasper asked, working on the other leggin.

"It wasn't what she said," Laura answered, "it was the way she looked." And then she told him.

"I tell you what to do, Sis." Jasper slowly unfolded himself and got up. "I'll furnish the ring, and you fix Pa, and we'll make him give it to her, and she won't ever know but that he thought of it himself."

Laura turned suddenly and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, Jasper! Will you?" She stopped a moment, then went on. "I'd hate to do her that way, but she's going to have that ring. Pa'll just have to give it to her, that's all!"

"What kind of a ring do I get?" Jasper asked, hanging the leggins across the back of a chair.

"Why, a plain gold band," Laura told him. "That's the kind they wore when she was a girl, and that's the kind she wants. One about the right size for your little finger will fit her, I guess."

"All right, I'll get it," Jasper said as he went out, "and you fix Pa."

THE next day Pa went to town and Laura went with him. As the old roan rambled along the sunshine-dappled road, Laura held her hand where the diamond caught the light and flung it back in splashes of vivid red and green and violet. "Isn't it pretty, Pa?" she coaxed.

Pa looked down over his glasses at the ring in disapproving silence.

Laura snuggled up close to him and watched the play of the light on the stone. "Pa," she asked suddenly, "why didn't you give Ma an engagement ring?"

"Why didn't I give her what?" Pa stared at her.

"A ring—an engagement ring," she urged.

"Why—why!" Pa said, very dignified, "me and your ma wasn't thinking of any such foolishness. We had our minds on other things. Your ma was a sensible girl," he said in a tone of voice that implied that a little more common sense would have been good for his daughter.

"Sensible! Oh, Pa!" Laura laughed tremulously, then her face sobered. "Maybe she was sensible, but that didn't keep her from wanting a ring. She wanted one, Pa, and always has wanted one."

Pa stared at her. "You mean to tell me your ma had her mind on such foolishness?" he asked unbelievingly.

"She did, and she has, Pa; and it wasn't foolishness. Ma was just like other girls, and you don't know what a ring means to them. She wanted one just like every other girl does, and when you didn't give it to her, she was disappointed. And, Pa, she has wanted one ever since."

Pa wrestled with this new thing. "You just don't know your ma," he said finally. "She never thought of things like that; she's too sensible. And if she did want one," he said as if clinching his case, "why didn't she tell me?"

"I just hate to show it to Ma!" Laura held up her left hand and watched the light play on the diamond on the engagement finger. "I just hate to!"

Laura laughed helplessly. "Why, she didn't want it if she had to tell you. Don't you see? She wanted you to think of it yourself."

Pa shook his head. "No; I don't see what difference it would make, just so she got the ring. But women is beyond me."

Laura let him think a minute, then she laid her face against his sleeve. "Now listen, Pa, we want you to give Ma a ring!"

Pa snorted so hard that the roan stopped, and he had to slap him with the lines to make him go on.

"Ma does want it. If you just knew how she feels about it! I won't enjoy having mine a bit, if she don't have one. Won't you give her one, Pa?"

"Why—why," Pa sputtered, "I ain't got no money for such foolishness; besides, your ma'd think I'd gone crazy."

"No; she wouldn't! Besides, you won't have to spend anything. Jasper says he'll get the ring if you'll give it to her, and you've just got to do it. Now, won't you, Pa?"

BUT Pa was obdurate. Laura argued and pleaded with him all the way to town and back, but she could not do anything with him. "I ain't going to make a fool of myself," was all he would say.

But Laura did not give up; she did not let Pa alone, every chance she got, she was after him, pleading, begging, telling him it was spoiling all her pleasure in having a ring. Pa just listened, pooh-poohed and tut-tutted, and that was all.

As for ma, Laura kept her hand where Ma could not see her ring, as much as she could, but often she would forget, and Ma would look at the ring wistfully and then down at her own red, rough, ringless hands. Laura would see that, and it hurt, and Jasper would see, and Viva would see, and Pa would see.

Then Laura left off wearing the ring. Ma noticed its absence at once and asked about it anxiously.

"Oh! it sort of bothers me when I am working," Laura told her.

"I don't think I would ever want to leave it off if it was mine," Ma said.

One day Laura excitedly called Jasper and Viva in the front room and shut the door. "I've got a plan," she told them. "The twenty-sixth is Ma's and Pa's wedding anniversary, and let's give them a

wedding supper with presents and things! We'll send Ma off, so it will be a surprise to her, and—" her young mouth set firmly—"we'll make Pa give her the ring. That will be almost as good as if he'd given it to her at first."

The others fell in with her plans enthusiastically, and they worked out the details. Then she told Pa. "We are all going to give her a wedding present," she said; "and we want you to give her the ring. You will, won't you, Pa?" But Pa would not say.

"We will just go on with things," she told the others, "and maybe Pa will do it, but I'm afraid." And it looked as if her fears were well founded, for Pa quit even listening to her. "Your ma would think I'd gone crazy," was all she could get out of him.

But they went on with their arrangements for the wedding supper. Ma was sent off for a short visit and was to return the evening of her anniversary. Laura planned the wedding supper and hired Mandy to come and help with the cooking.

The evening before the supper, when Jasper came home, he called Laura out on the porch. "Here it is," he said, "and I guess it's all right."

"Oh, Jasper!" Laura kissed him suddenly. He snorted with disgust and pushed her off the porch. Laura opened the little cardboard box and looked at the plain gold band approvingly. "That is just what she would want," she said, and went out to the lot where Pa was feeding the horses.

"Pa," she pleaded, slipping the little box into his pocket, "don't go back on us, please, don't, and don't ever let on that we had to tell you, that you didn't think of it yourself."

Pa just grunted, and Laura went back to the house. "I'm afraid Pa won't do it," she told the others worriedly.

THE next afternoon, when everything was practically ready, Laura turned the kitchen over to Mandy and got ready to drive in for Ma. "Pa," she pleaded again, as she got into the buggy and he handed her the lines, "we're counting on you." But her next words showed that she was far from doing that. "Oh, Pa, please, please, don't disappoint us!" Pa said nothing, just gave the roan a slap that sent him ambling toward the gate.

When Laura came in with Ma, after the greetings were over, she steered her to the front room to take off her things while she ran to find Viva. "Well?" she asked breathlessly.

Viva shook her head. "I don't know. Mandy won't let us in, but I watched and saw Pa go in there, and when he came out he looked kind of sneaking."

"Oh, maybe he *is* going to do it!" Laura said, and hurried back to Ma, who was coming out into the hall smoothing her hair.

"Supper's ready!" Mandy announced importantly and flung open the dining-room door. There was a little flutter, even Pa looking a little excited as they went in.

Ma stopped on the threshold and stared at the shining table, at the great centerpiece of flowers, at the vine ropes running from the corners of the table to the hanging lamp above. "Why—why—what?"

"It's your wedding supper, Ma," Laura explained breathlessly. "To-day's your anniversary and we thought you ought to celebrate it."

"My wedding anniversary!" Ma said slowly; then her eyes began to shine. "And you children remembered *that!* And what's all this?" She paused at her place and pointed at the heaped-up packages. (*Continued on page 237*)

Dad's Way of "Putting It Up" to Us Boys

The true story of an American family

By Benjamin W. Roberts

Chemist in the E. I. Du Pont de Nemours Company, Parlin, New Jersey

WHEN I tell people that from the time I was eighteen Dad didn't know how much money there was in the bank, or what bills the family had, or how or when they were paid, but that I and my two younger brothers ran the family finances, they are apt to raise skeptical eyebrows and say politely:

"Indeed!" I have a notion they think I am lying, or that Dad had softening of the brain or both. But Dad's brains are the finest made, as I think anyone will agree who gets to the end of this truthful tale. Dad's name is C. A. Roberts, and he lives in Windsor, New York, an old-fashioned, sleepy country town. For all time, it seems to me, he has been an agricultural inspector, which means that he is away from home except at week-ends. I can remember those week-ends pretty far back. Dad would come home, and kiss us, and go into secret or open session with Mother about the bills. He was getting one hundred dollars a month at that time, and there were four boys and a girl, and raising a family of that size on one hundred dollars a month, even in those happy days, was something of a problem. Once a month, on pay day, Dad would call us three older boys—the youngest was only a baby, and say:

"Come on, boys; we'll go down-town and pay the bills."

That was a great and glorious day for us. Every time we paid a bill, of course the storekeeper gave Dad a cigar, and seeing us hovering in the background handed out a stick of candy apiece. Paying bills was one of the happiest things we did. It mattered little to us whether we paid all of a bill or a part, the treat was there, just the same. Finances and candy looked alike to us.

ONE day, after this bill-paying orgy, Dad came to me and said thoughtfully: "I tell you, Ben, suppose you do this thing yourself. I'll go around with you at first, and you can have a bank account in your own name and learn to draw checks. It will be good for you to learn something of business and the cost of living." It sounded good to me. I was just sixteen and I swelled all up at the idea of signing a check. Next month, Dad took me to bank, opened an account in my name, and deposited his entire funds in that account. Then he and the boys went with me to pay the bills. I felt chesty myself, but you should have seen Dad swell with pride as he watched me making out the checks. And after that we kept on. Dad dropped out after a couple of months, and I added the youngest brother as soon as he could walk far enough, so there were still four of us for the treat, and the stores must have seen our army afar off and got ready their candy boxes.

It worked out like this: Dad traveled on an expense account. That took care of him, except for his clothing and spending money. When he wanted funds for these things he had to ask me for them. Instead of my pulling his leg, he had to pull mine. And I had to tell him, often enough, that he couldn't have a pair of shoes or a new shirt that week. He never complained; he just waited, and you can bet I saw to it he didn't wait long! Mother did the buying for the house, and she was born thrifty. She never led me astray. She charged everything. After a time the merchants didn't even send bills to Dad, but mailed them direct to me. The family called me the Treasurer, and I

handled every penny that came in or went out. I did this for six years, and then Dad's salary having increased meanwhile, I went away to college and my brother Walter took the job and handled it for four years, with Dad's income still mounting, and then Walter went to college and my brother Frank took it and handled it for two years, until he enlisted for the late war. As John was only thirteen, Dad thought him a bit young and took over the treasurership himself until Frank should come back from the army. At present writing he is still in service.

Helen, my sister, had been put through a similar system by Mother, and had been trained to buy for and manage the house. She is sixteen now and as good a manager as a grown woman.

Now how did it work out? In the first place, it trained us all to think about spending money. I took the other two boys in on everything, and we did as Dad had done, paid what we could, the most important bills first.

My wife and I adopted this system when we married, and we did exactly that, paid always the bills for essentials first, and looked over our luxuries and pared down the next month where we needed to pare down. It's a good system for people with a small income. You live from month to month making up this month for your misdeeds of last, and so keep square.

It made new people of Dad and Mother. You see, Dad, being away, could not possibly know how things were going. When he came back, tired out from his week's work, there was a set of bills meeting him, giving him a shock and sending him into a worrying mood. Then Mother worried with him. We stayed at home and got no shock, because we saw the bills grow, and the worrying didn't hurt us, because we didn't do any. Too long had we associated bills with candy treats to worry over them! And then youth cannot worry—much. We were optimistic, and our judgment was almost as good as Dad's, or we thought so, so the responsibility fitted us. We got to see going without clothes to meet a bill as a lark. It was sheer fun to shift 'em, and see how much we could get ahead of the game. And it opened our eyes to our own possibilities. Dad couldn't do more than he was doing, but we boys could and we did. When we struck a big bill, we looked about for something to do to pay it off.

That country town teemed with money-making possibilities. One day—I was eighteen then—I walked about trying to see an idea to make money, and I ran into a field of grass. Good-looking grass, just ready for cutting. The field was an ice field for a big wholesale milk concern. I hunted up the boss and asked him what he would let me have the cutting of that field for. He fixed two cuttings at forty dollars. I asked him to trust me, as I had not one dollar of the forty; but my reputation was good and he did. Then I hustled about and got a retired farmer, who kept a team for odd work, to agree to cut and haul the hay. We kept a cow in those days, and I figured on our winter's supply and perhaps a profit. He made the two cuttings, took his pay in hay, put into our barn eight tons, worth eighteen dollars a ton, and I sold the rest to another man for forty dollars and twenty-five cents. I paid my forty dollars, and had eight tons of hay and twenty-five cents to boot. I insisted on spending that twenty-five cents!

THE ROBERTS FAMILY OF WINDSOR, NEW YORK

Standing: John, Benjamin, Walter, Dad, Frank.
Seated: Marie Roberts (Ben's wife), Mother, Helen

Another spring Dad got up a scheme to rent an acre lot and raise our winter potato supply. We got the lot, got a farmer to agree to get it ready and provide fertilizer, and take his pay in potatoes, and we four, Dad, I, Walter, and Frank, agreed to do the hoeing by hand. We used to march up there with our hoes, four boys of us, Dad as big a boy as any, and hoe over that acre in time to get in for the finish of the ball game—the ball field was next to the acre, and of course we had to hoe on Saturdays when Dad was home and there was no school. We had twenty bushels for ourselves, paid the farmer in potatoes, and sold twenty-five dollars' worth.

BUT Old-Home Week was the real gold mine. As I implied, we had got a reputation as business boys. So an old teacher of ours offered us capital to put up what we called a "hot-dog" stand for Old-Home Week. There were other stands; we had no monopoly of the trade, but we determined to get the bulk of the business. We fitted ourselves with white aprons and chefs' caps, bought confetti for a side line, got another fellow to promise to sing for us—we could all sing—borrowed a phonograph, a novelty in those days, and went to work. When trade flocked away, our male quartet sang, said quartet consisting of three brothers and the fellow who helped. Then we got back our breaths rushing hot-dogs to the crowd, while the phonograph played. The confetti didn't go, so we got Dad and two other men to start putting it down the girls' necks, and we sold out the confetti and put in bags of rolled oats as a pleasant substitute. When the week ended, we had the town sprinkled with rolled oats, and everybody seemed happy. I know we were. We three made exactly two hundred and seventy-five dollars as our part in that little venture.

What did it do for us? It made us hang together. We paid bills together; we faced them together. When I was in my second year of college, Dad was hurt in a railroad accident. There was only twenty-five dollars a week insurance coming into the house then. Dad got well in a year and a half, mainly because he didn't worry; he might never have got well if he had. But Walter was treasurer then. He made that twenty-five dollars do. More than that, he was out of high school, and he went to work. He walked twelve (six each way) miles a day to make eleven dollars a week teaching a country school, and he sent ten of it to me every week, putting one dollar of it in his own pocket. He did that for one year. When Walter got to college, Frank went to work in a grocery store, and turned his earnings into groceries so that Walter could be financed. Oh, we learned coöperation of the kind that never gets paid for, because there isn't coin of the kind that pays for that kind of thing.

What did it do for us? Well, we aren't any of us old enough to know—just yet. But at least one of us has found a side line worth while. Way back at home and later in college, Walter was fond of amateur theatricals. Impersonating women was his long suit. During the war, he was made one of a company of soldiers who traveled from camp to camp on this side and the other, entertaining the boys. Most of the company were professionals; he had never even thought of professional work. When he was released from service he picked what looked to him the best offer—of several—and is now touring the country at a salary per week that makes the rest of us meek and modest. So much for one side-line development, at twenty-four.

Frank, who is twenty-two, is still in the service. When he is released Walter and I will see him through college. Helen and John are at home, both still studying. And I, who am oldest (twenty-seven), haven't got far enough to get chesty about it. But I know we're all better business men, because Dad put it up to us. I know Dad and Mother are younger, because we took worry from them and lost it; we didn't take it ourselves. Look at the photograph. Dad is fifty and Mother is forty-five. I leave it to you if they look it!

And even John at fourteen, nearly, has developed the money-making habit. He worked as a water-boy on the road Easter vacation, and is saving for college.

The company I am with doesn't think much of side lines, and to tell the truth my present job doesn't permit of much outside of it. Still, you can see I've got the habit, too. For I am not a writer. But as Dad's scheme helped us, so it may help some other fellow; and writing as a side line isn't a bad occupation, when you've got an idea you know is worth handing along.

Have You an Inventor in Your Family?

If not, maybe there is one in your neighborhood, or among your acquaintances. Anyhow, here are some interesting facts for inventors and their friends to consider

By Bruce Barton

ON THE day when you read this article a couple of hundred of your fellow countrymen will put on their hats, make their way over to the post office and deposit long flat envelopes in the mail addressed to the Commissioner of Patents in Washington. Outwardly they will look just like the ordinary envelopes that contain catalogues from seed houses, or manuscripts on the way back from hard-hearted editors. But inside them are possibilities to excite even the most sluggish imagination. In some such unpretentious-looking envelope, probably, the specifications for McCormick's reaper, made their way to the Patent Office, or the plans for Hoe's printing press, or for Edison's first phonograph. To-day's grist of applications may contain a device as revolutionary as the airplane, or there may be nothing more exciting than a non-skid safety pin; or a new kind of internal combustion engine, perhaps—or merely a dimple molder; a scheme for sinking battleships at fifty miles, or a contrivance for making the two family clocks—the one down-stairs in the front parlor, and the one up-stairs in Father's room—strike in unison.

No one knows what a day in the Patent Office may bring forth. About all the commissioner and his associates can tell you is that they will receive something more than four thousand applications a month when business in the country is bad, and something more than six thousand, or even seven thousand, when business is rollicking as at present. The curve of applications follows the curve of our business conditions very closely. When we're active, and well fed, and making money, our inventive faculties are most productive. When a panic throws us out of our regulation business stride, our flood of new ideas drops off. But even at our worst we'll have almost as many bright ideas in a year as all the Germans, English and Frenchmen put together; and our annual total of new patents will nearly equal their totals combined. For we are a mighty ingenious lot, we Americans; and no one knows it better than the wise gentlemen who sit in Washington year after year determining which of our ideas are really new, and which are merely old-timers, cropping up with a fresh shirt and a new necktie on.

It has been said that every man, woman and child in New York City is at work on a play—that if you speak sharply to a soda-water clerk, or a ticket chopper in the subway, saying, "How is your second act progressing?" he will blurt out the information before he recovers his poise. However that may be, there is no doubt that every American, at some time in his life, feels the inventive spirit stirring within him, and knows—in his own soul—that he might have been like Edison if his father had not insisted on keeping a padlock on the tool box. A friend calls at your house on Sunday afternoon, and you usher him down-cellar to show him the combination of alarm clock, clothes-line, and bottle filled with sand which opens the furnace draft in the morning, so that you can dress in a warm bedroom. Or perhaps it's a neat arrangement of whalebone, barrel hoops and copper wire that turns on the electric light in the garage the minute you unlock the door.

"Just a little thing I got up myself," you say, nonchalantly, seeking to conceal your pride.

"You ought-a take out a patent on that," your friend exclaims enthusiastically.

You respond with a modest smile.

"Guess I'll stick to the sash and blind business a while longer," you answer. "Maybe when I get my pile I'll retire and try inventing things just for the fun of it. Might hit on something pretty good, you know; you never can tell."

And you are right, dear reader—you never can tell. Neither wealth nor poverty, neither position nor sex nor previous condition of servitude give any indication as to where the inventive genius may break out next. All of us Americans have some smattering of it; and no man is so great or so busy that he may not have some little pet project of his own hidden in the cellar, away from the skeptical gaze of his wife. Even Presidents have slipped away from affairs of state to putter at the work-bench. Jefferson had half a dozen inventions to his credit, including a cane in three sections that could be converted into a chair. The device that might have made him some money, had he cared to promote it, was the revolving chair, formerly so familiar in offices. His opponents labeled it "Jefferson's whirly-gig," and taunted him with having devised it so that he could look in all directions at once.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN secured patent No. 6469 long before he had any idea that he might some day occupy the White House. And what do you suppose is covered by patent No. 6469? Nothing less than an arrangement of bellows to be placed on either side of a Mississippi River flatboat, the idea being that when the boat ran aground the crew might promptly inflate the bellows and float her smoothly on her way again. To prove that his invention was perfectly practical, Lincoln submitted a model with his application; but so far as is known his royalties never passed the zero mark. He is numbered with the great army of those whose bright ideas have proved commercially valueless.

The patent office officials estimate that nine out of ten patents, at least, fail to be profitable to their inventors. In this class they include No. 730,918, the invention of Andrew Jackson, Jr., of Tennessee, who may or may not have been a relative of Old Hickory. "Be it known that I, Andrew Jackson, Jr. . . . have invented certain new and useful Improvements in Eye-Protectors for Chickens," his application sets forth. And he has his wish. It is known: the files of the office have it indelibly recorded. But either chickens are too conservative, too given to doing things as their ancestors did; or else farmers are unwilling to look after their eyesight as they should. For one reason or the other the eyeglasses have never come into anything like general use.

THE million and a quarter patents that the United States has granted have come from every part of the nation, and from every foreign country in the world. The states that lead in the number of patents granted to each thousand inhabitants are those that contain the great industrial centers—Connecticut, New York, Illinois, and the like; while the agricultural states, and particularly the Southern states, bring up the rear. Apparently the city boy's ingenuity is more stimulated than that of his country cousin. "Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," so Shakespeare says; and the records of the patent office apparently prove its accuracy. But whether those records prove also that Republicans, who are mostly residents of the North, are more inventive than the Democrats of the South, the patent officials decline to state—during this present Administration at least.

Is the inventor born or made? Is the genius for thinking out new devices a heaven-sent gift, or can it be cultivated by good, honest work? Alexander Graham Bell is of the opinion that cultivation is a factor not to be neglected. He has told how his father presented him and his brother with a set of tools when they were very young, and encouraged them to try their hand at all sorts of things. As a

result the two youngsters produced in their early youth a kind of rude talking machine which could imitate a baby's cry so successfully that it caused consternation in an apartment house. He, and most other great inventors, would say that every boy who shows the least inclination to be handy with tools ought to be provided with a good assortment and a place to work. Genius grows by what it feeds upon; and even a smattering of genius deserves to have its chance.

EDISON is credited with something like a thousand patents; there was a time when new applications reached the Patent Office from his laboratory at the rate of one every two weeks. He gave it once as his judgment that inventiveness could be taught, provided the youth who sought to learn had ambition and energy and imagination. Those who think of him as strolling up and down his laboratory and tossing off great new inventions as the easy product of inspiration would find it instructive to read the story of any one of his great patents in detail. The modern inventor who makes his invention a business is about as much like the inventor of fiction as the modern detective is like Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock, called to discover a murderer, notes that a gentleman passing on the street has mud on his boots. It is a peculiar kind of mud, a kind found only in the particular section of England where the murder was committed. The passer-by is arrested and proves to be the murderer, of course. The detective of the present-day world is far less dramatic. He sets a man to watch every incoming and outgoing train—using a hundred men if necessary. He stations one outside the murderer's boyhood home, and another opposite the apartment occupied by the murderer's sweetheart. And after a while the poor homesick fugitive shows up to spend an evening with his sweetheart or his poor old mother, and, presto, the bracelets are on his wrist.

Edison and others of his ilk work with something like the same systematic thoroughness. In the completion of one of his inventions it was necessary to produce a chemical compound having certain unusual properties. Calling in his corps of chemists, he handed them a chemical dictionary and instructed them to make every possible kind of mixture until they found the thing he needed. At the end of their labors they had produced seven formulæ, any one of which would do the trick. The same sort of systematic, organized search accompanied the perfection of the incandescent lamp. Men were sent literally around the earth to gather samples of material. They brought back more than eighty kinds of bamboo, and more than three thousand other kinds of fiber. Patiently and deliberately, Edison then set to work to test each one until he found one that gave the desired results. How many different kinds of wax and soap he tested before he found the substance that would make a satisfactory phonograph record, he himself has probably forgotten. But the total ran into the hundreds; and the tests continued day after day and month after month—the hardest kind of gruelling, unremitting work.

To be sure the idea was the big thing; but the point is that between the idea and the finished product lies an amount of persistent toil that is almost beyond the comprehension of the ordinary man. Plenty of folks have had ideas; many a man has said, "Why don't they get up something to do so and so?" But Edison, having said that, locks himself up and hardly eats or sleeps until he has fashioned the idea into something tangible.

The majority of mankind looks on artists and musicians, and writers and inventors as beings of a different world—favored folk who live by inspiration and are spared the hard necessity of toil But these so-called geniuses have no such delusions.

"A man may write at any time," said Sam Johnson, "if he will but set himself doggedly to it." Every writer knows that the idea is about ten per cent of the secret and that the "doggedly" accounts for the balance. "If I omit my practice for a day, I notice the difference in my playing," a great musician testified. "If I omit practice for two days my friends notice it. If I omit it for a week the public notices it."

OCCASIONALLY, of course, a really useful invention is merely stumbled upon, as some mines have been discovered by men in the act of hurling a stone at their recalcitrant mules. But more and more, as the art advances, the important inventions come from men who make inventing a business, and work at it with an intensity and an amount of concentration far beyond the requirements of the ordinary job. "The gods sell anything to everybody at a fair price," according to Mr. Emerson. And those who look longingly at the millions which some inventors have accumulated from their great ideas ought not to overlook the work and sacrifice and self-denial without which no big idea would ever have been more than just a big idea.

It's hard to say what article or device has been oftenest invented. Some things come in every year as regularly as the robins appear in the spring. The first snowfall will bring a new device for cleaning off the snow; and in the spring the young man's fancy turns with startling regularity to the idea of a non-puncturable tire. Spring and fall and winter are the busiest seasons at the Patent Office, the inventive genius, like the other faculties of men's minds, apparently tending to be less productive in hot weather. Applications come in groups. There was a time when the non-refillable bottle led the procession. Then the automobile appeared, and every inventor in the land showed up with some improvement or accessory. Just now the division of the Patent Office which handles aircraft is perhaps busier than any other. So one big new idea sets a thousand lesser ideas into motion. But some things go on steadily year after year, chief among them being, perhaps, the nut lock—a device to (*Continued on page 286*)

If You Are Past Forty You Probably Won't Develop Into a Great Inventor

DON'T be discouraged if you are forty, fifty, sixty, or seventy. There is plenty of important work to be done by middle-aged and old people. But most of the mechanical inventions in the world were made by younger men. Here is what Mr. Barton says on this point:

Any reader of this who feels the inventive genius stirring in him and wants to calculate his probable chance of success may find it useful, first of all, to consult his age. If he's beyond forty the chances are that he will not attain distinction: the great inventions have almost all of them come from young, plastic minds. The reaper, the air-brake, and wireless telegraphy were all invented by men in their twenty-second year; the inventor of the sewing machine was twenty-six; and of the process of producing aluminum cheaply twenty-three. The inventor of the cotton-gin was twenty-seven; of the steam engine, and the steam turbine, twenty-nine. Edison produced the incandescent lamp at thirty-two; and the Wright brothers were thirty-eight and thirty-four respectively when their flying machine was proved successful.

Mr. William I. Wyman, chief clerk at the patent office, finds that the average age at which the twenty greatest inventions were produce was thirty-two. Some of the great discoveries, to be sure, are the products of old minds; but the great majority have been given to the world by men in their twenties and thirties. The whole question of when a man's productive powers reach their highest point of efficiency is tremendously interesting, and the answer varies obviously according to the field of endeavor. Musicians and artists show their talent very early; inventors come along a little later; authors seem to reach their peak in the late thirties and forties, in most cases, while finance, business, and statesmanship are presided over by men well along in years, and battles are often won by generals who are grandfathers.

Take a Census of Your Microbes

Your temper, your happiness, your fortune and even your life depend upon the number and kind you have. Anger, jealousy, nagging, worry, multiply the undesirable citizens of your body and so destroy your health

An interview with Dr. Robert T. Morris

As reported by M. K. Wisehart

YOU cannot play the rôle for which nature intended you if you are unhappy. You cannot be happy if the machine with which you have to do all your work is out of order. That machine is your body, and you are built so that if your body-machine is in order there are many chances to one that you will be happy. Much of the unhappiness in this world is due to the activity of a tiny thing called a microbe; for the microbe is a great little worker when it comes to putting the body-machine out of order.

In the following interview Dr. Robert T. Morris explains the microbe's vast power for good or evil. He applies what science knows about the microbe to humanity's daily affairs. Doctor Morris has studied microbes and men through thirty years of practice as a surgeon in New York City.

THE human body is a machine made up of cells. In the course of evolution the cell and the microbe have come to be the rivals of each other to see which shall survive.

No human being can live a single hour except through the agency of microbes. Some are helpful and some are harmful. When the harmful microbes are present in excessive quantities they produce poisonous by-products. These poisonous by-products are intoxicating in their effect—intoxicating in the same way that alcohol is.

What a man thinks, how he feels, how he gets along with his wife and children, his employer or employees—in fact, his whole outlook on life, his happiness or unhappiness, his success or failure—these things are all affected by the activity of microbes in his body.

A simple object lesson of the cell-versus-microbe contest may be observed in the orange. Strip off the thin covering from a segment of orange. Note the bundles of large fusiform cells. These are among the largest simple cells in the whole organic world and can easily be seen.

If these cells are squeezed and their juice pressed out, opportunity is given to a kind of microbe that will feed upon the juice. These microbes will transform the juice into a sort of wine with pleasant odor and flavor.

If the orange is allowed to stand without any squeezing, another kind of microbe will come along presently and begin to feed upon the smaller, invisible cells of the outer skin. This will give the unpleasant odor and flavor of putrefaction or rottenness.

The bodies of all animals and plants are composed of groups of cells, as in the orange. These cells are exposed to microbe attack, as in the orange. A normal man is normally agreeable, as is the unspoiled orange. He may become unusually agreeable, or unusually disagreeable, for the same reason that the orange is agreeable, or disagreeable, according to the kind of microbe experience it has.

THE microbe causes a great share of the unhappiness in this world. With a normal proportion of helpful bacteria a man is a good citizen. With an excess of harmful bacteria a man may be just cross and irritable, or he may become sick enough to be in bed, or he may become a criminal and be put in jail.

When a man's body is in normal condition the microbe in a normal way helps his cells absorb nourishment brought them by the blood. The condition of a man's brain cells and the state of his mind depend upon the way his body cells absorb nourishment. When the blood furnishes the cells with toxins (poisons) that are produced as by-products of bad microbe activity in the excess of the ability of the patient's organs to destroy these toxins, we say his cell protoplasm is "over-sensitized."

Poisons, such as alcohol, strychnine, and morphine, also affect a man by "sensitizing" his protoplasm. We know that these different poisons have different effects upon the mind just as they have upon the body. Every man should understand that the poisons produced by different microbes also have quite as distinct and different influences upon his mind and body. And far more people are daily under the influence of poisons produced by microbes than are under the influence of such poisons as morphine or alcohol.

For instance, a headache is the ringing of an alarm bell in the tower. Stop and listen when it rings. One reason why we have headaches and many neuralgias of the head is because the fifth nerve, which supplies the membranes of the brain, is connected with the sympathetic nervous system. Whenever anything is causing disturbance of the sympathetic nervous system in any part of the body, it is apt to ring the alarm bell in the tower. Headache! What's wrong at a distance from the head? That's the question when the alarm bell rings.

The avearge number of microbes passed out of the body during the day amounts to three ounces in weight. Three ounces of microbes amount to many billions. These have to be divided into those that are useful for digestion and those that produce dangerous and poisonous by-products. The former—the useful ones—predominate in most persons.

Some of the harmful microbes produce an exhilarating effect, particularly those of tuberculosis in certain stages of the disease. Some of the most beautiful things in our literature have been written by men who gave the upward, euphoric view of sunshine and optimism to all they did, because the stimulus caused by the tubercle bacillus turned their thoughts in that direction.

On the other hand, the color bacillus (a microbe that inhabits the big intestine) is a microbe that most frequently causes a negative and pessimistic attitude toward life. The by-products caused by excessive quantities of this bacillus in the big intestine are depressive in their influence on the mind.

In literature, Robert Louis Stevenson is an example of a man whose thoughts were turned upward by the influence of the tubercle bacillus. While Carlyle is an example of a man whose point of view was depressingly affected by excessive quantities of the colon bacilli.

A MAN'S actions are largely determined by his microbes. When a man has the beginning of an ordinary cold, he is over-stimulated by the toxins produced by the microbes causing this cold. He becomes active and restless; he makes more motions than he needs to in going about his usual tasks; he is irritated by this microbe, and wants to pick a quarrel with his family and friends without knowing why; he is disagreeable in the office. If he knows what is prompting him he can bring his will to bear and counteract the effect of the microbe.

In typhoid fever a man becomes quite stimulated before the depressed stage of the disease sets in. When he comes down with the fever his friends are surprised, because—they say—they had never seen him so well. They simply have been deceived because he was unusually active owing to the irritation of the typhoid microbe.

But let us not overlook the microbes

that are useful servants. A good deal of the best digestion is carried on with the help of microbes. Even in advance of eating, the flavor and texture of a fine old cheese is due to its having been partially digested by the microbes in it before man takes his turn at it.

The same thing is true of a fine, tender steak. Except for the right sort of microbe, we should never have a tender steak of fine flavor. In fact, a fresh steak cut from an animal, besides being tough and without good flavor, often proves injurious if eaten before the microbe has prepared it for man's diet.

You can encourage the growth of good microbes in your body by observing the laws of health—by going to sleep instead of reading in bed when you need sleep; by eating food that digests well; by taking regular exercise sufficient in amount to keep all the muscles of the body in good action; by controlling such emotions as worry, fear, envy, jealousy.

Disobedience of such fundamental laws of health outweigh all others in harmful influence, because of their more frequent occurrence. It should be remembered that man was made for active physical exercise, like any other animal. He declines in cities, and he declines just as fast in the country, if he does not burn up or otherwise dispose of the waste products of his daily chemistry.

A MAN responds to the stimulus of microbe poisons, does and says things that he wouldn't do or say if he were in good physical condition just the same as a man does when he is under the influence of alcohol. Take the anarchist as an extreme example. He is likely to have a pallid face and a vehement manner. If an anarchist is pallid, it is because of a toxic condition which shows itself in a contraction of the facial capillaries. This indicates abnormal brain action as well. Vehemence of manner is often due to toxic over-stimulation which comes from defective ductless glands. The anarchist's pessimism and his unhealthy views of society are ascribed by him to outside *social* causes, while, as a matter of fact, they are often dictated by the abnormal conditions in his own body.

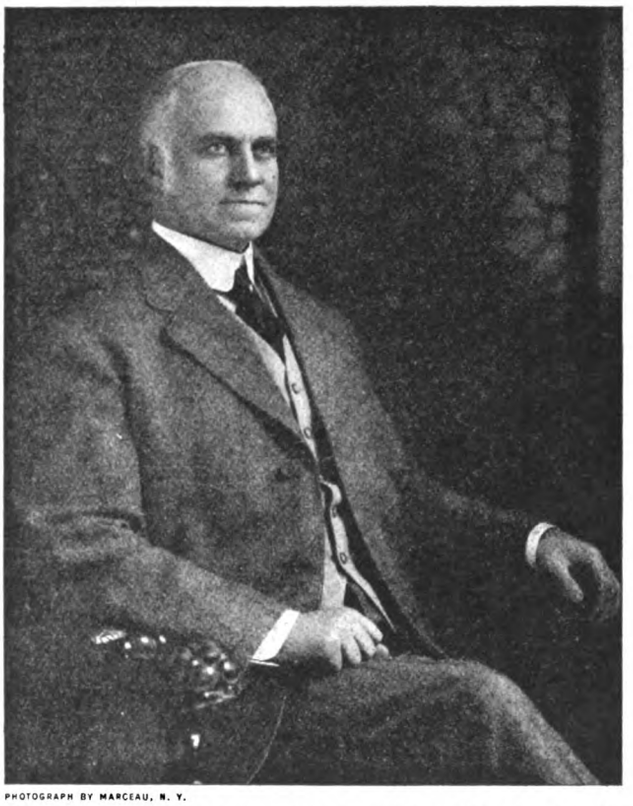
It is the same with all of us. Abnormal physical conditions, which allow microbe poisons to accumulate in our tissues, cause us to do abnormal things and to take an abnormal point of view. Intense emotions, gloominess, pessimism, grief, jealousy, envy, worry—these also have a definitely harmful effect on the body.

Anger, like any other intense emotion, checks the ordinary physiological processes; and such a check on the processes of digestion allows numerous bacteria to develop rapidly. The poisons from these bacteria in turn continue the irritation of nerve centers.

When you are angry you excite a couple of glands (the adrenals) which are situated above the kidneys. These glands have for their business the calling of muscles into activity. They do this, first, by sending a message to the thyroid glands; and the thyroid glands, in response, pour into the blood a secretion known as thyroid iodine. This brings muscles, and all of man's offensive and defensive apparatus, into such activity that acid chemical by-products enter his circulation and are rapidly stored up in his tissues.

A man who is angry is turning sour at that moment. Actually sour. And this sourness is capable of an exact analysis and measurement in the laboratory. A man must dispose of these acid by-products before he can return to normal condition. A brisk walk and a little baking soda dissolved in a large glass of water will relieve a man from much of the injurious effect of his own anger.

Sometimes I humorously tell a patient, whom I suspect of giving way to anger, that in days to come, when all people understand these things better, they will arrange balanced rations of emotion and exercise, very much as they now arrange a balanced ration of food on a diet chart: Angry from 2 to 2:45 P. M.; brisk walk from 2:45 to 3:30; and so on.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCEAU, N. Y.

In the accompanying article Dr. Robert T. Morris, of New York, explains for readers of "The American Magazine" the microbe's vast scope for good and bad, applying what science knows of the microbe to humanity's daily affairs. As a surgeon Doctor Morris's observations of microbes and men extends over a practice of thirty years. From 1898 to 1917 he was professor of Surgery at the New York Post Graduate Medical College. He has been president of the American Association of Obstetricians and Gynecologists and of the American Therapeutic Association. He is the author of several notable books, including "Dawn of the Fourth Era in Surgery," "Microbes and Men," and "A Surgeon's Philosophy"

Do you know that indulgence in envy, jealousy, grief, worry, and all other forms of unhappiness, is a direct cause of ill-health?

Envy is a primitive impulse belonging to a lower order of mentality. Jealousy is a form of selfishness. Unhappiness in whatever form is due to a man's inability to meet the conditions of life with cheerfulness and his unwillingness to accept them. And they produce ill-health because, under their influence, the nerve centers that control digestion are not receiving the charge of nervous energy they should. The energy which should go toward digestion goes to other organs of the body.

What is pessimism?

Pessimism relates to the choice of facts which a man makes, whether about himself, those around him, or the various affairs of life. It's up to the individual to choose his own set of facts, whether he will look at things from the bright side or from the dark side. But it must be remembered that the choice a man makes is largely governed by the condition of his health.

A MAN may be influenced by microbe poisons in such a way that the facts he chooses to believe about himself are pessimistic. Whenever you do take stock of your own faults, you ought to do so laughingly instead of morbidly. Laughing cheers up not only your face but also your body cells, by encouraging digestion.

It may be that you have felt in need of some cheering philosophy of life, and that reading such a philosophy has left you in a depressed state of mind. That is probably because some of these "cheering" philosophies tell you that if you are not happy it is your own fault. The truth may be that in your case the fault is with your bad microbes, encouraged by bad digestion. Whenever you are in need of a philosophy of life to make you happy, try a little exercise. Chop wood! You can't chop wood or exercise all day, or busy yourself getting things done, and take a very depressed view of any subject.

What is worry?

Worry is the intoxicated stage of a valuable attribute—dissatisfaction with things as they are Nature gave dissatisfaction to people in order to keep them working toward better things. But when alcohol, or microbe poison irritation, cause an *exaggerated dissatisfaction* in the form of worry, the individual has arrived at a point of microbe intoxication where injury begins. A vicious circle ensues. While worrying, a man encourages the growth of more microbes, which cause more and more worry.

Why is it especially impracticable to worry at night?

You cannot make any progress when worrying at night (*Continued on page 164*)

INTERESTING PEOPLE

A Man Who Got Out of a Rut

TONEY IVAN MOSS

Who was a failure at 34. To-day he is at the head of a great and growing business. A monkey that he owned named "Doc" was the accidental means of giving Moss the idea that is at the center of his business

WERE I to write an Arabian Nights of modern business, the hero of my first tale would be Toney Ivan Moss, of Oklahoma City, U. S. A. There is something close to the miraculous in the story of this millionaire manufacturer who, four years ago, at the age of thirty-four, was a failure, and who to-day is the president of a rapidly growing business with gross receipts of more than two hundred thousand dollars a month.

If Moss had struck oil in his own back lot, or uncovered a vein of some precious metal while laying the corner stone of his cow shed, his story would be built on nothing more substantial than a piece of luck. But the inspiring feature of this Oklahoman's rapid rise is that it started from nothing more sensational than his realization that he was a failure and has been characterized throughout by solid achievement.

"That day thirty-six months ago, when I became honest with myself and admitted that I had completely failed, was really the beginning of life to me," said Moss, when I asked him to explain just how he had done so much in so short a time. "Of course, I knew that I was making no headway—that I was in debt and hardly able to support my family on the wage I was getting from the electrical contractor who employed me. For twelve years I had been toiling on that particular treadmill as an ordinary electrician, and never getting ahead.

"My first problem in self-analysis was to decide whether my non-success was due to my job, my employer, or myself. The answer was painful—for it showed clearly that I was the only one to blame. Through all these years I had clung frantically to my job, because it was all that kept me afloat—my *meal ticket*, clouding my vision of greater things.

"Upon reaching this decision, I did a remarkable thing. I quit my job that minute!

"My employer said I was crazy when I told him I was going to resign solely because I realized I was a failure. He declared I was not a failure—that I was one of his best electricians—and he added something about a small increase in pay. But I had made up my mind. After paying a month's rent on my house I had two dollars and eighty cents left, no job, and not the slightest idea what I was going to do. I hoped to get inspiration from reading, so I invested eighty cents of my small capital in good magazines. The other two dollars I took home to my wife for grocery money.

"Two days after I quit work, the last penny of the two dollars and eighty cents had been spent. Always interested in animals, I had owned for several years a pet monkey called Doc. It fell to Doc's lot to be the sacrifice in this emergency, and I started down-town to sell him to an animal dealer.

"On the way it occurred to me that a friend of mine who ran a bicycle shop might buy the monkey and give him better treatment then he might receive elsewhere. I would have taken only a few dollars for that monkey then. To-day it would require a fortune to buy him. Here is the reason:

"My friend was busily engaged in mending a puncture for a messenger boy when I entered his shop, and I was forced to wait in his workroom. Doc, monkey-like, fell to examining the contents of a table, and tipped over a can of rubber cement, getting his paws filled with the mixture. I rescued the monkey, cleaned the rubber from his paws, and absent-mindedly started rolling a little ball of the stuff between my thumb and finger. It gradually became stiffer. My friend was having trouble with his puncture, and I suggested plugging the hole with this ball of soft rubber. He laughed at the idea, but finally tried it. It worked!

"That was the beginning of my success. It gave me my idea for a self-vulcanizing tire patch, and I snatched up my monkey and the can of rubber cement and hurried back home to begin my experiments. I

had plenty of enthusiasm, but no capital, and it became vital that I obtain money not only to carry on my experiments but, at the same time, to keep the wolf from the piazza. I went to several of my friends who had a little money and unfolded my proposition. But the news of my action in throwing up a perfectly good job had preceded me, and they gave me scant attention. It was plain that they, too, thought I was mildly insane. I next tried to interest bankers and other moneyed business men, but all were skeptical.

"When everything of value I owned had been sold, including five dollars' worth of copper wire from an old electric motor, I at last discovered an "angel" in the shape of a former employer—not the electrical contractor, who had adjudged me insane, however. This friend listened to my proposition and examined my samples, which was more than I had been able to induce anyone else to do. Then he advanced the few hundred dollars I needed to launch my business.

"But even then my troubles were not over. I had bad luck with several large batches of raw rubber, due to the faulty machinery with which I was attempting to work. This rapidly ate up my capital before I could even begin to market my product, and my backer lost faith in my project and withdrew his support. Then came the tedious grind of begging for money again. My best prospect was a bricklayer I had known for several years. He was skeptical at first, but finally agreed to invest four hundred dollars, his life savings. The day he was to deliver the money he reported that his wife had talked him into buying a second-hand car instead, and again my hopes went tumbling about my ears. The other day, when I was overseeing the construction of one of our new warehouses, I discovered this bricklayer at work on the job.

"'When I turned you down for that money my wife thought you were crazy,' he confided. 'I guess I was the lunatic, though. Our flivver is in the junk heap now, our money gone, and here I might have owned a part of this building I am working on.'

"After many discouraging reverses I got a really good start in business through establishing credit with an Akron tire company for raw rubber. Soon I had overcome the early difficulties of manufacture and had my product on the market. And I named it partly in honor of my monkey, Doc, for his part in its discovery, and partly because a monkey can grip tighter than anything else on earth.

"There is a valuable business lesson in the matter of that Akron rubber account. During the lean days of my manufacturing career I often sought to buy raw rubber in very small quantities, sometimes having no more than a dollar or two to invest. Most of the branch agencies in Oklahoma City indicated clearly that they didn't care to bother with such small fry as I was; and one agent actually refused to sell me any more raw rubber unless I bought it in "life-size lots" as he expressed it.

"But the agent who eventually extended me credit was different. He was always courteous, and apparently took as much pleasure in selling me a dollar's worth of rubber as he did in selling an order fifty times that size. The only reason I ever patronized the other agencies was that this one friendly salesman didn't always have the material I needed in stock.

"Naturally, when prosperity came to me and I began to buy raw rubber by the ton instead of by the ounce, it was that friendly agent who got my orders, and his company continues to get my orders to this day. It is poor business policy to snub a man because he is a business midget to-day; tomorrow he may be a commercial giant.

"At first I did my manufacturing, retailing, wholesaling—everything—in one small store room. I was the entire working force. Then I was enabled to employ one assistant. About this time I discovered that nothing breeds prosperity like prosperity itself, or the semblance of prosperity. Raw rubber was expensive, but cans such as I sold my product in were cheap, so I bought a great outlay of cans, labeled them, and placed them on my shelves. They were empty, but they put up a prosperous front and undoubtedly did much to enable me to interest more capital. Fortune did not come to me overnight, but when I once got under way it came rapidly and with a steady, healthy growth.

"To-day my company owns two large factories, one in Oklahoma City, the other in Mount Vernon, Illinois. I was criticized for not locating my factories in Akron, Ohio, the center of the tire industry; or in Detroit, the automobile capital. My critics pointed out that the two small cities I had selected offered no advantage for my kind of business. Perhaps not, but I will tell now why I selected them. It was purely a matter of sentiment, and to my mind sentiment plays just as important a rôle in business as it does in love affairs. I was born in Mount Vernon; and I got my business start in Oklahoma City. That is why my two plants are located in those two cities. Perhaps when I build a third, it will be in Akron or Detroit. "It is my aim to make my staff feel like one big family. To that end I have fitted my offices as nearly as possible like a private home instead of giving them the cold, uninviting appearance of the average commercial establishment. The floors are covered with thick, luxurious rugs, the furniture is of the drawing-room type, with perhaps more library tables than there are roll-top desks. Floor lamps are scattered about, the windows are beautified by draperies, the walls by carefully selected pictures, and a player piano and an electric phonograph add a homelike touch.

"Many business men, I suppose, would scoff at this idea. But I know it pays. Before our concern moved into recently constructed quarters we had the typical set of offices—linoleum on the floors, bare walls, and harsh-looking office furniture. Actual figures now show that with virtually the same working force we get at least twenty per cent more efficiency in our new quarters. Any dairyman knows that contented cows give not only the best milk but the greatest quantity. If this rule applies to temperamental cows, why shouldn't it apply to human beings, who are even more temperamental, in the matter of obtaining the best service."

I asked Mr. Moss for a message to other men who have passed thirty without making any appreciable progress. He said:

"First: Realize that you are not a success, and analyze yourself to learn why.

"Second: Study carefully what possibilities there are in you—everybody has possibilities of which he may not be aware—and then set out to develop the best of them.

"Third: Stick to your struggle despite obstacles, and, above all, do not lose confidence in yourself or your aims. It takes cruel, hard, grinding work to attain success in any line." R. L. McCAMMON

A Woman Who is Doing a Wonderful Work

BORN of parents both deaf and mute, although herself possessed of the full faculties of speech and hearing, Miss Nellie Gillespie of Cincinnati has made welfare work among deaf-mutes her chosen life vocation, and now has supervision of all welfare and educational work among the six hundred deaf-mute employees of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Akron, who comprise what is claimed to be the greatest individual deaf-mute colony in the world. She has not chosen this work through sympathy.

"I cannot explain it—but somehow I just feel that I am one of them, and that I'm out of place among the speaking people," quietly explains this young woman. "Perhaps it is due to the fact that I was reared in a home where I seldom heard a human voice except my own, for my father and mother were both deaf and dumb, and the silent language of the non-speaking came to me almost instinctively."

Miss Gillespie is a quiet, unassuming girl, and is idolized by her deaf-mute colony. Only recently a heavy pall of gloom spread over the entire colony at Akron, with its somberness penetrating every deaf-mute's home, when it became known that "Little Nellie" soon was to be married, but the gloom suddenly was transformed into hearty and sincere rejoicing when she told them in the silent language of the fingers that she was to marry a deaf-mute and continue her work for her colony.

"Yes—it's true!" blushingly admitted this wonder-girl—"I'm happy only when I'm with them, and I want to keep up my work with them for the rest of my life."

According to Miss Gillespie, there is something singularly magnetic about the typical character of the deaf-mute; his fortitude, his indomitable spirit of "Carry On," and win out, despite his physical handicaps, his finer degree of sensitiveness, and his rare mental alertness. The "Silent," she holds, is a better citizen, a better workman, yes, and even a better Christian, than many of his speaking

brothers. There is no sham nor hypocrisy about his life. There is no sullenness of disposition, no disgruntledness, no whining or complaining over trivial ills.

Records of the Goodyear Company show that in the psychological or mental alertness tests, similar to the army's famous "nut" test, given recently to all employees, the deaf-mute men and women in the factory attained the highest average grades. Only recently Miss Gillespie persuaded office officials to give one of the deaf-mute factory girls a chance at office work. Skeptical at first, officials were agreeably surprised and then amazed at the rapidity with which she grasped the details of the work. Within two weeks she was performing unassisted, and in a highly proficient and satisfactory manner, work which it had taken her immediate predecessor, a girl who could both speak and hear, over seven weeks to master.

Another striking example is to be found in the "Goodyear Silents"—the colony's undefeated deaf-mute football team. The 1919 season saw it lock horns with some of Ohio's strongest collegiate and semi-professional elevens, the deaf-mutes playing a championship brand of ball and never once being defeated nor having its goal crossed. All signals are given by the quarterback in the finger alphabet. And to the weird keenness of eyesight of the deaf-mute is attributed the team's remarkable success in breaking up opposition plays, in intercepting the ball, and in establishing an impregnable defense.

As a general rule an interpreter for deaf-mutes listens to the person speaking, and then translates in the finger alphabet the substance of what has just been said. And in interpreting a formal address many interpreters cause the speaker to stop periodically to permit interpretations to the audience. But not so with Miss Gillespie. She interprets as each word is spoken, never pausing and never interrupting the speaker.

"When I was a small girl and able to interpret, Mother was so anxious to learn what others were saying that she couldn't wait for them to finish for me to tell it all to her, and she taught me to interpret right along with the speaker. It is rather unusual, they say, but I owe it all to Mother's training," she explains.

Miss Gillespie goes with members of her colony to vocal recitals in Akron, taking a position where all can see her, and interpreting the words of the song being rendered.

"Can deaf-mutes really derive any pleasure that way, without hearing the voice or the music?" she often is asked.

And her smiling reply always is, "My friend, they get more real enjoyment out of hearing some noted concert singer than you who can hear perfectly. Yes, I know I used the word 'hearing' in speaking of deaf-mutes. They can hear! Not with their ears, perhaps, but in their hearts, and with their keen sensitive and sympathetical characteristics, and through their ability to interpret action and facial expression.

"You may find it hard to believe, but to see a deaf-mute get up and sing on her fingers—if you understand the finger alphabet—is far more impressive than actually hearing the human voice in song."

"Can a deaf-mute swear?" is another question of the curious which Miss Gillespie constantly is called upon to answer, her eyes twinkle as she laughingly replies:

"Say! They can say more, say it meaner and nastier, on their fingers than you can by swearing out loud. Remember 'Dummy' Taylor, famous deaf-mute pitcher of the Giants? He's a member of the colony here and they always tell the story that 'Dummy' bawled out an umpire so unmercifully just by his dagger look, and by the way he threw his cap on the ground and spat upon it contemptuously, that he was put off the field.

"You know, I'm just a pal to them all here, and sometimes the men get excited and say on their fingers things they don't realize they're saying in my presence. Yes, I'll vouch for it that a deaf-mute has no disadvantages at all when it comes to plain, garden variety of swearing."

The Goodyear deaf-mutes have their own clubhouse, their own church services, their own public and social gatherings, and their own dances. Seldom, except when thrown in contact with the speaking class, do they leave the sphere of their own little colony to mingle with the speaking classes.

They are musical—oh, yes, it's true! They even have a twenty-piece brass band, a unique musical organization. They play in perfect tune and in perfect time, and have such keen sensibilities as to be able to discern whether or not an instrument is in tune, just by the vibration they catch through chairs, their own instruments, or the piano. They have their own dramatic club, and one of their number, Miss Veda Myers, under Miss Gillespie's instruction, has become famous as a fancy dancer. They are great movie fiends, and frequently attend legitimate plays. They are now raising funds for the erection of their own church edifice. Many of the men are members of the Akron Chamber of Commerce, while many also are stockholders in the companies where they are employed. A majority also own their own homes.

And all this community or colony spirit has been built by Miss Gillespie's remarkable work. She mingles with them in their homes and in their work, at their religious services, their own concerts, entertainments, and dances, and their social gatherings. She is now establishing a business course for deaf-mute girls so they may fit themselves for office work, and hopes soon to have a complete school for all members of the Goodyear colony. She has been instrumental in organizing a deaf-mute literary society, composed of graduates of Gallaudet College, Washington, where lectures are given, debates enjoyed, and open discussions indulged in upon current topics and political subjects. And members of the society engage in their forums with all the zest and enthusiasm of those who can speak and hear. Since the colony was first established, three years before the war, the deaf-mutes have proved themselves among the steadiest and sturdiest of all the company's twenty-eight thousand employees, and their expertness in tire building has demonstrated that their affliction does not constitute a handicap, and that it increases rather than diminishes mental and physical alertness.

The colony is planning a big reception for "Little Nellie" when she weds. The ceremony will be attended by the customary formalities, with a silent service and with responses of the bride and groom in the finger language of the "Silents."

But the deaf-mutes were only reconciled to her marriage when she assured them that she would continue to be their pal, for she is the hub of the colony, its very existence woven about her smiling countenance and sunny disposition, her sparkling eyes, nimble fingers, and her noble work, which stands without equal in the entire world to-day. RALPH C. BUSBEY

PHOTOGRAPH BY ASSOCIATED PRESS, COLUMBUS OHIO

MISS NELLIE GILLESPIE

Who has supervision of all welfare and educational work among the six hundred deaf-mute employees of the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, of Akron. In the article on this page Miss Gillespie tells many interesting facts about deaf-mutes

A Practical Educator

WHEN B. E. Copenhaver, superintendent of the Smyth County Public Schools, Virginia, was reading a petition one day, he noticed that three well-known men of one of the mountain towns had signed the petition with a cross. They were unable to write their own names.

Although Copenhaver knew that the percentage of illiteracy in the mountain counties of the southern Appalachians is five times as great as the percentage for the whole United States, he was surprised at the conditions revealed by this petition. He felt that no ordinary methods would arouse the lethargy of the mountain folk, so, after a conference with the state superintendent, he started his educational campaign.

Through the mountains he rode, alighting for lengthy visits in the log cabins with their lofts hung with strings of red pepper, bundles of broom corn, "middlin'," and candlestick molds. He found the mistresses of the homes hoeing on the mountain slopes or, perhaps, splitting pine fagots to be sold at ten cents a bundle. He ran upon an ancient loom, working smoothly, weaving carpets to be sold at twenty-five cents a yard to "some fool woman in the Settlements" too inefficient to weave her own carpets. He got next to the people by presenting the alluring possibilities of literacy. He evoked confessions of a hidden yearning for "book-larnin'," and he gathered forty illiterate men and women between the ages of thirteen and seventy into two large tents, where, under the flare of a dozen gasolene torches, they are learning to read and write.

It is a homely sight to see these tall, unshaven men and stooped, gray-haired women at work with queer grimaces over p's and q's and z's. They are seated at desks of rough wood, much too small for them and sadly whittled during years of use in a regular rural school. Their garb is not the picturesque costume of the movies—just clean calico and gingham for the women, and faded shirts and "store-boughten" trousers for the men; but there is about the scene an unforgettable pathos.

A father sixty years old is seated beside his son of twenty, both learning to read. Two old women sit at a desk together, fumbling with gaunt, indescribably toil-worn hands the pages of a primer.

"I 'low them boys o' mine'll respect me more when I hain't got to make my mark ever' time I write my name," one of them explains, pointing to where her two boys sit with pencils in their hands.

One of these boys, whose new red beard proclaims his age, "got religion" not long ago. His first public prayer is a startling example of the racy speech of the mountaineer touched with Billy Sunday fervor:

> O God, come and save us. Ef you don't come in a hurry, the devil'll git we-uns, quicker than forty gods can kill a gnat.

A pretty girl of fifteen, who attends school in the winter, sits beside her mother, whom she has at last persuaded to venture into the tent.

"I've taught maw to read, but hit 'pears like I can't seem to teach her to write," she explains, while her mother dips snuff and looks with a sort of humorous tolerance at her daughter.

B. E. COPENHAVER

A Virginia teacher who is doing splendid work. Hundreds of mountaineers have him to thank for the chance that has been given them to learn to read and write. Mr. Copenhaver believes in these people. He knows that if only they can be educated they have the stuff in them to become wonderfully useful citizens

Three young men arrive late every night. They walk six miles after quitting work on the road. The working day for many of these people begins at four and ends at seven, when they reach home after the seven-mile walk to town with their heavy baskets of berries. Yet they come to the night school, bright-eyed and eager.

"These people all want to study," Mr. Copenhaver says. "They want to write to absent members of their families; to avoid the odium of having to make their marks; to read the Good Book for themselves; to do their 'tradin'' to better advantage. These are strong enough reasons to keep them at the task which might easily become irksome in spite of the attractions with which we try to invest it."

The problems of dogmatic theology are of absorbing interest to the mountaineer. He who can read The Book for himself is an authority on such questions as sanctification, falling from grace, predestination, and the "Sin agin' the Sperrit."

One of the younger men revealed a powerful motive for study when he said to his teacher:

"I'm a-goin' to set up nights with you-uns tell I l'arn to git even with them town fellers. They ben cheatin' me outen my 'possum skins long enough."

Mr. Copenhaver insists that the one passport to the favor of the mountaineer is—Sincerity.

"I believe in them, and they know it," he declares. "There is hardly a region of the Appalachians so remote that it has not been exploited for selfish ends. The mountaineer has learned that the photographer wants to 'snap' him, the artist to 'draw' him, the fur dealer to 'do' him, the novelist to 'set' him as the spectacular hero of a tale of feud and bloodshed.

"I'm a mountaineer, myself," he laughed, drawing himself to his full six feet when an educator from the eastern part of the state asked him if he were not afraid to travel alone by night in a region where pistol and rifle shots are as common as automobiles are rare. "The mountains are safer than the cities. Give the mountain boy a chance and ten to one he will show that he is of the breed of mountain men who are governing Virginia to-day. I know one of these boys who entered the University of Virginia garbed in homespun, cut and stitched by his mother's hands, and left it to become one of the leading lawyers of his state, counsel for several large corporations."

Among Mr. Copenhaver's plans for the future of his educational campaign is a reversal of the present-time schedule of the schools in the mountain districts. Instead of a six-months, six-hours-a-day winter school in the houses reached by impassable mountain trails, he is planning an eight-months, April to November, day and night school.

Mr. Copenhaver is fond of repeating a fact not generally known, that the First Declaration of Independence was written in the mountains of southwest Virginia by the Rev. Charles Cummings, a Scotch-Presbyterian pastor, and unanimously agreed to by the freemen of Fincastle County assembled at Lead Mines, on January 20th, 1775.

And by his work Superintendent Copenhaver is getting these people ready to sign a new declaration of independence—a declaration which will state that ignorance must be driven out and knowledge reign in its place.

J. S. C.

A Great Expert in Sheep

THERE are few among the multitude of students who have attended the University of Wisconsin during the past quarter of a century who have not known Frank Kleinheinz, shepherd of the flocks at the agricultural college, and fitter of world's champion wethers.

In the past fourteen years about twelve thousand dollars in prizes for sheep exhibited at the International Live Stock Exposition, Chicago, have been won by individuals from the flocks of the University of Wisconsin. Each time Mr. Kleinheinz has had charge of them from birth to show ring. In his private office at the sheep barn he keeps a bulky bundle containing the ribbons won by his charges at the big shows.

In his years of faithful service to the state the shepherd, in his way, has come to be as familiar a figure on the campus as President Charles R. Van Hise or Dean Edward A. Birge.

"He knows sheep."

That is a simple statement, but it means years of study and hard work. Beginning on his father's live-stock farm he learned the life lesson taught in the Twenty-third Psalm at an early age, and he soon came to love his father's sheep with a deep, underlying devotion that has increased with the years. If you should ask Mr. Kleinheinz to tell you what he thinks of the shepherd's life, he would probably answer you as he does others:

"It's all with the man in charge whether the lambs are born and raised properly. Without love you can do nothing. Always you must think of the sheep. My sheep come first, then myself."

Showing visitors through the sheep barns and paddocks of the university farm is a pleasure that Mr. Kleinheinz is loath to forgo and one that sightseers are not likely to forget.

One day a magazine writer who had obtained the approval of Dean H. L. Russell on an article relating to sheep breeding in Wisconsin came down to see the flocks at the university farm before taking the train for home. In talking with the shepherd, he casually mentioned that he had prepared a story for publication and it had received the "O. K." of the Dean.

"We don't want to run any chances with the public—we must be careful; as I am responsible for what comes from this department of the college I should also see it before you print it. I can see the mistakes quicker than anybody." Thus the shepherd insisted firmly. The writer complied, and the article was carefully overhauled from "lead" to summary, and eventually appeared with the qualifying phrases thought by Mr. Kleinheinz to be best for general consumption throughout the state.

Mr. Kleinheinz was first hired by former Dean W. A. Henry of the College of Agriculture at the time of the founding of the first short course for farm boys in 1890.

"The Dean told me to come to work for a month, and then if he didn't like my style he would discharge me," is the shepherd's version of the deal. Then he usually adds with a broad smile, "But whether he was satisfied or not you can see for yourself."

The shepherd is punctual in his appointments and methodical and accurate in his business transactions. People working for him say that he is a "stickler" for thoroughness and regularity.

Not alone as a fitter of prize-winning sheep does Mr. Kleinheinz excel other shepherds of the present day. He is a teacher, a judge of live stock, and the author of a book as well.

The classes in advanced sheep husbandry taught by Mr. Kleinheinz at the university are deservedly popular, largely because he injects into them much originality of epigram and simile. As a judge he is well known. During the past few years he has picked the winners at the sheep pens of several state fairs. His name was mentioned as a member of the jury of awards in the wool and mutton classes at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, but he declined the honor.

"Sheep Management" was written by Mr. Kleinheinz at the request of former Dean Henry a few years ago. It has gone into the second edition, and is being used extensively by agricultural colleges and sheep breeders as a textbook and reference.

The shepherd in an unobtrusive way is proud of his record. He is living a natural life, and putting in long days of hard work. He is a specialist, if there ever was one. More important still, he has lived frugally by the way, so that now in the evenings, when the sheep are safely in the fold he takes his family for a ride about the city of Madison in a shining touring car of the latest model, honestly earned and heartily enjoyed.

E. R. McINTYRE

FRANK KLEINHEINZ

Shepherd of the flocks at the agricultural department of the University of Wisconsin. He is one of the most notable authorities in the world on the breeding and care of sheep

WILLIAMS PRODUCTS

A pleasing color scheme isn't pleasing for long unless the finishes are durable

WALL paint will give a plastered wall a rich, attractive color of great depth and beauty, but if the paint does not hold its color, if it does not stand cleaning, if it streaks or cracks, its beauty is only transient.

Sherwin-Williams Flat-Tone give walls a lasting beauty. It is an oil paint that can be washed when soiled, that will not streak, fade or chip off. Its soft, restful, flat color effects give character to a room. From its wide variety of colors you can select exactly the shade to harmonize with any color scheme. Flat-Tone will last indefinitely and when you wish to change, presents a perfect surface for repainting.

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Receiving the hardest wear, floors require the most careful treatment. Sherwin-Williams Mar-Not Varnish is made exclusively for floors. It has no equal for life, luster and wear resistance. It is elastic, quick drying and water-proof. Being clear and transparent it not only protects the wood, but also enhances its natural beauty.

The right finish for every surface, color in infinite variety, expert suggestions on how to use the finishes and select the colors—these are a part of Sherwin-Williams Service.

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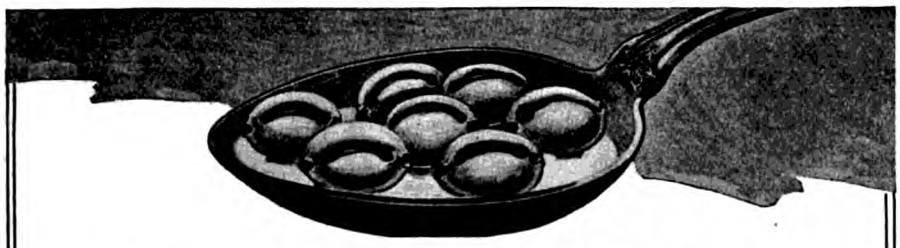

Like Nut Bubbles

Yet It's Whole Wheat Puffed

There lies the fascination of Puffed Wheat.

These grains are light and airy—puffed to eight times normal size. They almost melt away.

An hour of fearful heat has given them a taste like toasted nuts.

Yet they are whole wheat. Every food cell is exploded so digestion is easy and complete.

They supply whole-wheat nutrition as no other food can do. In lesser ways of cooking, the outer wheat coats pass largely undigested.

Dozens of Delights

The three Puffed Grains with their different flavors offer dozens of delights.

They are not for breakfast only. Every home finds countless uses for these nut-like, flimsy grains.

Remember These Three

Puffed Wheat in milk is the utmost in food. With every food cell broken it is easy to digest.

For luncheons, suppers and at bedtime there is nothing to compare with this dish.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs mixed with fruit adds a delicious blend. It adds what a light and dainty crust adds to shortcake or to pie.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs, crisped and lightly buttered, become a food confection.

Have a dish ready when the children come from school. They will eat them like peanuts or popcorn. And they take the place of foods less healthful, less easy to digest.

Millions of children are now enjoying Puffed Grains, but not half of them get enough.

Every home should keep all three Puffed Grains on hand.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

To Make Royal Pancakes

Our food experts have worked for years to make an ideal pancake mixture. Now it is ready—with Puffed Rice Flour mixed in it. The ground Puffed Rice makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like taste. You can make the finest pancakes ever tasted with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Add just milk or water, for the flour is self-raising. Order a package now.

3244

Which Musical Instrument Do You Like Best?

(*Continued from page 21*)

is the concertina, the boxlike instrument, with "accordion-plaited" sides, which is extended and contracted with sweeps of the player's arms, while with his fingers he manipulates sets of keys which produce the music.

The latest development of the accordion is generally known as the "piano keyboard accordion." At one side of the oblong box is a set of several octaves of piano keys, black and white, arranged just as they are on a real piano. In addition, on the ends of the accordion itself are bands of small white keys, much like those on a typewriter. Some instruments have as many as one hundred and twenty of these keys on each end. To play an affair of this kind is a pretty complicated business; but when a man has mastered it, he can make almost as much noise as a full brass band.

And you would be surprised to know how many people, and the kind of people, who want to play them. We received one letter from a banker, for instance, who evidently thought an accordion would help him forget his financial worries. I am sure it would, too!

One curious little instrument, a sort of musical freak, is the ocarina, or "sweet potato." It is made of baked clay and is shaped something like a small jug, pointed at one end, with a protuberance—the mouthpiece—at right angles to the other end, and a row of holes along the side. Why anyone should yearn to play the ocarina I cannot imagine; but some do. I fancy it must appeal to boys and men who, if they had been born a couple of generations earlier, would have taken to the flute.

THERE are comparatively few amateur flute players now. Dick Swiveller and his melancholy tunes are a thing of the past. And yet the note of the flute is one of the most distinctive in the whole range of music. Even when an entire orchestra is playing you cannot miss its note.

The harp, also, has a very distinctive tone coloring. In even a fairly large orchestra there will often be but one harp—but that is all that is needed. You will hear that single harp quite distinctly, even through the flood of sound from the hundred other instruments.

The harp is the oldest known instrument, having existed in some form in every land and in every age. It is repeatedly mentioned in the Bible. But in spite of its world-wide use, it has changed very little through the centuries. Until my father became interested in harp building there had been no basic improvements in its construction since 1810, when Sebastian Erard brought out his double-action harp in London and Paris.

My father said, "Let us build an American harp that will rank beside the American watch." The attempt required years of study and costly experiments. But we

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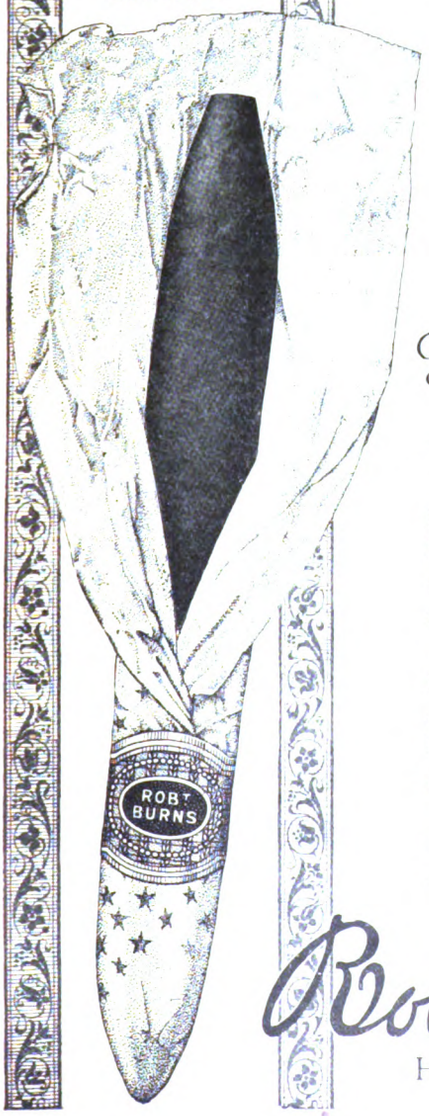

Take a tip from Robt. Burns

WHEN you find a cigar that you really *like*, stick to it. Especially if it is a cigar whose high quality is maintained through trying periods of shifting standards and economic change.

Such a cigar is Robt. Burns. His filler is still full Havana—and this fine Havana is still brought by special curing to a palate-pleasing mildness.

Doubtless the *General Cigar Co., Inc.*, could in various ways cut the cost of making Robt. Burns. But he would be no longer *Robt. Burns*.

The makers of this modern, mild cigar believe, strangely enough, in taking good advice, even though it be their very own. They have an abiding belief in Robt. Burns, and having found a cigar that merits their full faith, *they wisely stick to it.*

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DEPENDABLE CIGARS
119 West 40th Street, New York City

Robt. Burns Cigar

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY?*

wanted the achievement to be a sort of monument to what Americans could do; so that the work continued until, in 1889, the Lyon & Healy harp was developed. Since that time these Chicago-built harps have made their way into all the great opera houses of Europe.

The delicacy and accuracy required in harp construction are so great that a variation of one-thousandth of an inch in the thickness of the sounding board has a perceptible effect on the tone.

The saxophone is another instrument which has gained an astonishing vogue in recent years. Someone recently referred to the saxophone, in my hearing, as "the clown" among musical instruments. The reason, of course, was that the saxophone does look undeniably queer. It starts out with a mouthpiece that suggests the head of an enraged turtle. Then it seems to develop an ambition to become a cornet. This ambition grows more violent for about two feet, in which space the instrument accumulates a bewildering number of keys. It then abruptly decides that it has gone far enough in that direction, doubles back on itself, and ends in a curiously shaped horn.

It is true that it can be made to produce notes which are fully as queer as its appearance. Musical comedians can always get a laugh with the saxophone. But in spite of this clowning, and in spite of endless and bitter criticism, the saxophone has become the most popular wind instrument in use to-day.

The tone has a fascinating and very sympathetic quality; it has almost the flexibility of the human voice; and in spite of the multiplicity of keys it is not difficult to learn. Instead of being the clown, it is really the king of "the brasses" just now.

The bassoon is the real clown of the orchestra. The trombone is one of the three "perfect instruments," the other two being the violin and the human voice. We call them "perfect instruments" because their tones are not fixed, as in the piano for instance.

SPEAKING of the human voice, perhaps you may not know how much the shape of the mouth—inside—and of the throat has to do with the quality of the tone produced. Once in a great while a person has what teachers call "a cathedral mouth." Recently there was a try-out in Chicago of candidates for the chorus of an opera. A certain young lady, who had received no training in singing, but who had an unusual natural voice, went to be tried out, merely from curiosity.

The men who were to choose the singers listened with perfunctory interest to one after another until this girl took her turn. Instantly, the judges came to attention! She had barely finished when they rushed to the stage, unceremoniously opened her jaws and peered into the roof of her mouth, as if they were horse dealers at a sale.

"Ah! the cathedral!" they exclaimed in several languages and with evident satisfaction.

The young lady was as surprised as they were. She did not know that she had the peculiar vaulted conformation of the roof of the mouth to which they referred; but they had known it simply from the quality of her tones. A wealthy patroness was immediately enlisted in her behalf, and the

THE *everlasting faithfulness* of the Hupmobile makes a strong appeal to the average American family.

They admire steadfastness in a motor car only a little less than they do in a friend.

The Hupmobile *stays right* in a way that makes a man say:—"Well, there's one investment I've made, that's paid out."

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Of course not!

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Why? Because they have found a way to stamp mail and handle postage that is as much superior, more economical of time, labor and money over the old way as the typewriter is to longhand writing or the cash register is to the "cash drawer."

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You can **easily** cut down the **time** needed to affix stamps to **one-fourth;** you can **easily** stop losses due to spoilage, misuse, theft of stamps, etc.; you can **easily** put the **handling, affixing** and **accounting** of stamps on a clean, sanitary, up-to-date basis—by simply installing

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Six years old—over 40,000 offices equipped. Some good territory open for salesmen.

fortunate posessor of the cathedral mouth is now being trained for opera.

Probably the most difficult instrument to tune is the clarinet. I am particularly impressed with this fact because of an amusing experience which took place in our factory. We had so much trouble with getting clarinets perfectly tuned, that we finally engaged a very fine expert. The first thing this gentleman did was to close all of the windows on the floor of the factory where the clarinets were kept. As it happened to be the middle of August, with the thermometer registering an even 100 degrees, in about two days we had a strike of the workmen on that floor. But the clarinet tuner was firm—he would not undertake to tame even a small yellow clarinet if there was the slightest draft.

The orchestra tunes to the oboe. The oboe, or *hautbois*, is a small double reed instrument which requires great dexterity in its manipulation. There is a well-authenticated instance of a great orchestra leader who was a good deal of a martinet with every member of his orchestra except the oboe player. To the oboe player he was very subservient, anticipating that gentleman's every whim. A friend asked him why he made this exception.

"Well," said the orchestra leader, "I will tell you. Oboe players are scarcer than kings!"

I THINK everyone knows what a prominent part music took in winning the war. Every company had its bugler, and nearly every regiment had its band. But it probably will be news to many readers to hear that when the war closed we were making a Strombos horn so powerful that a blast from its throat would warn hundreds of men of the coming of a gas attack. This horn was operated in much the same fashion as an automobile tire pump. We were successful in constructing a mechanism whose discordant shriek could be heard for over two miles.

Vaudeville artists come to us for all sorts of freak instruments. I remember one commission which we had to turn down. It came from two brothers, who had a musical act which was "getting the money," but they wanted something better. In their act they used a flight of steps so constructed that each step, when struck, would produce a musical tone. The brothers, by running and jumping onto the steps, succeeded in playing "Home Sweet Home" as it certainly never had been played before. In the end there was a thrilling part where they walked down the steps on their heads, giving a very fine flourish as a finale. The idea was for us to beat that musical instrument! But we gave it up.

Next to the human voice, the violin is the most perfect of all instruments, the most prized by music lovers, and the one with the most interesting story. It is the only instrument I know of that will be taken in exchange, at its full original cost, for a new instrument. That is, the violin *group*, consisting of violins, violas, and violoncellos, enjoys this privilege.

Violins made by the old masters are worth almost their weight in gold. One was sold recently in London for twenty-five thousand dollars; and ten years ago Baron Mendelssohn of Berlin paid the same amount for a Stradivari violoncello.

Big Business—
a Hazardous Undertaking

THERE is probably no other industry in which such small margins of profit are accompanied by continuous and heavy risks as in the packing business. Some of these risks are inherent in the nature of the business and are irreducible. Others are unforeseen or accidental elements of disturbance which enter in from time to time to complicate normal workings of the industry.

An unavoidable risk grows out of the perishability of fresh meats. Huge quantities are shipped daily from the packing plants to the hundreds of branch houses. They represent heavy investments of working capital. They go forth without any guarantee as to the price they will bring. They must be sold at once, whether the market be favorable or otherwise.

Keen Judgment Required

The ups and downs of demand for meat constitute a daily hazard probably unequaled in any other business. All the meat that goes into the market must be consumed without delay. Therefore any fall in demand must be met immediately by reduction in prices, to insure sales of the entire quantity. The packer's judgment must accordingly be exercised in steering a careful course between his estimate of the true market value of livestock on the one hand and of meat on the other. At both the buying and selling ends he is under pressure of formidable competition, and any slight miscalculation can easily result in a severe penalty.

Disturbing Factors

A business thus operated on an urgent day-to-day basis is necessarily highly sensitive to the many external influences, which appear without warning and tend to complicate the task of efficient management. A coal shortage; any congestion of railway traffic; strikes in various industries; sudden fluctuations in general price levels; demoralization of foreign exchange; agitation against the industry itself—any one or any combination of these factors introduces conditions of instability and uncertainty which result in loss.

Record of 1919

The year 1919 presented more of these disturbing factors than any other year in the history of the packing business. By the practice of economies, possible only in the very largest operations, by the full employment of its sales and distribution machinery in the marketing of a wide range of food products, Armour and Company realize 6.74 per cent per annum on invested capital, 1.35 per cent on the dollar of business transacted, and less than one-half of a cent a pound on production.

Armour's QUALITY PRODUCTS

Armour and Company has nothing to gain from artificial or abnormal conditions. Operating on these small and precarious margins between the producers of livestock and the consumer of meat products, it serves both best during periods of fair and stable prices and economic poise.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

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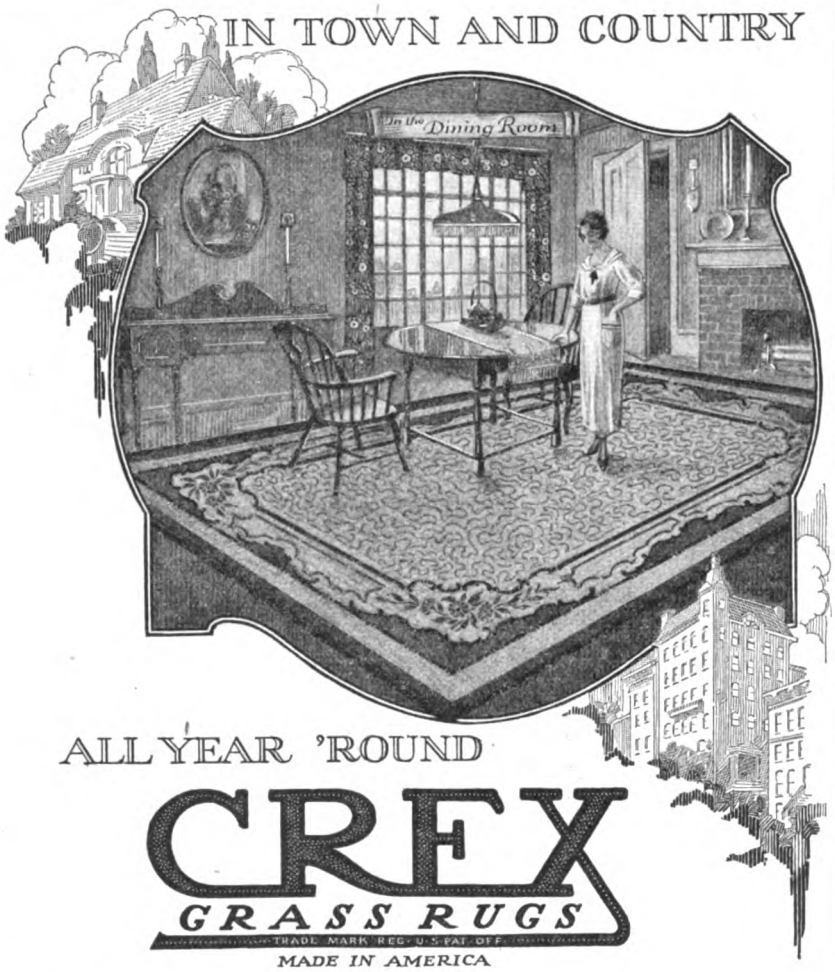
IN TOWN AND COUNTRY



ALL YEAR 'ROUND

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MADE IN AMERICA

The Ideal Floor Covering

SELECTING the dining room silverware is a matter of good judgment and pride. You would not think of saying "I want some knives, forks and spoons." You would either ask for "Sterling" or a well-known brand in plated ware, both of which have stood for generations as the *standard of quality*.

So in buying grass rugs, whether for the dining room, living room, bed room—no matter what room or porch—they have their logical place in each through all seasons—you should ask for and insist on getting genuine CREX rugs.

Strong in sanitary and wearing qualities—rich but not offensive in coloring and design—CREX rugs are a joy and comfort to the housewife. No beating required. Dust sifts through to floor. Surface dirt quickly removed with broom or damp cloth and light shaking.

Beware of imitations, some of which are even made of split or crushed straw. Buy CREX rugs that for more than twenty years have graced the floors in millions of homes—modest and pretentious alike.

CREX is easily said and easily read. The name woven in the side binding provides an ineffaceable identification mark.

Handsomely illustrated catalog showing actual colors and sizes of the three CREX weaves—DE LUXE, HERRING-BONE and REGULAR—mailed free on request.

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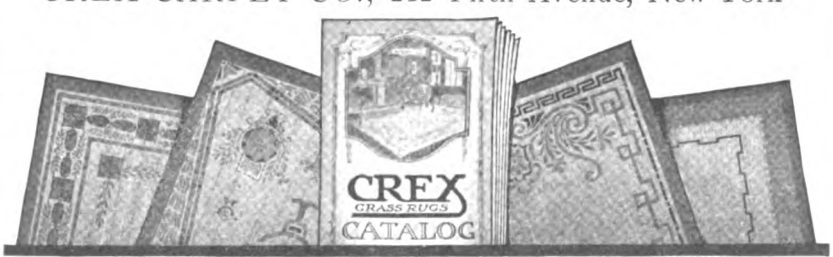

Look for name in the edge of side binding

CREX CREX CREX

It's your protection and our guarantee

However, while we are talking in thousands, I might mention that in our violin department we do not always deal in large sums. A man came in not long ago and bought a five-cent cake of rosin. Then he asked us to lend him a violin and bow for a few days "to try it out with!"

Violin strings, although referred to as "catgut," are really made from the intestines of sheep. And in this connection there is a curious fact: American sheep do not furnish strings which equal those from the European animals. The fault is not in the process of making. It is due to something in the life history of the sheep itself, perhaps the fact that they have to work harder for a living in Europe.

There is even a difference in strings made from the same sheep! You see, on one side, the intestine has a coat of fat to protect it from rubbing; and the strings made from this side are much inferior to those from the other side. So when anyone talks of the "very best catgut strings" you will know what the exact origin of those strings is.

Unless you have had experience yourself, I doubt if you realize how important the bow is to the player of stringed instruments. The violin bow was perfected only about a hundred years ago by a Frenchman named Tourte. He improved it so wonderfully and produced such marvelous bows that the ones he made a century ago bring as much as $250 apiece to-day. A good violin bow is made of Pernambuco wood and of from 100 to 150 white hairs from horses' tails.

THE desire to play on something is practically universal. All children possess it; and sometimes it takes the most strange and disconcerting forms. For instance, I know a boy who had a perfect passion for bells. He finally discovered there was an unused church or school bell in town, and he tormented his parents with his entreaties until they consented to let him hang the abandoned bell in the barn. It was a good big bell, too; and when he rang it—as he did many times a day—the neighbors for blocks around were dumfounded by the din. They protested so violently that the boy had to give up his bell ringing and find some less boisterous outlet for his musical yearnings.

Were you ever at a dinner table where someone started the diversion of producing musical notes by wetting the finger and rubbing it along the edge of a glass tumbler, or goblet? A dozen staid and serious-minded men and women will forget everything else in experimenting with all the glassware on the table, putting more or less water in a glass until they have obtained a range of notes which will enable them to play a simple tune. It is another evidence of the fascination which music holds for us all.

I have known of remarkable cases where men have made musical instruments for themselves, sometimes out of very unpromising materials. But I think the most extraordinary one of which I ever heard was that of a man who made an entire pipe organ, which he set up in his home and on which he played. That organ was both the delight and the despair of the family; the despair, because periodically the owner would take the whole thing apart to tune it. When this happened in the winter the other members of

the family could scarcely get into the house, because there were organ pipes all over the place.

But the summer tuning was the great event. The whole town knew when that occurred. The day had to be just so; a bright sunny one without wind. And the grass had to be dry, because all of the pipes were carried out of doors and laid in rows on the front lawn! The ingenious maker of the instrument was a giant of a man; and the spectacle of him going from one pipe to another, blowing on it and adjusting it, was one that never failed to draw an interested audience.

While on the subject of organs, I am reminded of an amusing incident which ocurred in our export department. We received an order to box an organ for shipment to Persia. The instrument was delivered here in such a way that all we had to do was to put the several parts of it into heavy wooden boxes, and mark them to the address given us. About two months later we received a letter of fiery denunciation. It seems the organ had been stopped at the Persian frontier, and carefully examined, with the result that every pipe was found to be filled with firearms, and the bellows contained enough material to start a small arsenal. A party of Chicago revolutionists, having designs upon the Shah, had taken advantage of our American innocence. Nor was this all! Shortly afterward we received notice that we were to be forever barred from shipping our organs into Persia.

THIS subject of our love for, and interest in, music is a wonderful one. I cannot leave it without making one statement which contradicts a somewhat common impression. It is this: In my opinion musical taste in this country is improving steadily. You will hear many assertions to the contrary, but they are mistaken ones. The popular songs of to-day are usually of better musical construction than those of a half-century ago. Sunday-school music; church music; school music —a'l are better than they used to be. The various talking machines, and the mechanically played pianos, have carried good music into the smallest villages, and even to the most lonely farmhouses. As for the often expressed scorn of "jazz," it is too sweeping. Much of our "jazz" music is not only ingenious and catchy, but is musically interesting. Europe has not scorned it, but has welcomed it eagerly. As for the higher forms of music, we have more opera, more symphony concerts, with every year that passes. And the people who understand, appreciate and demand the best music are increasing in numbers so fast that it is not an idle dream to say that America will one day take its place as the Home of Music.

"QUEER Things That People Get Insured for," is the subject of an article by Merle Crowell next month, based on an interview with a well-known insurance man who specializes on Lloyd's policies. You will find the stories of dozens of "freak" insurance policies and applications for policies. Some of them would be unbelievable if they were not a matter of record.

HEINZ

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Spaghetti

Ready cooked ready to serve

A satisfying food, appetizing, wholesome, thoroughly cooked. And convenient to serve—just heat it.

All the family like it because it *tastes so good.*

The dry spaghetti is made in the Heinz establishment, and then cooked with selected cheese and Heinz famous tomato sauce in accordance with the recipe of an Italian chef, in the spotless Heinz kitchens.

An excellent food for children.

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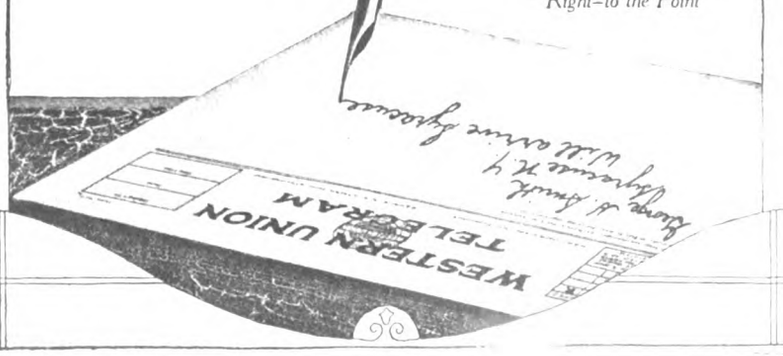

What I Owe My Father

Precepts My Father Taught

FIRST PRIZE

"THE ability to deny himself to-day in order that he may have increased enjoyment to-morrow marks the difference between the civilized man and the savage."

I well remember how that idea appealed to me and how, little by little, it formed a place for itself in my habit of life. Thrift! Yes, that is one of the things taught me by my father. To every dollar which I earned and deposited in the savings bank, he added a like amount. There was no coercion; I earned and spent and saved as I pleased, but always there was that *incentive*.

"Get it drawing interest, and it will keep piling up little by little; while you work and while you play and while you sleep."

The actual amount of my boyhood savings was not great; the *habit* I acquired thereby was of inestimable value.

Not less important than his teaching of thrift was his precept and example in the art of being happy.

"When you are *interested* you are happy. Be *interested* in every good thing, and the stream of happiness will never run dry, for its sources will be infinite. Learn how to fish, how to hunt, how to camp. Have some knowledge of the birds, the flowers, the stars. Get even a *little* learning of woodcraft, and the wilderness will be a mine of happiness. Cultivate the habit of reading, and your sources of interest and consequent enjoyment will be unlimited.

"Know something of art, of music, of science; a very little study will suffice, and the effort will pay rich returns. Have at least a playing knowledge of the sports and games which you see other people enjoying.

"Knowledge, interest, happiness; these three follow one another inevitably. Keep your ability to *learn*, and keep your eyes, your ears, and your *mind* open. The universe is yours—there can be no dull days.

"This is a good old world and it is full of good things. They are all around you. They belong to whoever will know and use them."

Such was his creed and he proved its truth in countless ways. I have fallen far short of the standard he set me, but the remembrance of his teaching has been a rich heritage. E. P. H.

A Woman's Tribute to Her Father

SECOND PRIZE

UNTIL I received a letter from my father, just after a brother had sailed for France, I don't think I had ever given serious thought to what he has meant to me.

My father has the habit of writing very short matter-of-fact letters, but one paragraph in the letter before me burned its way into my heart: "I wish I might have

gone in his place, but I'm too old. All my life I have wanted to do something worth while and I haven't. It seems the fires of my life have always been banked."

Like an illuminating flash of light I seemed to get for the first time a clear vision of my father. Measured by the standard of the world, which counts mere outward achievement the true measure of a man, he is neither a brilliantly successful, nor an eminently great man.

I know from that one tragic, revealing part of his letter, that he has fallen far short of his own standard. Yet he tried—the fires burned—they were banked. Did he fail? In spite of the fact that he considers his life a failure, all that is best of him lives, will always live. He has given it as a priceless heritage to his children.

The fires never died. That of itself is no small achievement—to keep alive in the human heart the divine fire of ambition through a lifetime of disappointment, hardship and sorrow. It is oftentimes easier to cry quits and let the fire die.

His indomitable courage, his refusal to be beaten, no matter how mercilessly life flayed him, will always be an inspiration.

His ready sense of humor, his refusal to take seriously the hard knocks of life has given me a safe and sane perspective of life. He always came up smiling; and all my life I have been able to take disappointment philosophically.

To him I owe my love of good books. He had an instinctive love for good reading, and during my school days rigidly kept out of my reach everything but the best.

He taught me to know people, to look deeper than the surface, and not to judge from mere outward appearance.

Real worth, honor in the small things of life, was my father's standard of measuring people. I never knew him to compromise on this principle. No matter how influential, how rich, or famous a man or woman might be, he refused to be dazzled if they were lacking in virtue or honor.

He taught me the value of the spiritual over the material things of life. He taught me to work, to economize, to enjoy the small pleasures of life. To be patient when things did not always come my way. To be happy under adverse circumstances.

"I may never reach the heights I seek. My untried strength may fail me."

Life may ever mock me with my failures, but thanks to my father's teaching and example, I will make an honest effort to reach the mark I have set for myself. And to keep alive that something which is more than success. A. D. I.

How to Work, to Save, to Spend Wisely

THIRD PRIZE

DURING my childhood my mother was "the Queen of the Universe" to me. Always sympathetic, kind, loving, tender, and always leaving the dirty work in my upbringing to my father. I was an only child, and they were both able to devote their entire time and energies to me. Mother's and Dad's efforts in my behalf were expressed by exactly opposite methods—so naturally I liked Mother's best. My love and honor for the "Queen" is undiminished, but at the same time

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Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans

Some of the
57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
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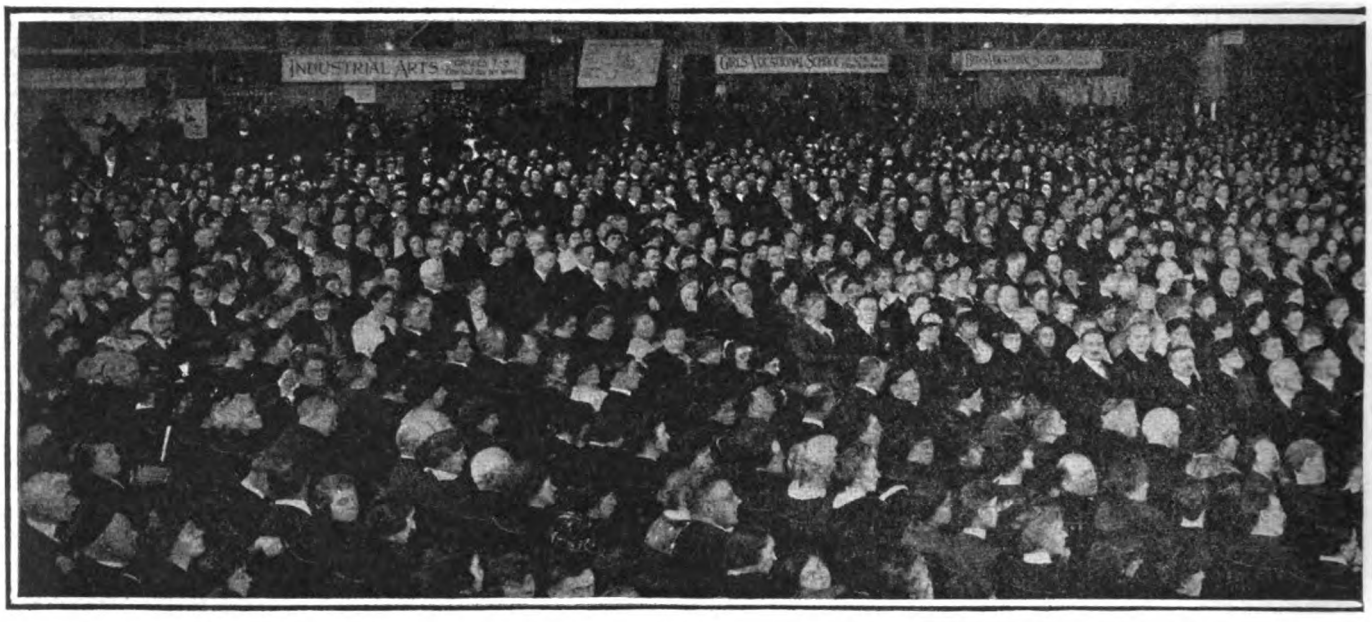
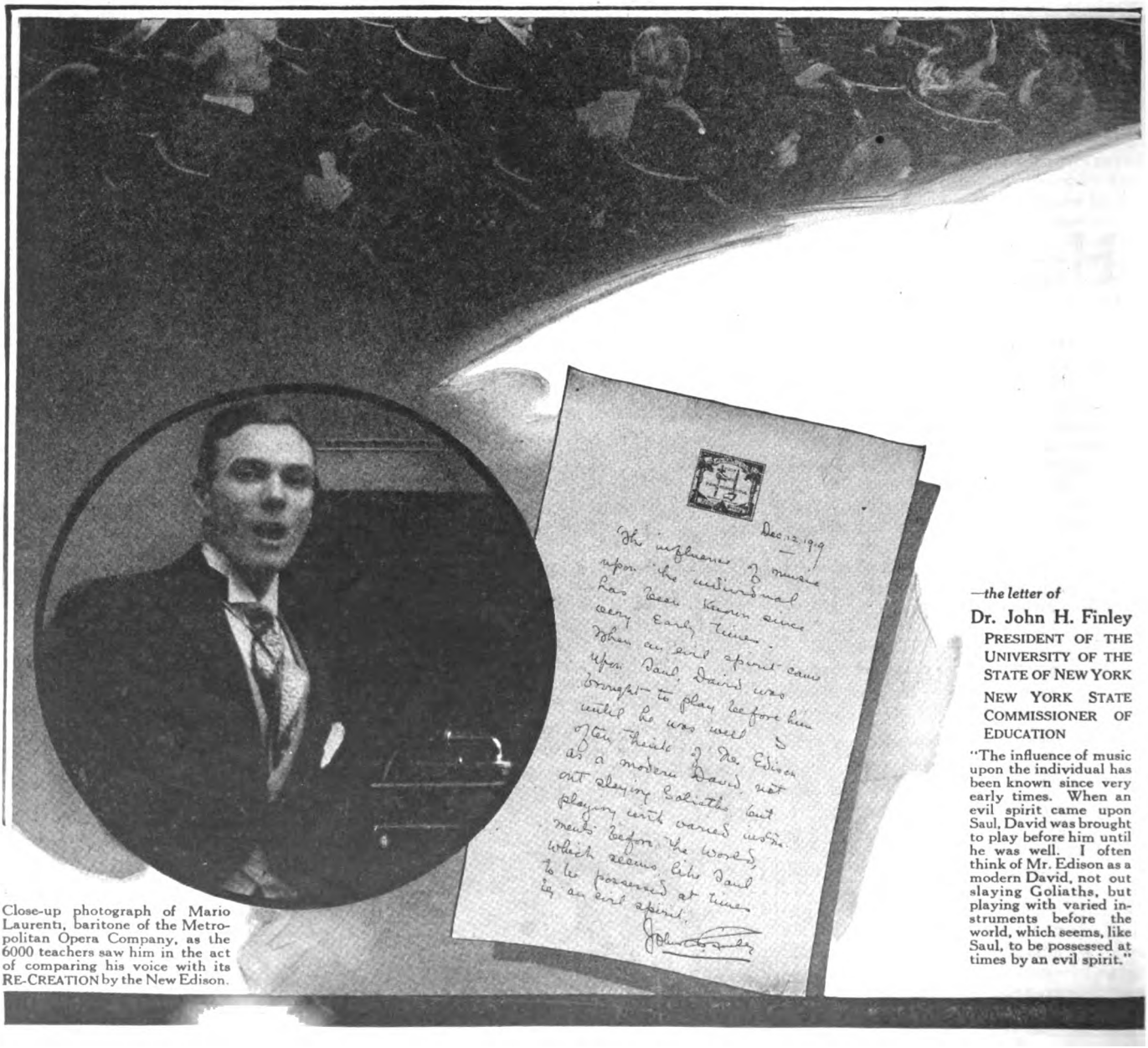


"The Phonograph with a Soul"

The NEW



Close-up photograph of Mario Laurenti, baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, as the 6000 teachers saw him in the act of comparing his voice with its RE-CREATION by the New Edison.

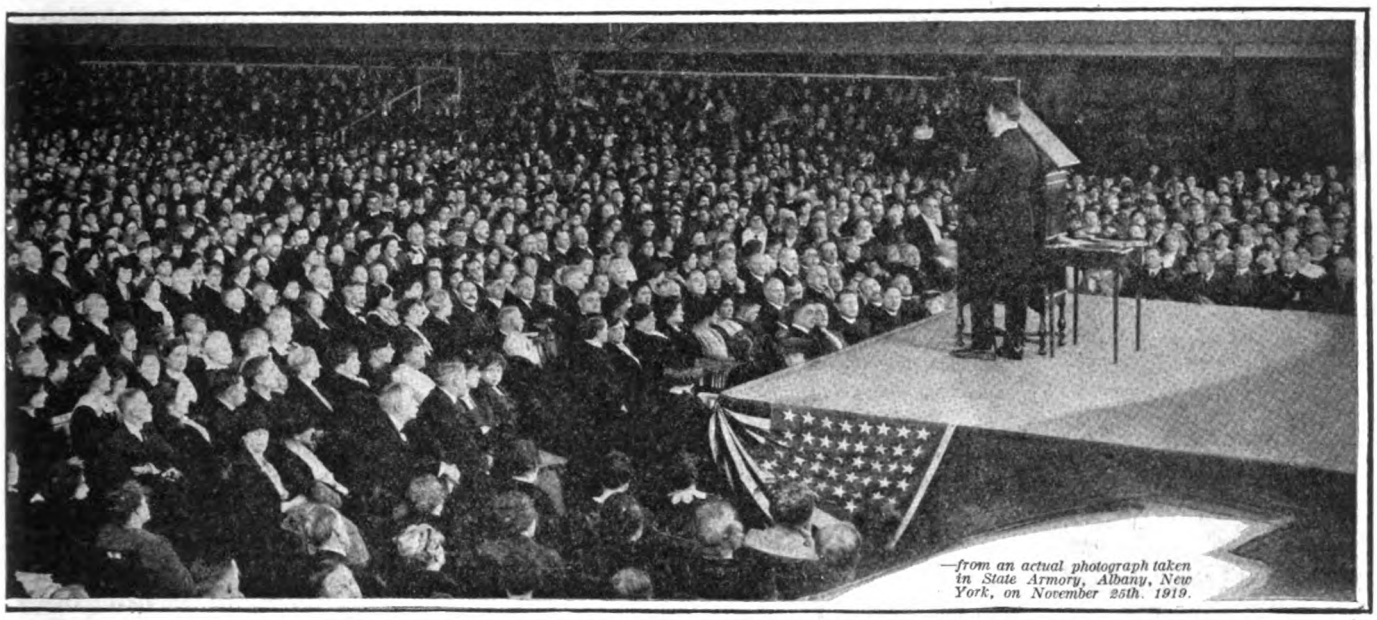
—the letter of

Dr. John H. Finley

PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

NEW YORK STATE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

"The influence of music upon the individual has been known since very early times. When an evil spirit came upon Saul, David was brought to play before him until he was well. I often think of Mr. Edison as a modern David, not out slaying Goliaths, but playing with varied instruments before the world, which seems, like Saul, to be possessed at times by an evil spirit."



—from an actual photograph taken in State Armory, Albany, New York, on November 25th, 1919.

EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

6000 Empire State Teachers Hear Phonograph Achieve Triumph

THE illustration, although it is reproduced from an actual photograph, but faintly portrays the memorable scene at the State Armory in Albany, New York, on the night of November 25th, when 6000 teachers, principals and Superintendents of the public schools of New York State sat spellbound as they heard Mario Laurenti, world famed baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, sing in direct comparison with the New Edison's RE-CREATION of his magnificent voice.

LAURENTI stood beside the stately New Edison Cabinet. His voice filled the auditorium. The audience, which at first had been a trifle tense because of the unusual nature of the proposed experiment, gradually relaxed under the magic influence of the great baritone's artistry.

Then suddenly there was a stir, a subdued murmur of surprise and a perplexed rubbing of eyes. Laurenti's voice, undiminished in quality and beauty, continued to reach every quarter of the vast auditorium, but his lips had ceased to move. The cabinet at his side had taken up the song and was matching his voice so perfectly that the human ear could not tell when Laurenti had ceased to sing.

Edison Had Won Another Triumph

THIS great event proved that Edison's genius has produced the phonograph of supreme realism. It also earned for his achievement the indorsement of one of the world's most famous educators, Dr. John H. Finley, President of the University of the State of New York. Dr. Finley's beautiful tribute to Mr. Edison and the latter's new phonograph is reproduced herewith. It is doubtful if Edison's ambition to serve humanity through the agency of music could have been more accurately divined.

Official Laboratory Model

THE instrument used at Albany was a duplicate of Edison's original Official Laboratory Model, on which he spent more than three million dollars in research work. The Edison dealer in your city will be glad to show you a duplicate of this original three million dollar phonograph and he will, without quibble or question, guarantee it to be fully equal in tonal quality to the instrument used at Albany and to be capable of successfully sustaining the test made at Albany.

Let us send you our book "Edison and Music" and our booklet "What the Critics Say." "Edison and Music" is written by one of Thomas A. Edison's right-hand men. Address Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

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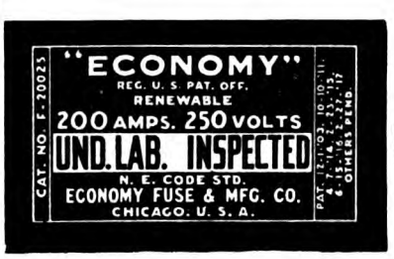

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there comes an ever-increasing admiration and respect for my dad. He is a Prince.

As I look back, I can see that I owe my dad a lot I was brought up in a time when "Spare the rod and spoil the child" was a household byword. If I must admit it—I never stood a ghost of a show of being spoiled, for I can vividly recall numerous occasions when I was very thoroughly walloped with a hair brush in the equatorial regions.

On one occasion I took a dip with the gang in the old swimming hole against my father's commands. In the uncanny way that fathers and mothers have, he asked me upon my return home, if I had been in swimming. I promptly answered in the negative, for I well knew what an affirmative reply would have brought. But all evidence was against me. Wet hair and some of my associates told against me, and I received my first memorable visit to the woodshed. "My son," said my father, "there is one thing more to be despised than a skunk, and that is a liar." And I did not forget it.

At another time I made a profiteering trade with a boy much younger than I of some insignificant trinket for an article of several hundred times its value. Shortly after that remeeting with the hair brush Dad gave me a book covering the boyhood of honest Abe Lincoln. That time honesty and fair play were driven home with exclamation points after them.

One day I was hunting in a neighbor's barn with a new air rifle and brought down one of their fine pigeons from the rafters, then brought it home for the family larder. But after another object lesson, I took the dead bird back to its owner with an apology, and had a fair idea of the respect due the property of others.

At an early age my father encouraged and helped me to find work to do during my school vacations. If I should save my money toward a college education, I could keep all I earned. If I should fail to save or use my money discreetly, it should all revert to the family treasury. That was the proposition my dad made, and lived up to. I shall never forget that first week's wages that I placed in bank under my own name. It was a small sum, to be sure, but John D. Rockefeller could not have bought me out that day.

And so I learned to work, and save, and spend wisely during the years, until one winter sickness visited our home and drained the family treasury. Even then my father did not ask me to give up my earnings, but I did so; and the feeling of regret and disappointment at seeing the young fortune of a couple of hundred dollars melt before my eyes was more than offset by the satisfaction that came from being able to help out in the emergency.

It is enough to say that I went to college with enough saved to give me a good start, and with enough knowledge of work to carry me to the goal.

Not until I had passed that age supposed to mark the beginning of manhood did I begin to appreciate my dad at his face value. Not till then did I realize his sacrifices, nor his quiet and indirect methods of trying to make a man of me.

Now I am beginning really to appreciate him as a pal and a father, and I am just beginning to realize what I really owe him.

A. B. W.

General Motors Trucks

MODEL 16, of the General Motors Truck Line, is in big demand because it is more than a one-capacity truck.

In government work, for which it has been standardized, it was classified as both a ¾ ton and a 1 ton truck.

In commercial work it has become America's Standard All-Purpose Truck.

Model 16 has the flexibility, economy of operation, and speed required in a ¾ ton truck, while at the same time it has the power, chassis strength and long wheel base for all 1 ton requirements.

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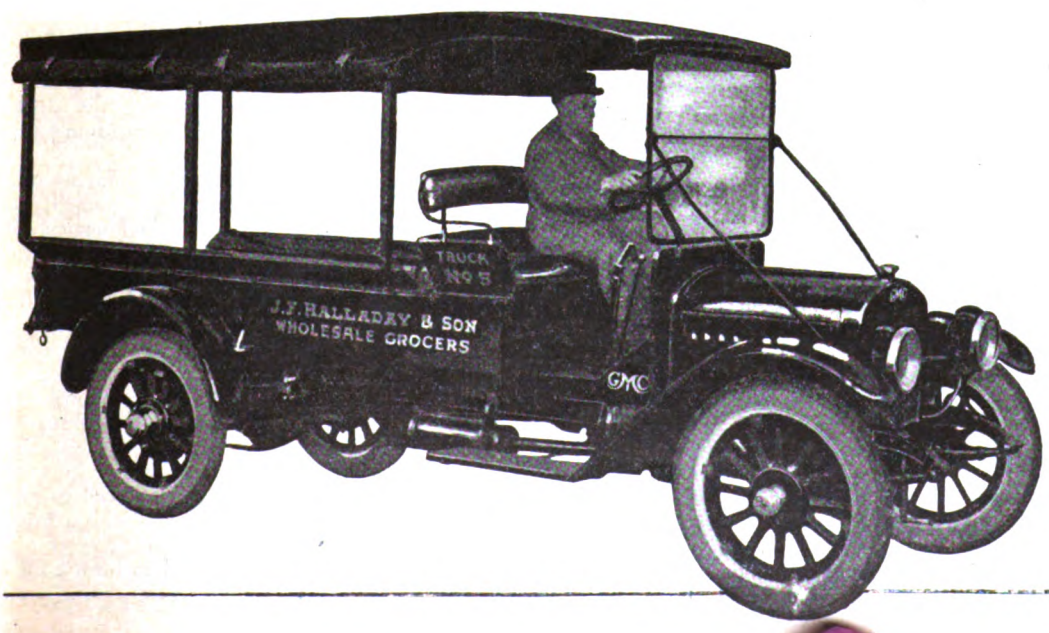


(599)

The Mystery of the Red-Haired Girl

(*Continued from page 25*)

else are we waitin' for? Matt Gower couldn't be any deader if we waited fer years. And I tell you, now is the time fer his child to step forward and claim her rights. This is the time—now—right away—hot off the grid. I'm sick o' this life, I tell you. I'm tired waitin'. I'm fed up with watchin' my step and bein' careful. I wanta splurge on my own money, I tell you, and I wanta splurge quick—"

THE voice ceased as suddenly as if it had been choked into silence. Setting the lantern carefully upon the top step, Jerry dropped down beside it and covered his eyes with one hand. His search, his dream, his little beloved of long ago! And now a girl's voice—violent, insistent—demanding her money "quick"! His golden girl, his mystery girl, his little friend whom the earth had swallowed! The very sound of this girl's voice—rapacious, coarse—sickened Jerry.

Drearily he rose, and carrying his bag and his square box opened the screened door and walked down the dark hall to the lighted doorway. Standing still he surveyed the room.

A huge old man in a rocking-chair, a fat, frightened woman in the rear doorway, a red-haired girl facing the old man, flushed, defiant, tapping a furious foot upon the rag carpet. And beside her, one hand on her arm, the slim little girl of the station platform. The hand on her arm had stopped the tirade, Jerry decided—that and the sudden knowledge that there was a stranger within hearing.

Jerry was young, inclined to be headlong. Mr. Carson had figured that what Jerry lacked in wisdom in this affair, he would overbalance by enthusiasm. With his first survey of the room Jerry decided that defensive methods would not do.

"I beg your pardon," he said slowly, "but I could not help overhearing something which has interested me greatly, the name of Mr. Matthew Alison Gower. I am in this part of the country to get into communication, if possible, with Mr. Gower's daughter, Alison Fayre. Can you give me any information as to her whereabouts?"

Surveying the room, Jerry missed nothing. He caught the red-haired girl's flashing, defiant glance at old Stauffer before she spoke. He saw the fat, frightened woman clasp her hands together beneath her apron. He saw the dusky-haired girl release the other's arm and turn away.

The red-haired girl squared her shoulders.

"Looking for Miss Alison Fayre Gower, are you, Mr. Lawyer Man?" she said pertly. "Well, it's high time. Welcome to our city. Have you brought a copy of the will in yer pocket? If you have, fork it over; for I," said the red-haired girl, throwing back her head, glaring at old Stauffer, tapping her foot, "am Miss Alison Fayre Gower myself."

Thinking things out next morning, with his cap over his eyes and the long valley, hemmed in by marching mountains, below him, Jerry decided that the word for old Stauffer was not clever. It was not even sharp. The word was dogged. Old Stauffer's tale of the night before had burnt its way through Jerry's skepticism. Old Stauffer had told simply, doggedly, of the coming to his place years before of Mrs. Matt Gower and her little girl, or, rather, of the woman who had been Mrs. Matt Gower and had become her shadow.

"Quiet she wanted," he had said. "To be lost. To get far enough away."

His story came slowly, between puffs at his pipe, but it came straight.

"My wife and I were not young when we married. We were hard put to it to pay for our land. We had—Jess. We took in folks as they came—glad for the extra. So we took in this woman and her girl."

He stirred to relight his pipe, to settle back again into his chair, to puff for a time in silence.

"She was sick, she told my wife—sick of men, sick of living, sick of herself. She stayed with us near four months. Then she died."

"Leaving Fayre," Jerry threw in.

"Leaving Allie," old Stauffer corrected him. "She called her Allie."

"She was called Fayre at home—before her mother took her away," said Jerry. "I called her Fayre."

Old Stauffer turned upon Jerry his slow gaze. "Ach! So you knew her then," he stated, "as a child."

"Oh, a little," admitted Jerry. "Our families were friends. It doesn't matter."

"Mrs. Gower spoke of no little boy friends," said Stauffer, ruminating.

"It wasn't important. She couldn't have spoken of everyone," said Jerry.

Old Stauffer turned back to the fire and after some thought, continued:

"She held back nothing from my wife. She said she had to trust somebody. She could not rest till my wife promised—she said she could not die till we promised to look out for the kid. She had some sick woman's thought that if the kid was sent back to her father he might take it out on her. So my wife promised. Then almost right away she died. She gave us what she had left, about five hundred dollars. And the ring Allie wears—"

In the silence which followed Stauffer knocked out his pipe and stood up.

"We have everything in her trunk upstairs," he said. "I will go ahead with the lamp."

JERRY shivered, even in the warm sunshine of the morning, at the thought of that trunk: Old letters, old bills, old prescriptions from San Francisco, from New Orleans; a pink ball-gown, a jade comb—in a long envelope a printed program of a violin recital and a man's photograph torn half across; pictures of Fayre at all ages from three months to three years—Mrs. Matt Gower had been a beauty, a belle, the leader of her fashionable, exclusive, frivolous set. The trunk was pitiful. It was unanswerable. Without doubt it had been hers. Old Stauffer had spoken clear truth. Jerry was not fool enough to doubt it. But he had been unable to resist a further question or so.

"Your own daughter," Jerry had said. "J-Jess, I believe you call her. She and—this girl—were brought up together?"

"Together," Stauffer had assented. "I believe you. Like sisters."

"You made no difference? You were always . . . good to Fayre—to Allie Gower?"

Stauffer shrugged. "Ask her," was all he answered.

"She grew up thinking she might some day hear from her father, might some day come into the money?"

"She knew of the chance," Stauffer said slowly; "but it seemed far away till the notice of death in the Barre paper. Since that paper she is off her head with excitement," he added grudgingly.

"And how did your girl, Jess, take all this?" asked Jerry at length.

"Jess?" said Stauffer, surprised. "Our Jess is a sensible girl. She has her education she wanted. She has her school she worked to get. Jess is busy. So she is satisfied. You are tired? You are ready for bed?"

"Where is her school?" Jerry persisted.

"Beyond Little View,". Stauffer answered. "A real nice school. You are ready for bed?"

"Quite," said Jerry shortly.

HE WAS on his way to look at the schoolhouse now, and had dropped down on the fern above Little View to think things over. He had put to the red-haired girl some purely formal questions about her mother, which she had answered quickly, eagerly, correctly. Strange that his thoughts should occupy themselves with Stauffer's doggedness, with Stauffer at all. Pulling his cap down, picking up the square box stoutly corded with twine, Jerry cut into the trail beyond Little View.

It was a nice little schoolhouse enough, even as Stauffer had said, set in cleared land, steady-looking, substantial, closed now for the summer with shutters barred. Walking around it, Jerry found a broken slat in one shutter which gave him a glimpse of the little teaching platform with a blackboard upon the wall behind it. He could see in fancy the dusky-haired girl on this platform, doing sums on the blackboard.

As he went back by the road, he overtook the dusky-haired girl herself, carrying a pail filled with blackberries. She wore a sunbonnet, which she presently took off and swung slowly back and forth by its pink gingham strings. They talked pretty much of everything, from blackberry steamed pudding to Lloyd-George. Jerry looked at her a good deal when she could not know that he was looking. The mountains in the blazing noon breathed an enchanted air.

He did not see her at the steaming dinner table, and afterward old Stauffer detained him on the porch with a tale of Alison Fayre Gower at the age of nine. Jerry gathered that she had been a handful. Jerry sensed a certain obscure pride

in old Stauffer concerning the willfulness of Miss Gower at nine. The tale was halted by the appearance of the red-haired girl herself, who plumped down beside Jerry on the top step.

Would there be enough of the Gower money coming to her in the will for a roadster, for silk stockings every day, for a flowered hat?

Jerry, considering Miss Alison Fayre Gower's eager eyes and riot of red hair in the sunshine, thought of the gray stone Gower city house, boarded up, deserted save for the caretaker's family in the rear basement. He thought of the Gower country place on the Hudson, of the row of foreign cars standing idle in the immaculate garage behind the kitchen garden. He thought of the paintings, of the books—without envy, for Jerry's tastes were simple and he had some money of his own; with awe, for Jerry knew what care, what responsibility, great wealth entails to-day. The vastness of the opportunity was completely beyond this girl's ken. He answered in words of one syllable.

"Enough for all the silk stockings in the world," said Jerry.

"Gee!" marveled Miss Gower. "Some coin, all right!"

"Some coin," agreed Jerry.

"Wait till Mamie Getz down to Barre sees me flash by in a yella' roadster, flyin' a purple veil. Some speed I'll hit. Tell me again the funny way he said it in the will."

"Funny? Oh, would you call it—funny?" asked Jerry gently. "'I give and bequeath to my beloved and only child, who knowingly or unknowingly has innocently suffered with me—'" Jerry paused. "Breaking his silence for the first time, acknowledging only after death a hurt which had ruined his life, reaching out dead hands to the child he was too proud to search for, longing for her, loving her. . . . Doesn't it strike you as even a little . . . sad?" said Jerry.

Miss Alison Fayre Gower shivered in the sunshine. "I'm not crazy about the dead hands reaching out," said she. "Queer old guy that fella' must 'a' been, all right."

"Girl, remember you speak of your father," broke in old Stauffer harshly.

She turned toward him quickly, her eyes frightened for the moment from their dream.

"Have I been rememberin' anything else all my life?" she asked peevishly. "I'll say I'm fed up with this rememberin' stunt. What my brain needs is a vacation."

SHE sat scowling after Jerry had gone. He had caught a glimpse of the dusky-haired girl swinging her sunbonnet along the trail to Little View; and quite simply, without excuse or explanation, he had gone to his room to fetch his square box and had followed the dusky-haired girl. They spent the afternoon together above the long valley, talking of pretty much everything from blue delphinium to Dostoievski. The dusky-haired girl did not open her psychology textbook.

"He's gone off after Jess again—carryin' that box again," remarked Miss Alison Fayre Gower from her position on the top step. "He came back with her this morning."

"Other men have gone off after Jess before," said Stauffer, "and have come back again."

"Why don't he ever talk to me?" burst forth the red-haired girl. "Why don't he get down to tacks? Why does he lug that box around wherever he goes? He ain't the kind that carries boxes. What's he got in the silly box anyway—the crown jewels? And why does he have to go off after Jess?"

"He's stallin' for time," soothed Stauffer, "like lawyers do."

"Sometimes I wish he hadn't seen Jess," said the red-haired girl somberly. "Sometimes I . . . hate . . . Jess."

"Jess! Jess!" mimicked Stauffer savagely. "For heaven's sake, stop naggin' on Jess. Put your mind on the money."

The next morning Jerry walked with Jess to Big View. They were back in time for the girl to help with the dinner, but he did not see her at the steaming table. Although he waited patiently on the porch he caught no glimpse of Jess throughout the long afternoon.

"It's like checkers," said the red-haired girl to Stauffer that night. "He's waitin' fer us to make the next move."

Stauffer knocked out his pipe. "Well, we've made it," said he. "By morning he'll ask."

But Jerry could not bring himself to speak to them of Jess until the next afternoon. He learned from Stauffer that she had gone on a visit to Scranton.

"To see her friend who is married to the minister," said Stauffer, knocking out his pipe. "For weeks at a time she sometimes stays there."

"In Scranton," said Jerry slowly. "Did you say—Scranton?"

"Sure," said Stauffer. "Fine station in Scranton. Green tiles on the roof. Where you going?"

BUT Jerry had already gone. Almost at once Miss Alison Fayre Gower popped out her head.

"Well?" she asked sharply. "Where's he gone?"

"It's all right. In the other direction," soothed Stauffer. "Toward Peterson's."

"He's left that box behind fer the first time," said the red-haired girl. "You watch the road. I'm goin' to see what's in it."

"Foolishness," growled Stauffer. "Girl's curiosity. What's a box matter?"

"I'll tie it up again so's he won't notice," said the red-haired girl over her shoulder.

"Well, be quick about it," conceded Stauffer a little anxiously. "And be sure to tie it up good. He's pretty sharp. And he may be back right away."

But Jerry was not back right away. Supper was over. Dusk fell, and Jerry had not returned.

"Shall I leave his place?" worried Mama Stauffer, clasping and unclasping her fat hands. "Or will he eat at Peterson's?"

"Clear away," roared Stauffer. "Damn him! Who cares whether he eats or not?"

The sitting-room lamp had been lighted, and Stauffer was beside it in his rocking chair pretending to read his newspaper, when Jerry returned. The red-haired girl, on the edge of the sofa, scowling at the wall, heard him first. The gate slammed, then a heavy step on the porch, and an endless moment as he came down the hall. Stauffer and the red-haired girl eyed each other fixedly over the newspaper, as he came. For he came slowly, draggingly. The two sat as if they had been turned to stone, eying each other above the newspaper.

But with Jerry's appearance in the doorway, Stauffer crumpled the newspaper together in both hands. Miss Alison Fayre Gower stood up, the back of one hand pressed across her mouth. For Jerry was hatless, white, very angry. His eyes upon them were implacable. In his arms he carried the dusky-haired girl.

"Stand aside," said Jerry to Miss Alison Fayre Gower; "and get some water. Just at the last stretch she fainted."

THE red-haired girl, eyes over her shoulder, stumbled toward the kitchen and came stumbling back presently with water, spilling it as she came by reason of the violent trembling of her hands.

"Of course you took a big chance," Jerry was saying. "And you trusted to luck. Amateur crooks do. The real ones are too clever."

He was kneeling on the floor beside the sofa, fanning Jess with a newspaper, chafing her wrists, bathing her face with his wet handkerchief. Once he stooped his dark head to kiss the limp little hand. The red-haired girl shivered at the tenderness of it.

"Get me some adhesive if you have it," ordered Jerry crisply. "Or clean linen. She cut her head in the dark last night against the sharp edge of the blackboard. You might have left her a light. And something fit to eat. That milk was sour."

The red-haired girl shivered at his voice, at his eyes as they flickered over her. The look followed her up-stairs like a scourge. Mama Stauffer finally found the clean linen and tore it into strips for Jerry with her fat, frightened hands. The red-haired girl shook so that she was useless.

Jess was propped up against the arm of the sofa now, very wan but conscious, with a neat strip of linen about her forehead. As Miss Alison Fayre Gower crept in, Jerry was holding a cup of milk to the girl's lips, talking to her meanwhile as if they were quite alone in the world.

"Try, dear!" Jerry was saying, "Just a little—to give you strength—"

Obediently, eyes on Jerry's face, she drank a little, tried to drink more, but could not manage it.

"I . . . can't. It chokes me," she whispered. "They hate me . . . Allie said that much. What have I done that they should hate me? What have I *done?*"

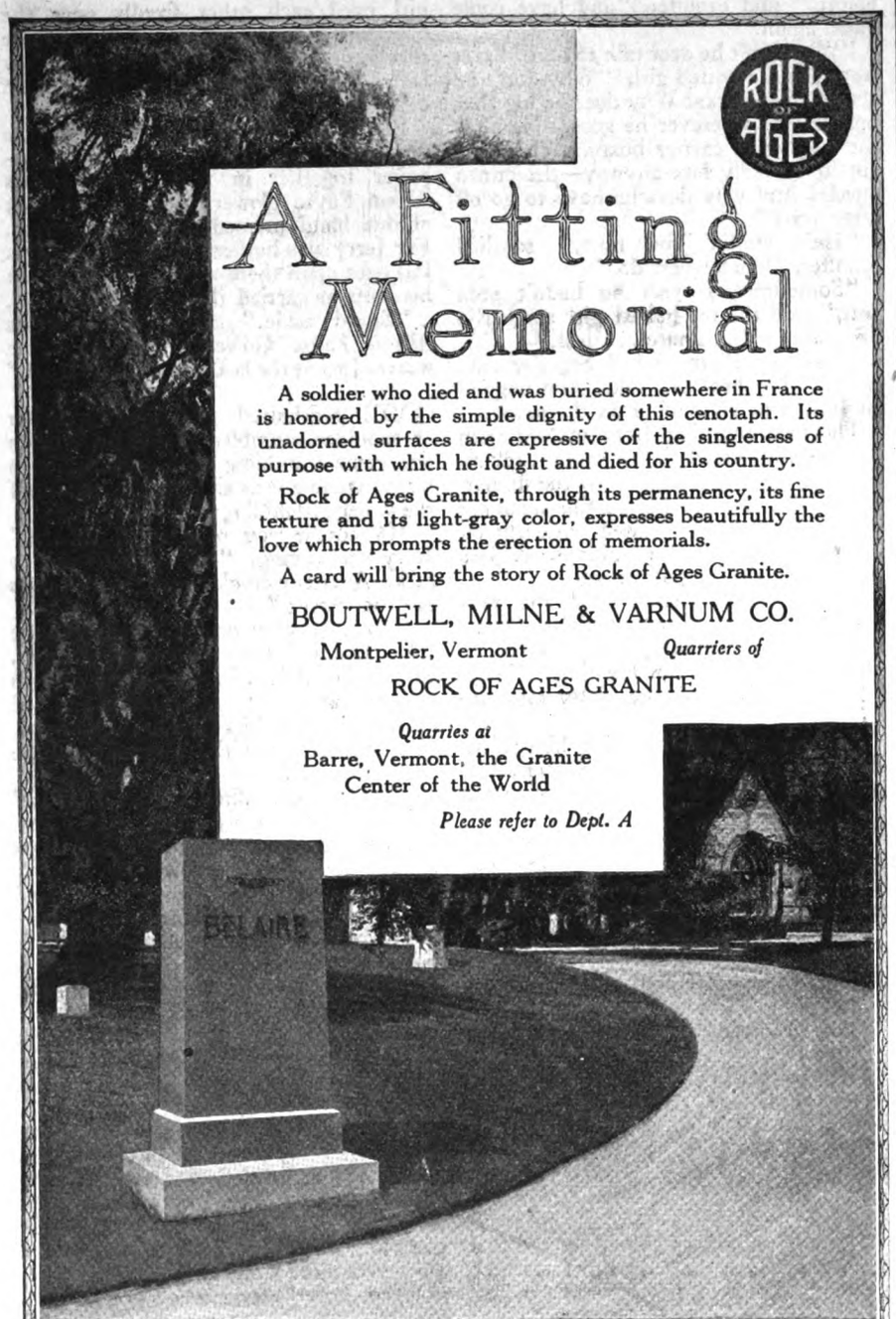
Jerry glanced up over his shoulder at Stauffer.

"Go to my room and get my bag," said he briefly. "Also the box, which you have probably opened this evening. I don't propose to leave her alone with you for a moment."

"Here," blustered Stauffer suddenly. "You can't take that high hand with us. You got nothing on us. You can't prove we ever shut her up in that schoolhouse—"

"No," cut in Jerry, "you sent her to her friend in Scranton—the one who is married to a minister." For a moment Jerry eyed Stauffer. "Get me my things," he added and turned back to Jess again.

When the bag and the box were brought in and set down beside the lamp on the



THIS SIMPLE CENOTAPH MEMORIAL EXPRESSES BEAUTIFULLY THE MEMORY OF ONE WHO DIED IN THE SERVICE

table, Jerry stood up, and walking to the table, cut the cord on the box and shook off the thick brown paper. In the moment or so following, Jerry came into his own. In the close little airless room, before the small hostile audience, he gave some hint of his shining future.

"As to the Gower will;" said Jerry briefly. "You claim that Mrs. Matt Gower came here years ago, that she died here, that the trunk up-stairs and its contents were hers. I admit that claim. You claim that she brought her daughter with her. I admit that also. You claim that this girl with the red hair is that daughter. I do not admit that claim. For she is not Mrs. Gower's child," said Jerry. "She's your own daughter, Stauffer, clumsily put forward by you, clumsily drilled for years by you, clumsily trying to walk in another girl's shoes, and miserably failing. I have known this from the beginning. And I've known from the beginning the small chance we had of proving it—"

"You can't prove it," threw in Miss Alison Fayre Gower, furious, shaking, advancing to the table. "You can't bluff me. And you can't scare me. No one in the world can prove I'm not Fayre Gower."

"I can prove it," said Jerry, "here and now. If you'd been really clever, Stauffer, you'd have disposed of this box. All the way back here to-night I've been cursing myself for my criminal negligence in leaving it. But you aren't clever, Stauffer, you are only greedy and cruel and stupid. And you can't get away with a big thing like this. You've bungled it, Stauffer. And your girl is going to bungle it now." Jerry paused. "Just two things on earth beside her mother, little Fayre Gower loved. I knew them myself, loved them myself. They were friends of ours. They went wherever we went. They sat in at our games. They lived under the lid of a window seat in the night nursery of the Gower house. I found them there the other day. I would take my oath that their names would be the names, next to her mother's that Fayre Gower would remember best, first, longest. Their names were so graven upon her child's heart that she could never forget them. If you are Fayre Gower," thundered Jerry, pointing at the red-haired girl, "tell me their names."

A-TIPTOE beside Jerry the girl looked down for the second time that night upon two big rag dolls—one in pink gingham, one in blue; a little dingy, a good deal battered, flat-faced, placid, expressionless, their painted eyes turned up to the low ceiling.

"Dolls! How can I tell their silly names?" said the girl scornfully, shaking, furious, "when I never saw them before—I mean, when I . . . don't remember—"

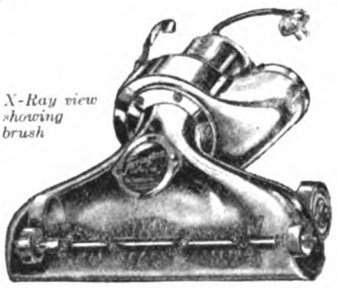
"You can't," said Jerry promptly. "No one, not even your father, could expect you to. There's the case in a nutshell."

Walking to the sofa, Jerry leaned over the dusky-haired girl, looked deep into her eyes. "Will you look at them . . . now?" he asked quietly.

Creeping forward from her sofa with Jerry's arm about her, creeping through the mists of years, her eyes upon Jerry's face, something of awe in them, something of fear, her hands stretched out toward the

Vacuum Cleaner

BIG BRUSH — POWERFUL SUCTION



X-Ray view showing brush

THOUSANDS of women throughout the country have already learned how efficiently the Torrington keeps the house clean.

The Torrington Electric Vacuum Cleaner cleans clean. The full-tufted revolving carpet-sweeper brush gets up the surface litter, while the powerful suction around the brush goes after the deep-down trodden-in dirt, gets it out, and deposits it in a dust-proof bag.

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Send us your address so that we may send you a booklet; also information about a free trial.

THE TORRINGTON COMPANY
(*National Sweeper Division*)
14 Laurel Street, Torrington, Conn.

Dealers: Please send us your address and we will let you know of inquiries coming from your territory.

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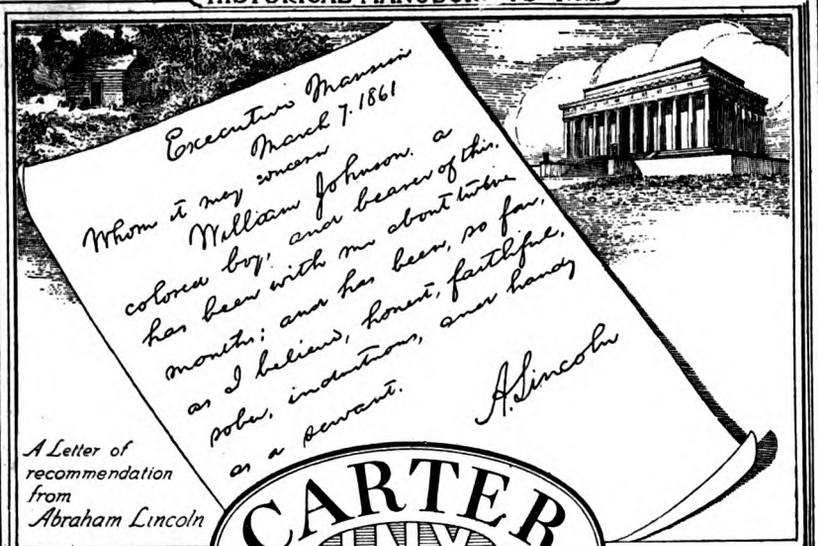

A Letter of recommendation from Abraham Lincoln

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WE, too, might say to "Whom it may concern," that for more than thirty years Carter's Writing Fluid has been known, and so far, if we may judge from what many friends tell us, it has been "honest, faithful, sober, industrious and handy as a servant."

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Your signature represents you
Do it in CARTER'S

placid ones upon the table, came the dusky-haired girl. Standing beside Jerry in silence, she looked down upon them long, her eyes wet with sudden tears.

"Fayre," said Jerry, shakenly, "my darling, my little friend who has been lost so long, tell me their names."

"Mama Stauffer—" she managed—"she's been good to me when she wasn't frightened. . . ."

"Never mind them," said Jerry very low. "Don't think of them. You can deal with them as you like . . . later. Think of yourself, Fayre. Think of me. I knew you that very first night in the lantern light. And again when the sun brought out the russet in your hair. I've loved you all my life. Think of . . . us . . . my darling . . . and tell me their names."

Wonderingly, reverently, the dusky-haired girl touched the pink gingham dress, the placid face.

"This one," she said slowly, "is A. B. C."

"Why, of course," laughed Jerry, his own eyes wet and shining. "Who else could the pink one be but A. B. C.? Of course she's A. B. C. But the blue one, Fayre, I can't remember myself—when Mr. Carson and I found them under the window seat with their silver bracelets all brown and tarnished—you remember their silver bracelets, Fayre, with their names inside?—Mr. Carson slipped them into his pocket, even I wasn't allowed to see; and I can't remember the blue one; I've been racking my brains. . . . Tell me the blue one, Fayre—"

Leaning over the table the dusky-haired girl gathered the placid two up into her arms, held them tight against her breast. Over the blue sunbonnet, her eyes met Jerry Hammond's and dazzled him.

"The blue one," said Miss Alison Fayre Gower, "is Chuddy Lal of Bagdad."

And so Miss Sadie Podinsky received her startling wedding-gift—the bungalow on the hill and the garage which is empty only when Miss Sadie Podinsky and her husband go for a ride.

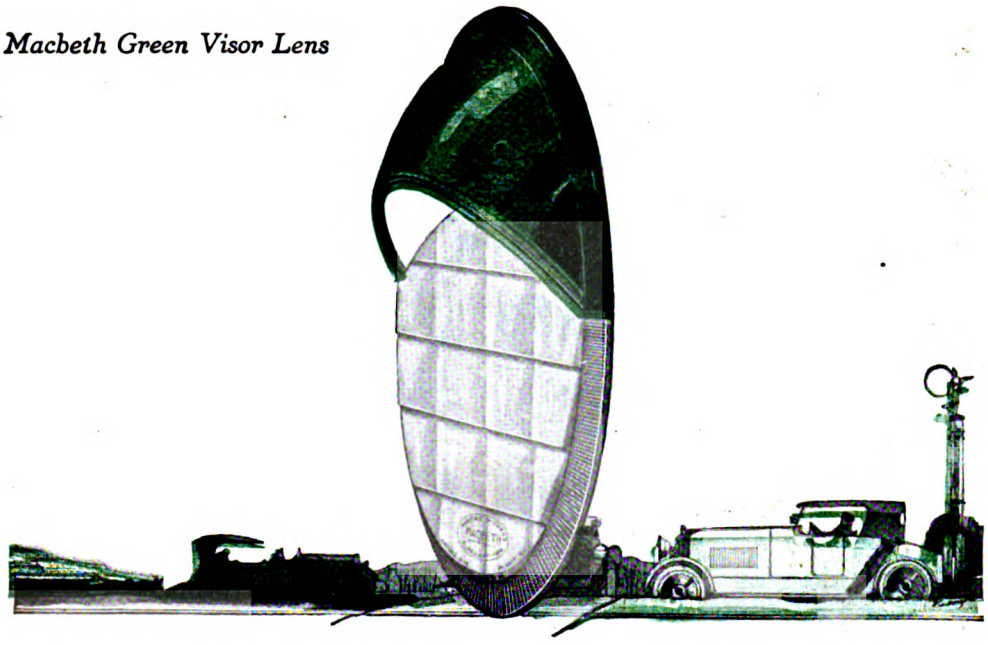
On the 7:50 Express

(*Continued from page 15*)

taught to look out for himself, and whom Bill couldn't possibly consider capable of taking care of himself yet. And Tony didn't want to change that.

He didn't want to offer the money to Bill, even if Bill would take it. How could anything be the same after that, though Connie and Bill might continue to live opposite and Bill and he take the same train down in the morning? Janet and he couldn't drop in across the street in the old way; and Connie and Bill wouldn't walk into Tony's house as before. They wouldn't make up their familiar, scrappy matches at the golf club, during the play of which Bill would lecture Tony on his mistakes; why, that was three fourths of the game! And what would be the fun of being just on time for the train without Bill feeling that he could bawl him out? And how could they play bridge any more, with Bill silenced by that twenty thousand dollars from Tony? No; Tony simply could not do it.

Macbeth Green Visor Lens



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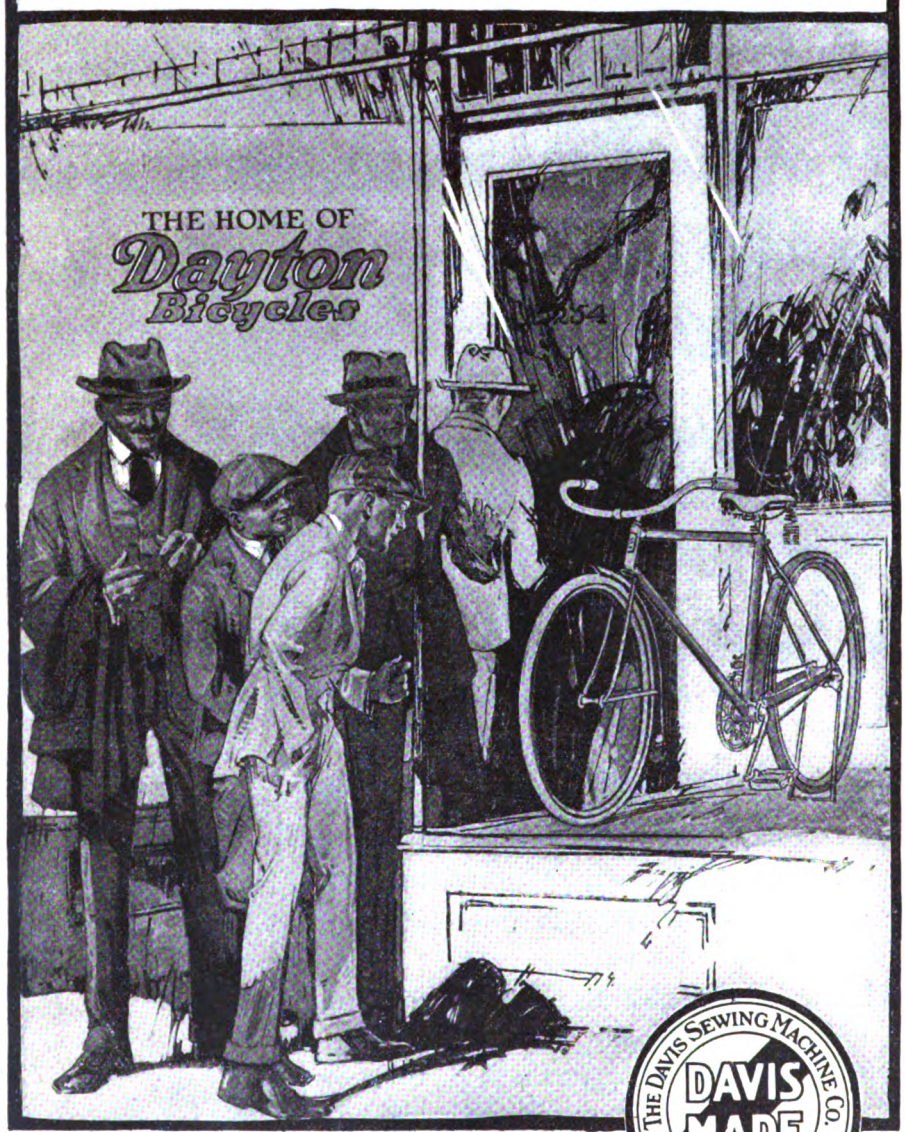
Will be celebrated by Dayton dealers throughout the United States, marking the 25th anniversary of

Dayton Bicycles



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"Ride a Bicycle"

So, like Guy and Henry, he had to let things drift, while Bill offered his car for sale in the city and the agent of the local real estate office went through the Colonial house and began driving up with people to show through it. And the morning came when Bill dropped out of the game on the 7:50.

He did it in exactly the manner that Tony expected. Bill didn't make excuses about it or offer any explanation which would make it harder for his friends, as well as for himself. He simply began taking the 7:28 to the city instead of the 7:50.

"It's not an express, you know," Tony said that night when he talked things over again with Janet. "It gets him to the office hardly ten minutes earlier; he just does it to dodge us."

"Connie's dodging me, too, mornings," Janet said. "We used to go down to the market together; now she doesn't want us to know what she's ordering."

After dinner that evening, the telephone bell rang and Selma announced that Mr. Clyde wanted to speak to Mr. Mercer. Clyde was secretary and chairman of the membership committee of the golf club; and at Selma's announcement Tony started as though he had been struck. Very slowly and reluctantly he went to the 'phone.

"Hello, Mercer," said Clyde. "Remember, I told you I'd let you know the first vacancy for your friend Mead. Well, to-day I got a membership posted for sale."

"Whose?" asked Tony hollowly.

"Seymour's; of course we're awfully sorry to lose him, but—"

Tony let the receiver fall out of his hand and it dangled by the wall while Clyde went on talking. "Damn!" Tony cursed heartfully to himself, while he ground his heel into Janet's new Chinese rug. "Oh, damn!" When, at last, the hanging receiver ceased to chatter, Tony picked it up and told Clyde he was ever so much obliged, and of course would 'phone his friend Mead at once.

BUT Tony did not; he went from the telephone to his front window, where he stood staring at the house across the street. It was gayly lighted down-stairs, for this was the birthday of Lydia, Bill's eldest child; there had been a "party" in the afternoon, which was ending with supper now. Tony's and Janet's Alice and Teddy were over there, and little Mary Bolton, and Sammy and Josephine Leonard, and other children of the neighborhood. A room up-stairs also was alight and Tony watched its window most intently. It was the room where Bill had his writing desk, and where he always worked when he had too much to finish at the office. It wasn't at all like Bill to be up there working with the children's party below, and pretty soon the light went out. Almost immediately afterward, the Mercer telephone bell rang.

"It's Connie," Janet called to Tony when she had replied. "The children are having their ice cream now, dear. Connie wants us to come over."

Tony put out his hand to his wife, who clasped it as they started across the street. Always at the end of a children's party when the ice cream was being served, Janet called to Connie and Will, er Connie called to Janet and Tony to "come over." Bill was down-stairs now

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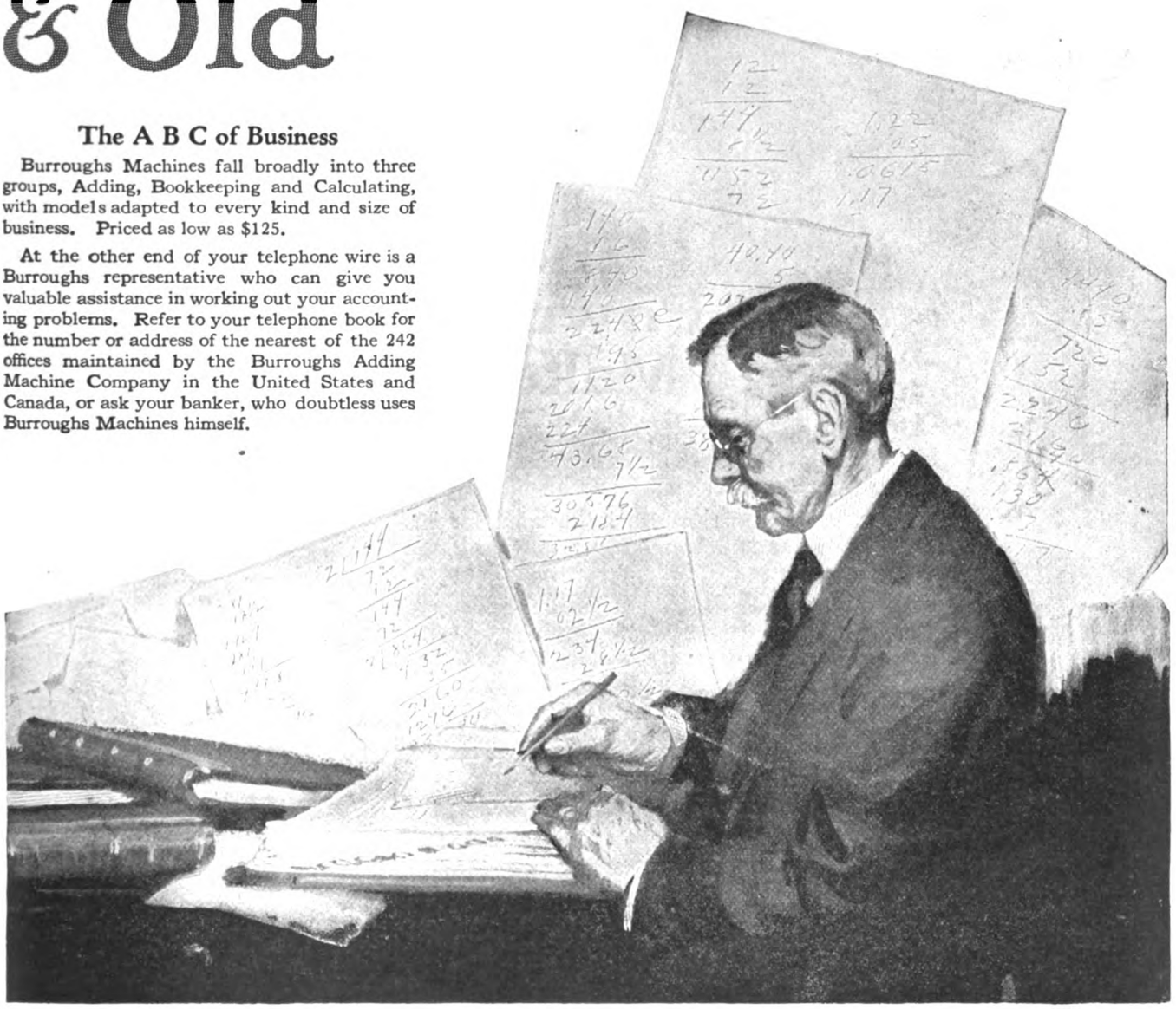

Burroughs

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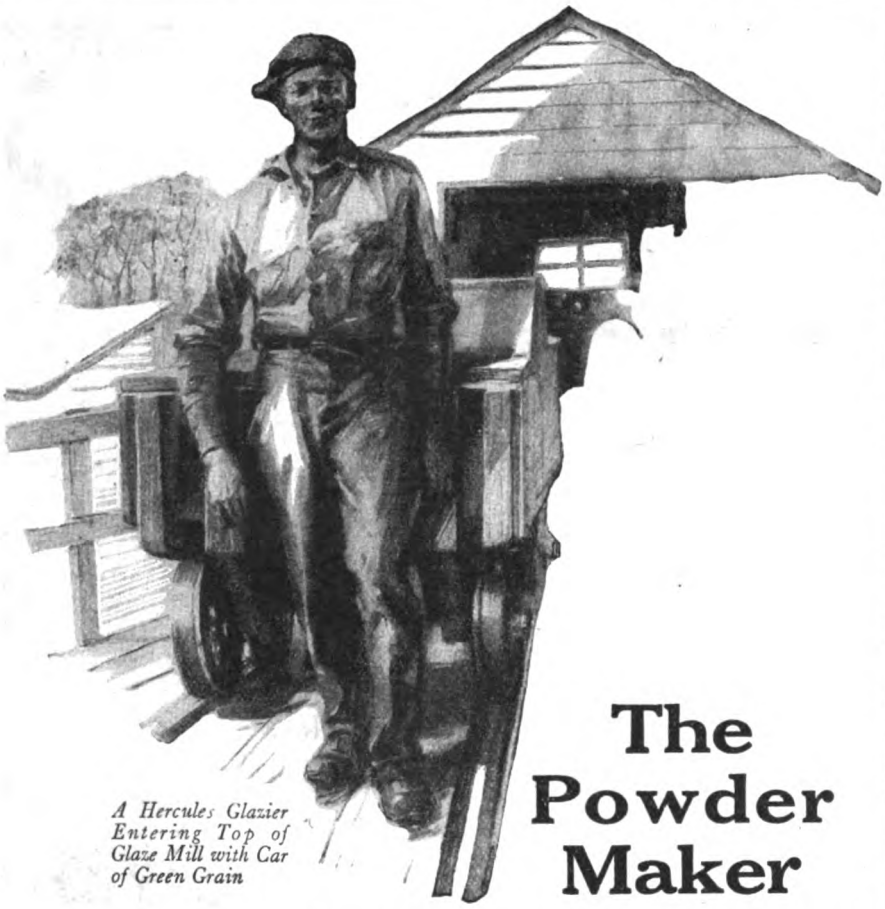

A Hercules Glazier Entering Top of Glaze Mill with Car of Green Grain

The Powder Maker

Considering how important his work is to the public, it is fitting that more should be known about the powder maker and his job.

The characteristics which fit him for his work are as largely mental as physical, and the work itself develops his acuteness of mind—his powers of observation, judgment and decision.

The powder worker trained in the school of the Hercules plants learns to take in all his surroundings at a glance. If he enters one of the small buildings on a dynamite or black powder line nothing escapes him. He sees instantly many things which the casual observer might gaze at for minutes without noticing.

A large part of the explosives used in the United States, and much that is used in foreign countries, is made by the men in twelve Hercules plants—four for dynamite and eight for black blasting powder.

Behind all our manufacturing industries and our railroads, behind all the useful and beautiful objects fashioned out of metals—from hob nails to scarf pins, and from steam shovels to limousines—stands the powder worker. Without the explosives he supplies — hundreds of millions of pounds annually—the miner's efforts to move the vast inert bodies of ore and coal would be as futile as the scratching of hands.

HERCULES POWDER CO

Chicago, St. Louis, New York
Pittsburg, Kan., Denver, Hazleton, Pa.
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and met them at the door with his steady, friendly handshake; he looked precisely the same as always; at least, he was doing his best to appear the same quiet, confident man whom his children and his friends and neighbors knew; but to-night there was, to Tony at least, something a bit desperate in his calm gray eyes; "hunted" was the way Tony inadequately described it to himself.

There were prizes, a ring and a quarter hidden in the cake which went with the ice cream; and Bill cautiously warned the children against biting too hard. In the merriment consequent upon finding the prizes, Connie remembered that Will had brought home colored paper caps for the children.

"He must have left them in his study, Tony," Connie said, her hands full of the plates she was passing. "Can you fetch them for me?"

TONY ran up-stairs and turned on the light in the study. A package tied with string lay upon the side of the desk, and as Tony picked it up, his eyes half consciously caught the name V. H. Landon, vice president of a bank, at the top of a letter, and some figures and writing below, which told Tony plainly that Bill, before giving up, was making a last attempt to obtain funds.

Tony had one of those memories which photograph rows of figures in the mind at a glance. He switched off the light and got down-stairs again before anyone but Janet missed him.

The next day he took no action as a consequence of this inspection of his neighbor's accounts, except to locate an acquaintance who knew V. H. Landon well and who would telephone Landon about Anthony Mercer. This acquaintance did so well that, when Tony called at the bank the following morning, Landon apparently knew not only about Tony himself but about the very satisfying condition of the Mercer Paint Company; and Tony was ushered immediately into the inner office.

"You want to see us about a loan?" Landon himself suggested business agreeably after their first small talk. "About fifty thousand?" he inquired. "Seventy-five thousand?"

"Twenty thousand will do," Tony corrected. "But not for Mercer Paints; for the Seymour Washing Machine Company."

Landon's expression suddenly altered, and he glanced, frowning slightly, at a pile of papers on his desk, part of which Tony had seen before on Bill Seymour's desk at home.

"Oh! I did not understand you were connected with them," he said. "The Seymour Company affairs are—different."

Tony felt himself flushing, and was so ashamed of himself that he went warmer. He was experiencing what he knew was only a small part of the rebuffs which old Bill had been undergoing for the last several weeks. Tony had a hot impulse to proclaim to this suddenly cold person that he was connected with Seymour Company and that Bill's affairs were his, too. But, of course, he could not.

"No," said Tony. "I'm not connected with them. I'm only a friend and a neighbor of Seymour's. I live across the street, you see," he added somewhat simply. "We've known each other since we

were boys. He hasn't told me that he applied to you for a loan yesterday; but I happen to know it. Now, are you going to grant it?"

"THEN I understand, Mr. Mercer," Landon said, still more puzzled, "that you called at your own instance, not at Mr. Seymour's, to discuss with me his affairs. Surely you must know—"

"I do," Tony admitted. "I know it's awfully irregular; and I know now, too, that you aren't going to recommend that loan. That is, Mr. Landon," Tony corrected, smiling in his disarming way. "that is, you weren't. Were you?"

"No," said Landon, replying in spite of himself. "No." He seemed to want to learn now what this extraordinary caller would do.

"However, you ought to," said Tony. "Not on his balance sheet, I admit; but on the man himself. If you just knew Seymour, and what he's been up against, you'd do it and know there was no risk. . . But banks seldom pay dividends that way—that's why I came around to see you. I'd like to lend that money to the Seymour Washing Machine Company; but, Bill—I beg your pardon, Mr. Landon; I meant Seymour—wouldn't take it from me. So, when I happened to find out that he was applying here for a loan, I came around to see you to work out a way of getting to him the money that he needs. I'll sign any note you want; or I'll leave Liberty bonds for collateral." Tony began pulling bonds from his pockets, "or anything else, so it may be arranged safely for you and he get the money, and not know that I was in it at all. That absolutely has to be, you understand, or he won't touch the money. He's a banking proposition, is William Seymour, and I want this bank—not just me—to tell him so; you can see that, can't you? You can tell that to a good man, particularly when it's fixed so there's no risk to you. I'll take the risk, for I know with Bill there isn't any"

And soon the banker saw it; so clearly, indeed, that twenty minutes later, when Tony had signed his name to certain papers which were to be secretly filed in the bank's vaults with papers which William Seymour was to sign, and when Tony was ready to leave, Landon had Tony shown out a side door so that he would run no danger of meeting in the bank Mr. William Seymour, who had an appointment in ten minutes to call upon Mr. Landon in the matter of his application for a loan.

Tony called up Janet as soon as he got back to his office and, not daring to name the business over the 'phone, he told her that he had "attended to that matter we talked about, and he thought it was going to be all right." But he was more than a bit shaky about it; and she was shaky, too. For they both knew that, with the least slip which might cause Bill to suspect, he wouldn't take the money, and they would have ruined relations forever.

Early in the afternoon Tony called up Landon, only to learn that the banker had gone for the day. Tony didn't dare inquire of anyone else at the bank; and as he didn't dare to talk to Bill about anything at all, he was on tenterhooks all day. He and Bill seldom took the same train home in the evening, and to-night was no

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exception. In fact, Bill did not come home in the evening at all. Instead, Connie went down-town after dinner to meet Bill, as Tony learned through his children. Connie might do this to go to the theatre; or she might have gone again in the evening to help Bill at the office; she'd done that a good deal recently.

"Well," said Tony, as he lay in bed that night, "in the morning I'll know." And he was sure exactly how the knowledge would come to him. If Bill still went out for the 7:28 he'd know what had happened; but if Bill—

PROMPTLY at 7:38 the next morning, the front door of the Seymour home opened and William Seymour emerged, hat and coat on and faultlessly brushed, with his gloves buttoned and all ready for the city.

From her place at the breakfast table of the house next door, Mary Bolton observed her neighbor's start and called to her husband. "Why, Guy, Will's waited for the 7:50 this morning. You've only a few minutes more, dear."

"Good old Bill!" said Guy, starting up, instantly realizing that this must mean some change in his friend's fortunes. "He's getting his nerve again. I knew he would. You can't hold Bill down!" He boasted of his friend and sidled around the table, kissed Mary twice, and, grabbing up his overcoat, hurried out and whistled for Henry Leonard.

Three minutes later, Mr. Anthony Mercer dashed out of his bungalow across the street and loped along, just beginning to get into his coat as he passed the Seymour's trim and dignified Colonial home. A letter or two dropped from his pocket as he ran, so he had to go back, and this return made more of a sporting event than usual of his race to the station.

However, he succeeded in catching the last car just before the train cleared the station. Consequently, he was breathing harder than usual as he triumphantly walked forward through the train and at last reached the seats where Bill and Guy and Hank were sitting, just as they used to do, with a card table before them.

"Good morning!" Bill greeted him just as he used to do, looking up with relief and, also, with frank disgust. "I say, Tony, do you realize the risk you run in jumping on a train in motion the way you do? Suppose you missed the step?"

"What'd happen?" Tony returned, his heart pounding in his throat from something more than the exertion of running, "when I always flip the last step of the last car?"

"All right; deal the cards," Bill gave up that argument hopelessly. "But, Tony, when you're playing with me this morning and have a four-card suit, for heaven's sake don't bid it up to three and then, when you're doubled, don't redouble!"

"Why not, Bill?" Tony managed tauntingly. "Didn't I get away with it when—"

"Once against me!" Bill admitted fairly, as he always did. "That's the danger with you. That's why I'm telling you. You try a freak thing, against all rules, get away with it once and so you—" And, as Bill went on telling, Tony settled down, incapable of replying because of the lump in his throat over everything being so right again in his world.

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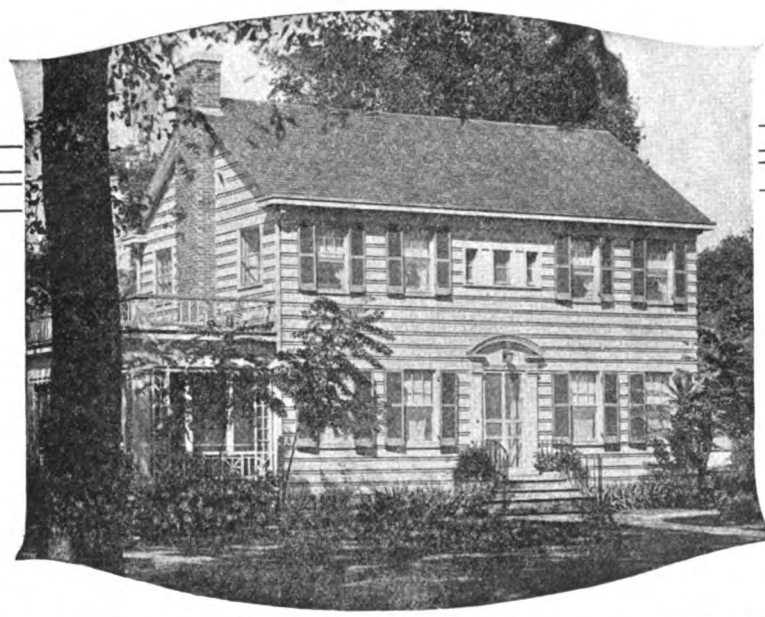

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Purposely Made For Every Purpose

Why I Am Glad I Married a Suffragist

(*Continued from page 49*)

of the League of Nations without my doing all the talking; and when we go to a ball game and the batter goes to first on balls, I don't turn sky-blue-pink explaining to her what it means. She's not all fussed up with sticky housework, and we don't keep fifteen servants, either, to do her work. The brain training she acquires by reasoning out why Tom Ryan ought to be kicked out of the Board of Health enables her to plan her work, so that by eleven o'clock her kitchen is spotless, and she's got the rest of the day to herself—and *me*—without cramming things out of sight in drawers and sweeping the remains of the pup's breakfast under the rug.

In short, I've decided my wife is becoming a bigger, broader, brainier woman through knowing how to look beyond the four walls of her house. And if woman suffrage is responsible—which in its proper place I consider proportionately so—I'm strong for it.

I'VE heard a lot of men say they have no use for clever women, meaning, of course, brainy women. But I have taken notice that most of these chaps would never take a prize for cleverness themselves. Most of them earn about fifteen a week, and their domestic partners have to work like a second-story burglar to pry loose two dollars to pay the ice man. The cleverer a woman is, the better wife she makes—at least that's been my experience. I've noticed that the fellows who marry the uneducated girls, out of contempt for the others, are simply afraid they'll draw a woman they couldn't measure up to, or keep pace with.

Last summer, when our second little girl was five years old, Mary Ann and I took our belated honeymoon. We went to Japan. It was primarily a matter of business with me, but Mary Ann and I refused to look at it that way. We were a couple of kids out for a lark, with the added pleasure of having graduated somewhat from the seasons of sophomoric sentiment. And it was on this trip, which took us nearly around the world before it ended, that I had my eyes opened still wider in the matter of how Mary Ann had been coming on since she became one of those unspeakably unladylike suffragists.

The way that the Missus held up her end, and played politics for me in getting the literary material I had been sent after, made me look to myself. I saw her in a score of rather dizzy situations, but I never saw her stumped. It came to me with a sort of oozy uneasiness that she could put it all over me when it came to foreign conditions and the causes thereof; and ever and anon, when I delved for the explanation, I found it had come about by her "interests," which had occupied her time and attention with other brainy women in those multitudinous hours which she had spent, as the big majority of disgruntled males would say, "outside her home."

I soon began to rise up and call the suffrage lectures and women's study clubs and civic improvement classes blessed. My wife was keeping pace with me with a vengeance. It was myself that had to watch out and keep from growing narrow. And yet I maintain that Mary Ann has nothing that a million other average women could not acquire if they were so minded, and their husbands were not so short-sighted.

I call to mind a certain man of my acquaintance who declaims a lot about "woman's place is in the home." He married a girl above the average in brains and refinement. He had a brilliant future before him, and might have had one of the happiest marital experiences that ever happened. Let's call him Seavers.

Seavers and his wife started out pulling together in fine shape. He saved his money—or his wife did—and they bought a house. He prospered in business and began to rise. You know the result. She stayed in her home and looked after their kids—conscientious to the point of a fault. He was out in business life, rubbing up against people, broadening out, getting an entirely different viewpoint on life. And pretty soon his wife commenced to jar on him. She became little more than a household servant—except that she didn't cost as much! He walked down-town with me one night after he'd had a fracas. And he wanted sympathy.

"Your wife's got brains!" he lamented. "Mine is nothing but—well, just a wife. You went away South last winter and were gone a month. And your wife ran your daily paper in your absence. Mine couldn't run anything more complicated than a perambulator, and if the wheel came off of that she couldn't do anything better than send for something to tow her home. Gosh!" said he. "Some guys get all the good things of life. And some just pick lemons!"

It was this same man whom I later heard, in a cigar store one night, making boorish fun of the great suffrage leader, Mrs. Catt, indulging in cheap jokes about her name, declaring that she was responsible for all the domestic dissatisfaction in existence at present, because she and her like were stirring the women up to discontent and an exercise of their "rights."

Just watch these men who are talking about the "woman's rights" and lambasting the real one hundred per cent women, and see if they're not very often the ones who have messed the job of matrimony themselves. Then, if you're in that class yourself, do some thinking.

I KNOW some quarters wherein this article will kick up some cosmic dust, and be accepted in a host of ways but the way in which it is intended. A lot of men will call me an ass; some will be kinder, and merely ask if I've got the only perfect woman that ever escaped from Adam's left side. But there again they'll have me wrong. I'm not calling my wife perfect, or claiming I've any monopoly on how to emerge from matrimony without scars. Mary Ann and I have our differences, and I've been known to go out of the house several times and bang the door. I like to swell up and think how, if I died with lapsed life insurance, she'd go to the poorhouse and what a loss there would be to the universe, and to Mary Ann in particular.

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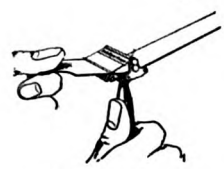

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No skill in stropping is necessary to renew the fine keen edge of the AutoStrop Razor blade. Just slip the strop through the razor head and pass the razor back and forth along the strop. You don't have to take the razor apart, nor even remove the blade.

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AutoStrop Razor

—sharpens itself

But I'm kidding myself, and all the time I know it. I happened to pick a good girl to start with, and my business was such that Mary Ann could jog along with me, not to mention a worthy desire on her part to hold up her end and make the most of her advantages. But I am saying to the boys, who condole with me because Mary Ann is up to her neck in suffrage, and who think, therefore, my supper is eaten out of the fireless cooker when I come down from my study in the mid-afternoon, that they'd sympathize with a fellow who'd been left a million dollars.

I'm married to a suffragist, and am glad of it. I've found that a woman with brains and inclination to look beyond her home and at the welfare of society at large is a pearl beyond price, and that the chaps who doubt it are only kidding themselves.

"THE Joys of Single Blessedness" is the subject of an interesting article next month by a middle-aged man who has never married. These "joys," by the way, are not all that some people claim for them—if we may take this man's experience as a fair criterion.

The Only Way to Prove the Existence of Spirits

(*Continued from page 55*)

true. You don't know anything *about* the next world.

"If you should sit down at the ouija board and receive a whole volume of communications about the future state, purporting to come from your father, it has no evidential value. When you die, if your memory survives, you can prove or disprove that information and can perhaps find out whether your father gave it to you. You certainly cannot do it now.

"If his alleged spirit tells you nothing else, you have no proof that he had anything to do with the performance. It may be a psychic phenomenon of some sort. But it is not evidence that your father communicated with you. He must tell you things about *this* world, and about *his life in this world*, so that you can prove that they are true and that they could come *only* from *him*.

"On the other hand, if an alleged spirit, who claimed to be your father, told you that on December 16th, 1889, he bought a copy of Emerson's Essays, wrote his name and the date on the fly leaf, and sent it to his cousin George in Sacramento; if this fact was previously unknown to you or to the medium; and if you write to your California relatives, whom you have never seen, and ask if such a book is in existence, and if you later receive a letter saying that the cousin mentioned is dead, but after considerable search the book described has been found in a box in the attic—*then* you would have something that might be regarded as evidential.

"But a single such incident would not prove that spirits survive and that we can communicate with them. A mass of such incidents, however, cannot be set aside.

"If, for instance, you went to a second medium, and your father claimed to be present and referred again to this book, telling you that the day after he bought it he joined such and such a church—of which you had never before heard—that the pastor's name was Grant, and that a woman named Wilson joined at the same time, and if you investigated and found these assertions to be correct—as you might by hunting up the church and its records—your evidence would be assuming genuine scientific value.

"STATEMENTS of trivial facts like the above are important because they *are* so trivial that they have passed out of the present consciousness of living persons, and yet may be verified. If the spirit of General Grant claimed to be present at a séance and enumerated the battles in which he had been engaged, the 'communication' would have no evidential value; because the medium—or whoever claimed to be receiving the information from General Grant—could easily have got that list of battles from other sources. But if the general's alleged spirit tells of some trivial incident which cannot be known to the psychic or to the sitter, but which proves, on investigation, to be true, then that little incident becomes of evidential value.

"Scientific investigators pay attention to these apparently trivial communications because it is only through these statements, which can be verified, that you can identify an alleged spirit. It is only by getting more and more of such statements that you can build up the proof of identity.

"Scientific investigators also try to obtain further corroboration by means of cross-references."

"Just what do you mean by cross-references?" I interrupted.

"Getting the same message from two mediums without any chance of collusion; or requesting, through one medium, that a spirit communicator give a specified message through another medium. We have had many interesting results in both these kinds of cross-reference. Some of them are so elaborate that it would take pages to explain them. However, as a simple example you might give one of several experiments in connection with Mark Twain.

"While I was in Saint Louis a few years ago, Mark Twain purported to communicate, through Mrs. Hutchings and Mrs. Hays, and gave a password, 'Sesame,' to be used in other experiments. No one, except two ladies, Mr. Hutchings, and myself, knew of this experience. I went from Saint Louis to Toledo, intending to try to get this password through Miss Burton, a medium through whom I had previously experimented. No one in Saint Louis knew I was going to Toledo; and no one in Toledo knew of the Saint Louis occurrence. In the sitting with Miss Burton I got 'M. T. Sesame,' written in the air in letters of fire. This was repeated several times. Later, in Boston, in experiments with Mrs. Chenoweth, Mark Twain purported to communi-

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cate, and referred enigmatically to the password. Then one of the controls helped him, and in connection with his name gave the words 'Open Sesame.' That is one instance of a cross-reference. In this case, it came through two mediums after having been suggested through a third one. No communication between them in regard to it could possibly have taken place.

"The trouble with both the skeptic and the credulous is that they do not use critical, but constructive, methods in their investigations. The skeptics believe nothing—and the credulous believe anything! Both pay too much attention to physical phenomena. The skeptic dismisses table tipping, automatic writing and similar manifestations, as mere 'tricks'; although, if he would take the trouble, he would find that they do occur. The credulous regards them as conclusive proof of the presence of spirits.

"But, in themselves, these phenomena are no proof at all. Physical manifestations of this kind are no more evidence of the existence of spirits than many other physical happenings. We understand the laws governing these *other* happenings, and therefore we say we can explain them. But levitation, raps, and phenomena of that sort, may also be governed by laws which we have not yet discovered. They are not evidence of the action of spirits, although they may sometimes be accompanied by such evidence.

"The fact that a table climbs into your lap, or that you hear voices, or see lights should bring absolutely no conviction to your mind of the existence of spirits, *unless* these phenomena are accompanied by the communication of facts which will establish the *personal identity* of the spirit claiming to give them.

"A good deal of automatic writing and of the results obtained with the ouija board may be due to unconscious muscular control. Even what cannot be explained on that theory, or perhaps on any other known theory of normal action, is not accepted as evidential by scientists, unless the *content* of the communication is supernormal and establishes the identity of the alleged spirit. And it must do this in such a way that it can be verified, and, by repeated experiments, obtained by cross-reference through other sources, fitted together to form something genuinely evidential.

"This is not done by amateurs; and that is why their experiments are practically worthless. The same thing is true of the reports given by the average person concerning any alleged spiritistic experience. The Society for Psychical Research asks for and receives thousands of these reports; but very few of them are properly made.

"IF SOMETHING happens in your experience, which you cannot explain, and which suggests to you the influence of discarnate spirits, make an exact record of it immediately. Put down the date, the hour, the place. Get the names and, if possible, the signatures of every person concerned. Get the signed testimony of all witnesses. At the time the thing happens, whatever it is, describe the occurrence to someone else, make a written record of this, and have it dated and signed by this other person and by your-

self. Send these records to the society, and an investigation will be made."

"Do you advise people to attempt experiments themselves?" I asked.

"No! The best thing the average person can do is to leave it alone and to put the matter into the hands of trained investigators. In the first place, the results these amateurs get are worth little as evidence, because amateurs do not discriminate as to what *is* evidential. And, in the second place, they are dealing with forces they do not understand, and the consequences are sometimes disastrous to them. Such experiments have resulted in serious mental disturbance.

"When it comes to accepting spirit communications as genuine, there is one objection urged by a great many persons. They say they cannot understand why these messages should be halting, often confused, sometimes contradictory.

"The explanation is very complicated, but anyone can understand that it is partly due to the fact that the method of communication is indirect. A message claims to originate, we will say, with your father. But it passes through the consciousness of the control, and then through the mind of the medium, before it reaches you. It is somewhat like the passage of a ray of light through successive prisms, or through successive plates of differently colored glass. In that case, the ray is deflected, or it takes on a quite different color.

"If you wanted to send a message to a friend in another part of town, and you telephoned it to one person, and asked him to telephone it to a second one, and have that one repeat it to your friend, you can quite understand that when delivered it would be a distorted version of your original message, especially if the two intermediaries were strangers who were giving a message about something of which they knew nothing; and, also, if they were perhaps not at all like you in their mental habits or their mode of speech.

"IN ADDITION, it must be understood that the medium may receive the impression of *any* thought, even the most fleeting one, in the consciousness of the spirit communicating. When living persons talk to us, we hear only what they *say*. We do not get these fugitive thoughts. And yet if you analyze your own mental processes, you will find that there is a constant succession of what may be called secondary thoughts running through your mind, even while you are talking. The spirit does not speak, in so many words, to the medium. It is his thoughts she receives. And she gets these fugitive ones along with the rest, which accounts for much of the incoherence and confusion.

"Another cause of apparent distrust, and even of irritation to many persons, is the fact that Indians are so much to the fore as controls of mediums. I have often been asked for an explanation of this fact. The only way I can account for it is that a disembodied spirit retains certain characteristics of its previous existence here. For example, the Indians lived close to nature—to the physical world. It is therefore easier for them after death to resume contact with this physical world.

"This seems to be true in general. For instance, Professor James was a man who

HAIR THAT STAYS YOUNG
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MEN and women with healthy hair and scalp very often do not realize the hair's need of systematic attention. The result is that sooner or later they find themselves suffering from dandruff or some equally insidious form of scalp disease.

Straightway they regret their carelessness and set about restoring their hair to its former healthy state. This may take time for Nature does not readily forgive transgression of her laws.

As a result of long neglect, the scalp glands and tissues are "run down" and unresponsive. The cells need systematic building up.

Systematic shampooing is of great benefit in stimulating the sluggish scalp cells to a proper sense of their responsibility. A good soap for this purpose is Packer's Tar Soap, which has stood the test of forty-odd years' use and is still made according to the original formula.

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Systematic care is the price of healthy hair—so don't relax your efforts—but observe shampoo time with faithful regularity. And be sure to follow the simple directions which come with every cake of Packer's Tar Soap. This way lies scalp cleanliness, the recognized basis of lasting hair health.

Packer's Tar Soap is very easy to obtain. The drug store that does not sell it is a rare exception. But perhaps you would like to try a sample. A half-cake will be sent you on receipt of 10c.

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An interesting and helpful Manual is issued by The Packer Manufacturing Company, embodying the results of their own experience during the past forty-odd years, together with the best of current medical opinion as compiled by a New York physician. A copy of this practical treatise, "The Hair and Scalp—Modern Care and Treatment," is sent free on request. You will be glad to own a copy.

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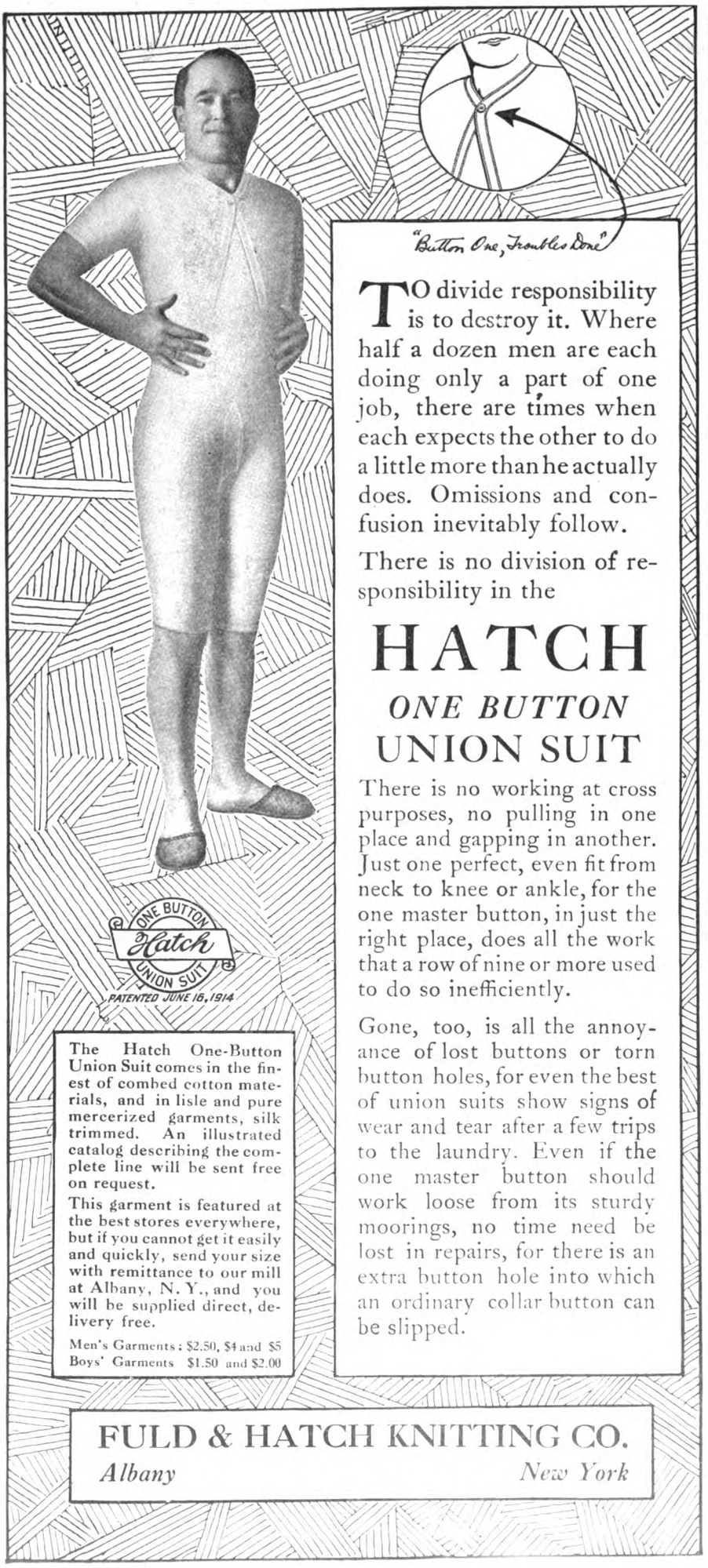

TO divide responsibility is to destroy it. Where half a dozen men are each doing only a part of one job, there are times when each expects the other to do a little more than he actually does. Omissions and confusion inevitably follow.

There is no division of responsibility in the

HATCH
ONE BUTTON
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There is no working at cross purposes, no pulling in one place and gapping in another. Just one perfect, even fit from neck to knee or ankle, for the one master button, in just the right place, does all the work that a row of nine or more used to do so inefficiently.

Gone, too, is all the annoyance of lost buttons or torn button holes, for even the best of union suits show signs of wear and tear after a few trips to the laundry. Even if the one master button should work loose from its sturdy moorings, no time need be lost in repairs, for there is an extra button hole into which an ordinary collar button can be slipped.

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This garment is featured at the best stores everywhere, but if you cannot get it easily and quickly, send your size with remittance to our mill at Albany, N. Y., and you will be supplied direct, delivery free.

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was mentally active but physically anemic. And he is a poor communicator now. Doctor Hodgson had a greater physical development, but he was also a man whose mental powers were highly organized; and he had difficulty in entering, after his death, what he called our 'wretched atmosphere; although later this became easier for him. His friend, George Pelham, however, had been a full-bodied, eupeptic man and he was a good communicator.

"There are many curious cases showing that when people die their memories of conditions during their lifetime are revived when they again come into contact with the physical world. I recall a young girl, a medium, who used to try to choke herself when she was in a trance. I took her to another medium for a sitting, and on that occasion the girl remained perfectly normal, but the second medium had a choking sensation and I myself coughed so violently I thought I should have to give up the sitting. I found later that this strange condition was supposed to be due to the spirit who was communicating—a young man who had died of tuberculosis and who had felt a horror of his cough.

"When I asked the control, who told us this, if such things continued to trouble the spirits for so long a time after death, he said, 'No; it does not trouble them unless they come back into contact with the physical world, thus bringing back the memory of these past experiences.'

"It is probably similar to what would happen if you went back to the house where you were a child. The environment would bring the recollection of many experiences you have forgotten.

"HERE is another curious circumstance: I know a medium who, in her normal state, cannot take a tablespoonful of wine without becoming intoxicated. Under control this medium drank a pint of whisky without feeling the slightest effect.

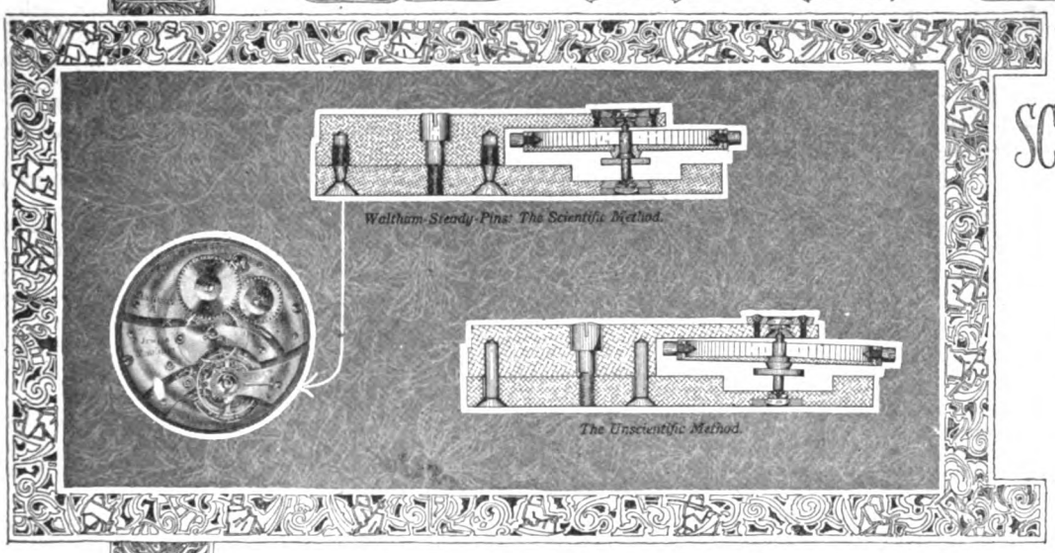
"Another example, which may strike you as amusing, is that of Mrs. Chenoweth, one of whose controls is an Indian girl named Starlight. Mrs. Chenoweth dislikes strawberries and in her normal state will not touch them. Starlight, however, was extremely fond of strawberries. So Mr. Chenoweth occasionally brings home strawberries for Starlight! In a trance condition, under Starlight's control, Mrs. Chenoweth eats the strawberries with evident enjoyment.

"Taken by themselves, these things of course have no evidential value. The same results are obtained under hypnosis. They are interesting only if you concede that the existence of the spirits involved has already been proved by evidence which is scientifically admissible.

"If that has been done, then these circumstances may have some value in determining the characteristics of the spirit—the 'stream of consciousness'; which is the way in which I define personality. It is this stream of consciousness which survives after death, if there is such a survival."

"You admit," I said, "that there is no single piece of evidence which, taken by itself, is proof of the existence of spirits, but that we must accumulate a mass of these evidential facts. Do you feel that a sufficient mass has *been* accumulated to justify your believing?"

PROOF



THE MOST SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH IN THE WORLD

Waltham Scientific "Steady Pins" that Mean So Much to You in Time-keeping Accuracy

TO the marvels of Waltham machinery, to the mechanical superiorities of fundamental units in the Waltham Watch, we are going to add another chapter.

We are going to prove by illustrated example that Waltham *is* the watch that placed America first in watchmaking, that its mechanism *does* contain scientific superiorities which are the reasons for Waltham leadership —

Tiny units involving years of study, of invention that are related to Waltham precision, time-keeping and durability.

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Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy
Maximus movement
21 jewels
Riverside movement
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"Yes; after years of careful investigation, I have found no other theory, acceptable to me, which satisfactorily explains a large number of occurrences. The spiritistic theory does explain them. I cannot account for them in any other way. And the spiritistic theory also explains certain obscure phases of other phenomena, which we are able to account for partly, but not wholly, as normal occurrences.

"For example, the English Society for Psychical Research has for years carried on experiments in telepathy. Among the persons with whom these experiments were conducted were two ladies, Miss Miles and Miss Ramsden.

"WHEN I investigated the facts, I found that certain features of these occurrences could *not* be explained by telepathy. In her correspondence with me, Miss Miles happened to mention the fact that she always knew when her telepathic message had reached Miss Ramsden, by the raps she heard. She would persist in the thought she was trying to transmit until she heard these raps.

"Raps, however, are not produced by telepathy! Thought cannot be transmitted to a material object, such as a table, or a chair. So here was another phenomenon present, not traceable to telepathy. Yet it was associated with the telepathy and was directed by an intelligence of some sort.

"Intervention of spirits might account for it. I do not insist that they do. I am at sea about it. But it might. In fact, certain alleged communications from the spirits themselves make this claim.

"Mrs. Verrall, a well-known English medium, who was a teacher of Greek and Latin in an English college, died in July, 1916. She had believed in telepathy between the living, but she had believed also in spirits, because of the occurrence of some incidents which she could *not* explain by thought transference.

"In the September following her death, she purported to communicate through Mrs. Chenoweth, and on this occasion she referred briefly to telepathy. The next day she brought up the subject again, but said she was not yet ready to make clear her views about it. The following day, she once more referred to it, saying that she was not as sure of the passage of thought between the minds of the living as she had been. She gave a very clear message, referring to her work when living, and added that she had found that more people were involved than she had realized.

"A few days later, and on subsequent occasions, she stated plainly the possibility of the intervention of spirits in every form of telepathy.

"Another case is that of Frank Podmore, formerly a member of the English Society. During his lifetime Mr. Podmore had always inclined to telepathy between the living as an explanation of all alleged spiritistic phenomena. After his death, purporting to communicate through Mrs. Smead, the wife of an American clergyman, Mr. Podmore stated that telepathy was always a message carried by spirits and that they could do it instantly. Mrs. Smead never had seen Mr. Podmore and knew little about him. Mr. Myers, another English investigator of high standing, also purported to communicate through Mrs. Chenoweth, after his death, declaring that telepathy is always a message carried by spirits. This seems a possible and satisfactory explanation of a great many obscure phenomena. I have made experiments myself which have revealed evidence of spirit intervention in cases of telepathy."

"Why is it that most mediums are women?" I asked.

"If you mean that most persons with mediumistic powers are women, that is a mistake. An investigation made by the English Society showed that, out of one hundred persons interrogated, nine men and eleven women were mediumistic. I was present one time in a group where there were two women and nine men. One of the women was a trance medium; the other was not. During the evening neither of the women went into a trance, but seven of the men *did*."

YOU who have read this interview have done so for just one reason! You want to know whether the fathers and mothers, the husbands and wives, the children, the loving and beloved friends—all those who once made your lives rich and beautiful—are still "living" somewhere, still thinking of you, and sometimes able to talk with you.

Now, that you have read Doctor Hyslop's statement, you may say: "But he hasn't proved anything!"

You must remember he is not trying here to give you proof. He himself believes; but he says plainly that he cannot give you any two or three incidents which convinced him. His belief is based on many hundreds of incidents which, *taken together*, seem to him conclusive. These hundreds, even thousands, of incidents are recorded in volumes of elaborate reports. Most of the men who have gathered this evidence feel that it does constitute proof.

All that Doctor Hyslop could do here was to tell you how the scientists go to work and how you can judge your own experiences and those of others. If you experiment with a ouija board, or table tipping, or if you do consult a medium, even against Doctor Hyslop's advice, first study the above article carefully. In reading books on this subject, choose the ones written by scientific men. You are told here how to weigh anything that seems to be evidence. Use that information and your own sense and judgment. You may perhaps uncover things that seem important. But plain credulity will get you nowhere—except perhaps into trouble. The way you can help in the solution of this great question is to follow scientific methods of experimenting as explained above, and to coöperate with the scientists themselves.

"WHAT People Want When They Come to Buy a Home" **is the subject of** an article next month by a man who has had fifty **years of experience as a** builder Interesting observations on human nature are **packed in with information** of great value to all of us—whether we own or **rent our own home.**

How's Your Climate? Have You Got It With You?

(*Continued from page 27*)

it pops out of sight like a baseball down a chimney. Here is the sun; here is the warmth; pop goes the sun; gone is the sun; gone is the warmth.

If I were writing an advertisement I would say, "It then becomes deliciously cool." As I am not specializing in advertising literature at the present moment, I will merely say that the man who can invent a suit of underwear that is sleeveless and legless gauze by day, and that can be transformed, by pressing a button, into full-length, ankle-clasping, all-wool, medium weight at sunset, can make a fortune out here. What is needed is a quarter size, auxiliary sun that will float around at night and take some of the chill off. There is a night now and then that is cool enough not only to break the monotony, but to shatter it.

THE monotony of the eternal sunshine is also broken, now and then, by beneficent rain. Rain, in this land of oranges, is worth a cent per rain drop, and it is always welcome. The only drawback is that it insists on raining about eight million dollars' worth in ten minutes, when it begins.

When rain comes it is apt to adopt the businesslike attitude of a hose with the nozzle off, its motto being: "The greatest amount of water in a given spot in the shortest period of time." The result is about the same as if someone had turned the bathtub upside down suddenly.

When a man has been out in one of these hearty California winter rains for ten minutes without an umbrella he begins to understand why the Pacific Ocean is the largest piece of moisture on record. But he wonders what the sailors are sailing their ships on while the ocean is being used for raining purposes.

I have come to the conclusion, however, that when the southern California winter climate is not engaged in breaking its monotony it is as near perfection as anything can be. I have spells of climatic beatitude, out here, when it does not seem as if I could still be on the same earth where the coal bin is the gnawing care of millions of people and where the snow shovel and the big red mitt go hand in hand, and lead Father, the next day, to feel tenderly of the small of his back and wonder if, perhaps, some of the soreness there isn't kidney trouble, after all.

When I am feeling that way, with the warm January sun shining, and the huge rose bushes hidden by blooms, and the air sweet with the odor of orange blossoms, and my rent paid a month ahead, it would not surprise me to meet, suddenly, someone I knew was dead, and who had been dead a long while, and have him come up to me and say: "Well, how do you like Heaven? How does the climate suit you?"

And if it was in fact Heaven, it would not surprise me to have someone come up to me and say, "Gosh! I wish I was out of here! This climate is just about driving me crazy! Nothing but bake, bake, bake all day, and freeze, freeze, freeze all night! I wish to goodness I hadn't come here. I'm going somewhere else, the first chance I get."

The trouble with that old fellow would not be Heaven's climate but his own climate. The trouble with him would be that he had brought his own climate with him, and was getting misery out of it and blaming the whole business on the place he had come to.

THE plain, solid, absolute truth is that, wherever a man may be, the climate of that place is only about one tenth of the climate he is living in. The other nine tenths are the climate he has brought with him.

I know a woman and a man who have lived together a great many years, being married, and when the woman gets up on a cold, frosty morning, with the furnace down to its last gasp, and the house like the inside of a cold storage plant, she utters a little cry of joy and says, "Oh! what a beautiful morning, so crisp and lovely and cool!"

The man opens his eyes and sticks one toe out from under the bedclothes and utters a low moan of misery.

"Cold again!" he groans. "Shut that window, can't you? It seems to me this infernal climate gets worse and worse the longer it lasts."

Then he draws in his toe and pulls the bedcovers up around his neck and growls a low, heart-broken groan and almost sobs into his pillow, the climate is so mean and peevish and unjust. Three quarters of an hour later he gets out of bed, complaining bitterly in a low voice, and dresses, and goes grumbling down-stairs.

"I'll tell you one thing," he says to his wife, "this is the last winter you'll keep me in *this* climate. I'm done! I'm through! I've had enough of it. . . . What's the matter with the coffee this morning, anyway? It tastes like tar. You know as well as I do that if there's one thing I *can't* stand it's coffee that tastes like—"

About the middle of the next August he opens his eyes on the couch where he has been sleeping, and stares up at the ceiling gloomily, and groans, because he is so hot. He swats at a fly that is buzzing around his head, and swears at it, and slides his feet to the floor, where a mess of Sunday papers is lying. For a minute or two he sits there with his head in his hands, thinking how hot he is, and how hot the room is, and how hot the whole blamed world is, and then he gets onto his feet and goes out onto the front porch, where his wife is sitting in the shade of the honeysuckle and enjoying herself, and tells her there is one thing sure—this is the last summer she can get *him* to spend in this infernal climate.

"Don't you think that if you went up and got in the tub for a few minutes and then put on something dry and cool you

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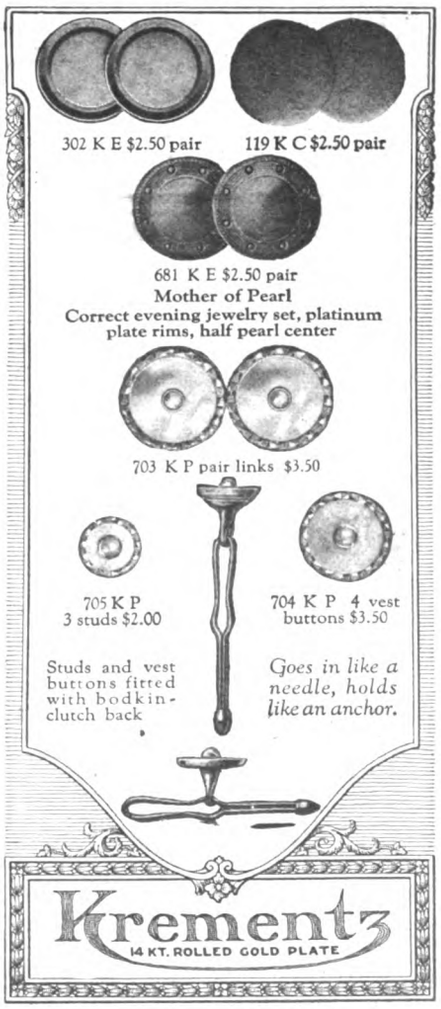

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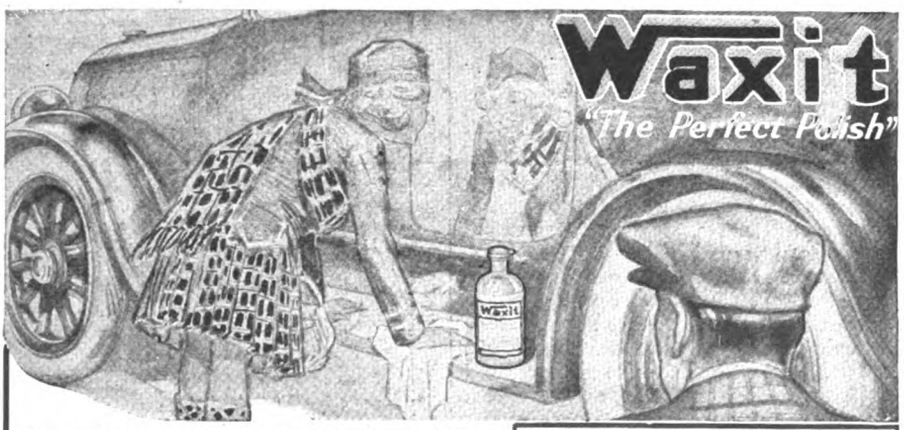

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would feel better, dear?" his wife asks.

"Better!" he growls. "I'd like to know what could make a man feel better in this crazy man's climate! Nothing; that's what."

Or, some morning, he gets up and hears the rain beating against the windows—an autumn rain, or a spring rain.

"Rain!" he groans. "Rain! It never does anything in this miserable climate but rain. Cold, damp, disgusting, sloppy rainy weather nine days out of ten! I don't wonder a man gets sick of it, and blue, and depressed. Nothing but rain from one end of the year to the other, and wind, and drizzle and—"

The tables that show the rainfall, by days and in inches, don't show anything of that sort. They show that, in that section of the country, it rains just about as often as it ought, and no more in quantity than is necessary to keep things growing; but that does not make any difference to this man. The trouble with him is that he is his own climate; and it is a mighty mean and disagreeable climate, just as his wife's personal climate happens to be a pleasant, agreeable one.

And everybody is like that; no matter where anyone goes, or what the climate of the place may be, the person's own personal transportable, ready-made climate is nine tenths of the climate he or she enjoys or doesn't enjoy.

THERE is an old fellow out here in southern California named Phineas K. Duckett, or something like that, and he came from Massachusetts, up where the cold is dampest and chilliest, and after that he lived in Missouri, the part where the heat was the hottest and most annoying, and then he went to Montana for a while, and then to Texas, and then to Saskatchewan, and then to Mexico, and then to Labrador, and then to Central America, and then he went up to the northern part of Alaska, and when I saw him the other day he was in southern California, and he was stumping along, as mad as a hatter, on Bedillo Street, near the National Bank, and his niece Petunia was just behind him.

"Nice warm day," I said.

"Warm!" old Phineas snapped. "And they call this a climate! Warm? So hot it dries you up like a herring. Dumb lucky if I ain't sunstruck. Wish I hadn't ever come to this dadwhacked ornery climate. Wish I was back in—in—"

He had to stop to think where he wished he was back in.

"Wish I was back in Alaska," he said finally, when he got through sputtering.

"Why, Uncle!" said Petunia, "you know you didn't like Alaska when you were there. You wrote that it was the meanest climate on the face of the earth. Snow, and ice, and—"

"'Twa'n't hot!" he snapped. "'Twa'n't hot as tunket; that's one thing!"

"It will be cooler as soon as the sun sets," I ventured.

"Cool!" the old fellow barked. "Yes! so dod-gasted cool a man like to freezes to death. Freeze a man stiff as a herring! Dumb lucky I ain't froze to death. Wish I hadn't ever come to this—"

"You said that, Uncle," Petunia reminded him.

"Wish I was back in—in—" he sputtered.

"Texas, Uncle?" suggested Petunia. "You know you wrote that Texas was the meanest climate—"

"You hold your tongue!" the old fellow ordered. "Wish I was back in—"

"Mexico? You know, Uncle, you wrote that Mexico was the meanest cli—"

Well, whenever the poor old fellow got ready to mention a state or a country he wished he was back in, Petunia headed him off and reminded him that when he had been there he had written that it was the meanest climate he had ever been in. It was pitiful. He had been in so many parts of the continent, and he had been so free in saying how mean he thought they all were as to climate that Petunia had him in a corner. He gave it up and stumped around onto Citrus Avenue, snorting like a dog that has sniffed at the pepper box.

"He don't seem to like the climate," I said to Petunia.

"What climate?" Petunia asked.

"Why, this California climate," I answered.

"Oh, my goodness!" Petunia laughed. "You don't know Uncle Phineas. He's always this way. He don't notice, half the time, what kind of climate he is in. He carries his climate around with him. Of course, if I thought he was really denouncing this beautiful California climate when he complains so, I would be real angry with Uncle Phineas, but I know him well enough to know the climate he is so angry about is the Uncle Phineas climate."

She laughed an indulgent little laugh and went into the post office, and I went around onto Citrus Avenue and ran plump into Uncle Phineas again.

"She gets on my nerves," he said. "'Tween you and me, I don't know sometimes if Petunia's got real good wits. She was just the same back in Massachusetts, and down in Missouri, and up in Montana. Always—"

"Always what?"

"Always enjoyin' the climate," he scolded. "'Tain't sensible. Why, land sakes! if Petunia had been with Noah on the Ark, I'll warrant she would have set up on deck forty days and forty nights with an umbrella over her and her feet in a puddle o' water, chipperin' out: 'Oh, ain't it a lovely shower!'"

He sniffed disgustedly.

"Ain't no sense to it!" he declared. "What does she know about climate? She don't know there is any, blame take it! She totes her climate around with her, hither and yon, and just sits and enjoys it and grins like a chessy cat."

SO HE left me, and went around the corner to find Petunia, taking his climate with him, to growl about the heat and the cold and the rain and the dust; and Petunia met him, bringing *her* climate with *her*, and continued, I suppose, to praise the warmth and the coolness and the refreshing showers and the prolific soil; and each thought *his* climate or *her* climate was the California climate. But I know better. I know what the real California climate is. It is a beautiful climate by day, when the sun is beaming brightly and everything is lovely and warm; but it is too cool in the morning—much too cool—or too hot, or too wet, or too dry.

I know it. I am sure of it. Because I

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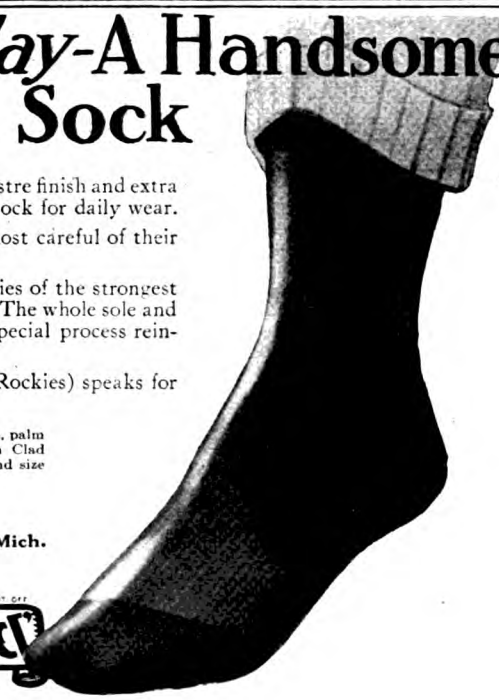

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always do feel a little cross and irritable in the morning, just after I get out of bed. That's my own personal climate—the one I had back in Flushing, and the one I brought with me. My climate is a sort of sore spot near the pit of my stomach; but it improves after I have had breakfast. I carry it around with me wherever I go.

My climate is quite salubrious after breakfast on days when I have not eaten an eight-course banquet the night before, but it is apt to be gloomy in the morning before I have had my coffee; being, as I said before, either too cold, or too hot, or too dry, or too wet.

So as for the truth regarding the climate of this part of California, I can say, after spending a winter here, that it is quite salubrious after breakfast on days when I have not eaten an eight-course banquet the night before, but that it is apt to be unpleasant, to a greater or less extent, before I have had my coffee in the morning. And the climate of Flushing is like that. And the climate of Montana is like that. And the climate of Paris was like that when I was there. Wherever I go the climate is like that because that's how *my* climate is. How's *your's?*

"THE House of a Million Questions" is the title of an article next month dealing with the myriads of amazing inquiries made each year at the information bureau of the Grand Central Station, New York City—the busiest railway terminal in the world. This narrative is rich in fun and in illuminating information for all of us.

"Nobody Else's Home Seems Just Right"

(*Continued from page 59*)

to the house. So's the oil can. But you wait, Jimmie. You're tired."

"B'lieve I am. But I'll fix it 'fore I go back," promised Jim's father.

Almost before he knew it, the man found himself in a roomy chintz-covered chair on a well-scrubbed porch, vine-shaded, his feet in a pair of commodious slippers cast away by the accommodating Thaddeus, his thirst quenched from a pitcher of fresh buttermilk in which little globules of yellow fat danced temptingly, his nipping hunger calmed by a piled-up blue-bordered plate of caraway cookies.

"I call this some like!" he ventured comfortably.

"You c'n take off your coat. You'll be cooler," suggested the woman maternally.

And Jim's father did, sighing restfully; but as he flung the coat carelessly across the porch rail a cheerful "tchick" held his attention. He slipped his hand into his pocket.

"I vum!" he declared; "if here ain't my spec's. Safe in th' case, too! I knew, all time, I put 'em som'er's—but I couldn't think where. I 'member now, I had 'em out'n my shop in the ol' barn where I was

tinkerin' a bit, an' jes' drapped 'em in this coat pocket. It was hanging on a nail there."

He slid the glasses back into the coat pocket, touching, as he did so, a paper in a long envelope. He took it in his hands, turned it over absently. Then he smiled shrewdly, and stuck it back in his pocket. Then his glance caught the dried yellow splotch on his shirt sleeve.

"I forgot," he apologized worriedly. "I ought'n to 'a' took that coat off. Cora wanted me to keep this shirt clean, but—"

Then he told Cornie's mother about the broken pullet egg.

"Pshaw!" laughed the lady; "what's a little egg stain! Let me find a wet rag. I c'n take it out'n less no time." She bustled indoors. "There!" presently; "now rest your arm along this sunny spot on the porch rail. Your sleeve'll dry in 'bout a jiffy. You'll forget as you ever broke a pullet egg."

"You do know how to make a body comfortable, Emmie," appreciated Jim's father.

For a little space of time, while his hostess bustled indoors and back, he sat very quiet, very comfortable.

"Emmie?" he speculated, presently.

Sharply it was being pressed in upon him that Emmie, little Emmie, did not have things fixed up about the place the way she deserved to have them fixed.

"Emmie," he protested again, "that hired man o' yourn, that Peter Pense, ain't giving you a fair deal. That hay ain't mowed clean, an' the corners left so. An' the jimson-weed bein' let go to seed—"

The voice of James Kuykendahl, Senior, bristled with uneasy rebellion.

"I know it," assented Emeline Waite. "But Peter'd come cheaper'n anybody else."

"Cheaper?"

"Cheaper!" affirmed the woman with quick emphasis. "I know, folks thought I had money; and I did have—when Cornie's father died." The pink in the faded cheeks deepened painfully. "We got along all right, on the interest, till —till I had to send Cornie to school. I begun to use the principal—just a little, at first. Then more. And, bimeby, there wa'n't much—of any—left. I never told Cornie. I wanted her to finish college."

A fluttering sigh, like the brushing of a butterfly's wing, slid past her lips.

"I meant to tell her—afterward. I wa'n't afraid. I knew she'd pay it back, when she went to teaching. Cornie wanted to teach. But—but she didn't. She married Joe. An' then I couldn't tell her—ever. Joe's that proud, and poor! He'd think *he* had to pay it back, and I just couldn't put a handicap like that on—on young folks startin' out. I thought I could manage, somehow. And I did for a good bit. Then I went to Cornie's, 'tendin' t' stay. But—but I—couldn't!"

OLD JIM cleared his throat huskily. But his companion picked up her words quickly, whimsically covering the little break in her voice.

"So I ran away, and came home!—I reckon Joe 'n' Cornie'll never forgive me—an' bought up th' lease! Thaddeus asked twicet what he ought, come to think't

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over, an' hired Peter to manage th' place! Because Peter'd come cheap."

"Because—Peter'd—come—c h e a p," echoed the man dully. Behind a blank exterior outraged thought fumed furiously.

"An' because all this took money, so much money," hurried Emeline Waite, "I put on a mortgage. Old Judge Morrow holds it! Oh, I knew he was miserly, close as th' bark on a hickory tree; but if I could keep up the payments, an' int'rest, what did it matter? But—but I haven't. And I—I can't. I know it now, when it's too late." She threw out her hands in a sure little gesture of ultimatum, a dear little gesture—how well Jimmie Kuykendahl remembered it! "So that's why the hay goes ragged, and the jimson-weed grows; that's why I hired Peter—because he'd come cheap!" She turned toward her companion, smiling—a sort of little reactionary grin, a wholly mischievous grin. "There!" she exulted, "that's all! Except that I needed a safety-valve. I've never told a soul before—and, Jimmie, you had to be *it*. Poor Jimmie!"

"*It!*" How often had Jimmie been *it* in those long gone days!

"But I shouldn't, I really shouldn't," smiled the brown eyes gayly, "have dumped all my woes on you. It's perfectly horrid of me, I know. I shouldn't have done it, not even to get a good night's sleep," whimsically. "And, after all, it isn't so awful, is it? I can always go back to Cornie's; or I can go to the—the poor farm!"

"Emmie!" gasped the man, shocked protest in his voice.

"Well, I can, can't I? I don't know but 'twould be a sort of—relief. I wouldn't have to think about the kitchen roof—it leaks like a sieve."

"I'll com'n' fix it," hurried Jim's father.

"Or the pump—that won't work," particularized Cornie's mother.

"I'll have a new pump—out from the store," promised the man.

"Or the catch on the back pantry window; it lets in the cat every night," continued the woman.

"Prob'ly all it needs is a screw."

"Or Peter putterin' about the place—"

"He ought t' be kicked int' Kingdom Come! The do-less lummox!"

JIM'S father and Cornie's mother suddenly stopped and stared at each other, blankly. Then into the fine old eyes of James Kuykendahl, Senior, blazed a light of wildest exultation. His pulses pounded, boyishly. A protecting tenderness choked at his throat. Impulsively, reverently, he leaned forward and lightly touched the clasped fingers of his old playmate.

"Suppose we do, Emmie," he said solemnly. "Suppose we—"

The woman's eyes fluttered and fell; her soft cheeks rose-flamed. There was no mistaking "Jimmie's" meaning.

"We've known each other—always," coaxed the man, anxiously. "It ain't as though we hadn't. And—and—I could fix things up for you fine." He glanced eagerly around.

"I know you could, Jimmie; I know you could," acknowledged the woman appreciatively. "But—" There were, evidently, objections.

"I could take care o' th' cow," urged Jim's father, "an' keep up th' hay, an'—"

The woman looked up, through a mist of sudden tears. "Oh, Jimmie, Jimmie, hush," she pleaded. "It can't be! Oh, don't you see? I couldn't let you!"

The man stared.

"It wouldn't be right! It wouldn't be fair—to you. Oh, my dear," she almost sobbed; "you have forgotten, Jimmie. You have forgotten—the mortgage!"

Without a word the man turned away and took his coat from the porch railing. Was he going—like that? Emeline Waite's hand went up to her throat; her heart, though middle-aged, quickened its beats. Jimmie had been such a dear—always! And now she had hurt him, irreparably! And it was, really, all her fault, because—But Jimmie Kuykendahl had fumbled through his pockets and flung his coat to the floor. In his hand was an envelope.

"Read that," he said.

And Emeline Waite read.

"I don't quite understand," she faltered at length.

"It's an offer," explained the man.

"An offer—" Bewilderedly the brown eyes went over the letter.

OLD JIM hitched his chair nearer, a calloused forefinger pointing. "It's fifteen thousand, ain't it, an' it's mine if I want it. I ain't wanted it a-fore, but now I reckon I do—we do," he amended. "It'll pay off that little mortgage of your'n, won't it? An' have some to spare."

The woman's startled eyes stared into his.

"But I thought you turned over yo' money to Jim, Junior. Where did you get this? It's signed Elbert Abernathy. What's he doin' with money of yours?"

The old man didn't answer at once. "Remember Elbert?" he asked instead.

"I remember," she said, "the orphan boy you took an' schooled, an' made into the best lawyer in Tinkerton. Oh, it was mighty fine, Jim. An' now he's payin' you back, ain't he? Bread cast on the waters— Have you told Jim, Junior? He an' Cora'll be so pleased—"

"Pleased?" said the old man trenchantly. "They ain't goin' to git hold of this, not a bit of it. Jim, Junior's, a man. He's got a start, an' he's climbin'. He's got it in him to go t' th' top—if he don't have to go on crutches! That thing"—he pointed to the legal offer of $15,000—"would be nuthin' more, nuthin' less, jes'—crutches. An' a man's got t' stan' on his own two legs—else he ain't half a man. I'd tear that piece o' paper up a-fore I'd give it t' son; I've had a mind to, time an' again."

"Tear it up!" gasped Emeline Waite. "Tear it up! Why—why, Jimmie!"

"Oh, I ain't goin' to—now," amended her old-time playmate, somewhat sheepishly. Then, "But it ain't been nothin' to me but jes' a piece o' paper! Jes' a—piece—o' foolish—paper! I got it last week."

"But how does it happen that Elbert is sendin' you an offer from this land company for fifteen thousand dollars, Jimmy? Didn't you sell your farm? Didn't you turn the money over to Jim, Junior?"

The shrewd old eyes twinkled.

"Emmie," he said, "one of the wisest sayin's ever invented is this: 'Don't put all your eggs in one basket.' You remember that play we read in school? That old

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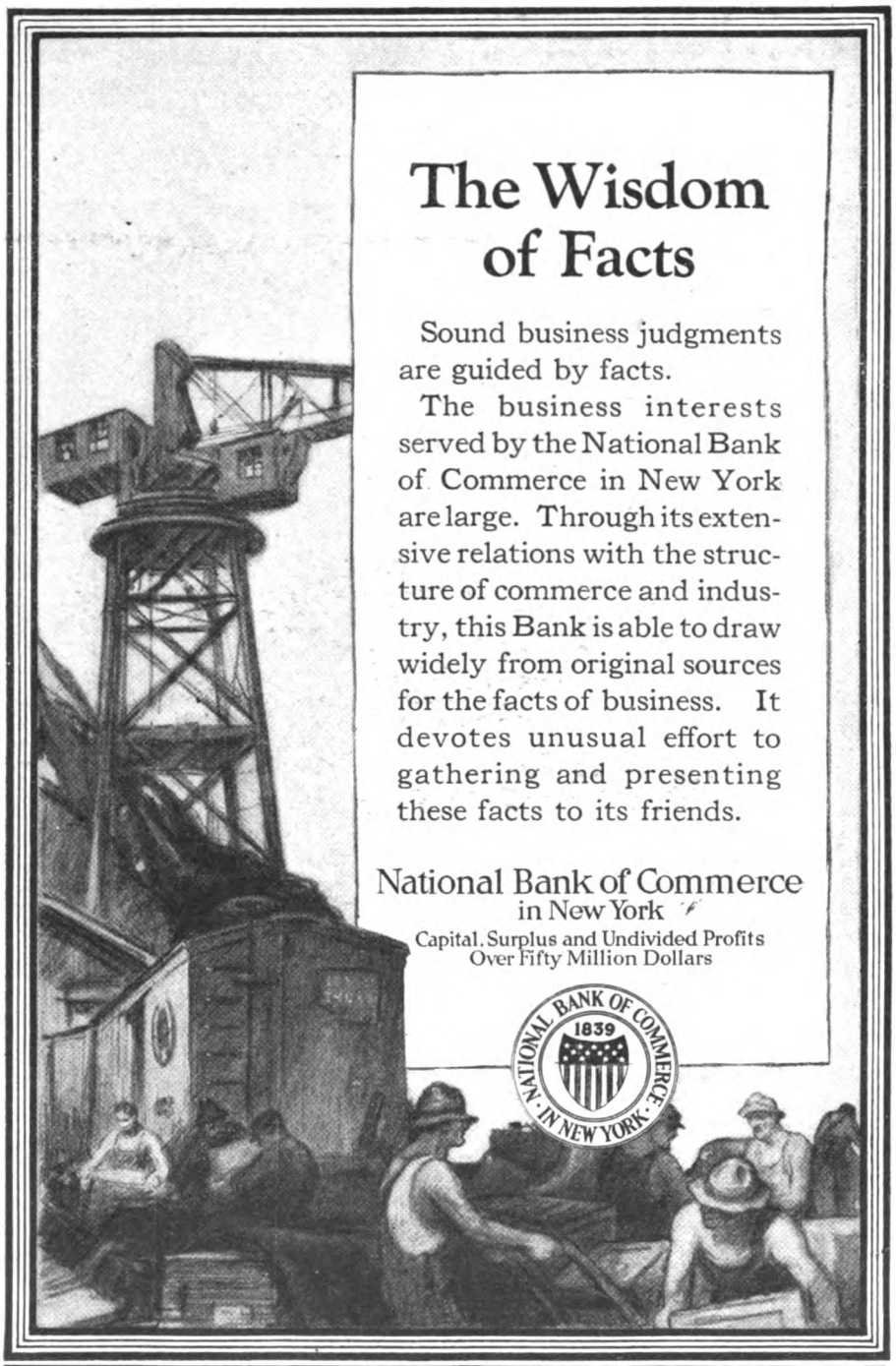

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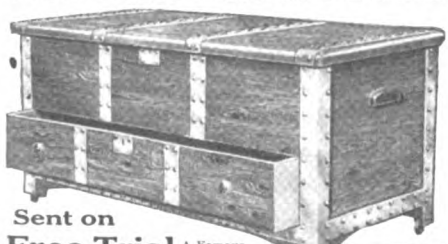
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King named Lear that turned over his kingdom to his children? Well, you know what happened to him, don't you? That was a long time ago it happened—but folks don't change. I don't mean to say that Jim, Junior, wouldn't look out for his pa; but young folks forget sometimes; they git tired of old folks hangin' 'round. You can't blame 'em—old folks are a sort of nuisance—spill egg yolk on their sleeves an' all. Anyway, when I sold my farm—thirty thousand it fetched—I thought of this old King Lear. I handed over twenty thousand to Jim—he thought that was what the farm fetched—then I just slid ten thousand into my left-hand britches pocket.

"Then," he continued, "one day I went down to see Elbert Abernathy. 'Elbert,' I says, 'invest this, old man; an' don't say nothin' about it. That's my rainy-day check.' Well, Elbert he thought he saw a good chance in some land down South. You know Elbert's a sensible boy, safe and sane. It surely wouldn't go down, he said. It might go up. It was safe anyhow. So he invested it in land. That land went up. Last week come this offer. When I go back I'm goin' to tell Elbert to take it up. Then me an' you, Emmie, we'll pay off this mortgage—an' we'll have a neat little sum to put away, all for ourselves."

Emeline Waite leaned back in her rocker, her eyes like lighted lamps. If Jimmie was bound to make use of the money in only one way, why—

IT WAS some time later when Jim's father suggested: "If you'll get me th' hammer, Emmie, I'll coggle up that gate right now. No use t' leave it go any longer."

"I'll bring th' oil can along, too, Jimmie. I c'n oil,' averred the woman.

The speech of these lovering elderly people was plainly prosaic, but their eyes were overly happy, and their hearts danced in a peaceful paradise. No longer would Cornie's mother be harassed by an endless array of unmanageable tasks; no longer would Jim's father be just an old man, shelved, living with his son. "Won't it be fun *remembering* together?" dreamed the woman. "Won't it be fun *working* together?" joked the man.

Hand in hand, like two children, they made their way toward the needy old pasture gate.

Presently, as she wiped the oil can free from its oozing ablutions with a piece of old apron, Cornie's mother glanced at her companion, bending low over the luckless latch. "There's something I'd like to tell you, Jimmie," she said.

"Well?" humored the man.

"It's about Jim, Junior's, mother—about Melissa. It happened a long time ago. Ten years, mebbe. I'd well-nigh forgotten it—till now. Melissa an' me was out t' a quiltin', one o' th' last they had in the neighborhood, I guess; and some o' th' younger wimmen got to talkin' about second wives. Rhoda Shultz said, I 'member, that she'd rise up out o' her grave if her Homer married again, she bein' gone. An' mos' th' other wimmen said somethin' similar. All 'cept Melissa. I c'n see her now, jes' how she looked as she took off her thimble an' rubbed her finger, sort of absently, thinkin'. Then she turned to Rhoda an'

said, 'I used t' think that way, too, when I was your age, my dear. But I've changed my mind. That's what the years do—they change one's mind as well as one's body. Mebbe it's a good thing; I dunno—but I guess it is. Because my Jim's marryin' again isn't what 'ud make me turn in my grave; it 'ud be knowing as he was lonely, an' nobody to do for him! It 'ud be knowing as he was growin' old—alone; it 'ud be knowing he was growing soul-shabby for need of a good woman to put him *first*—in her heart! I want there always to be someone t' put my Jim first. I couldn't be happy in heav'n with Jim unhappy on earth.' Then Melissa put on her thimble an' went on quiltin' as serene an' peaceful as a summer day. But nobody said much more 'bout second wives."

The woman's eyes were misty with remembered thought. She looked shyly across at the man.

"I wanted you to know, Jimmie, that Melissa'd be—*pleased*."

"Melissa was a mighty good woman." There was a husky note in the deep voice. "An' you were her best friend, Emmie. Many's th' time she's tol' me, 'Emeline Waite's made from th' best pattern out'n paradise.' An' *I reckon Melissa knew*."

GENTLY the calloused hand dropped to the plump round shoulder; the woman glanced up, meeting the kind old eyes, her own flooding with heart-content. Then:

"But I'm not so sure 'bout the children," she opined; "'bout Jim an' Cora, an'—"

"Th' children? Oh, them!" James Kuykendahl, Senior, squinted critically along the top of the old gate, estimating its present state of uprightness. And again, unperturbed: "Th' children? . . . Well, I reckon there's one thing certain: they'll be either *pleased*—or *displeased*."

His tone intimated that it might not be a matter of great moment. Then, with rare insight: "Oh, they'll be pleased all right, only—they won't know it. Not right at first-like. They'll *think* they're displeased—an', mebbe, make a fuss. Folks mostly do—if a body's fifty, or fifteen. But th' children'll be all right, onct they get used t' the idee; don't you worry 'bout that, Emmie. They'll be pleased, 'course they'll be pleased. Same's I am."

Jim's father sat down on an upturned milk bucket, his eyes twinkling quizzically.

"Besides, Cora c'n have th' ol' barn torn down. That'll suit her. An' I c'n bring my hens out here. That'll suit me. Six on 'em, Plymouth Rocks, an' all layin'! Six hens an' six eggs—six eggs an' six hens!" He drew a long breath. "Why, Emmie," he added gently, "don't you see, dear, you've rescued an ol' man from dry-rot an' given him a new lease on life? Why, jes' t' be putterin' 'bout a place again—with *you* in th' house up there—will be plain heaven! I reckon we c'n let th' children do th' worryin'."

The woman laughed, a little cuddling laugh: "Anyway, I c'n write t' Cornie, an' writin' ain't half as hard as—as tellin'." she said.

The old pasture gate creaked in sudden assent. Perhaps, after all, it was but the gate to paradise, in masquerade; for there was no doubting that Jim's father and Cornie's mother were—pleased.

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Oh, Yes—They Do Come Back

(*Continued from page 65*)

time, it will be because he is better to-day not because he was better the other time we met."

And so, unruffled by his first defeat, Jones went at the work of a new day and finished well in front.

The heavily shadowed soul which decides that defeat on one occasion means eternal submission to the conqueror has as much chance as a baseball tossed against Babe Ruth's bat.

EARLY in the tennis campaign of 1919, William T. Tilden, of Philadelphia, had beaten William M. Johnston, of California, on two occasions. Tilden's remarkable tennis through the National Championship had carried him safely through the field to the final round, where he again found himself face to face with the California star. Johnston had these important details to consider:

First, that Tilden had already beaten him twice.

Second, that Tilden, on his way through, had beaten such fine performers as Kumagae, Norman Brookes, and Norris Williams, worthy evidence that he was crashing along at top speed.

The average citizen in Johnston's place might have permitted these two factors to worry him considerably. But, in spite of this gloomy background, Johnston stepped out against Tilden with such cool confidence and with such determined aggressiveness that it fell to the lot of Tilden to harbor a worried soul.

The Californian refused to let the past stalk in as any haunting ghost. He refused to let the fact that Tilden had beaten him before have any depressing effect upon his play. This was another day. The fact that he was in condition to give his best in this test match was more than enough to offset any worry over past failure.

The result was that he started after Tilden with such an exhibition of speed and skill that the Philadelphian had no chance. Johnston won in three straight sets. After the first few games there was hardly a glimmer of a doubt concerning the final result.

Three years ago, the California entry had lost his title to Norris Williams. If Tilden had beaten him again the old cry would have boomed once more across the scene, "They don't come back." It had been four years since Johnston had won the title; but here, at the end of the greatest turf tennis championship America had ever known, he was once more riding the victorious wave. He came back, because he was willing to fight the new battle with a stout heart, undismayed by previous defeats.

It is easily possible that a man, having passed the championship age, may fail to return along the same trail after defeat. This is a natural consequence, and has nothing to do with surrender.

John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Jeffries, Jack Johnson, and Jess

Willard had all slipped by the age limit allotted by Time when they were finally overpowered and dethroned. They were in a game where youth is the controlling factor, and where it was merely a matter of the first rugged opponent that came along. All of them were between thirty-five and forty years old when they lay in the resin and decided that the war—that particular war—was over. They had outlived their championship days as prize-fighters, because nature itself had barred any return. But that doesn't mean that, like Kid Gleason, they could not keep on winning victories somewhere and somehow.

IN THE spring of 1915, Walter J. Travis found that his way to the Metropolitan Golf Championship was apparently blocked by Oswald Kirkby and Jerome D. Travers. Travis was then fifty-five years old. He had lost to Kirkby at almost every meeting for the five previous years. It had been nine years since he had won from Travers; in those nine years he had met Travers, and been defeated by him more than once.

Here was a test that would have chilled, or killed, the nerve of almost any man in the game. No one thought Travis had a chance against either of these opponents. Yet he had to meet both of them. Throwing out all past performances and settling down grimly to the work at hand, with all memory of past defeats well curbed, the fifty-five-year-old contender came back again with a double victory! He beat Travers one day and Kirkby the next, playing against both with as much confidence as if neither had ever beaten him in his whole career.

What carried him through was his refusal to give up in advance, simply because he had come upon a rocky road before in facing this combination. He threw the Past Performance Chart into the discard.

In his match with Travers, the veteran needed a good putt to win on the final green. Victory hung on a single stroke. Fate had put it up to him, in one of the most difficult tests of the game. But the concentration upon victory, which had carried him that far, also took him the remainder of the way. This is an important point in view of the fact that any number start back with sufficient confidence at the start, only to lose heart at the first rugged barrier.

No two men ever had greater temptations to fade out of the picture than John Wesley Coombs and Charles Albert Bender, two of Connie Mack's greatest pitchers. Coombs, suffering a severe accident and a severe illness, that came near leaving him a physical wreck for life, was practically helpless for two years. In 1914, he was given his unconditional release and considered out of baseball for good.

He was then thirty-one years old, and after two years of inability the odds were all against him. No one believed that he would ever pitch another game. But that winter the Brooklyn club took a long chance, and early the next spring Coombs began a careful system of training. He had made up his mind to come back! And he overlooked nothing that would help this return. No one figured that he had a chance ever to star again, with only

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a bleak possibility that he could reach even ordinary heights.

But Coombs proved that a man can fight his way back if he is willing to face the barrier and give the trail the best he has. For in the next two years with Brooklyn, he won twenty-eight games against eighteen defeats.

1914 also brought the first collapse of Chief Bender, the great Indian star. Bender was badly beaten in his world series attempt that year, and shortly thereafter drew his release. He signed up with the Baltimore Federal League club the next spring, but even in this league found his fame waning swiftly. Out of twenty starts he won but four games, and in August was again released.

Once more a free agent, he signed up with the Philadelphia Nationals; but after two years of trial was cut adrift for the third time. Through the winter of 1918-'19 he was unable to get another chance. No major league club would offer him a trial on any terms. He was then thirty-six years old and had been under the Big Tent for fifteen seasons. No one thought the Indian had even a chance to get back. He looked as completely finished as the last offensive led by the German Crown Prince.

With every odd in the game against him, at the age of thirty-six, the Chippewa Chief refused to give way before fate. He signed to manage and pitch for the Richmond, Virginia, club and for the first few weeks disappeared from the wider range.

THE average player, if he had drawn his release from three different leagues and had been branded by each as a "has-been," would lose all hope and drift away from the great white spotlight for good and all. But starting all over in the minor leagues, the Indian settled down to hard training, worked himself back into fine condition, and then began to win game after game. Before the season was over he had not only set up a sensational mark, but in addition had turned iron man on more than one occasion by pitching and winning three games on three successive days, winning the pennant for his club by this sensational achievement.

He had regained possession of his ancient cunning, of that winning zip that had one time blessed his fast ball, and of the curve that cracked off with a snap. And so, on his way to his thirty-seventh year, close to the big league dead line, the Chief was called back to the big league again by Pat Moran of the Cincinnati Reds.

It was one of the great come-backs of sport! The return of a veteran who had served sixteen years, who had been dropped, not once only, but three times, by intelligent managers! If Bender had given way in the slightest to natural discouragement he would never have been heard from again in a baseball way. His day would have been over. The verdict of three teams in three leagues would have been correct. But he refused to accept this verdict, and proved that a man can come back at an age where most men are passing out from a game that is supposed to call for the vital spark of youth.

Walter Hagen won the Open Golf Championship in 1914. He was beaten in 1915, and again in 1916. In 1919, five

years after his first success, he came back again with a drive for the heights; and in a rugged 90-hole test prevailed over Mike Brady by one stroke.

These are merely a few shining examples, for the list is long in offering proof that the stout-hearted, one way or another, can generally manage to fight their way back, and up, to victory. It is no easy assignment, when one has been beaten down, driven into rout, to turn around and begin the long journey all over again, with the memory of past failure or defeat haunting the way.

Ray Caldwell, after several years' trial, was cast adrift by the New York Americans in the fall of 1918. He was turned over to the Boston Red Sox for a last chance, but by the middle of the 1919 campaign this club, also, decided that Caldwell had completed his usefulness in the Big Corral. So Boston handed him his hat and indicated the general direction of the exit gate.

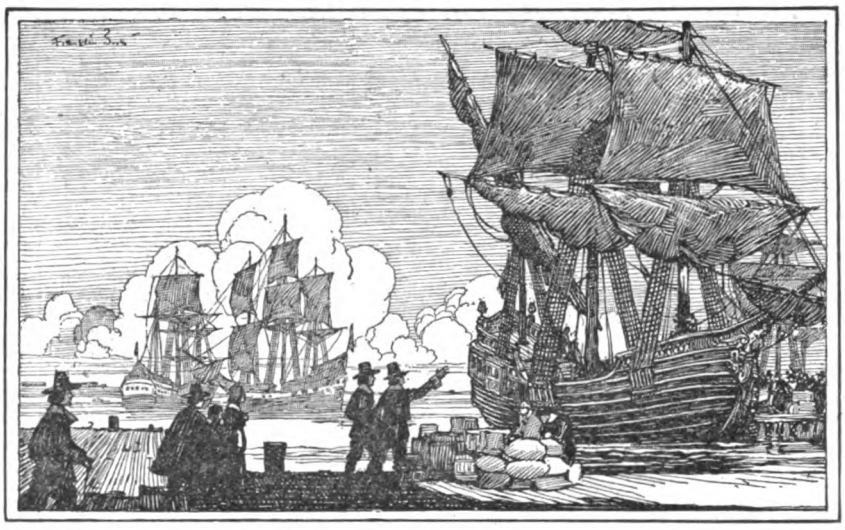
TURNED adrift by two major league clubs within less than a year, Caldwell made up his mind to try another comeback. So he landed a pitching job with Cleveland, pitched two fine games and then finally faced his old mates, the New York Yankees. To prove that "They *can* come back" he worked with such remarkable effectiveness against the New York club that he let it down without a run and without a hit, making it the first no-hit game of his career.

It was his one greatest pitching triumph, handed to the official records for all time, just after he had been bumped out twice upon the cold and cruel universe without a job.

Here is proof that a man cannot only come back if he tries, but in addition to this can even pass up to greater heights than he had ever known in younger, more careless, and more prosperous days. For the man who has the courage and the will to try, the gate is always open and the highway cleared for a return journey. The records of sport and the records of business are full of examples offering complete proof of the falsity of the old slogan, "They don't come back." For they do! And they will keep on coming back, as long as the world maintains its average of courage. There may be time enough to quit and suspend all further effort on the other side of the grave—but I doubt even that.

"THE Biggest Thing I Have Learned in Business" is revealed next month by a man who figures large in the industrial life of the Middle West. Here is a chance to find out if the biggest thing you have learned in business matches up with the findings of this great lumberman.

"MEN Are Not Vain—They Want to be Comfortable" is the verdict reached by a big retailer who has been selling men's clothing for thirty years. Next month he will tell us a lot of interesting things he has found out about men's tastes in collars, neckties, shirts, pockets and hats. The article is rich in helpful hints.



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For the most part trading was mere barter, goods being exchanged directly for goods. Certain commodities, even, were designated as legal tender.

Modern banking has eliminated these slow and uncertain methods. Through its organization of offices and correspondents in this country and abroad, the GUARANTY TRUST COMPANY offers every facility for the direct, safe, and prompt handling of commercial transactions, and for financing domestic and international business.

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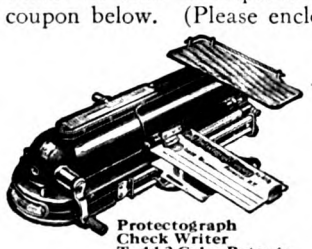

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Good and Bad Manners in Business

(*Continued from page 29*)

keep them under control. I could tell you of one of the most famous figures in American business, who occasionally reacted so violently from his habit of controlling himself and others that he would throw a cup of coffee across the table when aroused to anger. I once crossed on the same steamer with a great financier. And as I stood near him during the Sunday-morning church service, I was actually startled by the depth of emotional feeling in his voice when he sang the hymns and read the responses.

Emotions? Why, those men are more full of them than anybody else is! It is just because of this that they are where they are. They *wanted* things more intensely than other men did. And I think Mr. Hammond was right in saying that they respond deeply to appreciation in the people around them.

This does not mean that they like to be toadied to. They are keen; and naturally they are suspicious of a show of admiration. But they are no more insensible to sincere appreciation than the rest of us are.

It isn't simply that they enjoy this tribute to their self-esteem, either. There is a sound logical reason for advancing a man who appreciates his superior, for this appreciation implies understanding of his employer's aims and sympathy with his methods. If an employer has the choice of promoting a man who feels this way toward him or of taking one who does *not* have that understanding and sympathy, he would show poor judgment if he chose the latter. So Mr. Hammond's statement sounds like a good business principle.

ANY man who has to sit in an office and receive callers will recognize at once some of the bad business manners which I am going to describe. I know one executive who has done two very amusing things in his effort to protect himself from a certain form of annoyance.

In his office there is a chair about three feet from his desk. When a visitor is shown in, he is invited by a gesture to be seated in this chair. He does so—and almost invaribly tries to pull it closer to the desk. But to his sometimes very evident perturbation, he discovers that it is immovable. It is screwed to the floor! The owner of that office—and if I should tell you his name, you would recognize it at once—has taken this means of protecting himself from the caller who hitches his chair up as close as he possibly can in the attempt to get on a confidential basis.

"I don't like a man to try to sit in my lap!" the owner of the immovable chair said to me, with a grimace of disgust.

There is a type of individual, a pretty common one, too, that doesn't understand the repugnance which very many persons have toward a physical nearness to other people. A great many men, when they go into an office, pull a chair close to the man at the desk, lean forward when they are talking, and perhaps tap him on the knee

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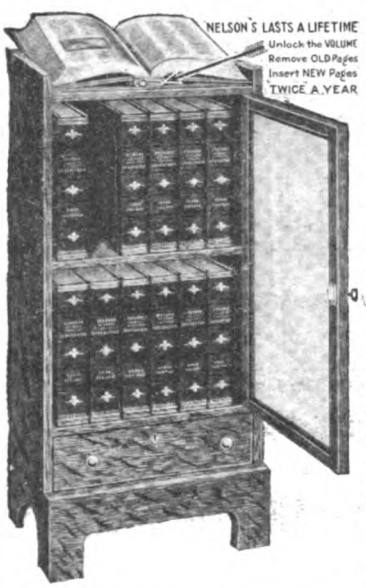

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to emphasize their points. If they are standing, they get hold of the lapel of a man's coat, or put their hands on his arm. That sort of thing is irritating to a person. I once heard a man, who had stood it as long as he could, burst out violently and exclaim:

"Don't maul me! I don't like it!"

When you go into a man's office, don't take liberties with him. And don't take liberties with his desk, either. I have seen people walk into an office and lay their hat on the man's desk. I have seen them deposit their portfolio among the man's papers. I have seen them actually shove his papers back, so they could spread out something they wanted to show him.

And that brings me to the other thing which the executive I mentioned has done to protect himself from annoyance. He has had the slide at the side of his desk fastened so that it cannot be pulled out. He got tired of having callers draw this slide out, without so much as saying "By your leave," and using it to show him things he didn't want to see. With his stationary chair and his immovable slide, he is spared a familiarity that is obnoxious to him.

I BELIEVE most men dislike a stranger who tries to give the interview a confidential tone. They don't like a person who sits out on the edge of his chair and talks like an undertaker at a funeral. But on the other hand they object to a loud talker, to an aggressively breezy manner, and to being figuratively slapped on the back by a stranger or a casual acquaintance. If a man hasn't instinctive good taste about these things, he ought to try to cultivate it.

There is another way in which applicants for positions queer themselves. I had an example of it just the other day when a young man came to me for a job. I knew something about him and was predisposed in his favor. In fact, I had every intention of employing him. But before our interview was over, I had changed my mind.

The reason was that he talked too much about himself. He spent all the time enlarging on his ability, telling me what he had done and what he could do, and didn't seem to feel any interest in finding out what my ideas were as to the work he would be expected to do with *me*. He simply talked himself out of the job. He doesn't know why he didn't get it, but that was the reason. I should have liked him better if he had waited for me to question him, and had also shown an intelligent interest in his future work, instead of overwhelming me with reports of his past achievements.

Personal appearance is a big factor in the impression a man makes. Take the teeth, for instance. Believe me! a horse is not the only animal whose teeth influence a purchaser. They do it in the case of the human animal as well, when his services are on sale. Good and well-kept teeth are a distinct asset.

As for beards—I may be an exception, but I confess that I should hesitate about employing a man with flowing whiskers! It isn't an unreasoning prejudice on my part, either. At least, I don't think so. My observation has led me to the belief that, in this day and generation, a man who wears whiskers is independent to the

point of eccentricity. I should look for trouble of some sort with him; unless, of course, he had some real reason for wearing his whiskers. I have a good one for wearing my own limited supply.

And I should object as strongly to the man with long hair as to the woman who wears hers short. Ask any executive if he would not hesitate to employ a young man whose hair was not well cut and well kept. Such details may seem to you unimportant and even unworthy of consideration. I am simply stating the fact that they do count. While you are handing out your diploma, or your letter of recommendation, they are getting in their work! And they may be the thing that turns the scale against you.

ANYTHING that holds out a promise of initiative appeals to the employer. To come down to my own experience, I owe the first job I ever had to the fact that I showed initiative in going after it.

I had just graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where I had been studying civil engineering. But in spite of that fact, I had a hankering for the banking business, and I determined to get into it if possible. Looking over the advertisements in a Boston paper, I saw one stating that a young man was wanted in a bank and to apply by letter. The name of the firm was not given, only a post-office box number.

I immediately determined to try for that job, but I wanted a personal interview. I didn't intend to take chances on a letter. So I went down to the post office and asked very politely who rented such and such a box, mentioning the number given in the advertisement. Of course, they declined to tell me; said it was against the rules.

I stepped off to one side to think how I could get around the difficulty, and a simple but sure solution occurred to me. It was easy enough to locate the box in question. I would watch it until someone came to get the letters in it, and then I would trail the messenger back to the bank. It was too late to carry out my plan that day, but I was on hand bright and early the next morning. After waiting about half an hour, the messenger showed up. He had a bag in which to carry the mail and the name of the bank was on the bag! I read it and strolled off, satisfied.

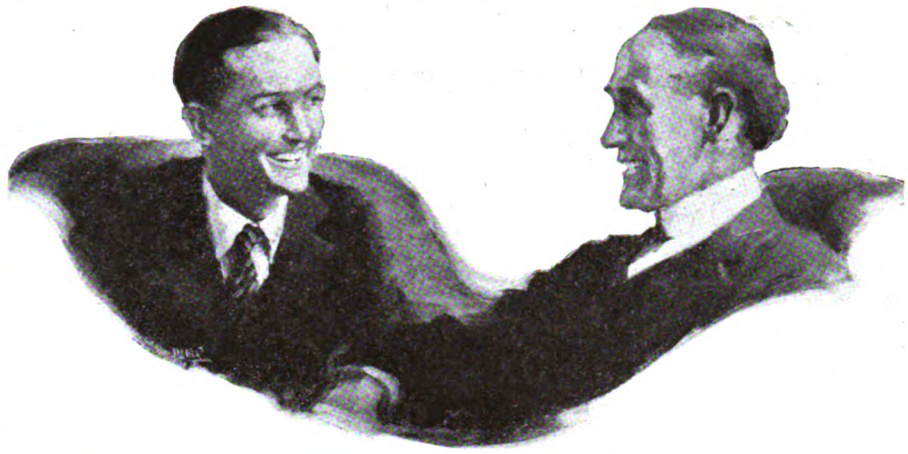
At what I judged was the proper time, I showed up at the bank and told the man whom I saw that I had come to apply for the position they wanted to fill.

"How did you know we needed anybody?" he demanded.

"I read your advertisement," I replied.

"But the name of the bank wasn't given," he said.

I explained what I had done and why I had done it. When I finished, he looked



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Ask about them. The owners will tell you, probably, that they use Pepsodent. They have found a way to fight the film which causes most tooth troubles.

Millions have already proved it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it. And over 6,000 new people daily write us for a 10-Day Tube.

Why Teeth Discolor

A viscous film forms on the teeth and coats them. You can feel it with your tongue. Modern dentists know this film to be the teeth's great enemy.

It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So it remains to do a ceaseless damage, until removed by cleaning in a dentist's chair.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now We Combat Film

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Five years of careful tests have proved this beyond question.

The method is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It complies in all ways with modern dental requirements. And a 10-Day Tube of this tooth paste is now sent free to anyone who asks.

Let Your Mirror Tell

Make this free test. Look at your teeth now, then look in ten days. Let your mirror tell the story.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Science has lately made this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So it long seemed barred. But a harmless activating method has been found, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

The results are quick and evident. They are all-important. You will never go back to old methods when you know them. For the sake of cleaner, safer teeth cut out this coupon now.

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"Before you deliver my new car, I want this Pyrene installed, ready for instant action.

"Cars cost real money nowadays; and they are so hard to get that I won't take a chance of losing mine by fire.

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me over—then he laughed and pointed to a pile of letters on his desk.

"Do you see those letters?" he said. "There must be more than forty of them. I haven't read them—and I'm not going to. I'm going to give *you* the chance."

He did it because he thought I at least had initiative. It may be worth your while to remember this predilection for initiative. It is a common one with all employers.

I HAVE wandered somewhat from my original text about the importance of manners, but I am not through with it yet. There is one thing in this connection about which I have thought a good deal [illegible]

scared the temptation [illegible] something to be scared about.

But the good old-fashioned courtesy of the word is noticed and appreciated when it is a simple and sincere expression of deference. A youngster who says, "I don't know, sir," makes a far better impression than one who says, "I dunno," or even a plain unadorned, "I don't know." The young man who says, "I'll look it up, sir," does not miss a point compared with the one who says, "Umhumph! I'll see to it."

The reason I have been thinking about this lately is that our young men who have been in the army have reintroduced the word "sir" into business life. They got the habit under military regulations and it has stuck. Those who were not in service would do well to follow their example.

For courtesy and consideration do pay. About ten years ago I was having a building put up and it was important to me to get it finished as quickly as possible. I was out of town for a week, but wrote to my wife to have the men work on Saturday afternoon so as to push the thing to completion.

One of the carpenters on the job was a young man who had approached me several times about getting a position in my office. I had laughed at him and told him I couldn't use a carpenter in a statistical organization.

Well, I reached home late on the Saturday afternoon I just mentioned and found that this carpenter was the only one of the workmen on that building who had complied with my request to keep at the job. They all knew its urgency and how anxious I was to get it done, but that hadn't cut any figure with them.

It cut a pretty big figure with me, however. I am human—just as I have been trying to show you that other men are human. When I saw that one carpenter at work, staying there to please me and to help me, I said:

"Well, that settles it! You can report at

my office Monday morning. If you want to be a statistician instead of a carpenter, by George! I'll help you to be one!"

He is with me to-day, one of the best men I have. And all because he showed me a little consideration.

One time I was in a stationer's in Boston and received very courteous attention from a clerk in the establishment. He did me quite a service, in fact, and when I left I handed him my card and told him that if he ever wanted to change his employment to let me know. About two months later he wrote me, enclosing my card and saying that if I had an opening for him he would like to have a chance with me. He came, and is to-day one of my associates.

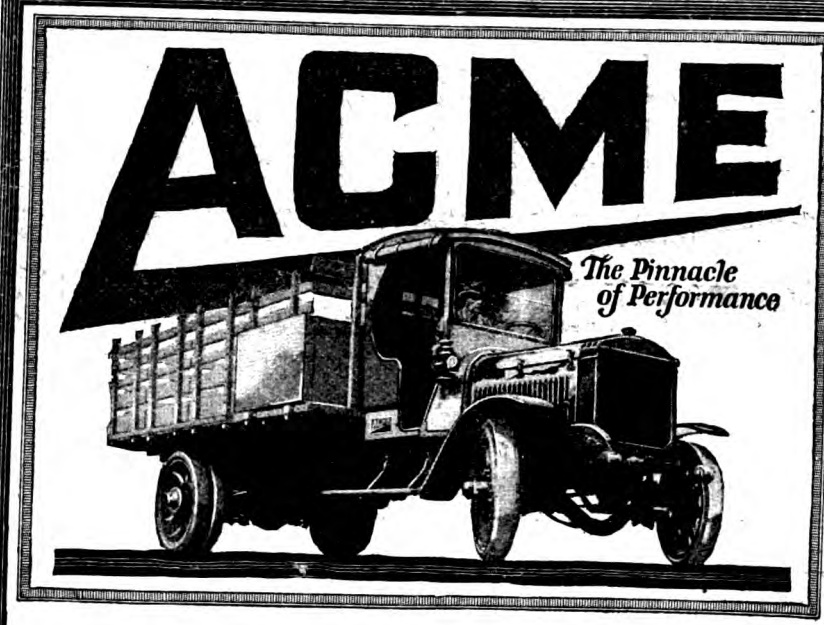
CHARLES M. SCHWAB told me a story which I often think of. He said that one rainy morning, years ago, a woman went into a certain store in New York City where housefurnishings were sold. Perhaps she did not seem very imposing, or perhaps the clerks were having too good a time visiting together, as they sometimes do on rainy days when business is dull.

At any rate, nobody paid any attention to her. All of them just gave perfunctory answers to her inquiries and let her shift for herself, as if she wasn't worth bothering with. All, that is, except one young salesman whom she finally ran across. He waited on her with as much interest and alacrity as if she had been Queen Victoria. She looked at some rugs and hangings but did not buy anything. When she left, however, she asked the young man for his card.

A few days later, the proprietor of the store received a letter from *Mrs. Andrew Carnegie* saying that she wished to buy furnishings for Skibo Castle, in Scotland, and she wanted So-and-so—naming the young man of the rainy-day episode—sent over there to attend to the whole business. The proprietor was dumfounded. He betook himself to the Carnegie residence to explain that he would be delighted to undertake the order, but that the young man she had named was not one of the experts of the establishment and that he would detail his best assistant instead.

Whereupon Mrs. Carnegie informed him that she would have the young man she had specified, or none at all. And she told him why. She said that when she went into the shop, unrecognized, not a soul but that one young man had shown her any courtesy. He had. She wanted him for the Skibo Castle order—and she got him.

It is just as I said before. Personal liking is the great factor in human relations. It is with *you* in your own dealings with people. And it is with your employer, or with the man you ask to employ you. If he gives you a chance it is largely because he likes you. If you do your work well and at the same time keep his personal liking, he will want to see you get ahead. If you do your work well, but do *not* win his liking—well, in that case, it is hard for him to see that your work *is* good. He is too conscious of your bad manners, or your obnoxious way of talking, or of your whiskers, or your way of wearing your hair, or your gold tooth. Remember that people want what they like. And the bigger they are, the stronger are their feelings, both of like and of dislike.



Confidence in Proved Units

No better evidence of the place the industry's leading parts hold in the estimation of truck buyers is afforded than in the case of Proved Units as used in the Acme Truck.

Eighty-five out of every one hundred Acme Trucks in service, investigation shows, were bought because the owners believed that Acme proved units and Acme proved construction assured more definite standards of performance. More than 640 out of every 1000 Acme owners will buy Acmes when adding to their truck fleets.

Acme Trucks are built on known standards and bought on positive facts. They stand out conspicuously for absolute satisfaction—dominating in easy riding, easy driving, power and operating economy. A 3½-ton Acme has operated 55 miles a day for 9 months, hauling milk, and not one cent has been spent on repairs; a 2-ton Acme used in hauling scrap iron has been in service continually for 2½ years, a total of 50,000 miles, without losing a single day.

Acme performance is assured by Acme proved units, consisting of only those parts which have been accorded unquestioned leadership in the industry. The Acme seal is your bond of their correct assembly into a well balanced truck and is your assurance that the truck contains only *proved* units.

Built in 1, 1½, 2, 3½ and 5-ton Models

Bodies built in Acme factories

Learn the facts about Acme, the Truck of Proved Units. Write for our catalog, "Pointers to Profits." Address Department 290.

ACME MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY, Cadillac, Mich.

The Seal of Dependable Performance

ACME THE TRUCK OF PROVED UNITS

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TRADE MARK

Motor Car Enamels

Of Course You Can Paint It!

Climb into your overalls and devote two hours to slipping a new dress over your car—a dress of Da-cote Motor Car Enamel, which has all the brilliance and beauty of the original factory finish, and just about doubles the selling value of the car—or its pride value to you.

Da-cote is a Murphy Varnish product.

Won't it be a satisfaction to know that your car is finished with the same high quality of varnish that for the last half century has beautified most of the fine pianos and furniture, the elegant private coaches of a past generation, and automobiles of today, the floors and woodwork of costly homes and institutions.

Better enamel than Da-cote never went on a car, yet it is prepared expressly for amateur use. Anyone can apply it, with splendid results.

It dries overnight.

Study the Da-cote Color Card at your paint dealer. Many popular colors are shown. You can have almost any combination you want.

Da-cote is inexpensive.

Murphy Varnish Company

NEWARK CHICAGO

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal

Canadian Associate

Take a Census of Your Microbes

(*Continued from page 73*)

because you cannot arrive at conclusions you will want to abide by in the morning. Your brain cells are working at night on a half-charge of nerve energy The brain cell is full and plump in the morning; but at night it is more or less withered, as shown by actual measurement.

Seven-tenths of human action is said to be based on misconceptions. You will have more misconceptions while worrying at night than at any other time. With plump brain cells a man stands up and faces his problems like a major. With half-filled brain cells he faces them like a half-filled balloon. The mind should be shut up tight at a certain hour every night. Don't lie in bed thinking. Tackle your problems in the morning.

What is a dream? Why does one seem to remember in dreams things that never happened? Why do dreams seem to forecast things that never come true?

Stir a paddle about in the sea at night, and observe the flashes of light from so-called phosphorescent animal forms. That apparently represents the nature of a dream. The "paddle" for a dream is often a toxin, some microbe poison perhaps, and the flashing particles are emanations from a group of brain cells that have been stirred into activity. Dreams seem to result chiefly from toxic irritation of brain cells. Nightmare develops so distinctly from toxic impression that some people actually know just what food will cause nightmare.

MICROBE toxins irritate the brain cells and cause partial awakening. The subjective mind responds and disturbed memory then goes to humming, "remembering" in dreams many things that never occurred. It likewise anticipates in dreams many things that never come to pass. An unusual noise will also act like microbe poison by stimulating certain nerves and arousing partial brain action. But it is well to remember that poisons in the body due to indigestible food, impure water, and to insufficient exercise, are chiefly the cause of dreams.

How much of your conversation consists of negative statements?

Poisons from an excessive number of colon bacilli cause people to take a negative and pessimistic view of things. People under such an influence are apt to be critical of other people and of everything around them. The misconception a man will have, because of a negative attitude toward men and things, are more injurious than the reactions he will get from people if he has positive and hopeful views, such as go with good microbe action.

A mind under the influence of various poisons from microbes in the colon has a tendency to form misconceptions because of actual injury to his brain cells due to these poisons. These misconceptions generally lead to negative statements. If a man wishes to know whether he is obeying the poisonous dictation of colon

bacilli, a little notebook carried in his pocket for a day may tell. One may check up the proportion of his negatives—don't, ought not, cannot, should not, and so on. The relative proportion of negatives will help him to understand why he doesn't get along better with his associates.

If ten per cent of a man's conversation is made up of negatives, he will certainly have much trouble in life; if fifty per cent, then he can expect the world to be a vale of tears, for his negative attitude will cause him to be misunderstood by all about him The healthy mind is normally positive. When with the aid of a notebook a man finds that he is given to negative conversation, it is a sign that he should consult a doctor.

WHY does milk turn sour in a thunder storm? Why is your disposition likely to be sour on a rainy day?

Lessened atmospheric pressure on a stormy day allows lactic-acid-forming bacteria to grow with great rapidity. These bacteria cause milk to turn sour. It has been observed that certain other species of bacteria grow with great rapidity when the barometer is low. This explains a phenomenon of the greater death rate in hospitals during falling barometer. It is one explanation for the fact that people are mentally depressed when the barometer is low. The bacteria of the group which cause lactic-acid formation in milk are the same ones which produce poisonous indols, skatols and phenols in the colon. These poisons are depressing in their effect on the mind.

On a rainy day, with relaxed capillaries under lessened atmospheric pressure, it is a trifle more difficult to use the mind clearly, or even to do normal physical work. If we know this fact, we can laugh—and wait for the wind to shift to another quarter. If we do *not* know why we are depressed, our thoughts are too likely to turn to the idea that luck is against us, or that we aren't loved as much as we deserve to be, and all kinds of troubles are likely to loom up.

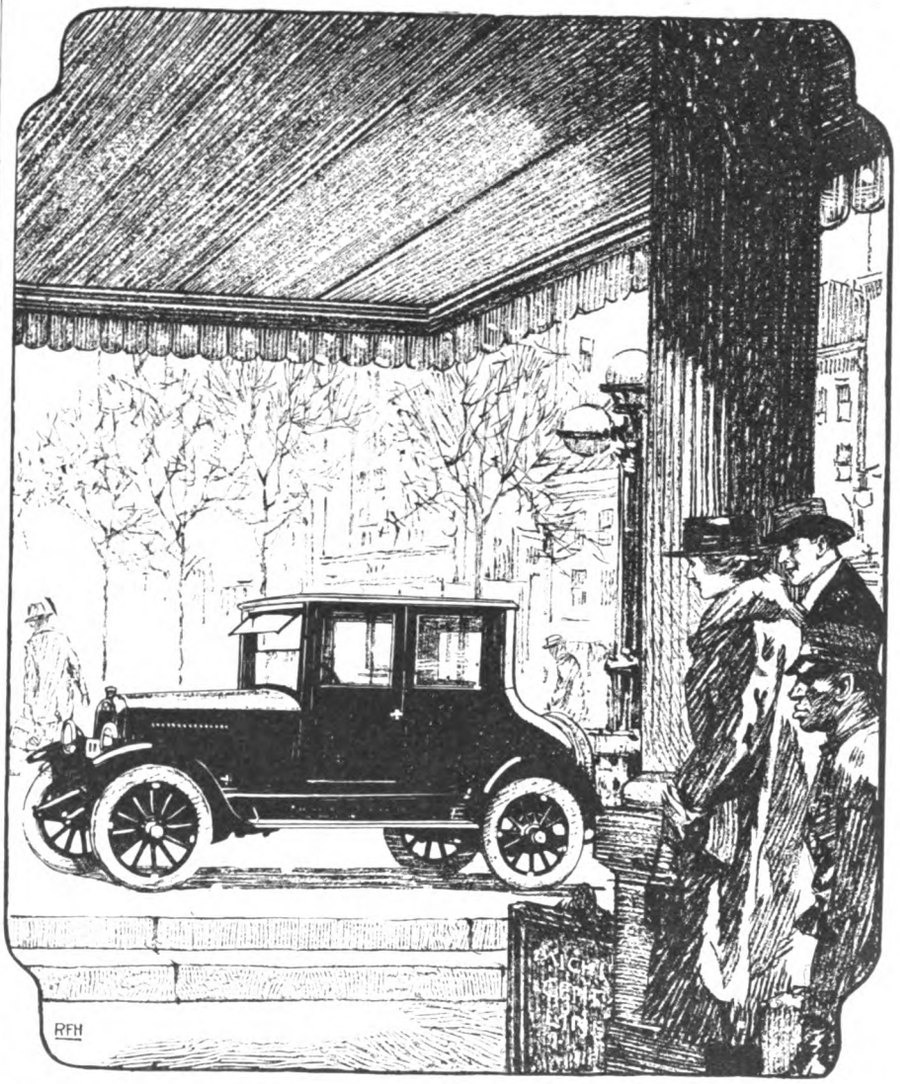
Can the mind dominate the effects of microbe poisons?

Though the mind is never wholly free, it can still to a great extent dominate the effects of toxins. When I have caught cold, or have been up late at night, and my nervous system is in need of rest and replenishment, I am cross to those whom I love, and irritating to people in my employ. I manage to cheer up wonderfully, however, if it becomes necessary to make a pleasant impression upon someone. I can do this because my will is dominating temporarily.

What is incompatibility of temperament? Are there microbes of incompatibility?

There are some obvious cases of incompatibility of temperament with which microbe poisons have nothing to do; as, for instance, in the case of a husband who is severely practical, while the wife is of an artistic turn of mind, and vice versa. Such fundamental differences may make it impossible for a husband and wife to adjust themselves to each other. In most cases of incompatibility that come to the attention of physicians, and in most cases that come into the divorce courts, microbic influence is at least present as an intensifying factor. All microbes that

THE LEADER OF LIGHT WEIGHT CARS



BRISCOE

THE Thredor Coupe is a worthy companion to the Sedan, which met with such instantaneous success everywhere. It has the same beauty of line, the same excellence of fittings and the luxurious upholstery.

You will be especially pleased with the seating and luggage arrangements in the Thredor Coupe.

Built in Touring, Sedan and Coupe

BRISCOE MOTOR CORPORATION, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

The Canadian Briscoe Motor Company, Limited, Brockville, Ontario

Silver Edge

BRAKE LINING

BRAKE lining edged with silver is *real* Raybestos. We put this silver edge on Raybestos for *your* protection. There are many substitutes; there are inferior imitations, and these are often sold as Raybestos.

When you buy brake lining—look for that Silver Edge. It identifies Raybestos. It means that you will get the brake lining service you are entitled to. It means that you are assured of one year's WEAR.

There are many brake linings, but only *one* lining edged with Silver. Remember this when you buy new lining for your car.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY
Bridgeport, Conn.

Raybestos

brake lining guaranteed to wear one year

bring about a depressed state of mind, with the negative viewpoint, lead to incompatibility with any person who has a positive and cheerful outlook on life and affairs.

NAGGING has caused as much distress as alcohol. It has probably driven as many people away from home. Nagging is a symptom that there are poisons in the body which have such power to irritate the nagger that they distort his or her point of view.

In the course of practice I have said many times, with assumed levity, "Now, after this operation is performed toxic influences will be lessened, and you and your wife—or you and your husband—will get on better together."

Take a case of fibroid degeneration of the appendix, for instance. This is a form of chronic appendicitis which does not absolutely incapacitate a man, though he may grunt around, off and on, for twenty years. I often say to the patient, "There is no need to have the appendix removed because of any direct danger to life from that source. But with it removed you may get on better with your associates, because the irritation which it causes disturbs digestive function, and the resulting toxins cause nervous instability."

When I say this to a husband, or to a wife, they almost always laugh at the moment; then they proceed to give each other a knowing look which is comical but at the same time truly pathetic, indicating their heartfelt desire really to get on together. They sometimes tell me later that what I said has proved quite true.

Many cases will be removed from the divorce courts of to-morrow by the treatment which goes with attention to fibroid appendices, pyloric adhesions and sagging colons, or by fixing loose kidneys, or correcting eye strain and dental defects.

UNDERSTANDING microbe action will give the individual an opportunity to aim his will at a visible target, and to correct unhealthy conditions in his way of life. At present, the man who is poked by a microbe pokes out blindly in response, without regard for whom he is hitting. He is conscious only of the feeling that he is impelled to poke at something or somebody.

Nowadays we take moving-pictures of the stomach and bowel in action. This picture is called a radiograph. By it we discover the rate and degree of activity of the stomach and bowel. If we find by means of the radiograph that the muscle action of the bowel, for example, is interfered with mechanically, it is often quite possible to correct the defect, remove the obstacle, and, incidentally, the injurious microbes which have been thriving because of the obstruction.

The psychologist could often tell a young couple, in advance of their marriage, that one or the other would be likely to develop incompatibility of temperament, or the nagging habit, a few months or years after marriage. Consulting the radiograph, he would note perhaps the presence of a narrow costal angle or of a gastro-colic ligament at the level of the fourth lumbar vertebra. Then the psychologist would assume that talent, accomplishment, affection, and cleverness, would after a while be modi-

fied by toxic over-stimulation, giving place to misconception and to wrong emphasis on the events of daily life.

I do not suppose however that the psychologist is really to be consulted in such matters for a good many years yet, though such consultation is a reasonable and practicable proceeding. As yet we are too romantic. The lover sighing over a facial photograph during the stage of his love psychosis may sigh again later as a result of mistake which could have been avoided had the *radiograph* been consulted.

WHAT do we mean when we say a man is burning the candle at both ends?

The expression that a man is burning his candle at both ends relates to a neurotic vanity of labor. When a man puts aside judgment in order to satisfy the craving of a vanity to work beyond his strength, we commonly find him boasting about it, or at least assuming a pleased look when the subject is mentioned. Any amount of labor for which a man is healthfully capable is theoretically desirable. Beyond that point he is working at a loss.

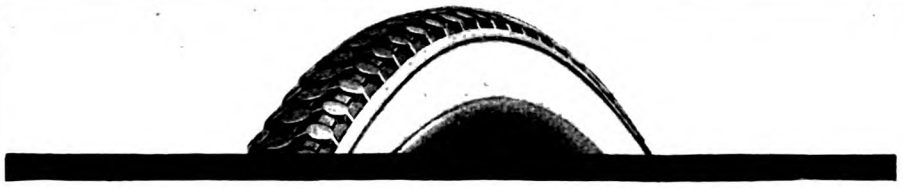
The amount of work which a given man can do, while burning the candle at one end comfortably, would burn another man's candle all in a flash. It is a relative matter. Vanity on this point however, frequently means abnormal irritation of protoplasm from microbic toxins. The neurasthenic, who is highly irritated, is often very busy doing work which shouldn't be done at all.

A man who is writing or thinking or doing other work at night is employing a good deal of waste cell material in his work. He is responding to irritating products of poisons of many kinds which ordinarily are useful at night in putting him to sleep so that they may be eliminated methodically while new cells are regaining energy.

All people who work intellectually without taking sufficient exercise to keep themselves fortified against the attack of colon microbes, become so sensitized that they respond abnormally to noises and sights, and become what is called highly nervous. If all of their protoplasm is habitually sensitized abnormally, the tendency may be transmitted to their children. The first duty of every man engaged in intellectual work is to oxidize his toxins, and attend to their elimination, by proper exercise.

All this applies to women as well as to men. Women are as a rule more nervous than men; and one main reason for this is because women take less physical exercise, and thus burn up the waste material of their bodies with less regularity. This failure to oxidize their toxins leaves their body cells more highly sensitized, in consequence of which they are more susceptible to the poisonous influence of harmful microbes.

"ARE You Watching Your Blood Pressure?" asks Dr. Edwin F. Bowers next month. He tells us how important the blood pressure is as a barometer of health, and he explains what may happen if we forget to have the pressure taken at reasonable intervals.



FISK
VISIBLE VALUE
Bicycle Tires

THE *value* of Fisk tires is *known* wherever bicycles are owned—it is *in* the tires, is *visible*, is seen and understood by all who make comparisons. This is what has made Fisk Tires standard equipment on practically every high grade bicycle manufactured. The Fisk Rubber Company has the the reputation of being one of the best concerns in the world to work for and the squarest concern in existence to do business with—a concern of this kind could not make anything but the best in its line—automobile and bicycle tires.

FISK CORD TIRES

The Fisk principle of Cord Construction gives this tire the great resistance strength of the cord, combined with all the easy-riding resiliency in the highest grade rubber. Every Fisk Tire has the valve-cot inserted by a special Fisk process, as additional protection against air leakage.

The Little Blue Can

When you spy a can of your kind of tobacco on a stranger's desk, you think, "Here's a man who knows something!"

You sort of warm up towards a man who shows the same taste as you in anything. When it's the same taste in tobacco, out goes your hand.

But here's a regular fellow. He not only smokes a pipe, but your kind of tobacco.

He has picked it from all others. He has shown good taste, judgment.

A man may have to do a lot of looking around before he gets next to the pipe tobacco just suiting him.

It's a mighty important selection. It must be the tobacco that suits his tongue and throat to a T.

If it doesn't get on perfectly with his tongue and throat, it doesn't do the two things he depends upon it to do.

The right tobacco he depends upon to smoke away his troubles with.

It must do a lot more than that. It must add that last soothing, balmy touch to his comfort.

If it doesn't suit his individual taste perfectly, it fails to do the job.

It's a source of petty annoyance, disappointment. He is still looking around for the right tobacco.

He won't be happy till he finds it. He may have to hunt, because individual tastes differ so widely.

Take Edgeworth, for instance. Edgeworth doesn't completely satisfy everybody or else it would be the only brand on the market.

But the men it suits swear by it. There just isn't any other kind. They like it so strongly that the sight of one of its little blue cans on a stranger's desk starts them off on one of their enthusiasms. "I see you smoke Edgeworth," they begin. Then they're off.

It may be that Edgeworth is the pipe tobacco you've been looking for.

If you haven't yet found the tobacco that's just yours in and out, and through and through, every day of the week, Sundays included, we wish you'd try Edgeworth.

Just send us your name and address on a postcard. If you feel like doing us a favor, send us also the name of the dealer to whom you will go for supplies, if you like Edgeworth. We will send you samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice comes in flat cakes. Each cake contains a number of thin, moist slices. One thin slice rubbed for a moment between the hands fills the average pipe.

We think you'll notice how nicely Edgeworth packs. Of course, that means that it burns evenly and freely.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 25 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants—If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

The Greatest Builder of Skyscrapers in the World

(*Continued from page 16*)

parcels, and where *most of his old fellow workers were still wrapping them!* "Verily, nothing can keep a man chained to a trade if he has the wings to soar above it."

From this job, he found a better one in one of a chain of stores, and was moved out to New Jersey as a manager. But he had determined to abandon the shoe business, because he argued that if he could sell shoes, he could sell bigger things. And, for over a year, his eyes had been toward Brooklyn.

"Brooklyn was so near New York," said Mr. Horowitz, "it was evident that it must develop soon. I could see that real estate values would grow, and I wanted to get over there."

When he announced his intention of leaving, his employer offered him a partnership; but Horowitz declined it and, at the age of twenty-three, set out to make his fortune in the real estate business. For a time he bought and sold and, by making acquaintances and being able to impress upon them the value of his services, he soon found that he could incorporate a company and, with himself as president, finance the building of an apartment house.

The success of this venture was so gratifying that he went right on financing and building a number of other apartment buildings in Brooklyn. His last two building operations were conducted by the Thompson-Starrett Company, which he was shortly destined to direct.

Meanwhile, however, he had worn himself out, and his doctor insisted that he should go away and take a complete rest, incidentally intimating that he should give up all idea of ever again taking an active part in business. Indeed, a former secretary to Mr. Horowitz tells me I have understated the matter, and that the doctor really thought Mr. Horowitz was going to die.

It is amazing how many successful men have been given up by the doctors, only to come back with a new lease on life, as if they resented their existence being circumscribed by medical opinion. Nothing like a scare to cure or kill! So, Mr. Horowitz took six months' vacation and came back, if not completely restored, at least going strong.

WHEN he returned, Mr. Frank Bailey, vice president of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, advised him that there was a place in the Thompson-Starrett Company to fit him—in fact, just the job the doctor ordered! As assistant to Mr. Theodore Starrett, president of the company, he would have a post with comparatively little responsibility and one which would give him both an interest in life and a field for his talents.

That was in 1903. In 1907 he was made vice president and general manager of the company and, in 1909, Mr. Starrett having retired from the organization, Mr. Horowitz became its president.

"The doctor made a mistake," he said to me, "I never have been sick since."

When Horowitz became vice president and general manager for the Thompson-Starrett Company, it was the year of 1907—the panic year. Work was scarce; the resources of the company were tied up in stock taken as payment for a building operation; work and money were needed.

The company owned a certain prominent building site in the most populous business section of the city, which, while it was a good investment to hold, was impoverishing its already depleted exchequer by the cost of carrying it. Horowitz recommended putting a "taxpayer" on it, so as to relieve the company of the carrying charges, and while his immediate superior in the company frowned on the suggestion the directors adopted it, and a number of small stores were built on the property immediately, paying the cost of carrying it till the day it was sold.

This was, perhaps, the first serious indication the directors had of Horowitz's ability to transform a bad situation into a tolerable one. Meanwhile, he set about to procure new business, incidentally informing the organization that they were in the building business and not the banking business, and that, while securities might be sometimes accepted as part payment of fees, he did not propose that the company, under his guidance, should ever return to its old condition of having all script and no cash.

AT THIS time it became known that Gimbel Brothers wanted a store in New York City near Thirty-fourth Street. Horowitz saw Mr. Gimbel, and found the firm was not ready to shoulder the financial burden of building a store, but wanted a store if one could be leased. Horowitz found a real estate company owning sufficient land. Next he went about until he found money to put up the building.

Then a complicated legal difficulty developed, which has stopped many an operation on the threshold of building. But it did not stop this one! The Gimbel Building went up, the corner was turned and the future was assured.

Making leases and finding mortgage money is not normally a contractor's business, but Horowitz has never recognized any limitations to himself or his business.

All contracts for building operations involve salesmanship that means months, sometimes years, of campaigning. And Horowitz proved a business getter, with plenty of patience to play the long game.

"To sell anything," he said, "first you must have the goods to sell, confidence in their quality, and the capacity to present them properly to the buyer. This last involves a close study of human nature, for in the final analysis, success consists in inducing your man to say yes at the right time.

"This study of human nature cannot be confined to a man's clients, but must extend to every human being with whom he does business.

"A young man came into my office one year in such a pessimistic mood as I have seldom seen in a human being. He was a bright man, his letter applying for the job showed that. But he had suffered financial losses and everything looked black.

"One day I went into his office and, out of a clear sky, he said, 'I suppose you've come in to tell me you don't need me any more—to discharge me.' I stopped. Then I said, 'On the contrary, I have just been in to tell the treasurer to raise your salary.'

"It was not true—but I made it true, because he needed it. That day he began to brighten up. Later in the day, I said to him, 'See here, B——, you've got to stop going through life trying to make people think you are a failure. If you try sufficiently, you may succeed.'

"That young man is now in business for himself and almost as optimistic as he was pessimistic—which also has its dangers. *But every young man has it in his power to fix the value of his services and, in great measure, to determine them.* If you want to impress your employer that you are a failure, you can do it. *You can persuade yourself that you will never get any further than a given point, and you won't.*

"But you need not recognize your limitations until you find them, and maybe you never will find them. Every young man in business is more or less handicapped by ideas of preconceived limitations as to what he can do and what he cannot do. Discard all your ideas as to your limitations. Make yourself indispensable to your employer and, in enlightened selfishness, that employer will have to secure you to himself by promotion."

MR. HOROWITZ works on this same theory of not recognizing limitations when it comes to his own business. It took six years of campaigning, he told me, to get the contract to build the Equitable. This building is the largest ever financed by private funds. Horowitz was campaigning with the old Equitable Society to put up a new building when the head of that society died. He was negotiating with the new head when the Equitable fire occurred. Then an organization headed by Coleman Du Pont took over the matter and Horowitz had to begin all over again. Finally, he got the contract, in an enterprise involving an expenditure of $35,000,000, receiving ten per cent of the cost of the building for his company's services.

"He saved that sum out of the building, so he cost us nothing," said Coleman Du Pont to me. "He is a wonderful bundle of energy. He not only built the place, but he helped finish the interior, plan offices, and then rent them. He did as much as all the rest of us put together. He was the whole show."

Finishing up the offices, planning them for prospective renters, and then renting them afterward was no part of a builder's work. But Horowitz wanted the job done well; and, to his mind, it was not done well until the building was paying. He had argued that a building put up in the manner of the Equitable could be made to pay, and he was prepared to stand by his ideas. He did stand by them, to such purpose that the Equitable Building now numbers him among its owners.

Thirteen thousand people work in this building, and one hundred thousand enter it every day. It is a world in itself, a triumph of modern building. Horowitz regards it and the Nitro plant at West Virginia as his greatest two achievements.

WITHIN his own company, Horowitz is recognized as both an organizer and a business-getter. His plan of work is simplicity itself: "Get the order, and then put up the building, so that it is done in the shortest possible time." For speed is the most vital element in putting up a large building. So much capital is involved that every twenty-four hours means a loss too great to be long sustained.

For example, as the Equitable represented an investment of thirty-five millions of dollars, the rental loss for a single day would be over six thousand dollars. One of the miracles which Horowitz has introduced into building operations of this magnitude is to make out not only an estimate as to cost of work but also an estimate as to the time needed to complete such work, and actually to complete the work within that time.

To accomplish this, the company supplements its field forces with reconnoitering parties, whose sole work is to follow up materials, to report their daily development toward completion, to facilitate and expedite deliveries, and to see that they arrive at the site exactly on those dates called for by the working schedule and required to dovetail with the progress of kindred lines.

When a building is planned this expediting or reconnoitering force is ready. It sends its emmissaries out into all parts of the country where the raw materials are on order, to factories where they are converted, and to docks, steamship lines and railroads, where they are in transit. A load of marble is inspected at the quarries, helped all along the line until it lands in the crowded streets of New York or Chicago at the exact time it is needed, and swung into place out of the way of traffic within the hour.

"Horowitz is a human dynamo of energy," said one of his executives.

"Of course, Mr. Horowitz is not a trained engineer," said a head of that department, "but I am sometimes amazed at the technical knowledge he possesses of our engineering and building problems."

And a third man, who was formerly in his employ, summed it up by saying: "He is head and shoulders over most leaders of men. The sky is his limit, literally. He puts more 'guts' into his work than any man in the organization. He is a constant source of inspiration. He loves his work. Sometimes I think he works for the sheer joy of overcoming obstacles. And he goes through obstacles like a circus rider through a hoop."

"How do you get an organization like this?" I asked Mr. Horowitz.

"Bring in young men and train them," he replied. "All the responsible officials of the company have been here fifteen years or more. We are careful to watch

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the direction in which ability develops. No blame attaches to us for picking a wrong man, but much blame would attach to us for keeping him. At present we haven't enough good men. We do, in normal times, a business of twenty to thirty millions a year, and the business is limited to this amount because we haven't found capable men to fill more of these executive positions.

"Never within my lifetime have I seen such opportunities presented to young men as the world presents to them now. This nation is doing business on a larger scale than ever in its history, and needs more brain power than appears to be available.

"What makes a successful man? . . . Character and ability. By character I mean honesty, determination, and application. By ability I mean mainly sound reasoning.

"More men would succeed in this world if they had patience to wait just a little longer. *They are not content to wait long enough to earn what they desire.*

"A prominent banker once said to me: 'When I began my banking career, years ago, I observed that most of the people to whom we lent money rode around in automobiles, while I and my partners walked. To-day we have earned our automobiles, while most of those who once borrowed money from us are now walking with the rest of the crowd.' The trouble is, people who have no patience to *earn* the things they want, but begin indulging themselves in luxury before they can afford it, and frequently have to give up both the luxury and the hope of ever getting it again.

"Most of us are too highly civilized for our present state of production. We must learn to be content with simpler things until we produce more. No man has a right to get more out of life than he produces, unless he is mentally or physically deficient and has to be taken care of. Every man who takes more out of life than he produces pushes the world a step toward bankruptcy. He must add to the world's wealth.

"If he produces more than he consumes he adds to the riches of the world. And if he adds to the riches of the world, he is a success, in reality, whether he is a good stenographer or the president of a company."

I AM going to stop Mr. Horowitz there to state that in talking with eight different men who knew Horowitz well, some as employees, some as business friends and clients, I found this statement recurring again and again:

"That man has wonderful self-control He never allows his personal feelings to interfere with his business."

"Why," said one man, formerly associated with the company, "he never paid any attention to what anyone thought of him, in those early days when admiration for his talents began to dissolve into envy of his success. And he had enemies, all right. Plenty of them! But they did not worry him more than to put him on his guard. They were eventually weeded out and received their walking papers. But not if they had genuine ability! Mr. Horowitz wasn't making the same mistake about others that some others made about him. He did not dismiss men because

they were enemies of his administration, but because *that was all they were!* If they were unamenable to his administration but had abilities which the organization needed, then he pursued the novel but broad and farsighted policy of appealing from their enmity to him to their loyalty to the company! Here is an example: Upon his elevation to the presidency he recommended that a certain man be made the second in command. But one of the directors pointed out that the man in question was not, strictly speaking, his friend.

"'That may be,' replied Horowitz, 'but he happens to be one of the best builders in the country, and we want him.'

"Needless to add, the man was both conciliated and promoted."

I told Mr. Horowitz this story and he confirmed it. "But it was long ago," he protested. "Still, the same thing is true now. A spirit of coöperation is good; but if you cannot like a man do not bother about that as long as you like the way he does business. It does not concern you whether you like or dislike him; you can like him in a business way. As a matter of fact, I naturally like most people. But when it comes to my own office force and the people under me I regulate my likes by liking everybody in business who does his work well, and disliking everybody who does it badly."

IF THIS sounds coldblooded, let me quote from two people, one a young man who went "in knee pants" to Mr. Horowitz, and who is now an official of the company:

"You can go to Mr. Horowitz when you are in trouble; any kind of trouble at any time," he said. "And if you have done something wrong he won't jump down your back. He will say, usually, 'This could have been avoided;' and then show you how."

A business friend, a client of Mr. Horowitz's, who is on at least two boards of directors for whom Mr. Horowitz has erected large hotels and who is also an astute lawyer, well known in New York City, substantiated this by stating:

"There were eight or nine members of my family interested in this building we were putting up, besides a promoting company. I don't mind owning we were often far from agreement. Louis Horowitz would go from one to the other settling matters. When one of us had a just grievance, he admitted it, no matter how much trouble it made for him, and when it was unjust he fought it out. The result? Well, every member of my family is not only his friend but we hold him in affection. He comes to you as a business getter, and leaves you as a friend. And his mind is so flexible and so marvelous in handling any problems demanding analysis that I go to him with any problem, however remote from building, and feel satisfied to trust his judgment."

Horowitz himself doubts whether his self-control is as near absolute as his admirers lead you to think.

"I wish it were!" he said frankly. "I am often irritable. But I rarely lose my temper, although I am often angry. Temper and anger are two different things. Self-control is an admirable quality, but in certain places it is very near hypocrisy. I have always been un-

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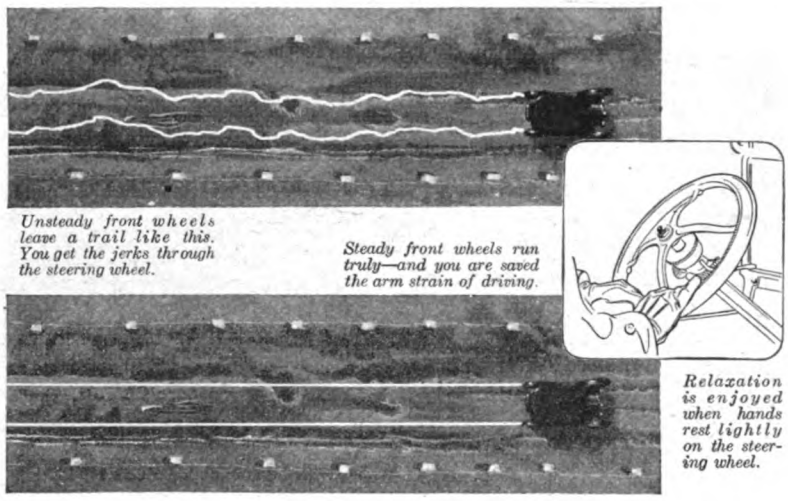

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You are skimming along in a light car over brick and cobblestone pavements, or an average country road, your eyes on the highway, your hands on the wheel.

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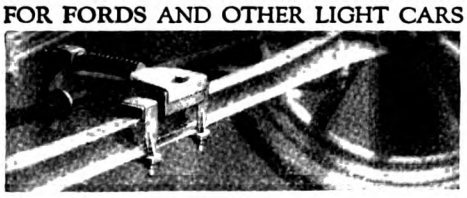

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able to pretend. It may pay to pretend; I don't know; I have never been able to do it. As for keeping one's temper in the face of obstacles, *one has to do it to succeed.*

"Obstacles are the joy of life. If there were none it would be a dull affair, with everyone on the same level and no chance for ability to demonstrate itself.

"The motto of our company is: 'The better the excuse, the worse the reason.' We work on that; that is, we work on the idea that no reason ever justifies an excuse.

"One day one of the heads of a department of the company came in to me and said: 'I don't see how we will ever get that job done, Mr. Horowitz! There are only thirty days left, and I just can't see how it can be done in thirty days.'

"'Now see here,' I said; 'every day of that thirty has twenty-four hours, and every hour of every twenty-four has sixty minutes. If you set to work intensively, utilizing every minute of that time, hour by hour, day by day, you'll get done, and you won't have time to worry about it.'

"That man was doing what no man who wants to succeed can permit himself the luxury of doing—worrying in advance and taking time to talk about it."

One of the officers of the Thompson-Starrett Company tells a tale of Mr. Horowitz that shows him a man of few words. There had been a large sum of money long past due. After a great deal of trouble the officer got it and hurried in to tell Mr. Horowitz.

He began on it, when Mr. Horowitz held up his hand.

"One minute!" he said. "Did you get the money?"

"Yes," said the young man.

"Well," said Mr. Horowitz, "that is the answer."

"I see. No fussing needed," was the official's comment, as he took the lesson to heart without rancor.

"Most men are too loquacious," said Mr. Horowitz. "They waste more time than can be calculated telling how to do a thing, or how it was done, or how it ought to be done. All that is unnecessary. The fact is that it is to *be* done, and *gets* done, and that is all there is to it."

THIS philosophy and the self-control to back it up explain in part Horowitz's unending capacity for work.

"In this business," he said, "the good things take care of themselves and do not have to be discussed; and we aim to take care of the bad things. The hardest strain of an executive's work is the strain of turning attention at once without loss of time from one problem to another. This flexibility of mind requires great concentration, and comes only through training. It comes as a reaction to the will, exactly as trained muscles react to the will. No one gets it who has not exercised and fed the mind properly. But it can be developed if one exercises long enough.

"Learn to rest your mind. My mind and most men's minds weary because of the monotony of work. Monotony dulls thinking. Take up a new problem when you can no longer think of the one on which you are working, and you will find relaxation and that you can still think constructively. When I get tired out on a financial problem, I take up one of construction; and when I can no longer

think in terms of construction, I can return to finance. This rest of the mind by change of work should be supplemented by absolute rest. I get about a month of this every year.

"The general idea that the big men of this country are tucked away in hidden offices to be approached only through a chain of under employees, is a fallacy. Big men are more approachable than little ones, and they are much easier to talk to because they are more intelligent.

"The trouble with most men who try to present ideas is that they are *actually concerned with the impression they are making, not with the thing in hand.* It is impossible to make an impression that amounts to much when you are concerned about the impression you expect to make as an individual.

"I have never gone to any man without feeling that I had something that would interest him. When in my early days I wanted a man to buy real estate, or to put up a building, I wrote to him frankly, telling him that I would not ask his time unless I had something that was of real benefit to him. And I never failed to get an appointment. The man who hangs about, wishing to get to some big man with what he thinks is a big idea, either hasn't a big idea or hasn't enough force to put it over. If he has, he won't hang around; he will go to work on it.

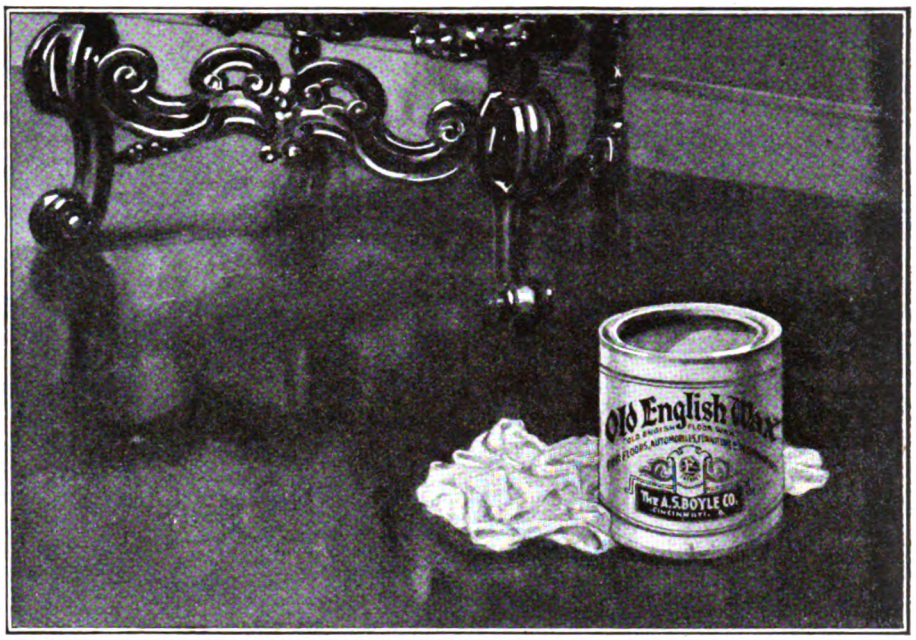
"THE truth is that most men accomplish what they set out to accomplish, and when you see a man entertaining a party of friends at an expensive restaurant, and telling how he wants to save money, it is obvious that he is not telling the truth. If he wanted to save money he would be dining at home, alone, and saving it. He is, in fact, doing what he most wants to do.

"Most of the young men I know pay more attention to the pleasures of life than to business, instead of subordinating everything else to business. At present I should say that they seem to be working to accumulate enough money to play golf. What they should be doing is to play enough golf so as to keep themselves fit for working.

"And don't be blinded by money. In every deal I have made I have fixed the value of my services. But I have not consciously worked for the dollars in it; I have worked for the success of the job."

Summing up, it would seem that Horowitz's philosophy can be best expressed in terms of his own business. For as surely as Horowitz put up the Equitable building, block by block, until the forty-second story was reached, so surely has he built himself, and almost with the same consciousness of what he was doing. "The master builder," he would say, "is he who builds himself."

"GETTING Your Second Wind in Business" is the subject of an article full of helpful information appearing next month. Its author is Joseph French Johnson, dean of the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance at New York University. Dean Johnson tells us why men settle down into ruts, and how you can avoid doing so.



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Just apply a thin, transparent coating of Old English Wax, rub to a polish with a cloth or with the Waxer and Polisher shown below—and you have a shimmering lustre that will last for months. A hard, glass-like wax film which nothing can get through—neither water nor grease nor heel marks nor constant daily wear. The cost (in U. S.) is only 75c for 1 pint of Wax, enough to cover 252 square feet or a room 14 x 18.

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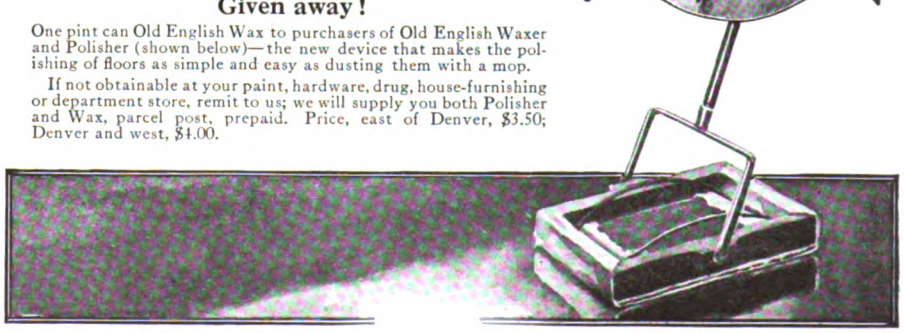

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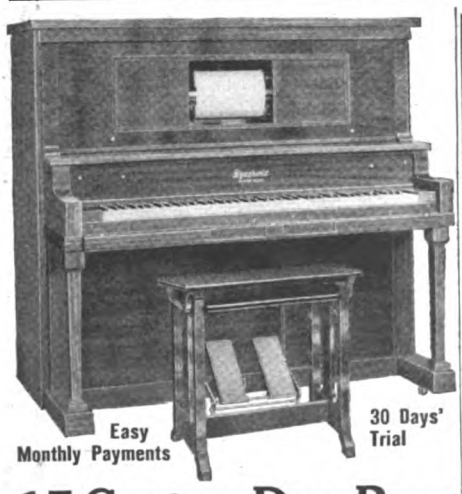

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What I Have Learned from Old Ben Franklin

(*Continued from page 47*)

struck me most forcibly at the outset was the tremendous advantage that Franklin enjoyed through his ability to write strong, forceful English, and to make a good speech when the occasion arose. As I have watched the careers of men in our city for more than a generation I have concluded that, next to honesty and sound judgment, there are no other assets more valuable than the power to write and talk. Two men of equal industry and character start side by side; and in ten years one has a city-wide reputation, while the other is hardly known outside the ranks of his own business. The first man has the ability to talk, and has used it effectively. No other ability is more rare; and none is so quickly discovered and seized upon by business men.

Some men are born gifted writers and talkers. Franklin was not. That's the encouraging thing about his career—he doesn't seem to have been born with very much of anything; all that he did or acquired came to him as a result of hard work. He *made himself* a forceful writer, and this is his own account of the way in which he did it:

About this time I met with an odd volume of the "Spectator." It was the third. I had never before seen any of them. I bought it, read it over and over, and was much delighted with it. I thought the writing excellent and wished, if possible, to imitate it. With this view I took some of the papers, and making short hints of the sentiment in each sentence, laid them by a few days and then, without looking at the book, try'd to compleat the papers again, by expressing each hinted sentiment at length, and as fully as it had been expressed before, in any suitable words that should come to hand. Then I compared my "Spectator" with the original, discovered some of my faults, and corrected them. But I found I wanted a stock of words, or a readiness in recollecting and using them . . . Therefore, I took some of the tales and turned them into verse; and, after a time, when I had pretty well forgotton the prose, turned them back again. I also sometimes jumbled my collections of hints into confusion, and after some weeks endeavored to reduce them into the best order, before I began to form the full sentences and compleat the paper. This was to teach me method and arrangement of thoughts. By comparing my work afterwards with the original, I discovered many faults and amended them; but I sometimes had the pleasure of fancying that, in certain particulars of small import, I had been lucky enough to improve the method or the language, and this encouraged me to think I might possibly in time come to be a tolerable English writer, of which I was extremely ambitious.

ONE thing that must impress even the most casual reader of that passage is its extreme simplicity. Short, common, Anglo-Saxon words; short, direct sentences—this is the secret of good writing; and it was a secret that I set out to acquire, if I could, following Franklin's example. No other resolution ever paid me such large and consistent dividends. Within a year after I began to practice

writing I had an opportunity to move up into a clerical position where some of the firm's correspondence passed under my hands. Three years later, when I moved up another notch or two, I noticed in one of the boot and shoe journals an advertisement for a private secretary. The advertiser did not give his name, but described himself as a man of large interests who must have an assistant capable of relieving him of all details. The ability to handle correspondence with distinction was set forth as a prime requisite. I answered that advertisement in a letter written with special care; and four weeks later I became associated with one of the most successful and most inspiring men in the business life of our city. It was the beginning of my real progress, and I owed it all directly to the encouragement of Ben Franklin.

TO BECOME a good speaker was more difficult. One may practice writing alone in his own room, but the practice of speaking demands an audience. Franklin, with his unusual shrewdness, recognized that difficulty, and met it by the organization of The Junto, a debating society made up of a group of young men of ambitions similar to his own. The Junto met on Friday evenings, as he tells us, and each member was required in turn to raise a question on some point of morals, politics or moral philosophy, which was then discussed by the company under strict parliamentary rules. Once in three months each member was called upon for a written essay, and this, also, was made the subject of debate. Each meeting opened with certain questions, which were read, and followed by a pause to allow an answer from any member. Take these as examples. Can you imagine anything better calculated to brighten the wits of young men, and keep them observant students of the great book of life?

Have you met with anything in the author you last read, remarkable, or suitable to be communicated to The Junto, particularly in history, morality, poetry, physic, travels, mechanic arts, or other parts of knowledge?

Do you know of a fellow citizen who has lately done a worthy action, deserving praise or imitation; or who has lately committed an error, proper for us to be warned against and avoid?

My success in developing my writing ability, following Franklin's example, had been so satisfactory that I essayed to develop a modern successor to the The Junto. In this I was less successful. Perhaps it was because the average young man of this time is less willing to sacrifice in the cause of self-improvement than were the youths of Franklin's day. The more likely explanation is that I lacked altogether the special genius which made it possible for him to inspire and hold together such an organization. At any rate, our society perished after a few meetings which were not any too interesting.

But this failure by no means destroyed my ambition to be able to think and talk on my feet. I was a comparative stranger in the city, no one knew me or cared much whether or not I made a fool of myself. Encouraged by this salutary thought, I determined to get up and talk in any meeting that would endure the punishment of listening to me. I frequented all

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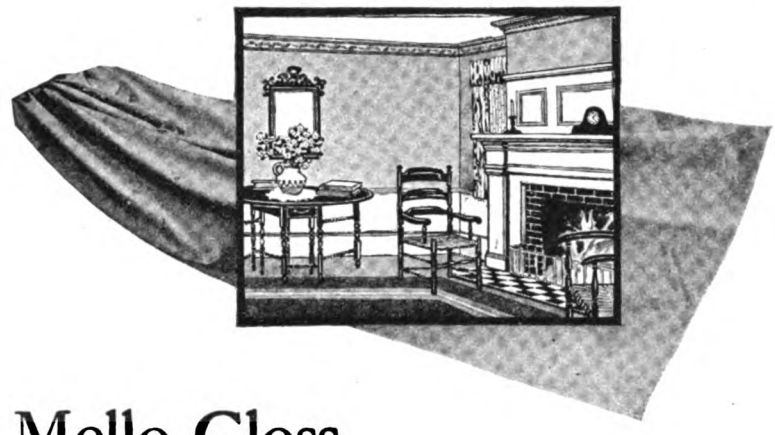

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FAMOUS SINCE 1847

sorts of gatherings—political rallies, single-tax meetings, reform clubs, and all. In each case I took the precaution of informing myself somewhat about the subject under discussion, and mapped out roughly what I should say if I had the chance. Then, when there came a pause in the discussion, I rose and talked.

I shall never forget the first experience of this sort. It was in a small meeting called to discuss the establishment of night schools in our section of town. If there was any subject on which I felt the right to entertain convictions it was this; and accordingly I prepared a short speech and determined to deliver it unless prevented by the police. Half way through the meeting the opportunity came, and with my heart thumping so hard that it seemed as if everyone in the room must hear it I rose and managed to say "Mr. Chairman."

The words sounded as though someone else a long way off had uttered them. I repeated them, trying desperately to recall what I had meant to say next. In spite of every frenzied effort not a single line of my speech would come to mind. I flushed, coughed, managed to stutter that I was in favor of what had been said by the other speakers, and bolted out of the room, leaving a tittering audience behind. For a while I felt utterly discouraged. Apparently public speaking was not to be one of my accomplishments.

Yet the spirit of youth is exceedingly resilient. It was not long before another meeting drew me, and this time I managed to stammer through half a dozen sentences before terror overcame me; and when I sat down I was thrilled by the sound of someone in the back row applauding a little. So I kept on, and to my great delight I found the experience less terrifying with each repetition. I have never become an orator in any sense of the word, and have no ambition in that direction. But I can face a board of directors and state in plain, direct language the course that I think should be pursued; and I can, when necessary, stand up before a public meeting or a banquet crowd and talk, with no more feeling of embarrassment than as though I were carrying on a business discussion.

OF COURSE life is real, life is earnest—we have enough books and articles to remind us of that fact, heaven knows. But the appealing fact about good old Ben was that he persisted in regarding the whole business as a great big game; and it's amazing how much more easily one gets things done when he gets that point of view. He mastered French, Italian and Spanish, though his schooling had stopped almost before it began. But he found a friend who was also studying languages, and who was very fond of chess. The chess games interfered with the studying; so Franklin arranged that the winner of any game should have a right to assign a task in grammar or translation to the loser. "And as they played equally well," one of his biographers records, "they beat each other into a knowledge of the language."

One important event, at least, in my life, I can trace directly to the application of his shrewd common sense to business affairs. It was at the time of my election to the general managership of the company with which I have ever since been

associated. I was assistant general manager of a competing concern; and I knew perfectly well that my name was up for discussion. In fact, one of the directors kept me informed of what was transpiring in their meetings. He came to my home one evening with a troubled look:

"We are all unanimous for you, except Adams," he said, naming one of his fellow directors. "What has he got against you, anyway? What have you ever done to him?"

I searched my memory in vain for any explanation. So far as I could recall I had met the man only half a dozen times in my life, and then in the most casual fashion. Then, suddenly, I had another thought. Adams's nephew had at one time been clerk in my office, and was discharged for incompetence. The thing had happened five years before; it seemed incredible that a big man should allow so small a thing to influence an important decision. Yet I knew, as every business man does, that very human and very petty considerations sometimes rule in meetings of boards of directors.

"I think I know why Adams is against me," I said to my friend.

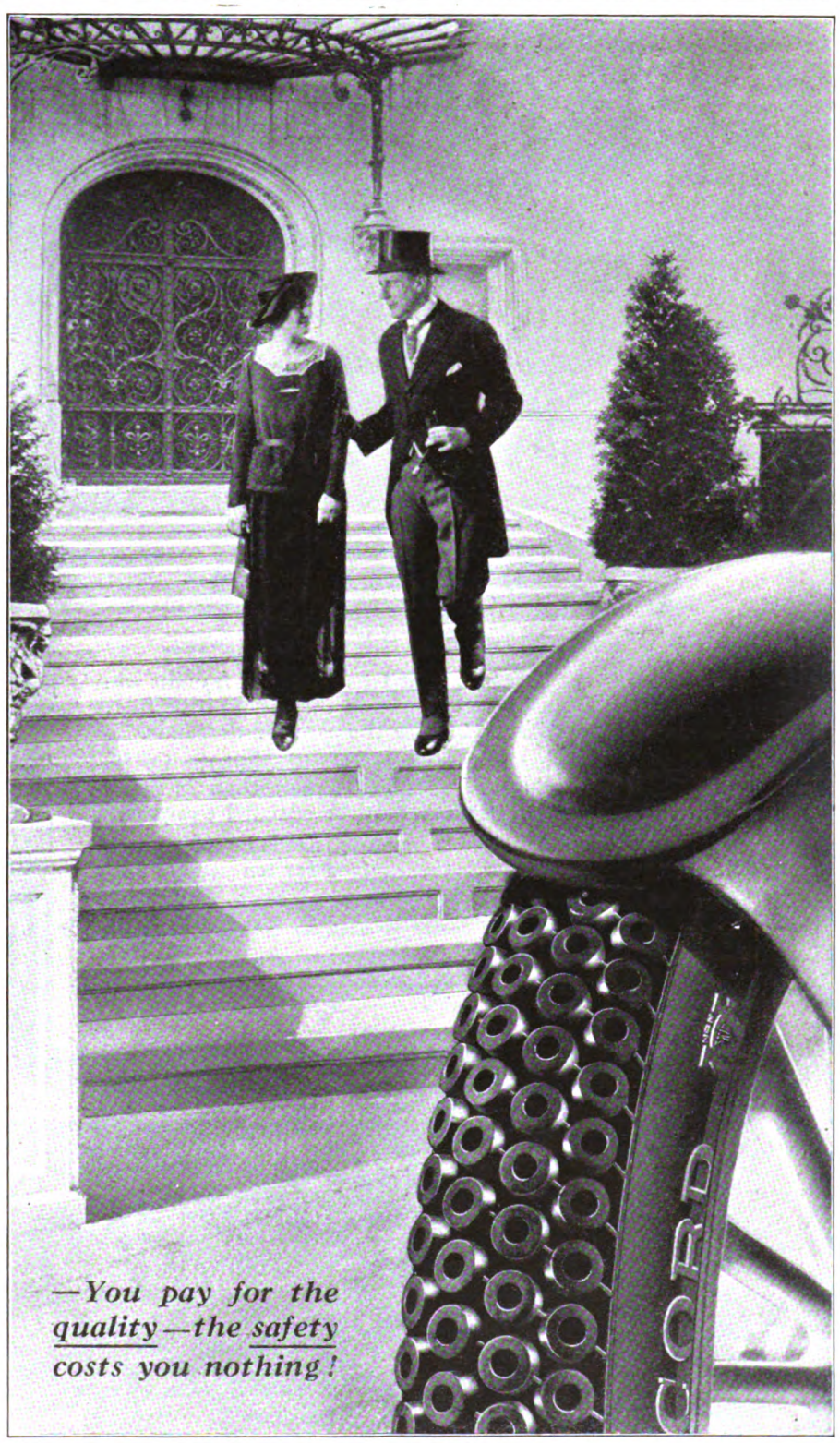
"Well, whatever it is, you better find some way to change his opinion," he answered. "We have a majority, but we don't feel like riding you in, or any other man, over his protest."

After he had gone I sat for a long time wrestling with that problem. Here was the opportunity of a lifetime; to lose it because of a tiny misunderstanding for which I was in no way responsible seemed too great a pity. Yet what could I do? To go to Adams and attempt to explain would be merely to arouse a more active antagonism. I must find some other way to swing him over to my side; but how? I thought of one expedient after another, only to reject them as fast as they came. Finally, in sheer weariness, I decided to postpone any further thought until the morning and picked up my favorite volume to get my mind cleared and ready for sleep.

WHETHER it was merely chance, or whether there is some favoring deity who guides us in such moments, I do not know. But as if the book understood exactly what I needed, it opened to the passage in which Franklin tells how he succeeded in being reëlected to the office of clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly. In his case, as in mine, the opposition centered in one man:

> Having heard that he had in his library a certain very scarce and curious book, I wrote a note to him expressing my desire of perusing that book [Franklin writes] and requesting he would do the favour of lending it to me for a few days. He sent it immediately, and I return'd it in about a week with another note, expressing strongly my sense of the favour. When we next met in the House, he spoke to me (which he had never done before), and with great civility; and he ever after manifested a readiness to serve me on all occasions, so that we became great friends, and our friendship continued to his death. This is another instance of the truth of an old axiom I had learned, which says, "He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another, than he whom you yourself have obliged."

It came to me like an inspiration. I blessed old Ben for his shrewd, kindly



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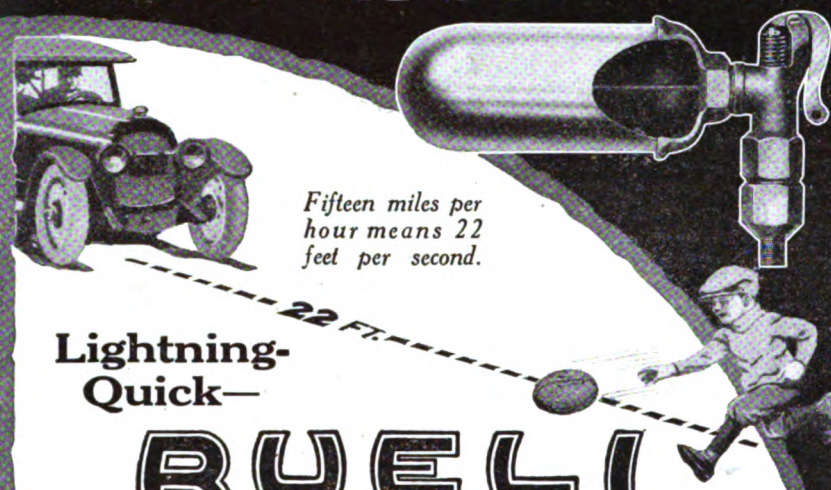

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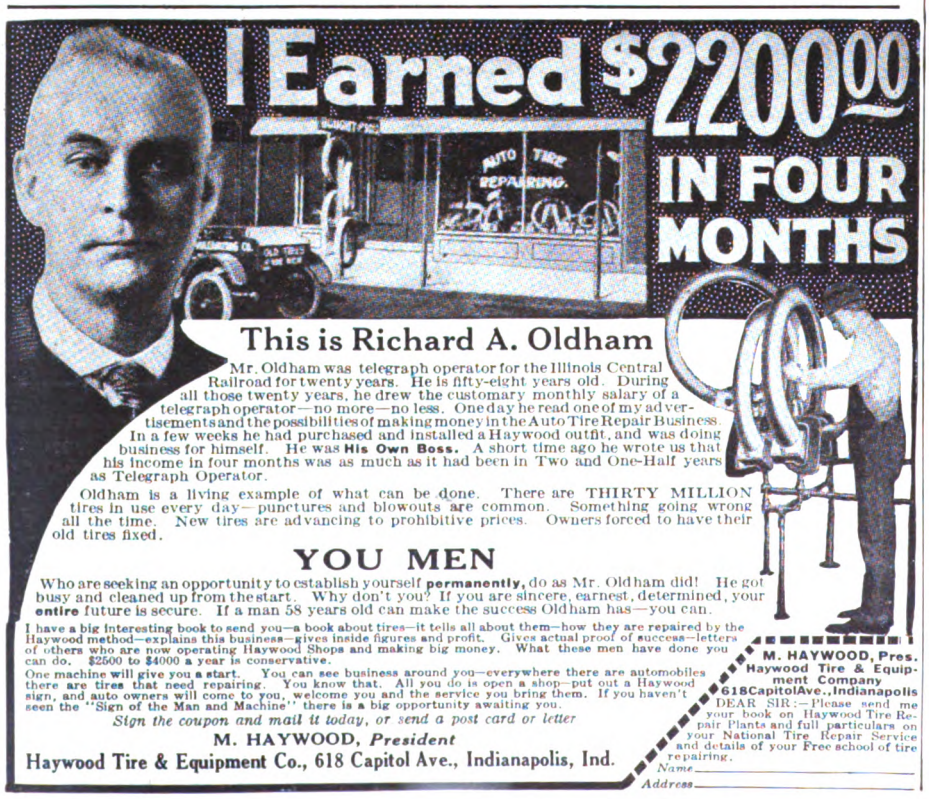

wisdom, and went to bed with a peaceful mind. The next day I called at the office of Mr. Adams.

He received me with obvious caution; it was clear enough that he supposed I had come to canvass him for the general managership, and he was all ready to freeze over and inform me, in dignified language, that it was a subject which he could not with propriety discuss. Therefore my opening sentence took him entirely off his guard.

"Mr. Adams," I said, "there are only a very few of my friends who are members of the Union Club. Mr. Andrew Horne is one, and wants very much to propose me for membership. In fact, he has made it a point to introduce me to three of the men on the membership committee. I wonder whether you would be willing to second my nomination."

Before he was quite aware of the fact, he had committed himself.

He was completely taken by surprise. Of course he would be glad to do it, he said. It would be a real pleasure. From the club we passed on to other topics of conversation. It was surprising how many mutual friends we discovered and how many tastes we had in common. When I left, half an hour later, he walked out to the elevator with me and urged me to bring my wife to call on Mrs. Adams and himself at their home.

A week later I was informed that I had been chosen to the position that meant so much to me. The man who had always supposed that he disliked me, discovered, on closer acquaintance, that I was not such a bad fellow after all. And I, who had cherished a deep resentment against him for his opposition, found him altogether different from the man I had pictured him to be. Out of that interview in his office grew one of the best friendships of my life.

THERE is not space in this article even to mention all the advantages that I have derived from my association with Ben Franklin. But three points I must touch on, at least: First of all, it was to Franklin that I owe whatever tolerance there is in my naturally rather intolerant nature. Very early in life he learned that the man who knows it all finds himself engaged in one long series of disputes and arguments, while the man who will assume the attitude of the inquirer gets through life much more easily, and is quite as likely to have his way in the end.

That habit of asking questions, of holding my own opinions in reserve, and allowing the other man to state his opinions first, has been one of the most valuable bits of strategy in my business experience. I commend it to any man who would make his days yield the maximum of results with the minimum of debate and argument.

In the second place, Franklin taught me that life can be just as interesting as a man has a mind to make it. It is one of the tragedies of modern life that business engrosses us to a point where we almost cease to be human. Our clubs are filled with men who can talk well enough of leather or of stocks and bonds, but who are total losses when it comes to any other subject. They spend their active days immersed in one interest; and when, at length, they retire with the expectation of taking things

easy and enjoying themselves, they find there is no capacity for enjoyment in them. Generally they dry up and die in a couple of years.

Franklin relieved himself from the routine of business at a comparatively early age; but he had a thousand other interests, and they kept him young up to the very day of his death. He lived to be eighty-four, and did his most important work after seventy; and his life is the finest possible monument to the fact that longevity is won not so much by special care or tedious exercise, as by the wholesome habit of being interested in living all the time.

AND this is the final, and perhaps the thing most worth learning from his life—that it is not what a man gets that makes him great but what he gives. He might have made fortunes with his electrical discoveries, and with the stove which was his invention and still bears his name. Other men did make fortunes from them. But he did not even ask for patent papers. The achievement itself was its own reward; and his interest was not in money but in service.

I read a great deal, ride a little, do a little business for myself, now and then for others, retire when I can, and go into company when I please; so the years roll round, and the last will come, when I would rather have it said, "He lived usefully than he died rich."

Those are his own words written in the latter years of his life; surely any man is fortunate who can look back over the record with so little regret, and forward to the end with such calm assurance.

The Biggest Thing I Ever Learned—and Who Taught It to Me

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NOW that you have finished reading this article about what one man owes to Ben Franklin, sit back in your chair and think about the person to whom *you* owe the most. Maybe it was your first boss, or some favorite teacher in school; possibly it was some great statesman or even a noble character in fiction. But whoever it was, tell the rest of us just what that person taught you and how it has affected your life.

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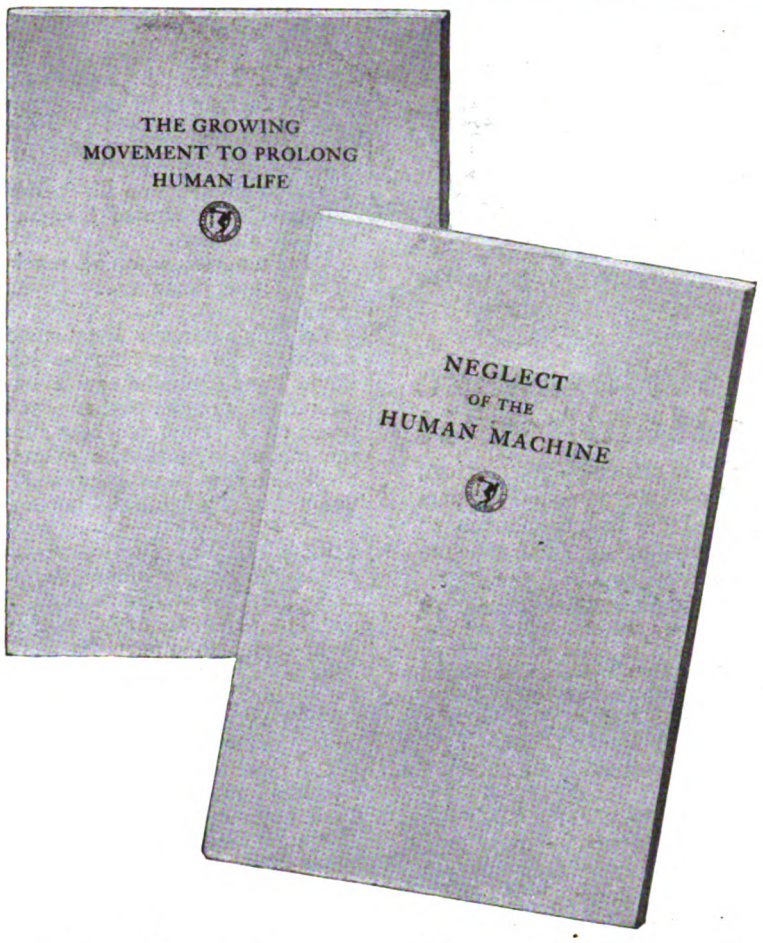

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The Making of "Val" Pierce

(*Continued from page 33*)

from that gray rock on Black Mountain?"

Barney concentrated his gaze on the point in question.

"Don't notice anything much in particular," he answered. "What's the idea?"

Val didn't answer. He was steadfastly watching the spot. As he looked, he would have sworn he saw a human figure retreat into the bushes near the bare trunk of the pine. He kept his eyes on the mountain until the effort brought the black dots swarming thickly into his vision, but the figure did not reappear.

HE TRIED to continue work. The ax seemed an unwilling implement of lead. His hands had become unstrung and atremble. It struck him now how queer that he had never heard from Lou. Almost daily the teamsters brought mail for Jones. Barney received and wrote a lengthy letter once a week. But nothing had ever come for James Barth. Could the authorities have caught Lou in the murdered man's machine! Good lord! Perhaps Lou had already confessed, and this was the explanation of a spy on Black Mountain. Why, in heaven's name, had he stayed in Beaver Valley so long, when there were places where no one would know he had gone!

He tried to yawn naturally.

"Don't feel good," he mentioned to Barney. "Believe I'll call it a day." He drove his ax into the scarred hemlock trunk, and started in the direction of the halting whine of the saw. Once out of Barney's sight, however, he cut swiftly to the flat on Sunset Mountain and made his way just inside of the edge of timber toward the path traveled daily to and from his home in Griffen Valley by Davey, a freckled youth of fifteen or sixteen, who peeled chestnut posts and poles, the only member of the Beaver Valley crew who did not work on Sunday.

He found the path without difficulty, a straight pebbly course running like a tape up the cliff-like side of Sunset Mountain. Recovering his breath and strength on the summit, he sat glued to a lichen-tapestried rock by the sweeping expanse of view. Above the solid green wall of Black Mountain rose the dull blue of a second elevation; beyond, the hazier blue of a third and fourth. A fifth might have been cloud or imagination. From this pinnacle on Mount Olympus the earth seemed an endless panorama of lofty blue mountains whose complete numbers were hidden from mortal gaze by the drapery of the horizon.

For more than an hour he drank in the silent spectacle, then rose and crossed the narrow crest to view the land in the direction that he must go. Four successive mountains he counted on this side, and a fifth wedge-shaped mast whose summit towered kingly over the others. Below him, lay Griffen Valley, a peaceful, velvety basin of green, unbroken except by a patch of field which from this height glimmered like a mountain lake. He was wondering where he was going to spend the night, when the grating sound of rocks under shoe whirled him face about instantly.

It was Davey, dinner basket on his arm.

"Excuse me. I didn't know anybody was here," he hastened, abashed.

"It's your mountain as well as mine," assured Val, smiling inanely with relief.

The boy approached with a simplicity that Val instantly liked.

"I generally come over here from the path evenings," he explained shyly. "I like to look at North Mountain. That's her up there." His basket indicated the towering wedge-shaped mass. "They say from the top you can see Williamsport. I'm going to Williamsport some day." His eyes were fixed on the mountain as if reflected in its crest he could see his city of dreams. "Listen!" he said suddenly. "Hear that?"

Val listened intently, and made out the faint baying of a hound in the valley below.

"That's George!" said the boy proudly. "The best rabbit dog in any of these valleys. He can chase fox or coon just as easy. I wouldn't be scared to take him along for squirrel or turkey. I'm going to miss him a lot when I go to college."

Val glanced at the boy with renewed respect.

"Good idea, college. Going to be a doctor or a lawyer?"

"Business college," explained Davey proudly. "I'm going to get a job in some good business, and then work till I own it myself, so I can get nice things for Ma and Mol."

Val said nothing. He felt instinctively the contrast between himself and this likable youth, who with steady faith was setting his face toward a city job that could not hold a fraction of the promise of the one that he had spurned.

"Mister," he heard the boy saying shyly, "I'll have to be going now. I was wondering if you'd like to come down for the night at my place. Ma's not going to have anything special for supper, just fried rabbit, potatoes, and huckleberry preserves. But Mr. Jones said you used to run an automobile in one of the big cities. I thought maybe you wouldn't mind to tell us about it. We've never been any place much but Rockville."

The wistful invitation touched Val uncommonly. He felt drawn toward this lonely valley home with its fireside and mother. His mouth watered at the thought of a family tablecloth laden with home-cooked food.

"You're sure it'll be all right?" he questioned doubtfully.

"Ma said I was to try to bring you, long ago," answered the boy; "but I didn't get an excuse to ask before."

TOGETHER they went down the gradual north side of Sunset Mountain, following a deep ravine wooded with dense hemlocks and carpeted with moss and fern, a primeval wilderness of dim recesses, brown rotting logs, huge wet boulders and thick copses of painted bramble.

Twice grouse startled Val with their abrupt roaring flight, and once a young buck, with velvet horns barely showing, stood aquiver in the path ahead as they came around the bend, only to leap the next moment like a jackknife into a thicket of birch and witch hazel.

As they broke out into the welcome light of the cleared land, George came bounding to meet them, a mixed foxhound and beagle, white, black and tan, loosening his tongue in surprisingly mellow music.

"Ma calls him my supper bell," said Davey, bending to fondle the long silky ears.

As they approached the log house, painstakingly whitewashed, its porch covered with flame-colored Virginia creeper, a figure appeared, then suddenly popped inside.

"That was Mol," said Davey, grinning. "Bet she was excited when she saw somebody was with me."

Val felt the simple pride of the boy in bringing him to his remote dwelling, and it ineffably warmed him. Davey held the homemade screen door open for him to enter. A gray-haired woman in a faded dark dress rose guiltily from the floor beside the stove.

"Don't bother with that, Ma," said Davey. "This is Mr. Jim Barth. He won't mind a little dirt aside the wood box."

"Mr. James, David," reproved his mother, bowing to Val with the same shyness that was characteristic of Davey.

"Where's Mol?" demanded the latter exuberantly. Then at his mother's reply, "She's fixing up, I bet. That's what she is! Wait till she comes down!"

"Davey!" protested his mother gently.

A DOOR opened and a slight feminine form entered. The twilight was too thin for final judgment, but Val was immediately interested.

"Let's have some light," jeered the boy, "and see how you dressed up!"

"Davey!" The girlish voice was exasperated. "If you light the lamp, I'll make you wish you hadn't—after—"

"Guess I hadn't better," grinned the boy, then to Val proudly, "This is Mol I told you about."

"Molly, David," corrected his mother.

"Molly, then," agreed the boy. His eyes danced at Val. "You got to watch out what you say to her. She can fight like a catamount. She picked over two hundred quart of huckleberries this summer and sold them through the gap over in Smoke Valley. She can even lick me."

"That isn't very much," said his sister, both disdainful and blushing. She offered her hand to Val in a shy uncertain gesture hardly to be expected of a mountain berry-picking Amazon. Her form was slim, but sturdy and well knit. In the dusk her eyes seemed alive with light, and the features fair. Later when the paper-shaded oil lamp was lighted, Val looked across the platter of browned rabbit, the pyramid of steaming fried potatoes and the sliced pile of flaky homemade bread, and saw an evenly tanned skin, a glimpse of soft dark hair, and a face which, except for a scarcity of freckles, resembled Davey's own.

That evening they popped corn on a blue hickory fire. Later, as they plucked the white crisps, buttered, sugared and salted, in hungry handfuls from a deep yellow bowl, Val answered questions about the city, its trolley cars and automobiles, its apartment houses and bathrooms, its department stores, its office buildings and elevators, its water, food, prices and smoke, and its millionaires. That night he lay down beside Davey under the sloping redolent roof. Husked corn and blue mountain tea hung overhead from the rafters. Through the open window came the scent of apples on the ground and yellowing forest leaves.

He lay quiet without sleep for a long time. He felt now like a leopard in a shepherd's cottage. His body seemed to burn the mark of Cain into the blankets and pillow wherever he touched them. Only toward morning was he mercifully permitted to fall asleep.

NEXT morning, the trio of Davey, Mol and George showed him the log barn, the boy's beloved collection of rusty-jawed traps, the extent of the cleared land, the iron spring, and finally the half mile of their mother's swamp land.

"This is great!" Val exclaimed, looking up in genuine admiration at the virgin timber, deep-girthed, lofty-limbed, forming massive columns, roof and rafters of an incomparable cathedral.

"Dandy place for coons, I tell you!" said Davey.

"With this," declared Val, "you and Miss Molly both ought to go to college."

The girl's face lighted up with startled eagerness, but Davey shook his head.

"Saule and Saule of Rockville offered Ma forty dollars."

"Forty dollars!" repeated Val in anger.

"They know we can't sell it to anybody else, on account of the mountains," said Davey simply. "They own most of the timber around here. They're going to put a narrow gauge in from White Spring some day."

Val boiled with the injustice of it. The rest of the morning the sight of that virgin timber refused to leave his mind. That afternoon, instead of continuing his flight northward as he had planned, he turned squarely back over Sunset Mountain. He dropped into camp as all hands were pulling up the benches to supper, and was greeted with rough jests and queries and a bawl from Jake to trot out his own plate, cup, knife and spoon.

Over his bowl-like cup of coffee he decided he could trust Barney's advice. He had liked Barney from the first, a hale, rough giant, sandy-haired, light-hearted, ready with tongue or fist. After supper he drew him outside.

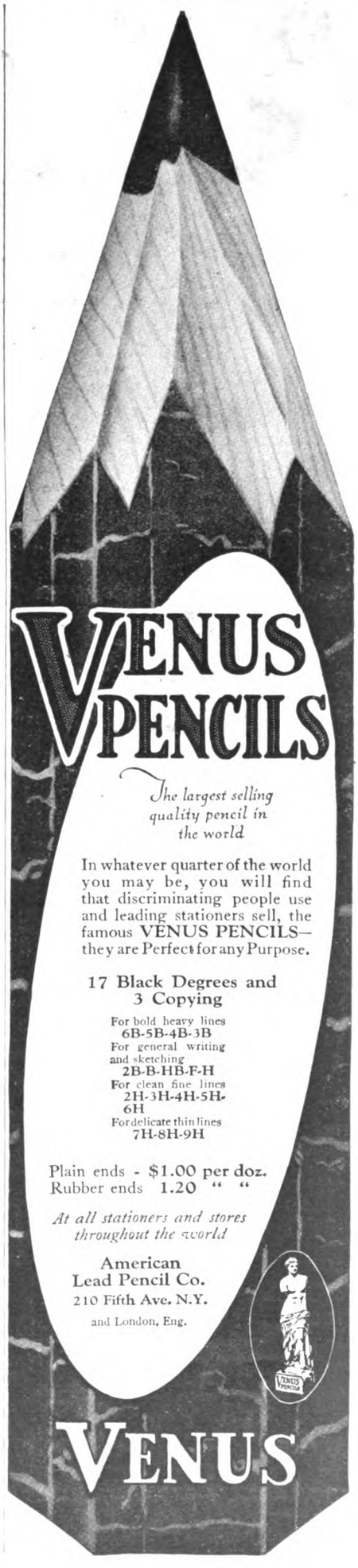
"Anybody here for me?" he first asked casually.

"Nobody but a horseshoe rabbit," grinned Barney. "Jake made pie out of him for dinner."

"Listen, Barney," said Val seriously. "Over in Griffen Valley this morning I found a tract of first growth swamp timber. On what terms ought I get Jones to cut it and bring it over here to saw?"

"Over Sunset Mountain!" murmured Barney dubiously.

"It's first growth, man! There's white oak that will cut lumber three feet wide, and white pine with no more branches than you can pick up in your arms and carry away."



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I have dedicated my life to teaching men the futility and harmfulness of rubbing in shaving lather with fingers.

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"The bigger it is, the harder to skid up the mountain."

"But it's worth more on the market," insisted Val. "Some of that pine ought to bring close to a hundred dollars a thousand."

"Must be regular rosewood and mahogany," puzzled Barney. "Sure there wasn't any attraction around the place to tone it up some?"

Val felt an inexplicable burn in his cheeks. Barney also seemed to notice it, for he sobered and shook his head.

"No chance of interesting Jones. He's got timber rights to a tract in Lycoming County, and only two years to get it off. He's counting on getting away here in a hurry. Besides, his saw wouldn't cut any three-foot timber."

Val blinked doggedly.

"Then I've got to find somebody else."

"Don't know as you'll need to," speculated Barney. "If you've got timber that size, you can sell it in the log."

VAL felt a surge of hope, and an inspiration.

"I'll cut it myself, Barney! I've got over a hundred dollars coming here."

"A hundred dollars, buddy," said Barney thoughtfully, "isn't going to take a whole lot of timber over Sunset Mountain. However, I got about fifty coming myself. If you want a buddy, I might consider it. I know a man at Blue Creek who'll lend us a pair of mules for their feed over winter."

"Barney!" cried Val, grabbing his hand. "You're a—"

"No fireworks, buddy," interrupted that shrinking individual uncomfortably.

The latter part of the week found Val and Barney on the other side of Sunset Mountain, invading the virgin Griffen Valley swamp. They were quartered at the Millans. Mrs. Millan had refused to hear of any payment for board until the final settlement, out of which, Val had insisted, he and Barney desired only wages and expenses. Whatever profit accrued was to provide college for Davey and musical conservatory for Mol. Mrs. Millan had protested, but Barney had added his voice to Val's. The sandy-haired giant had taken an immediate fancy to the Millans, the Millan table and the comforts of home, and the swamp rang resonantly with his ax. Val and Davey pulled the saw, and daily at nine and three, Mol brought a "piece" of apple butter sandwiches and hot coffee.

Val smiled grimly as he thought of the eight hours a day he had spurned in his father's business. Here he was doing hard labor from daybreak to dark, and grudging the few minutes lost at noon, for the days were daily growing shorter and every minute of daylight was needed before the coming of a skidding snow.

They worked on Thanksgiving, and they worked on Christmas. Mrs. Millan had gravely forbidden Sunday labor, and the loss of one day a week worried both Barney and Val. Midway between Christmas and New Year the first real snow of the season came, compassionately obliterating the debris in the cuttings. Barney left immediately across Sunset Mountain, and Davey, left alone with Val, looked wistfully at the track of squirrel, coon and rabbit in the swamp about him, and sternly enjoined George to keep out of his sight.

Barney did not return that day nor the next. The second night they had more snow. Plowing through its feathery layers the next morning came Barney, astride one mule and leading another loaded down with clanking singletrees and chains, and sagging bags of corn.

Sade and Jerry, the mules, proved wonders. Sade had a nasty forward kick, and Jerry nabbed with his bare teeth if one's back were turned recklessly. But on the mountain they proved miracles, and walked steadily away with their respective drags to the summit, where the chains were loosed and the logs left to course like cannon balls down the straight path into Beaver Valley. Once or twice a week Barney took Sade to give fresh start to logs that had caromed by the wayside, and incidentally to bring a fresh supply of feed from Murray.

All went well until the end of January, when a warm rain set in followed by sunny weather. The snow melted with alarming rapidity. It even finally deserted the north side of the mountain. Jerry and Sade were reluctantly pensioned in the barn, while the trio returned to the old work of felling, trimming, and cutting into lengths in the swamp. Daily they looked for a return of snow. They scanned the dark sky the last thing before retiring and the dark ground the first thing upon getting up. Occasional flurries of flakes occurred, but the promise of their beginnings failed to materialize.

January passed. So did February, and the early half of March, and with it all hope of snow. That was bad enough. But the mules in the stable had been eating their heads off. That was worse. And the worst was that Val and Barney's combined fund, within seven dollars, had gone for feed.

"I'll have to hustle Sade and Jerry home before they eat more than we've got," decided Barney. He left the following morning, returned the third day and went back with his ax to the swamp. Steadily the forest patriarchs fell. April came with green uncurling leaves, with the fragrance of arbutus and stirring forest mold, with the plaintive note of the bluebird and the sweet taste of maple sap.

ONE morning Davey did not appear at the log-littered swamp until after the others.

"I guess you can get along without me all right," he said to Val with averted eyes when he came.

"I don't understand, Davey," said Val.

"Mol and me are going to Rockville to try to get jobs," he stammered.

"Why, you've got a job here on your own timber!" reproached Val.

The boy tried to answer, faltered, broke down, and confessed wretchedly that he and Mol were leaving only to keep up their mother's table.

"We haven't eaten up your mother's money, Davey!" protested Val, aghast.

"There wasn't much—only—"

"Not your school money, Davey!" And at the boy's hasty disavowal of consequence: "Lord! I never figured how much three hungry woodchoppers could eat. Wait till I talk to Barney. You and Mol can't go to Rockville, that's certain." He hurriedly sought out his partner, who whistled blankly when informed of the disaster.

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"Barney," said Val doggedly, "we've got to sell what timber we have over the mountain. And you're the one who's got to do it."

"Me!" exclaimed Barney. "Why me!"

"I don't have the gift of gab, Barney," faltered Val. "Besides— Be a sport and go, Barney! Don't ask why."

With evident reluctance and misgivings, Barney took the seven dollars and went over Sunset Mountain. He came back the fourth day with a dollar and fifteen cents, and no success except that at the hotel in Millersville he had found a party of trout fishermen from the city, one of whom was a lumber buyer. He and another were coming over to fish Beaver Creek the next day, and would try to find time to look at the timber.

EARLY the following morning Val, Barney and Davey started for Beaver Valley. They crossed the mountain in true backwoods silence. Val's spirits fell when he saw the timber. It lay sprawled here and there where it had landed. Bushes hid it and leaves covered it, and the sawed ends of the logs bore a yellowed appearance as if aged.

About eleven o'clock two figures in tan coats and dripping waders appeared from the stream. One was short and slight and bobbed along in nervous, uncertain fashion. The other was built on bulky lines, and walked ponderously. Val's breath failed when his eyes fell on the pair. From where he stood he would have sworn one to be Angus, the head of his father's purchasing and supply department, and the other his father himself. In quick panic he begged Barney and Davey to say nothing about him, then fled to a clump of young hemlocks shading the old bunk-house spring.

The identity of the strangers proved as he had apprehended. A multitude of sensations, new, old, and forgotten, crowded upon him as he peered mutely from his aromatic screen. His eyes followed his father's inimitable walk, saw him poke with familiar motions about the logs, saw him confer shortly with Barney, while Davey at a respectful distance watched with deferent eyes.

Then with characteristic abruptness, Valentine Pierce, Senior, started away from the group.

"Looks like water coming out of these young hemlocks over here," he observed. "Wait till I get a drink!"

Val's pulses stood momentarily still. He looked around wildly for retreat. His little clump of trees stood alone. Escape was impossible. A minute afterward he stood doggedly facing a heavy figure on whose duck sleeve the evergreen needles scratched audibly.

"Val!" bellowed his father. "What the devil are you doing here?" With a bear-like paw he caught the boy and administered a father's kiss, the same unfashionable greeting Val had shrank from upon his return from college, an endearment tasting intimately of mustache, coffee, and cigars.

"Please, Chancellor!" begged the boy unsteadily. "Don't tell my friends out there! I'll go along and give myself up without any trouble."

"Give yourself up, fiddlesticks!" snorted the parent. "You didn't massacre anybody. Last I heard he was smoking fifty cigarettes a day."

Val's mind struggled hard to understand.

"But Lou, Chancellor? Why didn't he tell? He knew where I was all the time!"

"Guess Lou didn't stop long enough to find out your friend got well," chuckled Valentine Pierce, Senior. "I understand he chased it to Louisiana pretty sudden. Got a job with a cypress mill." His eyes swept the boy critically. "Must say you're looking fit, son. Your mother sure won't be sorry to see you. She's been anxious some. I've been worrying more about Angus. He's leaving us in the fall. Might be an opening for you, young man. This country up here ought to be pretty good groundwork for our line of business."

"I'll be much obliged for the chance, Chancellor," said Val meekly.

THREE days later two men sat at the writing table of a comfortable hotel room. One of the pair, a heavy grizzly-like form, had just finished blotting a check with a fist that threatened to crack the table. The other, a sandy-haired giant, accepted the limber slip of paper, then handed it back.

"I believe you've made a mistake, Mr. Pierce."

"No mistake," assured the other gruffly. "That bonus is for seeing the boy into a timber job on his own hook. Best thing could have happened him."

"But I didn't do that," explained the sandy-haired man. "He worked into it himself—after he saw you under that pitch pine on Black Mountain. All I did was plant myself on the job, saw that he didn't hurt himself or get away, and mail you your reports."

"Doesn't matter," waved the big man testily. "I gave that young Lou Baron an extra check for pulling off his stunt, and his moving picture friend another for dying so darn real from a blank cartridge. You had a longer siege than any of them. Now I got more work for you. The boy says I've got to give you a decent job and send those Millan kids to college, or he will. I'm not objecting particularly, provided you never give this thing away to the boy. But his mother isn't exactly anxious to see him get tangled up with that girl—"

"Nothing doing, Mr. Pierce," said the sandy-haired man abruptly, getting to his feet. "I'm through."

"No offense, Barney," assured the big man placidly, proffering a dark cigar. "I just wanted to be able to tell Mrs. Pierce that I tried my darnedest, and fell down. Fact is, between you and me, Barney, I'd like to see him marry the girl."

AMONG the delightful short stories which will appear next month are "Getting Even with Dulcie," by Fannie Kilbourne; "Fathers and Sons," by Charles Magee Adams; "The Bold Adventures of Jimmie the Watchmaker," by Roy P. Churchill; "Quick Work by Philip," by R. L. Lurie, and "Ain't This the Darnedest World!" a story with a most surprising ending, written by R. L. Robbins.

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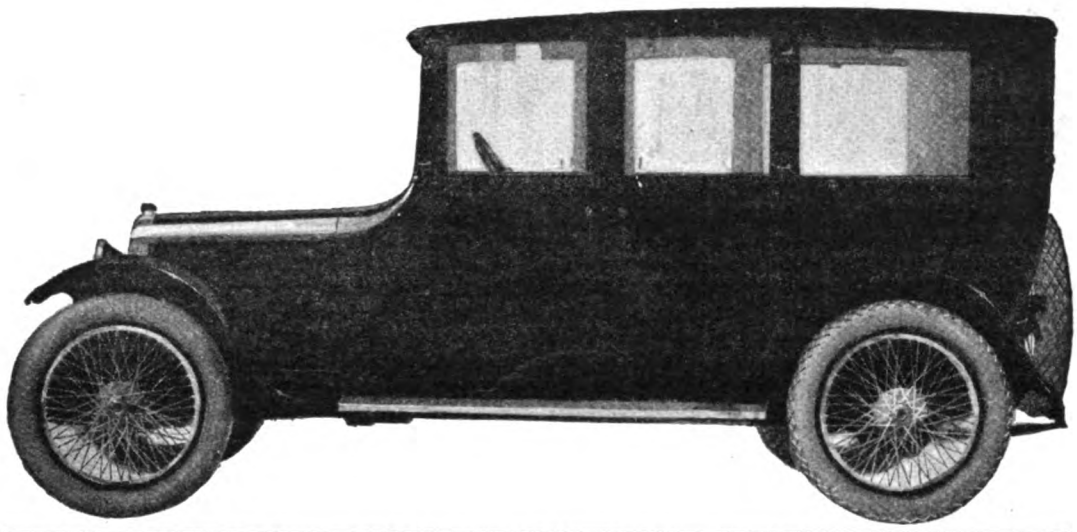

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(*Continued from page 37*)

One day I sized myself up somewhat after this fashion: 'I have two hands and two feet, and I can work them madly all the days of my life, and they won't get me far. . . . But I have a brain . . . *and it isn't mush, and it isn't mud.* It's a dynamo that was set in my engine-room for a purpose. The only way to win out is to keep that dynamo driving all the time—to *know* just what I'm aiming at—and to keep *everlastingly* on the track.'"

FROM plane to peak, Joyce's life is a surprisingly clear and illuminative product of that formula. The second of five boys, he was born in Utica, New York, on December 28th, 1866. When he was two years old his father, a mechanic, moved to Grand Rapids, Michigan, and set up a small shop. What little money he made was merely a handful of gravel to toss futilely into the staring eyes of poverty.

When William Barnard Joyce was five years old, the disastrous Chicago fire of October, 1871, gave him his first chance to add a few pennies to the family finances. Clasping tightly a bunch of newspapers fresh from the press, he stood at the corner of Canal and Bridge streets and raised his shrill, childish voice above the rumble of traffic. So big was the demand for papers that first day that he had sixty cents to take proudly home to his mother.

Along with his paper selling he managed to piece in a few months of fragmentary schooling. What he learned in the first and second readers he supplemented by studying the headlines of the Grand Rapids "Eagle" and the "Democrat." All his days in the classroom, spliced together, would not make two ordinary school years.

From the very beginning the boy showed an extraordinary knack for gauging what interested the public. After glancing at the front pages of his papers he would rephrase the headlines in his own words. Alert, smiling, and always courteous, he made it a point to find out the identity of the business men who patronized him, so that he could call them all by name. By the time he was eight he had achieved his ambition to be "Grand Rapids' best newsboy."

Sometimes a new merchant would open up shop, or a traveling circus would spread out its white tops in the "big field," or a patent medicine show would drift into town with gasolene torches and bizarre Indian costumes. Then the boy would pick up a few odd quarters by delivering handbills from door to door. Advertisers liked to get him for the job. They found he would actually pass out the handbills instead of throwing two thirds of them under that loose plank at the foot of the Bridge Street sidewalk.

Business fascinated the youth. He watched the local merchants and manufacturers as they passed along the street. In idle moments he stood at shop windows to study the window displays or to see how clerks waited on customers. Often, when he was walking along the street with his mother, she would look down to find him gazing at the swinging signs over the stores. He was deciding what *he* would have on that sign if the store belonged to him.

"You'll never find anything up there, Willie," his mother used to caution him.

But Willie only smiled, and kept on staring "up there."

When Joyce was ten years old the proprietor of Sweet's Hotel asked him to become a bell boy for five dollars a month, his room, and what tips he could pick up. He worked there until the local manager for the Western Union Telegraph Company offered him eight dollars a month to serve as messenger boy. In both jobs he decided to become the *best*—and each of his bosses will testify that he made more tips and more friends than any other boy in their service.

A chance for more money attracted Joyce to M. M. Morse's dry goods store, where he was paid two dollars and fifty cents a week as cash boy. So interested was he in salesmanship that the proprietor used to set a table out in front of the store, fill it with odds and ends, from mucilage bottles to tack hammers, and have the boy call out the wares to people hurrying by. The table was usually cleared before he finished.

At about this time General William P. Innes, who was in command of the United States Army Engineering Corps during the Civil War, opened an insurance office in Grand Rapids. For a raise of fifty cents a week over his store job, Joyce became General Innes's personal office boy. This association had a particularly valuable influence on his early training. The general would tolerate no mistakes, and any offender was sure of a stinging reprimand. His office boy was frequently in tears.

"I suppose you think I'm pretty hard on you, Willie," the general remarked one day.

"Yes, sir," young Joyce admitted.

"But you've also noticed, my boy, that you never make the same mistake twice. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Willie," the general continued, patting the youth's shoulder, "some day you'll understand just what I'm doing for you."

JOYCE took the lesson to heart. And for years he has followed the same custom with his army of employees and agents.

About a year later, Boyd Pantlind, proprietor of the Morton House, the city's leading hotel, gave Joyce eight dollars a month and board to come there as bell boy. Any alert boy at the Morton House was sure of a small harvest in tips. Although the newcomer broke all records for garnering gratuities, he soon outgrew

the job and branched into a brief experience as a hotel clerk for a Pantlind hotel in Marshall, Michigan.

In those days the telephone business was just beginning to hit its real stride. The new industry attracted Joyce's attention and appealed to his ambition. Joining a construction gang which was building a line between Battle Creek and Jackson, he dug holes, climbed poles and strung wires with an enthusiasm that was the marvel of everyone who watched.

In 1884 the company established an exchange at Marshall, Michigan, and the eighteen-year-old boy was appointed manager. Two years later he was offered a similar position at Stillwater, Minnesota, whence he jumped to Fargo, North Dakota, and later to St. Paul, and Minneapolis, as manager for the Northwestern Telephone Exchange Company—a position important enough to make most young men in their twenties feel they had "arrived."

WHILE the ex-newsboy was taking his upward orbit in the telephone industry the birth of a new idea in American insurance was being duly recorded. This was the insurance of employees against defalcation, forgery, and similar missteps. At the suggestion of the late William C. Beer, the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Trust Company, of Kansas City, Missouri, opened a bonding department in 1889 along these lines, and Beer was given charge of it. He went about over the Middle West, employing agents.

Beer decided to establish an office in St. Paul, and he dropped around on the telephone company to arrange for the installation of telephone service.

"What kind of bonding business is this, Mr. Beer?" asked Joyce.

"Studying human nature and guaranteeing human honesty," replied the insurance man.

Joyce's interest was aroused by the reply, and he spent the next ten minutes questioning the visitor. A few weeks later, the young manager met Beer on the street, called him by name and asked if his telephone service was satisfactory.

"I think it's awfully nice of you to remember me and take so much interest," remarked Beer, and they entered into a conversation that laid the foundation for a long friendship.

In the next few months Joyce was able to throw a good deal of business in the path of the surety manager. A letter to the cashier of the Commercial Bank, a personal friend, resulted in the bonding of all the employees of that institution. Other letters had similar results.

Early in 1891 Beer called at Joyce's office.

"Barney, I've been promoted," he remarked, "and I want you to help me pick out some live young man to take charge of the Northwestern territory. Someone who's on his toes every minute—a fellow with brains and imagination."

"I can't think of anyone offhand," said Joyce.

"That's strange," Beer went on, "for I have a man in mind who will just fill the bill."

"Who is he?"

"Joyce."

The salary mentioned by Beer was eighteen dollars a month less than Joyce was getting from the telephone company, but there were attractive possibilities in commissions on new business. The deciding reason for his acceptance, however, was one which Joyce never mentioned until years afterward.

"I knew that the telephone business was a monopoly," he said, "and I could never own a telephone company—but I believed that I *could* and *would* control a surety company some day."

Within a dozen years from the time he had entered on his new work Joyce had proved himself not only the best surety salesman in the United States but one of the best business producers in the whole financial field. During this period the original bonding department of a trust company had expanded into the National Surety Company, of Kansas City, and later into the National Surety Company, of New York. The superstructure was growing with such rapidity that no one noticed how the foundation was being undermined by unwise risks—by obligations that never would have been entered into if the light of experience, or of intelligent observation, could have been thrown upon them. It was this condition that caused the crash which called Joyce to the presidency in 1904.

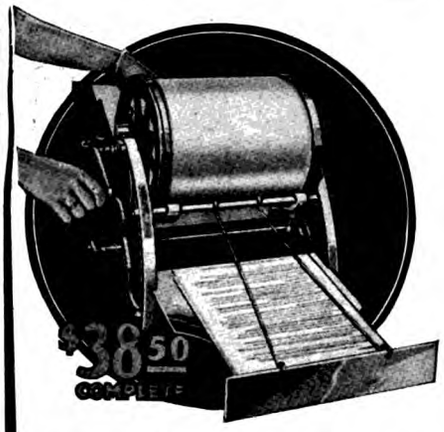
The National Surety Company's financial status was next door to hopeless when the active Westerner threw himself into the breach. Creditors were pounding at the gates, and court proceedings were grinding their inexorable grist. Just when he seemed to be getting the job of financial salvage really under way there came, like a bolt from the blue, an unexpected judgment of over $750,000, big enough to completely wreck the reviving institution. The news was brought to Joyce.

"Tell them," he shot back, his jaw set and his eyes blazing, "that if they enter that judgment I'll apply for a receiver within eleven minutes, and they'll never get five cents on the dollar from the wreck. . . . But," he added, "tell them, also, that if they'll give us a fighting chance we'll set this company on its feet, if I have to move mountains and drain the ocean."

The creditors showed a willingness to wait. There was a deadly earnestness, an assurance, about the fighting president that captured their confidence.

FROM big problems of refinancing down to the hiring of office boys, from the writing of advertisements to the buying of postage stamps, Joyce swung the whole burden to his broad back. Day and night he worked, and with so splendid an enthusiasm that the whole force, thousands of agents, employees, and officers, followed in his footsteps. Even when he slashed the salaries of several of his official assistants, no whimper was heard. Their rewards were to come later. One man whom he cut from $3,000 to $2,400 a year is drawing down more than $17,000 to-day.

But Joyce was not content with merely putting his own company on a sound financial basis. He set out to clean up the entire demoralized surety business of the country. Dozens of companies had entered the field, and written risks of all kinds with careless abandon. So long as premiums were more than expenditures the sailing was fine, but when particularly big claims turned up they promptly went into bankruptcy.



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One of Joyce's early acts was to induce the Treasury Department at Washington to make a ruling that no surety company could legally enter into any individual contract for a sum greater than one tenth of its capital and surplus. This ruling has been in effect ever since, and it put the surety business on a safe and conservative basis.

Another move that gathered much business for Joyce's company was the introduction of display advertising in the newspapers—something that high-grade financial institutions had hitherto looked on as somewhat immodest. But Joyce felt he had a real message to get across in a big way, and he didn't care a rap for convention.

From the start of his first campaign up to the present time, when the daily newspapers of twenty-five cities carry his advertisements in preferred positions, Joyce, the president, has been his own "ad" writer. His genius for headlines, which has attracted wide comment, is built from the things he learned as a Grand Rapids newsboy.

Often on his way home from the office Joyce will get a new idea for an advertisement. Forthwith, he either stops in the office of one of the big dailies and writes out his display for the next morning's edition, or calls up his secretary as soon as he gets home and dictates it.

Shortly after the start of the war the American Red Cross found it necessary to appoint from ten thousand to fifteen thousand treasurers in towns all over the country. Although these agents were presumably public-spirited citizens, the big charity organization felt that the people who gave funds had a right to the fullest protection for their donations. So negotiations were opened for the bonding of these treasurers.

As soon as Joyce heard of this he offered to do the bonding free of charge. Other charities came along with similar requests. Joyce met them all with free guarantees, and the company made big donations also. In the course of the war his company gratuitously bonded 240,000 workers for leading war charities at a total risk of $47,550,000. In only one instance was there a defalcation, and this was made good from outside sources.

THERE are two things which always puzzle William B. Joyce: The first is failure and the second is indifference.

"Why don't you have *my* enthusiasm, *my* optimism, *my* energy?" he will sometimes cry out, when the shadow of doubt or uncertainty settles on a conference of officers, employees and agents.

This is not egotism. Coming from a man who has met a thousand obstacles and tossed them all contemptuously aside, it is a perfectly natural inquiry. He believes that success in life is only a matter of intelligent and untiring effort—that "lack of opportunity" is the poorest alibi one can offer for failure.

The man who hired Joyce as a telegraph messenger boy was drawing a manager's salary of $4,000 a year. . . . To-day he is working for Joyce at $175 a month.

As a youth in St. Paul, Joyce rented a room in the beautiful home of a prominent architect. . . . To-day the same architect is employed in Joyce's office at a modest salary.

During Joyce's bell-boy days in the Morton House, the lobby was decorated with the silk-hatted sons of the city's wealthiest men. . . . A few years ago Joyce came across one of these erstwhile gilded youths. He was working for twenty dollars a week in the furniture department of a Chicago store.

I laid these curious parallels before Joyce and asked him to explain them for me.

"It's perfectly simple," he said. "*I worked and saved; they played and spent.* The man who spends all he earns will make just as much progress riding a wooden horse on a merry-go-round. Business success demands self-denial, particularly in the early days. I slaved more to save my first thousand than my first million."

There is something almost hypnotic in Joyce's voice—a clear bell-like cadence that fascinates and convinces. I waited for him to continue.

"I marvel at most young men's attitude toward life," he said after a little. "They never take the trouble to size themselves up honestly—to determine what they want out of life, and decide on the path by which they will reach it.

"All around me I see a wealth of undeveloped ability—powers which would astound the world if only properly put into play. Why are people so astonishingly passive? Why do they seem content with mediocrity? Why do they allow themselves to become creatures of circumstances, instead of taking destiny in their own hands and shaping it to their own ends?

"WHEN I was a boy I realized that there was plenty of room at the top of the ladder, and that at the bottom was nothing but a seething crowd that wasted its days jostling one another's elbows. I determined to work my way out of that crowd to the freer air up above.

"I know many young men who seem to be sitting around with folded hands, waiting for the appearance of the magic fairy. They expect their employer to stop some day at their desk and remark, 'You're a mighty nice little fellow, and I'm going to put you in charge of this office.' . . . Often I feel like catching them by the shoulder and saying:

"'Young man, the world is in motion. The trees are changing with the seasons. The skies are forever weaving new textures. Even the very rocks are disintegrating. The President will soon be out of office. That famous financier will shortly be on the way to his grave. The head of your company may leave before another year rolls around. Are you fitting yourself to take his place? Wake up to the possibilities.'"

On the street below, an expensive limousine was rolling past. Joyce watched it out of sight.

"What gasolene is to that automobile, energy is to man," he remarked. "What good would a ten-thousand-dollar car be without gasolene to run it? Thousands of young men waste their powers in trimming up the human machine—in cultivating fashionable friends, in trying to be in the height of fashion. It has been my observation that to succeed in pleasure means sure failure in business."

"Do you think our trouble is a lack of application?" I asked.

"A lack of *intelligent* application,"

corrected Joyce. "There's a difference. Lots of folks are cocksure of themselves. Ask them what they can do, and they'll reply, 'Oh, I can do anything.' The chances are more likely that they can do nothing well. The man who really knows himself will ask, 'What do you want done?' and then say frankly whether it is something for which he is fitted, and which he really *wants* to do.

"Unless driven by necessity, no man has a right to take a job unless he would rather work at it than at any other thing he is capable of doing. If there is a man working for me who doesn't prefer the National Surety Company to any other concern on the face of the globe I want him to hand in his resignation to-morrow morning.

"To reach success a man must love his work. A job is more than a meal ticket—it is more than just something to do. You don't play billiards, or baseball, or golf, just for something to do. You play because you love the game. And every man ought to feel that way about his work. Too many men are merely "bubbles" drifting along on the surface of business. They think their positions a sort of companionship for pay arrangement."

"Have you noticed this indifference more in New York than you did in the West?" I asked.

"Indeed, yes. There are more people in this city who expect to get something for nothing than you'll find anywhere else between the two poles. That's why most of the big business concerns import their executives from other sections of the country—particularly the West. They call on men who have learned the lesson of working and saving, and who have real, genuine faith in their fellow beings."

"Then you mean—"

"I mean," said Joyce, rising from his chair, "that incompetent privates do not make competent generals. If you plant weeds you can't expect to raise apple trees. . . . 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' That's an immutable law that no man has yet found a way to get around."

Human Beings Who Are Good Risks—and Poor Ones

(*Continued from page 38*)

like a high-grade risk. In checking up his record we noticed that the information he gave, and all the facts we could learn outside, left two years absolutely blank. I told him we must refuse to bond him unless the two years were accounted for. Thereupon he wrote a letter confessing that he had spent those two years in the penitentiary.

"But I went there," he added, "because I chose to shoulder the blame for another's crime. And I would do the same thing again."

We satisfied ourselves that the man was leading a straight life, and we believed his story. We bonded him, and he never broke faith with us.

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Whenever we have decided to bond a man with a past record, which he admitted fully and freely, that man has almost always "gone straight." Yet I remember one glaring exception. This breach of faith came—as is often the case, in the one man who seemed least likely to do anything of the sort.

Several years ago we were approached by a man who wished to get a bond for his brother, who had served a term in jail, had been pardoned, and had obtained employment in the Middle West. His employer knew the whole story and was quite willing to trust him, if we would bond him, of course.

Along with the request were letters from the governor who had pardoned the man, from the judge who had presided at his trial, from members of the jury that had convicted him, from his adoring mother, and, from leading citizens in his home town. Furthermore, the applicant told a very circumstantial story to prove that the crime had really been committed by subordinates—a story that was supported by the fact that two of the subordinates were in prison and a third was a fugitive from justice. . . . We bonded him.

His record was good and he was promoted. Then he married. As his responsibilities were increased, we increased the amount of his bond. One day we were stunned to receive word that he was a defaulter. I have always attributed this man's fall to a "yellow streak" in the family, for two of his brothers, who had agreed to make good if any shortage ever arose, promptly went back on their bargain—so we suffered the loss.

ONE of the biggest embezzlements we have had to deal with in recent years was committed by a man who had been mixed up in a dishonest deal before. This fact was known to at least one director of his institution, but was carefully concealed from us. Had we been informed of it, a real catastrophe might have been averted.

By a boldly executed defalcation of three hundred thousand dollars, this cashier not only smashed his institution, but nearly wrecked the entire little community in which he was located. Scores of people lost all their money. At least one man committed suicide.

Endowed with a fascinating personality and extraordinary abilities, the cashier had captured the confidence of all his business and social associates. He became the moving spirit of his organization—the best business-getter—and the higher officials were willing to let him have a loose rein.

He was handsome, athletic, and proud of his ability to control men. Personal vanity, incidentally, brought about his capture after he had absconded. One of our old investigators, learning that the absconder had friends on a mountain farm, hid near the place and watched it for days. Sometimes he saw a man sitting on the porch during hours when farm folk are supposed to be busy, but he was unable to get near enough to identify him.

The investigator noticed, however, that the man on the porch frequently passed his hand over his face. Suddenly he remembered that the missing cashier had a mania for being clean-shaven—that he used to visit the barber shop at least twice every day. By coupling these two circumstances together the investigator became convinced that his suspicions were correct. He walked straight to the house, found his man, and brought him back to the city in handcuffs.

THE man who saves money almost never steals. He has slight temptation to do so. You can safely employ a thrifty man.

An especially bad risk is the vain and spectacular man—who tries to dress like a millionaire on a salary of fifty dollars a week, and who is forever attempting to create an impression of false prosperity. The man who has an extravagant wife, or a luxury-loving sweetheart, is often subjected to great temptation. We think twice before bonding him.

The husband with an unhappy home life is a poorer prospect than the one who has his share of domestic bliss. He is subject to worry and discontent. Frequently he seeks out fast company. If we are asked to bond a man who is divorced, or who has a divorce pending we always look carefully into the facts.

Speculation is one of the commonest causes of embezzlement. The records of any surety company are black with many a tragedy due to this cause alone.

I remember the particularly pitiful case of a cashier who was tempted into playing the stock market on a margin, and lost twenty-five thousand dollars of his firm's money. His misappropriations extended over a period of several years, and were undetected by the auditor who went over the books at frequent intervals. During these periodical examinations the cashier always volunteered to assist by reading the totals from the individual ledgers, while the auditor operated the adding machine. He covered up his shortages by reading off wrong totals.

One day the cashier returned from lunch to find an outside auditor at the adding machine and one of his assistants reading the totals. He walked out of the building, went home, kissed his wife and children, stepped from his bedroom window into the back yard, and shot himself through the head.

Another amateur speculator, who was cashier in a West Virginia institution, concealed a shortage of forty thousand dollars by keeping two separate sets of loose leaves for a certain ledger. Knowing the exact time when audits were to be made, he always substituted the second set of leaves at the psychological moment.

One day a new auditor came in unexpectedly. Remarking that he was going home to lunch, the cashier walked out and has never been seen since. His wife and small children were left the objects of public charity in a community where the husband and father had formerly been a prominent citizen. Speculation in oil wells was the cause of this unexpected tragedy.

When a "boom country" opens up—one in which oil wells, or gold mines, or other natural resources promise sudden wealth—it is a poor place for surety companies to take on business. Adventurers, soldiers of fortune, and all sorts of people who live by their wits without work, flock thither. In the early days of Oklahoma all the ne'er-do-wells in the country seemed to make a bee-line there. For a time losses on bonds were extremely

heavy. Right now the much advertised oil section of Texas is a dangerous place for writing surety bonds.

Our experience has shown that the man who sits in the box office of a theatre is subjected to unusual temptations. There is an air of pleasure and frivolity about theatrical places. Continually the box-office man sees well-dressed people out for a good time and spending money on luxuries. It takes a strong, well-balanced mind to be immune to the disintegrating effects of these influences.

The advance sales of tickets, frequently for months ahead, suggest unusual opportunities for financial juggling, as advance sales are seldom checked up oftener than once a week, and sometimes not until near the end of the show. We have also found that it is difficult to fix responsibility for a box-office shortage. There is usually more than one ticket seller using the same money drawer, and others connected with the theatre are passing in and out, thus creating a doubt as to the offender. In view of all these circumstances, it is really surprising that the record for box-office men is as good as it is.

The glitter and frivolity of a musical comedy seems to create a peculiar atmosphere of temptation. We have also found that the manager of a production that is having a continuous run at one house has less temptation than the manager of a "road show." Circuses, however, are much better hazards than other productions which are continually en route. The reason seems to be that circus people have to work very hard and keep in good physical trim. The race track—particularly where betting is openly allowed—is a very dangerous atmosphere for fidelity bonds.

THE cashier of a high-grade motion picture house is an excellent risk. There are no advance sales, and the tickets are dispensed by an automatic machine. The cashier in a cheaper motion-picture theatre, where tickets are torn by hand from a big roll, has greater opportunity for misappropriation.

Specialty salesmen—men who sell various unclassified articles—move in an atmosphere that makes it comparatively easy, when temptation presses, for them to "borrow" money received from sales and collections. A high-grade specialty salesman who makes a lot of money is as good a risk as one could find anywhere.

Club stewards have unusual opportunities for getting money which does not belong to them. We have found that there is more of a looseness of responsibility about the average club than one would be likely to find in a business house. "Everybody's business is nobody's business." It speaks well for the loyalty and honesty of the average club steward that defalcations are not even more frequent in their field.

Drivers of bakery, laundry and milk wagons are also subject to unusual pressure. The work is hard, the hours long. A driver with the most honest intentions may "hold out" collections, planning to pay them back in a few days, and then find himself unable to do so. The driver of a milk wagon is charged with the bottles, and allowed only a certain percentage of breakage. If the breakage exceeds this allowance, or the number of bottles lost or unreturned become heavy, he has to pay the difference from his wages. This makes him resentful; and resentful men sometimes try to get even. Laundries seldom send out collectors until customers have run up a bill of from five to ten dollars. This allows the driver to be particularly tardy in turning over his small collections.

Although gambling is supposed to be a particularly pernicious evil, surety companies find that comparatively few embezzlements are due to losses at dice or card games; but horse races and speculation have a long record.

IT WOULD be difficult to compile statistics to show the comparative honesty of women and men, at least until women more generally hold the positions of financial responsibility now largely filled by men. Our experience is that the woman is the better insurance risk. I am certain that her defalcations are smaller. Sometimes they are pitifully petty.

I recall the case of one twenty-three-year-old telephone girl who ruined her business career by raising one of her firm's checks from one dollar to fifty dollars, and spending the proceeds on bonbons, theatre tickets, and similar things.

The more common type of embezzlement among women, however, is caused by poverty and want. Recently a one-hundred-dollar shortage was discovered in the accounts of a woman cashier in a Chicago department store. Investigation showed that she had been deserted by her husband and left as the sole support of her blind father and several small children. Another girl cashier stole several hundred dollars to pay medical expenses for her sick mother and her small brother and sister. In all such cases both employers and surety companies are wont to temper justice with mercy.

Occasionally an embezzlement is brought about by sheer accident. Such an incident happened not long ago in a West Virginia plant, where the cashier was inadvertently given a duplicate credit for four thousand dollars. The mistake was made in such a way that it appeared the error would never be discovered.

The cashier wrapped the four thousand dollars in a newspaper and put it in a safe deposit vault, intending to use it when he was sure that all possibility of detection had vanished. When the error was discovered, he confessed and returned the money intact. Here was the case of a man more than fifty years old, with a wife, family and good standing in the community, who blasted his business career by merely following an uncontrolled impulse.

I also recall the case of a young employee of a New York engineering corporation, who was started on a career of forgery merely because he was successful in altering some entries in his books to make them balance. He had committed no irregularity; he had merely been careless. This success encouraged him to embark on a series of deliberate check raisings, from which he profited to the extent of three thousand dollars. It is doubtful if the few months of dissipation went far toward compensating him for the jail sentence he is now serving.

No minor official or clerk in a bank should be allowed to carry a checking account in that institution. It opens too

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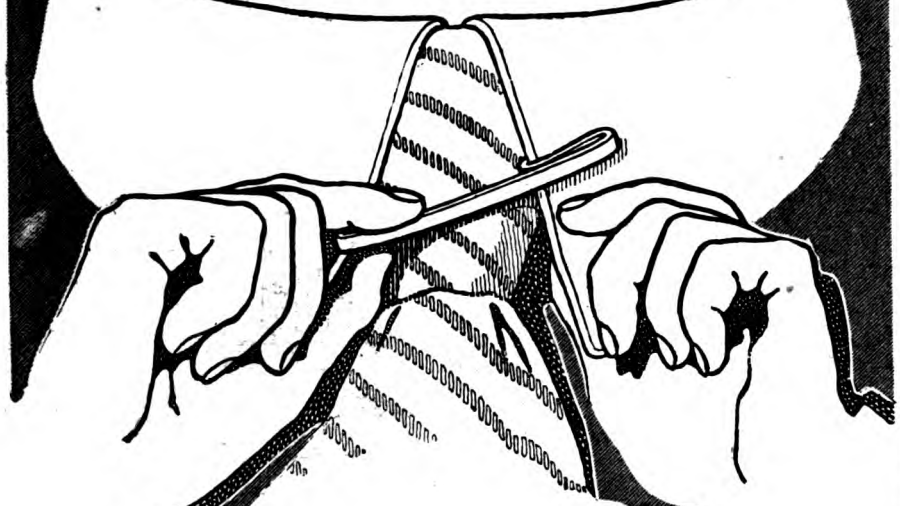

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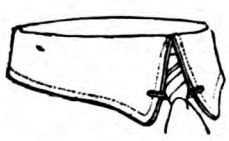

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many possibilities. I know of one case in which a bank employee paid all his bills about town by check, and then quietly abstracted the checks when they came in. He made about four thousand dollars by this practice before he was caught, at the end of four years.

PEOPLE often wonder how surety companies get all their information. How do we know that Smith has an extravagant wife, that Jones seldom pays his tailor, that Foster was discharged by a street car company eleven years ago last summer for "knocking down" fares?

The average apartment or tenement house dweller would be astounded to learn how much his janitor knows about his private affairs. Most janitors are observant, and they have a lot of idle time. This makes a particularly effective combination for acquiring information. Then, the butcher and the grocer know whether Mrs. Robinson is a wasteful buyer, and whether her husband pays his bills promptly. One's neighbors, too, are frequently in possession of more personal information about a man than he realizes.

References are always carefully followed to their source. A glowing page of praise beneath an impressive letter head means little. Professional crooks frequently have letterheads printed which bear the names of fictitious firms at fictitious addresses. A written reference is one of the easiest things in the world to "fake." We don't always rely upon them.

Lots of men would be mightily surprised if they knew the written comments made by "friends" whom they have given as references. "He's a hard worker, but I wouldn't trust him with a borrowed brick," was the observation found on one reference sheet. "His character is good," wrote another man. "He threw his mother-in-law over the back fence—but I think he was justified."

The records of a surety company prove conclusively that it does not pay to be dishonest. Almost without exception, the defaulter is caught, sooner or later.

Four employees of New York financial institutions absconded in one month with amounts of money ranging from $40,000 to $178,000. We paid losses on all of them. One was pursued across the continent, arrested on the Pacific coast, and is now in the penitentiary. Two others surrendered of their own accord, their nerve gone, their business careers blasted, their position in society permanently smirched. The body of the fourth was found beside a lonely country road, where he had been stabbed by treacherous companions.

Not one man in a thousand lives to profit permanently from the fruits of an embezzlement. It is practically always a losing game. No person in his senses would attempt to play it.

AMONG the fiction features in next month's number will be new contributions by two old favorites. Clarence Budington Kelland has another Scattergood Baines story, called "Scattergood Moves to Adjourn." Bess Streeter Aldrich offers us another of those delicious human studies of the Mason family. It is called "Mother Mason Gives Some Good Advice."

Only 26—But on the Stage 21 Years

(*Continued from page 34*)

this. In my little room I had to do my own washing, and dry my handkerchiefs on the mirror. It became impossible for me to make my single dress waist look fresh any more, and I did not see how I could buy another. I *knew* I must cling to my money as long as I possibly could; for, even should I get an engagement, it might be a long time before I should be paid anything. Coming down to my last pair of silk stockings, I had to wash them out every day. I was driven to make such discoveries as which drug stores sold the best hot drinks for a nickel, and at what bakeries you could buy stale brown bread cheaply. I cannot dwell on this. I can only say that night after night I exercised my woman's privilege of crying myself to sleep, looking into God only knows what black depths of despair.

BUT haven't the Russian peasants a saying that "the morning is wiser than the night"? Hope always does come in the morning. And then one morning I read that Mr. John Cort, who had managed the Seattle stock company with which I had been associated, was coming to New York to produce a musical play, "The Rose of Panama." I literally rushed at him, and—oh, what joy!—he gave me a part. It is true that it was not a very important part, that I would get no money until after the rehearsals, and that then I could expect to keep on getting money only in the event of the play's proving to be a success and my being retained. But it did provide me with hope.

We rehearsed in a hall up in West Eighty-something street. It was a walk of at least two miles up there from my lodging-house in the West Forties. We rehearsed twice a day. So I took that walk four times a day, twice up and twice back. It was winter, and having been born and brought up on the Pacific coast, I was not used to such cold as is felt in New York. Moreover, I did not have sufficient clothing. And when I sallied forth in the morning, all I usually had to sustain me, besides my hopes and good intentions, were a cup of hot ginger and a piece of bread.

After four weeks of rehearsing, there came to us a new stage director. We gave a rehearsal for his benefit. Later he and Mr. Cort passed by me, talking. They did not notice little me standing there; but I caught some words that fell from the new stage director's lips. Those words were: "As for the girl who plays Celine, she's absolutely impossible." That girl was I.

Imagine working under the eye of a man who has that opinion of you! If I had not been absolutely impossible before, I was now. I went through my part in a daze. I had certain spots on the floor all marked out in my mind. They were the positions that from time to time I had to take, and I took them mechanically. I raised my arms mechanically, spoke mechanically, sang mechanically.

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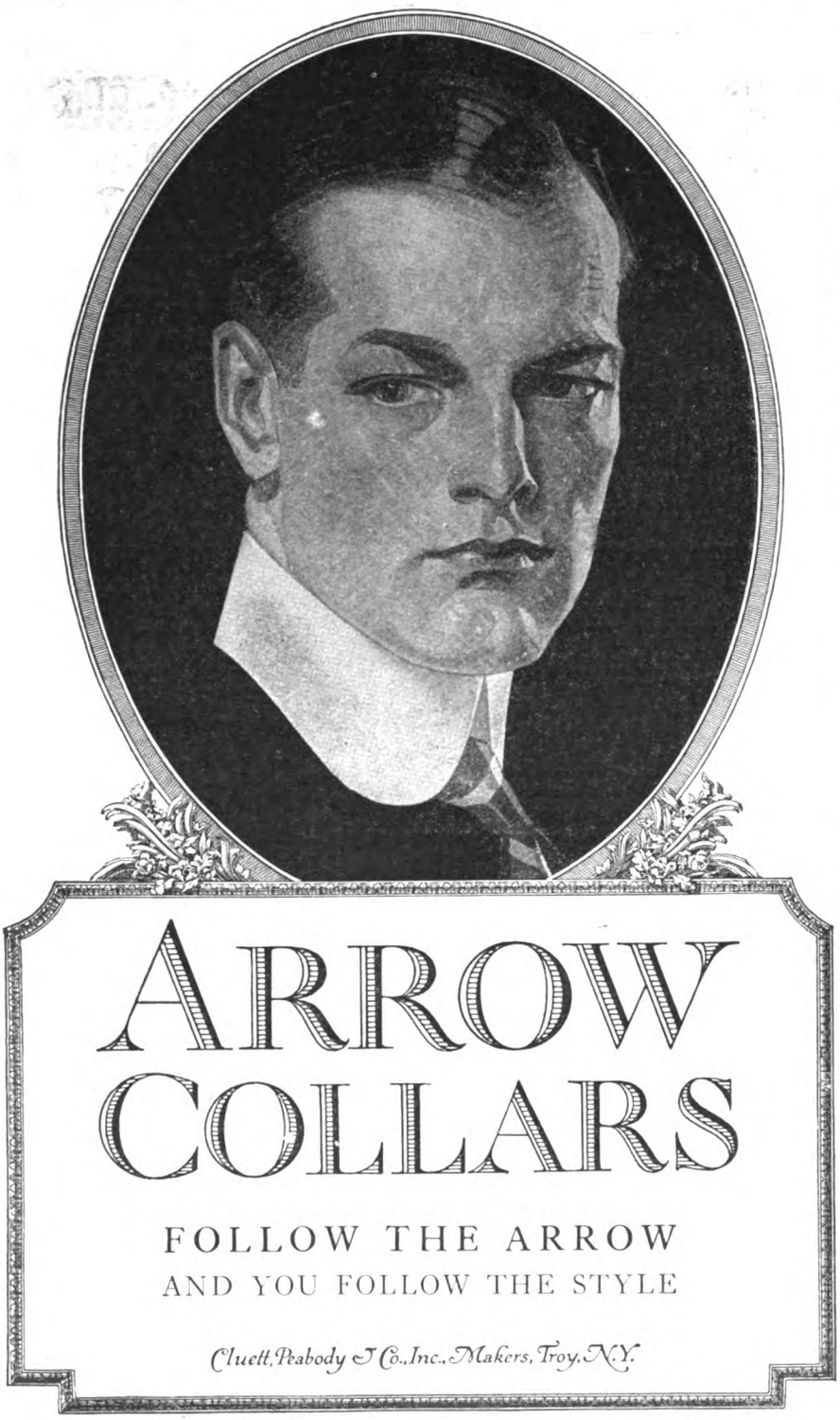

The only excuse I can find for that man is that he could not conceive of my desperate circumstances. I think that desperate is not too strong a word. For a young girl, ill clad, ill nourished, and her money rapidly going, to be alone in New York—this surely is no light matter. I think we ought to be careful how we treat people until we know all about them.

When I was playing children's parts with that Los Angeles stock company, no one was more considerate of and gentle with me than the stage hands, the bill posters, and the scrubwomen. One of my most vivid memories is that of seeing a great burly stage hand seize one of the actors, lift him up bodily, and almost throw him off the stage, because that actor swore in my presence. Now this stage director swore at me regularly. I do not like to refer to this; but he "bawled me out," sneered at me, held me up to ridicule before the whole company.

"If you ever appeared before a New York audience with that nasal rasping voice of yours," he told me one day, "they would boo you off the stage."

The chorus girls would turn away during these scenes. "Honestly," one of them said, "I can't bear to see any human being treated like that."

I AM not an angel. To-day, if any man *started* to use such language as that stage director used to me, I would slap his face in a way that he never would forget. But then there was only one idea in my head, and that was that, somehow, I must hang on. I almost believe that that stage director could have struck me, so long as he didn't discharge me. As I had been engaged by Mr. Cort, he apparently did not feel free to discharge me outright; his object was to worry me out. And doubtless he was acting within his lights; he honestly believed that I was, as he frankly said, "rotten." The fear of discharge became with me an obsession. Every day I expected it to happen. It was all through my dreams. When I reached the hall for a rehearsal, I got into my slippers and other parts of my rehearsal costume with feverish haste, sneaked in away behind the rest of the company, and then rushed out to take my place at the last minute. As soon as the rehearsal was over, I fled. My idea was that if only I could avoid meeting the director face to face, he might forget to discharge me.

I felt that I could stand that daily fear no longer. Yet it actually took me two weeks to screw up my courage sufficiently to ask Mr. Cort whether I was to be permitted to continue.

"Well," he said, "the director doesn't like you; but if you make good with the audience on the opening night, you can stay."

Now think of having all that depend upon your opening performance! But I was to be saved—by a miracle, as it were.

We opened in a small town up in New York State. A wretched hotel and a wretched theatre. I had to share my dressing-room with a woman who was an understudy. The room was so small that both of us could barely stand up in it to apply our make-up, especially as that understudy was big and fat. To change our clothes we had to go outside. That understudy made an awful fuss; she fussed because there was no maid to help

her with her costume; she fussed about this and that. You would have thought that the whole performance depended upon her, whereas all she had to do was to stand in the wings and be ready to go on in case somebody's voice suddenly gave out. And there was I—though my part was not of the first importance, it yet fell to me to help carry on the plot, such as it was. And what did it not mean for me personally! In my pocketbook, guarded so jealously through those long, awful weeks, there was just twenty cents left. We had words, that woman and I. We scrapped like a couple of cats, mostly nerves, of course. And I was in the midst of telling her what I thought of her when I was summoned to go on.

I WENT on in a towering rage. I forgot all about my fear. I was prepared to lick the director, Mr. Cort, the star, the whole company, and the whole audience, if they didn't like me. There is a great deal in us that we do not commonly draw on. S metimes, as with me then, it takes rage to bring it out. Anything will do that helps you to forget your fear. It is fear that commonly keeps us from letting ourselves go, from being all that we might.

The performance was over. Back to the hotel, past the "death watch" in the office, I went, and on up to my little room. Presently the sound of feet in the hall. Someone was coming to my room. It was only a chorus girl with an oyster sandwich and a pickle. I didn't care for the oyster, but I loved the pickle. Only a chorus girl, but never did words sound sweeter than hers. "Say," she exclaimed, "you were just great!"

Others must have thought so, too. Before we opened in New York, my part was enlarged, three new songs were written for it, and my enemy, the director, was let go.

A goal reached—I was on the stage in New York. I thought I was made. But I wasn't. "The Rose of Panama" lasted only three weeks in New York. We went on the road, and then to Chicago, where we did better—had quite a run. The company was disbanded in the spring. Almost immediately I received an offer of the leading woman's part with a stock company in Toledo, and I accepted.

I was still only eighteen, but thirteen years on the stage had provided me with qualifications for the new position. I had one big asset for stock—I could memorize the longest parts with ease I knew fairly appropriate gestures for the varying emotions. I was a good mimic, and had picked up a lot of tricks from watching other actresses. In some respects, I was a better actress than I am now. There was no part I was afraid of. I could play Lady Macbeth one night and Juliet the next, without batting an eyelash. All that Shakespeare meant in my young life was that his parts were awfully long.

I was under contract to Mr. Cort for the following season, but as I went on with my stock work I could not escape the conclusion that I did not belong in musical comedy. I wrote this to Mr. Cort, and suggested that he release me from my musical comedy contract, and give me some dramatic work. Two weeks later, when I was recovering from an attack of appendicitis, I read his answer. He agreed with me as to my unfitness for

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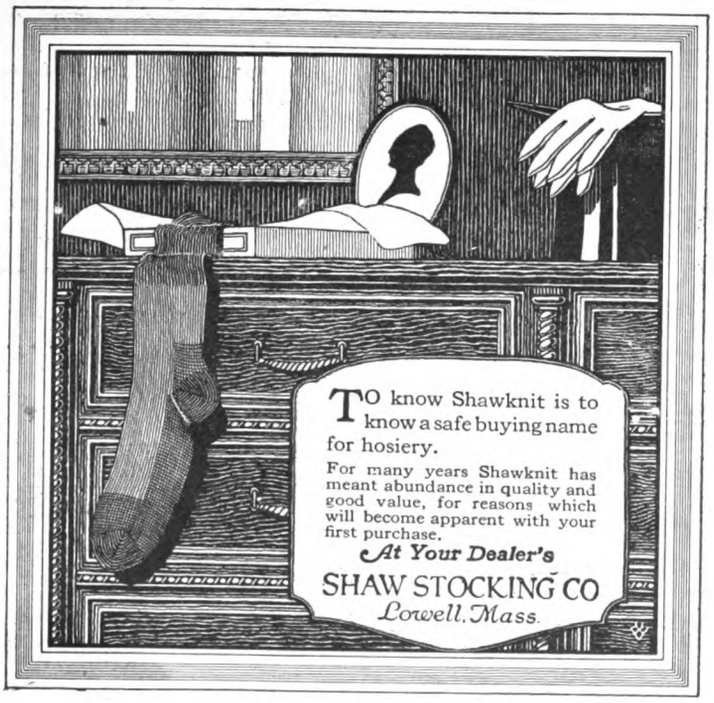

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musical comedy and released me from my contract. But he said nothing about dramatic work. Pleasant, wasn't it? However, he had justification. After my first explosion in "The Rose of Panama," I should not wonder if my work gradually sagged. In fact, I am sure that my interest in my work fell off the farther we went from New York. I had yet one big thing to learn, and it remained for that great woman of the stage, Mrs. Fiske, to teach it to me.

I was as fully resolved as ever to make a success and acquire a following in New York. I carefully hoarded my money, and used it to return to New York and look for an engagement. Twice I went to New York, to make the round of the managers' offices without being able to land anywhere. After each defeat I returned to stock work, mainly with inferior companies, where plays were rushed on as best possible in the quickest time, and then it was that, having saved up for yet another trip to New York, I was engaged to play with Mrs. Fiske in "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh."

For the second time I felt that I was made, or at least on the road to being made. Mrs. Fiske at once started in to teach me things. For example, she taught me how to speed up my work; to get there, and get it across without waste of time or energy; to make every gesture important and significant; to use no gesture that did not directly contribute to the effect desired.

But still, in the main, only a raw girl, I had no better sense than to ape Mrs. Fiske in about everything she did. Probably her strong personality acted on me, unconsciously.

She could have dismissed me abruptly and curtly. But it is the big people who are the kind. Instead of dismissing me, she invited me to her dressing-room for a long talk.

UNDOUBTEDLY, she divined how ambitious I was. Well, if I wished to be a real success, I must learn, first of all, to stop copying others and *look within myself* for my success. She made me realize as I never had before that every play must represent team work between the author and the actors; that the actor must add his part, which is just as creative as the author's; but that the actor cannot add his creative part without conscientious, *original* study of his rôle and all its possibilities.

This was all very interesting and, as I readily saw, important. But when Mrs. Fiske went on to say that playing a small part, such as I had in her company, would not teach me what I ought to know, and that the thing for me to do was to work for a few seasons *with a stock company*, I must confess that I laughed, and laughed bitterly.

For fifteen years, practically, I had been struggling to get out of stock. And now to be calmly advised to return!

But Mrs. Fiske was as patient as she was kind. She said it was plain to her that I had not taken full advantage of what I could learn in stock; that I had permitted myself to become tired of the dreary round of hard work, and had learned my lines and played my rôles more or less perfunctorily. Now I must return to stock in a new spirit.

"In a new spirit!" I burst out. "Tell me, please, how can one do good work

with poor clothing, in an indifferent company, in a miserable theatre in a small town, with insufficient properties and wretched scenery!"

Mrs. Fiske continued to smile patiently. "Child," she asked, "have you no imagination?"

"Why, yes, I think I have."

"Then use it. Every time you go on the stage, picture to yourself that you have the most beautiful clothing that ever a woman wore; that you are playing in the most important company in the world; that all your surroundings are the most gorgeous; that the air is vibrant with music and delicious with perfume. Picture all this to yourself, imagine all this, *then play in the same key.*"

I began to understand.

"Pretend," she added, "that every performance you give is your opening performance on Broadway."

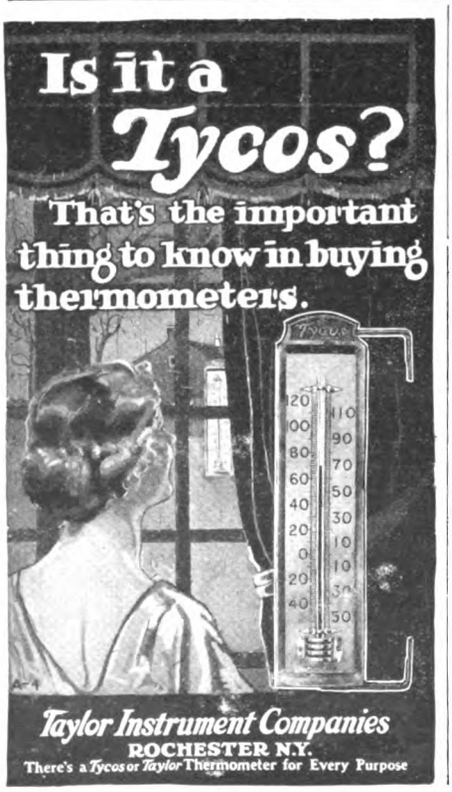
SHE also said that I must pick out the most difficult rôles for me to play, that is, those types of character that were the remotest from my own natural type.

I thought over all Mrs. Fiske's advice, and decided that it was good. I went back to the stock, resolved never to make another attempt to reach Broadway until I had extracted all the benefit that was possible from the stock. I did my best to follow Mrs. Fiske's advice to use my imagination. It was hard at first, but gradually my imagination developed wings. Presently, on account of my improved work with a smaller company, I was engaged for a stock company in Des Moines, Iowa, at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a week. Of course most of this went for the many costumes I had to buy, but it was a decided step up. I was in Des Moines for eighty weeks, and gradually my reputation spread.

Now, what Mrs. Fiske's advice amounted to was this: Do not try to rise to something higher *before you are ready for it.* Be satisfied where you are, *for the time being.* Wherever you are, *make the most of it, get all you can out of it;* for that is the sure way to make yourself ready for something better. As a matter of fact, you have no right to aspire to anything better unless you are doing the best you can where you are. However, you must picture to yourself every day that you already are what you want to be, and where you want to be, and key yourself up accordingly. Do this, and every day you almost automatically will do your very best, and give of your very best. You will acquire the habit of being successful *every day*, and in *everything* you do.

This was the lesson I learned from Mrs. Fiske. And it was wonderful what a new world opened for me as I ceased to dream of how big I was going to be in the future, and got right down to the business of doing my job every day, of throwing myself into my day's work with a spirit that rose superior to all the limitations and drawbacks I might encounter. Is it not always true that what you have and where you are is of little or no importance as compared with your disposition to go as far as you can with what you have and where you are?

I think that as you acquire the habit of being successful every day, you can afford to wait. I did not have to wait very long. Mr. Lewis Stone and Mr. Charles Clark,



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gentlemen who had played opposite me in stock at different times and in different companies, both happened to be personally acquainted with Mr. William Harris, Jr., the New York manager. Each was kind enough to speak to Mr. Harris about my improved work in stock, and Mr. Harris expressed a wish to see me. So, in 1916, I again went to New York, this time triumphantly.

Mr. Harris then was putting on "Arms and the Girl," and gave me a good part in it. About the very first of the war plays, it was not a very great success. I was told, however, that I had scored a personal success; and as Mr. Harris had nothing else ready for me he "lent" me to Mr. George Cohan for "The Willow Tree," in which I played the part of a Japanese girl. This play, also, was not a financial success, and I was lent to a young theatrical firm for "The Kiss Burglar," in which I was a singing and dancing girl. Here, again, was a play that soon had to close. Nevertheless, I was beginning to acquire a personal following. Now, Mr. Harris put on "East is West," and in this play, which provided me with the part of a Chinese girl mainly in an American environment, I was "featured." We opened in New York on Christmas night of 1918, and there we have been ever since, more than a year at this writing, through cold weather and hot, save only for the comparatively short interruption brought about by the actors' strike.

I HAVE reason to believe that people, and they of my own profession, have wondered at the "ginger" and "pep" which they say I continue to put into my "East is West" part, though I now have been doing it continuously for more than a year. Well, for one thing I continue to like the part, and, after all this time, that surely speaks eloquently for it. Then every audience is a new audience; you never can tell how it is going to respond. But mostly there is the fact that I am continuing to follow Mrs. Fiske's advice to use my imagination and be successful every day—every performance is for me the opening performance.

Though I now, to a large extent, have realized my ambition to make a success and acquire a following in New York, I would not have it understood that I am satisfied. Mr. "Sid" once said in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, if I remember rightly, that "what you win is always two jumps behind what you want." That is true for me. Certainly I shall never be satisfied until I realize my ultimate ambition to have New York accept me in repertoire—as an actress competent to play a large variety of serious, thought-out parts. But you may be sure I shall not let that dream unfit me for whatever work I immediately have to do.

"TO THE Heights at 53" is the title of an unusually inspiring article next month. It tells how an actor, who thought his big chance might never come, is now winning fame in the great rôle of Abraham Lincoln—after twenty-five years of heartbreaking struggle. Frank McGlynn's own story is as dramatic as any play in which he has ever appeared.

A Genius Who Never Walked a Step

(*Continued from page 11*)

ship according to scale. Although it will have 3,500 horse-power and a maximum speed of more than twenty miles per hour, with a capacity of 3,000 tons net burden, it will call for only seven feet of water when fully loaded. In addition to designing the engines, boilers, and other machinery, he has laid out all the cabin and art decorations. One mural decoration—on the dome of the auditorium, capable of seating five hundred people—will portray the history of travel from the pack camel of ancient Egypt down to the motor trucks and flying ships. This boat will be all steel from keel to pilot house. It will have its own motor freight and express delivery. There will be a hotel on the top deck for the accommodation of over one hundred guests, who may sojourn there from week to week without connection with the traffic quarters of the steamer. This boat will also have a device which will make possible the sterilizing of over three hundred rooms in less than an hour, if necessary.

His knowledge of art surprises every artist who meets him. Rembrandt's "Night Watch" has been reproduced in miniature by Mr. Cook so accurately that enlargements thrown on the screen show not one of the figures is as much as a quarter of an inch out of place or size. Constructing a tiny watch by hand would have been a small labor for Mr. Cook compared to the painting of this extraordinary picture.

IN 1912 Mr. Cook gave a dinner in Washington in honor of his friend Senator Bradley from Kentucky. More than half of the senators were present, a tribute said to be unique in Washington's annals. In 1916 the Senate invited Mr. Cook to sit on the floor of that chamber during a session. The Senate of the United States has placed in the Congressional Record one of his speeches.

"Self-pity is fatal to success," declares Mr. Cook. "Some of those who have started life with the worst handicaps have accomplished most. Robert Louis Stevenson gave the world some of his finest books while lying in bed nigh unto death with tuberculosis, so weak that he could not hold a pen. Michael Angelo was a chronic sufferer from fever. Milton, as everybody knows, was blind. John Bunyan wrote his monumental 'Pilgrim's Progress' in prison. And nearly all the men filling leading business positions in this country started life penniless, many of them with but the most meager of schooling and many without good health.

"Complaining, whining, railing against fate, will never get a man anywhere. The way to meet difficulties is to face them, and battle against them heroically. Faith and optimism, combined with incessant endeavor, will triumph over almost any hurdle in life.

"Success does not lie in one's bank account; success really resides in the mind. Books, schools, and classes of all

It's not a question of bravery or strength, it's knowing how to box. If you don't know how, you've got to take a beating.

Who wants these boxing lessons?

You read The American Magazine partly for entertainment, but principally because you want to improve your knowledge and develop your abilities. You are quite right in thinking that any such effort is a step in the right direction. But isn't there one form of self development which you are neglecting?

Suppose, for instance, someone should attack you. Would you have the knowledge and ability to protect yourself?

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Or if someone says, "Let's put on the gloves," can you do it and really take care of yourself?

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Professor Mike Donovan, boxing instructor of the New York Athletic Club, not only endorsed the Marshall Stillman method, but went so far as to collaborate in the preparation of the course. Students from all over the world have taken this course, and within one week some of them have been able to outbox older and stronger opponents.

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kinds are so plentiful and available to-day that any earnest, purposeful, plodding young man can attain riches of the mind. A rich mind and a meager pocket can constitute success and yield happiness, whereas a bumper pocket and a poverty-stricken mind neither represent true success nor yield genuine happiness.

"Laziness is perhaps the most common cause of failure to make any considerable headway in life. I often hear this very class of people saying, 'Well, if I were a cripple like that man, I believe I would commit suicide.' I can answer them with equal feeling and more conviction, that, if Providence had given me their strength and health and I had accomplished no more with it than they, there would not have been any doubt about my decision to follow their suggestion.

"Sir William Hamilton, the great Scottish metaphysician, never tired of quoting that magic aphorism: 'In this world there is nothing great but man. In man there is nothing great but mind.' Mankind would be hard pressed to disprove this. But could he disprove it, he would only prove himself to be a very common animal and with no ambition beyond a full feeding trough, a field in which to roam and satisfy his sensualities."

MR. COOK enjoys life. He is not a noted "first nighter" at the theatre but approves and often attends first-class drama. He also enjoys the vaudeville and goes to the movies. He travels anywhere and everywhere by train, by steamer, by automobile. He designed and built the wonderful "buggy" in which he is pushed around. This is no ordinary piece of mechanism. It is collapsible and so compact that his attendant can pick it up and carry it anywhere with ease. Also, if steps have to be climbed, the wheel base can be instantly lengthened and the steps negotiated without trouble. Charles M. Schwab called it, "the most artistic and beautiful pieceof work of its kind he had ever seen." Mr. Cook so designed and constructed his automobile that his "buggy" can be pushed into it by his attendant.

He is so cheerful, so well-read, so fascinating a talker that his companionship is sought by persons of all degrees—except beggars. He never allows a beggar to get away from him without a lecture to induce him to quit being a loafer and a parasite. Mr. Cook being convinced that no joy can be derived from anything that has not been worthily earned.

Mr. Cook has received many flattering offers from various places, but he has preferred to remain at the head of the business he created, and to continue to enjoy freedom to accomplish the many things in which he is interested outside his factory. He holds that the end and aim of all business, of education, of science, of political activities, should be to produce the highest type of citizens. The life he now leads enables him, by example and by effort, to contribute in his own way to the progress of the Republic and its citizens.

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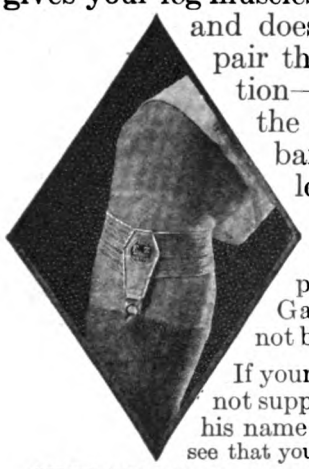

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What Mother Had Always Wanted

(*Continued from page 68*)

"Why, those are the wedding presents, of course. Who ever heard of a wedding supper without presents?"

Ma sat down suddenly. "Why—why, I never heard of such foolishness!" she said, but her eyes were very bright. "Wedding suppers and—and presents, why, children—"

"Well, see what you got, Ma," Jasper prompted.

Laughing excitedly, Ma reached for the packages and began to open them.

Laura watched her tensely, then she tried to read her father's face, but could not. Had he done it? She could not tell. She recognized every one of the packages, as she had helped to put them all there. But it was so small it might be under them! She watched the last package but one opened, and then the last package, and it was *not under them!* Laura dropped back in bitter disappointment. Pa had failed them!

Ma, seemingly unaware that Pa had given her nothing, was patting the hand bag, which was Laura's present, and talking happily, when she suddenly stopped and felt of it. "Why, there's something inside!" She snapped it open and a little package rolled out—a little square white package tied with a blue ribbon!

MA HELD the little package in her hand and turned over the card attached to it curiously, then "From Sam to Peggy," she read aloud. Her face suddenly went white at the old, half-forgotten nickname, and she looked up at Pa with eyes that saw visions.

"Open it, Ma," Viva said breathlessly.

Ma began to fumble at the wrappings with fingers that shook a little. It took her a long time to get off the ribbon and then the tissue paper wrapping, but it was finally accomplished, and she held a little blue velvet box in her hand. She looked at it, then at Laura, at Jasper, at Viva, at Pa, the long years of wanting in her eyes, then suddenly the lid of the box snapped back, and a diamond twice as large as Laura's winked up at her from its white satin bed.

Ma sat perfectly still, the color all gone out of her face; then "Pa!" she said tremulously, "Pa!" and suddenly her head went down on the table, down on the wedding presents, down on her rough red hands that clasped the little blue box with the diamond winking in it!

"There, there, Peggy! If I'd known you were going to do that way—" Pa patted her shoulders with a rough, calloused old hand that nevertheless was very gentle, while he glared at Laura.

Ma raised her head finally and wiped her wet cheeks. "Pa," she asked, all of her youth and dreams suddenly back in her eyes, "was that why you sold the colt you set so much store by, to get the money to buy *this* for *me?*"

"I sold the colt because I didn't want him," Pa said; but he did not look at her, nor at Laura as he said it.

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Don't Settle Down Into a Soft Snap

(*Continued from page 19*)

Beard's immortal "American Boys' Handy Book." Even now I frequently slink away and am shamelessly found reading some dull volume such as Tolstoy or Thackeray, when I ought to be putting such nonsense out of my mind and writing a good brisk love story with a modern twist and a snappy punch.

I first tried professional writing in college. The college paper at that time was accepting everything that I wrote, but the big magazines seemed to ignore that fact. Like every other writer, my life has been divided into periods when American literature was going to the dogs and periods when it was strong and virile. It was going to the dogs in those days. It almost got there before I was able to stop it.

While still in college someone told me of the existence of literary agents; so, after that, I stopped contributing to the magazines and contributed to an agent. Please don't misunderstand me. I have always had an immense respect for that agent. I sent him story after story, and finally wrote him a letter asking him to give me a frank opinion of my case.

He wrote back that he and his assistants had carefully considered my work and felt in honesty obliged to tell me I could never be a professional writer. Technically, he said, I had little to learn, but I simply hadn't got the goods. Considering the fact that I was sending him three dollars with every story, and still had some left, I think that that was very sporting of him.

FOR a long time nothing occurred to give me any reason for supposing that the agent was wrong. At the time I don't think that he *was* wrong. I reached the age of twenty-two with no experience in anything except books and love affairs; and then, without any warning, I took a running dive off the deep end. I went to work as a reporter on a morning newspaper.

I do not think that I could honestly recommend for every boy the education that I received between the ages of twenty and thirty. "Seeing life" has ruined far more men than being a valedictorian ever has; but I do know that, for me, it was just the thing that I needed.

I was a New Englander of New Englanders. I had always been a bookish, timid, pedantic sort of person. My early associates were quiet, reticent people of the rigid Puritan type, and my college life had tended rather to accentuate my early training. I never even smoked until I was twenty-one. I do not believe that I had been inside a theatre three times before I went to college, and not a dozen times during college years. I was not a recluse and I hope that I was not a prig. I admired the normal activities of life. I tried hard to take part in them, but I was very awkward at it. I did not have the social trick. Until I was fully of age, real happiness for me was a solitary afternoon on a mountain lake or an undisturbed evening in some good library. My favorite author was the mild and placid Thoreau.

FROM that, at an instant's notice, I was plunged into ten years of all the seamy and all the colorful phases of modern city life. As a newspaper man and later as a press agent, I was pushed behind the curtain of everything, from prize fights to grand opera.

I went to big dinners to report the speeches of presidents, and trudged up tenement stairs to get the trembling stories of abandoned wives. I attended social gatherings at Methodist, Presbyterian, Catholic, Lutheran churches and Hebrew synagogues, sometimes two and three in one evening. I went to Polish weddings and Slovak dances. I watched a bank elect its directors in the afternoon and watched the Red Men elect their sachem in the evening. I went to art exhibitions to criticize paintings, and went to the dressing-rooms of the vaudeville theatre to get the life story of Davo the Boneless Man. I wrote up society at the Charity Ball, and I walked in the slow lantern-lit procession through the prison yard at midnight to see men hanged. I pushed up an alley one Christmas morning to find the blood stains left by a murder, then talked with the man suspected while he was sitting calmly with his family at breakfast. I went to Florida to get a story on the life at the winter resorts. Once I sat for a solid week at the National Baptist Convention, and once I was in a car when it turned turtle during an automobile race. Before the ten years were over I was offered a job with a movie house and one with an aëroplane company, while a clergyman told me in all sincerity that he wished that I had studied for the ministry.

AS IT happened, two out of three of my years in actual newspaper work were spent on the criminal end. Possibly fate considered that I needed that education more than any other. For one solid year practically all my daylight hours were spent in the police station; but, strangely, the average police station is not at all a depressing spot unless you are there against your will. The one which I knew best filled an immense place in the community which the outside world never realized, and, because it deserves the credit for this, I wish to name it. It was the central station at Hartford, Connecticut.

Poor people from all over the east side used to come there naturally with their troubles. Minor injuries of all kinds were constantly treated there gratis. Men came there to have their domestic troubles straightened out or to ask for advice. Women came there to look for lost articles, while an amazing number of people actually came there for pure sociability. It was a very common sight to see a huge

red-faced patrolman come in with a baby in his arms or some small child who had strayed in the shopping district. Until the mother turned up you would see the child playing all over the sergeant's desk as happily as in its own nursery.

The things that were talked about in idle hours in that grizzly spot were truly amazing. I remember one evening when the white-haired police captain went to the safe and got out a huge knife, as big as a sword bayonet, which recalled some famous crime of twenty years before. In fact, I think that he himself had been wounded by it, but what the crime was I do not remember. I do remember, however, that from that topic he went on to give his experiences with spiritualism, which were cynical; but then added his views on the future life. Strangely, this grim old veteran, who had spent his whole life among criminals, firmly believed that the great punishment is the punishment of conscience. His theory was that the most hardened crook gets his final reward from the tortures of his own soul. Novelists are laughed at for saying that.

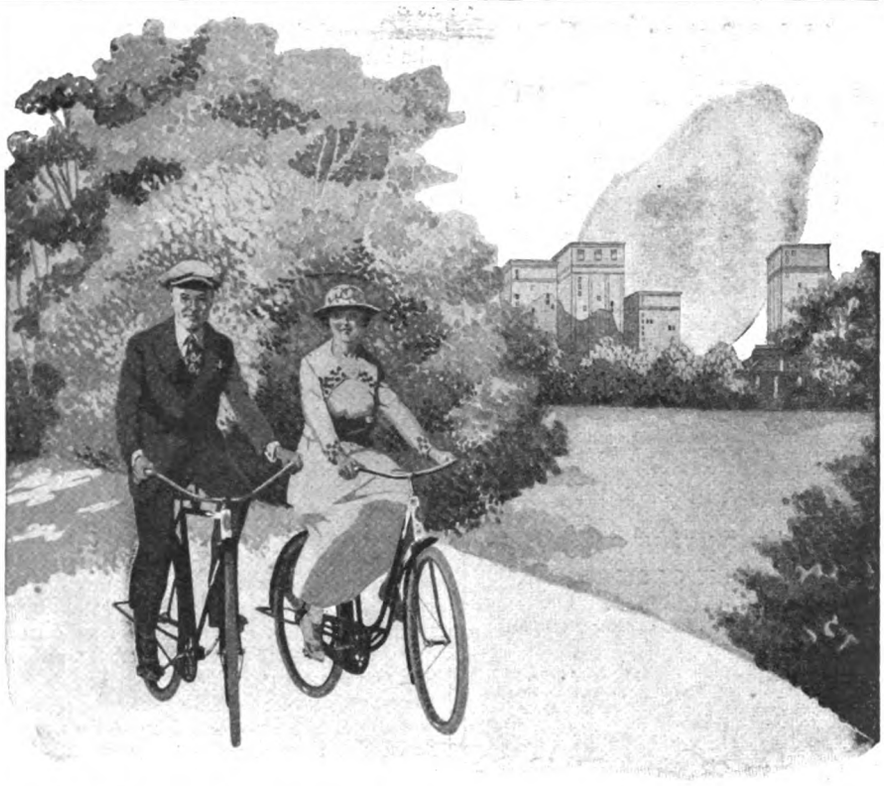
ONE afternoon we gave a famous detective novel to the different detective sergeants and asked them whether they could solve it without reading the final chapter. None of them could, but one of them showed in a very logical manner why no real detective could have solved that mystery except by the aid of the author. You can believe it or not, but one day at the station I heard the Italian interpreter and one of the police reporters in a violent discussion. What do you suppose that they were arguing? As to who wrote the music of one of the lesser known versions of Faust?

There were even festive occasions at the station. I shall never forget the annual picnic and dinner of the state convention of police chiefs. In my memories that day will always stand out as a day apart from other days.

The last year of my active newspaper work was spent in the higher courts, both civil and criminal. Here, too, life was spread out before one, but in a different way. You did not see the actual events, but you heard them related step by step. Browning would have loved that courtroom, for it was very curious to hear two persons, both quite honestly, try to describe the same incident.

It was perfectly amazing, also, how both men and women, sometimes men and women of refined and secluded lives, would stand up before a court-room and relate the most intimate details of their private lives simply to settle what was frequently only a trivial quarrel. I presume that I have seen two hundred divorce cases, covering every class, in society and, in some, the causes of quarrel were unbelievable. I remember one in which the wife sued the husband for divorce simply because he had a passion for keeping a young menagerie. That trial was a page squarely out of Charles Dickens.

One day I happened to have an interview with W. H. Gocher, known to horsemen the world over as the veteran secretary of the Grand Circuit and an authority on harness racing. Some months later he sent for me and offered me a position as press agent for the local



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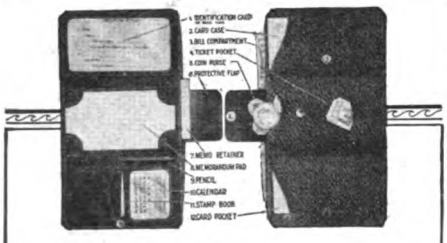

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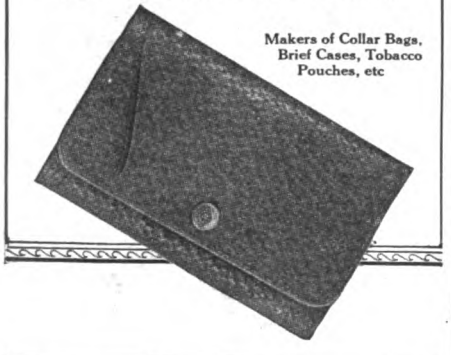

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meeting of the Grand Circuit races and the state fair, with which they had just been combined.

From that day started a love from which I have never recovered—a love of the show business in every form. At first I combined the position with my newspaper work, but later I had entire charge of all the advertising, from the "write-ups" in the papers to the billboards and the fake "rubes" whom we used to send to different cities to parade the streets with their yellow wigs and with show bills on their carpet bags.

The things that this led to were curious, especially for a man who had seemed directly aimed for a quiet, scholarly life. My first year on the Grand Circuit, the clerk-of-course left suddenly at the last moment and I was put in the judges' stand to take his place. The job is one which calls for very quick action and, naturally, an expert knowledge of racing. I had never seen a big trotting race in my life so I had a very nervous week; but in such situations I have found that the very last thing you want to do is to bluff. I frankly told the starter that I knew nothing about the work, and he pulled me through. For one thing, I did not know enough to take down the time for the quarters. Those were all races of national importance, so, if the history of the American turf is incomplete in certain particulars I am to blame for it.

THE first day I was told to stop one of the drivers as he came to the start and collect two hundred dollars from him. To my amazement he paid it in two one-hundred-dollar bills, the first I had ever seen. I soon discovered that horsemen in general carry their money that way, and I frequently walked back from the stands with entry fees of several hundred dollars in my watch pocket. The same week I was rung in as secretary and ring steward of the horse show, a really first-class one, and as I had never seen even one horse show, that, too, was a nervous but highly instructive event.

My connection with the races and the fairgrounds lasted for about five years, with a strange variety of duties, and through those years flowed a life even more colorful than that of the newspapers. From famous horsemen and turfmen, like Pop Geers, Doc Tanner, Frank Walker, and Andy Welch, down to the boxing midgets and the Syrian dancers, everybody in the business came in and out of our ken sooner or later. When the fairs were not on them, the grounds were used for all sorts of purposes—automobile races, aëroplane flights, steeple-chasing, running horse races, polo matches, Gaelic football games, military reviews, and sheep-bakes, each with its own and totally different following.

I think that the men who impressed me most were the automobile racers and the aviators. To have very much in common with the trotting-horse men one must have one of those mathematical minds which can remember every cousin of every horse for forty years back. The running-horse world—in the North at least—is the toy of great wealth. The show people—the acrobats, the trick cyclists, the animal trainers, the real sons and daughters of the sawdust—are a close corporation. You have to know

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DEANS MENTHOLATED COUGH DROPS

them for years before you can get anything out of them except reticence and suspicion; but at that time, at least, the automobile racers and the aviators were nothing but enthusiastic, healthy boys, bright-eyed with the flush of new glory.

In all this rush and excitement my original writing ambitions had been in abeyance. They had never actually become extinct, but they had frequently seemed very distant and hopeless. On the newspapers where I worked every reporter was a potential novelist. To write easily and fluently was no special trick. Most of them could do it, and my soaring aspirations seemed rather ridiculous. At one or two crucial points in my life, however, there have been kindhearted men to give me the needed boost, and the first of these was the veteran dean of the reporters on the Hartford "Courant," Harry Horton.

Without any doubt every reader to whom this page may come has read the writings of Harry Horton, although he may never know it, for Horton was then, and is still, one of the most successful producers of four-line jokes in the country. He made more by his outside work than he did by his salary, which impressed us youngsters immensely. One day Horton and I were standing in front of City Hall when he said suddenly:

"Curtiss, you are a fool. If I could write as well as you can I wouldn't be working on a newspaper."

I looked at him to see whether that was merely one of his four-line jokes, for personal praise is a rare thing on a morning newspaper. It was not, and that one remark started me off again, for I thought that if my ambitions were not ridiculous to this wise and worldly old-timer there must be something in them. I began to write and submit stories again and, since then, I have never stopped, although it was a long time before there were any results to justify Horton's faith. It was years, in fact, before I had anything accepted.

THERE came, however, one momentous year, when I wound up my fair work for the season and walked into the street to consider what I should do next. Up to that time I had always held a salaried job of some kind. I knew that I could get a steady place on my old newspaper, but I think that Hempel's exciting story, which I had heard but a few evenings before, had put a spirit of dissatisfaction into me. I, too, wanted to take a chance. All the important decisions of my life have been sudden and, standing there on the pavement outside the fair office, I said to myself:

"Now, look here, you have wanted to be a fiction writer all your life. You will never have a better chance than this. Why don't you seize the moment?"

I did. I went home at once, and paid all my debts. The amount left me was ridiculously small, not much, if anything, over a hundred dollars, but, in those days, an unmarried man could live a long time on a hundred dollars. I packed up my typewriter, went to a little town in the country, and set myself to the sole business of writing fiction.

For years, off and on, I had been submitting stories to the magazines without even a nibble. I had never received one sign of recognition beyond the usual

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5 GREAT NOVELTIES 20 cts. The glorious crimson **Woolflower** recently introduced by us has succeeded everywhere and proved to be the most showy garden annual. Nothing can surpass the mass of bloom which it shows all Summer and Fall.

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printed slip. Almost the day after I had burned my bridges, I wrote a sketch which I sent to THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. I received a personal letter from the Editor. I came back at him with a story, which he accepted immediately. Very shortly after that I sold another story to another magazine, and from then on, although of course I had dry spells, I sold one story after another, practically all of them to big magazines, with far more promptness than I had any right to expect.

THIS incident has a rather humorous aftermath. Two or three years ago a young newspaper man asked me for advice as to how to become a writer. With great conviction, and feeling like Andrew Carnegie giving instructions to youth, I told him:

"Save up money until you have enough to live on for six months or a year, then go into the country and write morning, noon, and night. Then if worst comes to the worst, you can always go back to your old job."

About a year later I met him on the streets and asked him whether he had followed my advice.

"Yes," he said, "I did. Worst came to the worst. I am now back on my old job."

I hate to destroy my own theory, but I have to destroy it in order to prove it. I have to confess that I myself did not push my own sink-or-swim theory to its ultimate conclusion at just that time, although I did later. Three or four months after I had sold my first story I was offered one of those secretaryships to which newspapermen frequently fall heir. It seemed a crime not to take it. The salary was large, I was to be my own boss, and the hours were easy. In fact, if the truth must be known, the hours as I kept them were scandalous, but no one seemed to object.

At first glance the combination seemed ideal for a young writer. I had plenty of freedom. I had an office, and a stenographer to do the routine work. I had no one but myself to look out for. I was already getting good prices for my stories. In those days living cost little, so that, between my salary and my stories, it seemed as if nobody in the world had as much money as I had! I kept one and sometimes two horses, and a dog cart. When I went to New York I lived at the biggest hotels and never put a foot to the pavement. I made no bones about my habits. The men who paid my salary seemed willing to have me continue, but at the end of three years I threw up the place as suddenly as I had taken it.

My friends thought that I was insane, but I had two very good reasons: In the first place, I was in a position to see that the man who holds a cinch job is putting his head further and further into the noose. At twenty-odd a man can resign such a job without a qualm, but at thirty he finds himself married to it, at thirty-five he is in daily terror of losing it, and at forty he will pull wires and intrigue in order to hold it.

Even more important than that was the fact that I had never lost my original conviction that a man's best bet is to sink or swim on his chosen line. I did not believe then, and I do not believe now, that any important work can be done "on the side."

I told my employers exactly why I was leaving, and I was gratified to have them ask me to stay but at the same time agree with my decisions. One of them, a hard-headed millionaire manufacturer, said to the others:

"If this young man has a dream, by all means urge him to follow it. I had one once."

So then, at almost thirty and out of comparative affluence, I deliberately sentenced myself to poverty—and I got it. Then came the period of struggle from hand to mouth which I should have had long before. As I was already a part-time writer the period was not as long as it would have been otherwise, but it was long enough and even more bitter. Don't let anyone tell you that "after your name is once before the public everything is plain sailing." The real struggle of most public performers comes after, and not before, they have tasted success. During my years of affluence and easy money I had acquired expensive habits, but I cut them all out.

A large part of the first year of "full time" I spent in writing a book. It was accepted; but there are rarely any immediate returns from a first novel. The time required very nearly exhausted my reserve capital, and it was a long, hard struggle before I could make the business of writing anything but a precarious one. Even during the blackest moments, though, I did not regret the decision for one instant. I had to revolutionize my mental attitude and my methods of work from top to bottom. Writing had to cease being an amusing accomplishment, and become a stern, everyday job. The muse which used to visit me now and then when the "mood was on me" had to be trained to be in the back room all the time, ready for a hurry call.

I HAVE never written a story without romance—and this *true* story must end with a romance far more exciting than any I ever invented.

In 1916 I had settled down in the country for a long, quiet summer when, one evening, I received a telephone call from New York. A neighbor of mine, an incurable hostess, was at the other end of the wire. She said that she had invited a young English actress to visit her for a week or two, but that she herself had been called to the city for the following day. She asked me to meet the visitor at a railroad junction ten miles distant, take her to her house, and be as nice as possible to her.

I did my best. That was Monday night. On Friday morning the English visitor and I were married. On Sunday I was ordered back to my National Guard regiment and shipped to western Arizona, so that, in the following October, the English visitor and I were each in the unique position of having been married for four months to someone whom we had seen only for a few days in our whole lives. The officers in my regiment were placing bets that we wouldn't know each other when I got back.

I, however, had decided on a very simple system. When at last the troop train pulled into the home station I looked over the crowds and picked out the girl who I *hoped* was my wife. It was the right one.

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"My *DEE-ah!* Don't breathe a *word of this* to *anyone.* But I had it on the *best* of authority, *absoLUTEly* in confidence, that"————And in half a day it is the "strictly confidential" property of every one in town.

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That private report of the last directors' meeting—fine business to have it become public property! Yet *you* know and *we* know that in spite of every precaution *leaks will happen,* and it's *always just the one thing* you want to keep mum that gets out.

If it *IS* "strictly confidential," the Multigraph *in your own establishment keeps it so.*

INSIDE DOPE for the boys on the road—"A great little sales stunt—too long to put in a letter, too many copies needed—guess we'll have to print it." And *then* what may happen? *Your competitor may steal a march on you,* get the *identical* scheme across to the trade FIRST, and make your boys feel *ridiculous* when they come hustling along with the GREAT IDEA.

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Mebbe you'll decide some day, that that price list *IS* going to be *STRICTLY Confidential*—printed on the MULTIGRAPH.

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AND KNOW that the job would be turned out in no time, and all *right inside your own four walls—inside* dope and *NO* mistake.

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Martin Quest and Wife—Purchasing Agents

(Continued from page 41)

as he could get his superior's attention.

"Eh? How's that? Cartons? What about cartons, Quest?"

"Thorne, from the Pinkham Company, Chicago, was in yesterday. He offers us anything up to fifteen million butter cartons at two-forty."

"Well, what of it?"

"I—I believe we ought to take him on, Mr. Merridew."

Merridew rumpled his hair, pulling a long lock down over his forehead, and peered at his clerk through his thick-lensed spectacles. Perhaps that momentary hesitation in Martin's speech had given the purchasing agent his cue.

"You—what?"

"I think we ought to sign the contract."

"Oh, you do? How long since you have been appointed to think what this office should do about fifteen-million-piece orders, young man? Who asked you to bother your head about it at all? Come, come—have you lost your tongue?"

"No, sir," Martin said, trying to keep his temper. "I have no authority, of course. But it seems to me that the paper market is on the rise. The 'Paper Journal' last week said—"

"Oh, so that's it? The 'Paper Journal'? Very fine! Very good! Now, young man, when I want you to come in and give me information as to what the 'Paper Journal' says I'll ring that bell for you. Do you understand?"

"Certainly, Mr. Merridew."

"Very well. Now, have you got those invoices from the Bristol Paint and Varnish Company ready?"

AND in that way the subject was closed. When Thorne appeared that afternoon to renew his company's offer on cartons, Merridew sent out word that Consolidated was supplied with cartons. Martin wanted to take Thorne aside, exercise his own limited authority in signing orders, pin the Pinkham Company's representative down in black and white for that fifteen million carton order, and then see what would happen. But he didn't. Instead, he contented himself with watching the paper market. It hung for a time where it was, then began to climb. Trade journals, news reports, and street gossip touched on the subject occasionally, and Martin gathered all the straws that would give indication of the direction of the wind in paper prices. He and Martha agreed that paper rises were coming.

"And on top of that, Martha," Martin said one evening when he came home and found supper preparations in limbo, and his little wife deep in a book on economics that they had drawn from the library and were trying to read, "on top of that, the labor market is getting more unstable and threatening all the time. I've got a clipping here—"

"In a minute, Marty," she interrupted. "I was so interested in that chapter on tariffs that I forgot what time it was. Come out and sit on the edge of the sink and read it to me."

Martin went out and sat on the edge of the sink. His newspaper item said that Canadian wood pulp was going to England in shiploads, to take the place of Norway's former production of the commodity.

"And that means less wood pulp for this country," he explained.

"Silly! I can see that. And an article I saw yesterday said that Congress might restrict immigration, and that that would affect the labor market some more. We can't help it because Merridew won't listen to reason, can we?"

"We cannot, my dear—and your tea-kettle is boiling over. Did I tell you the news?"

"What news?"

"President Maxey, the new president, is coming this week. Also Merridew left tonight for Portland, to buy cement for the new valley plant buildings. So I'm afraid we'll be in a jam in our department. We won't look very pretty for inspection."

"Don't worry about that, old son. Prettiness isn't an asset."

"If it were, you'd be worth a million, Martha."

"Don't kid the cook—you'll make me burn my fingers. There! Potatoes are in. Want coffee? No? All right. Now, why not talk to Mr. Maxey about those cartons? He'd see your point in a minute."

"Wouldn't do, honey. That would be going over Merridew's head. The Pinkham man, Thorne, is in town, too."

"Marty!"

"Well?"

"Tell him to talk to President Maxey!"

"Wouldn't be good business, girl, even if he would consent. And he couldn't do that, don't you see, because that would make Merridew sore, and the Pinkham Box and Board Company would be as good as frozen out of any future business."

AT ten o'clock the next day an office boy came into the purchasing agent's department with a body as rigid as steel and his face devoid of all expression. The stenographer stared at him.

"What's the matter, Eddie, got a stiff neck?"

"Naw."

"Trying to make out like you're a four-chevron doughboy?"

"Aw, quit your kiddin'!"

"Why all the ceremony, that's what I want to know. This is the first time in your sweet young life you ever came in that door without whistling and banging it behind you."

"'Tain't, neither. 'N' if it was I guess I know what I'm doing."

"Somebody dead in this block?"

Eddie leaned forward importantly. "The president's came!"

"President Maxey?"

"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news! Our savings account had passed the $1,000 mark!

"I remember reading one time that your first thousand saved is the most important money you will ever have, for in saving it you have laid a true foundation for success in life. And I remember how remote and impossible it seemed then to save such a sum of money.

"I was making $15 a week and every penny of it was needed just to keep us going. It went on that way for several years—two or three small increases, but not enough to keep up with the rising cost of living. Then one day I woke up! I found I was not getting ahead simply because I had never learned to do anything in particular. As a result whenever an important promotion was to be made, I was passed by.

"I made up my mind right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton, and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business. I can't understand why I never realized before that this was the thing to do. Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! The general manager was about the first to note the change. An opening came and he gave me my first real chance—with an increase. A little later another promotion came with enough money so that we could save $25 a month. Then another increase—I could put aside $50 each pay day. And so it went.

"Today I am manager of my department—with two increases this year. We have a thousand dollars saved! And this is only the beginning. We are planning now for a home of our own. There will be new comforts for Rose, little enjoyments we have had to deny ourselves up to now. And there is a real future ahead with more money than I used to dare dream that I could make. What wonderful hours they are—those hours after supper!"

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- ☐ Gas Engine Operating
- ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping
- ☐ MINE FOREMAN OR ENGINEER
- ☐ STATIONARY ENGINEER
- ☐ Marine Engineer
- ☐ Ship Draftsman
- ☐ ARCHITECT
- ☐ Contractor and Builder
- ☐ Architectural Draftsman
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- ☐ PLUMBING AND HEATING
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"Yep. This morning. He's in the auditor's."

"What's he look like?"

"Look's like he wouldn't stand no fooling. I got to beat it. Here's a card. Gentleman waiting to see Mr. Quest."

"Why didn't you say so before? Mr. Quest!"

Martin looked up from his corner. "What is it, Sarah?"

"Mr. Thorne, Pinkham Company, Chicago, waiting to see you."

"Let him come in."

Thorne came in, and Martin met him in the purchasing agent's private office. Thorne was ingratiating, but businesslike.

"About those cartons, Quest," he began. "Ordered yet?"

"No."

"I wrote Mr. Merridew the other day urging him to give me a hearing and he refused. I didn't expect to come in again, but we want to get in on your business here, and I thought I'd make one more effort before I go to Denver."

"Denver, eh? Well, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Merridew is away. I don't believe that we can—"

"I'm sorry, Quest. I'll give you the low-down on this carton deal. My people have some favorable raw material contracts that will run another six months, and they are anxious to give you the benefit of their conditions by selling you cartons at rock-bottom. But if you don't want to deal, I'm going to try the Denver Dairy Products with the same offer, and I don't believe I'll have to argue with them."

MARTIN paused, considering this new angle. Denver Dairy Products was one of Consolidated's biggest competitors; it was probably not a bluff of Thorne's that he would find them ready to do business. Finally Martin said:

"I'd like to reach my chief in Portland, if you can give me until Friday, Thorne."

"Can't arrange it. You have the offer—you'll have to take it or leave it."

For a long minute Martin considered, staring out of the window. He had a certain limited authority; that is, he was expected to attend to business in Merridew's absence when it became necessary; but it was understood tacitly that he would not exercise his power in matters of any importance. Now he was confronted with an opportunity such as would not be likely to occur in years again, a chance to buy a standard essential of the company at a price that, in six months, would certainly represent a fair margin of profit even if paper fell off considerably. And if paper went up, for any reason, or if labor became more scarce or troubled, or if freight rates advanced—

"Have you got the contract with you?" Martin asked suddenly. He scarcely recognized his own voice.

Thorne drew it out. "All ready to be signed."

"I'll have it ready for you at two."

"You won't need to send it to your legal department. It's our standard form."

"Of course it is. But I'd like to get at it from our point of view. Come in at two."

The deed was done. Of course Martin could have backed out any time before two, when Thorne appeared. He could have gone to the manager, or even to the president. But he knew that neither one of them would tolerate heads of departments who couldn't act on their own judgment. And since he, Martin, was arrogating to himself the place of the head of the purchasing department, he would have to put himself in the class and abide by the rules. It was up to him. There was no time to consult Merridew, and, anyway, Merridew had already turned this offer down, cold. It would only cost the company money for telegraph tolls—one way for his inquiry and another, Martin thought, trying to chuckle, for a blistering message of reprobation for himself. On the other hand the deal was one that good business policy would approve.

Martin went carefully over all the ground. The daring of the enterprise fascinated him, but at the same time it spoiled his appetite for lunch and made him half-nauseated with nervousness and apprehension. His fingers were cold when he took up a pen to sign, that afternoon. But he didn't let Thorne know that. And at three o'clock, with his heart beating a little below normal after so many hours of beating considerably above normal, he telephoned to Martha.

"Hello, honey," he said. "I've just bought fifteen million cartons from Pinkham Company."

"That's the boy," Martha replied, without apparent surprise. "How much?"

"Two-forty."

"Thirty-six thousand dollars. Put it down on your office sheet, and let's see how it comes out. Why didn't you wait until you came home to tell me?"

Suddenly it dawned on Martin. "Oh, listen, girl,—I've *bought* 'em. Signed the contract. Actually bought them for Consolidated."

"*What?*"

"Yes, dear. That's why I called you up. We're in for it now."

"I should say we are! And it's going to come out all right, too. Oh, Marty dear, good for you! Good for you! Come home early—I want to hug you! I didn't think you had the nerve! You're wonderful. Good-by, b-boy. I'm—I'm b-blubblubbering. B-but it's 'cause I'm ha-happy, M-Martin!"

MARTIN wasn't exactly. He tried to pretend to Martha that he was, but sometimes it was difficult. To himself he admitted that he dreaded facing the music that would be programmed when he confessed to Merridew. Every time he went over the figures and facts in the matter of carton pasteboard and its future in the market, he was more certain of his ground. But walking in to the office of his chief, and carelessly informing that pompous gentleman that he had bought fifteen million butter cartons at two dollars and forty cents a thousand, a purchase representing an expenditure of thirty-six thousand dollars in cold money—his heart fluttered. If he could only keep his secret until cartons went up, and then tell! But he knew that he couldn't do that. He would march in, and confess, and then—the fireworks!

Meantime the purchasing department had not yet been visited by the new president. By one means and another they heard all about him, but he did not deign to poke around their shop until Merridew returned. The day when that

CHARLES M. SCHWAB AND YOU - By George Creel

WHEN Edward N. Hurley, head of the Shipping Board, looked around for a man to put driving power behind America's gigantic shipbuilding program, Charles M. Schwab—"Charley" Schwab of the Bethlehem Steel Company—was the man chosen. He "delivered the goods."

As head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation his influence was electric. Almost his first act was an overnight revolution for the somnolent Corporation—it suddenly found itself removed from its cramped quarters in Washington to a great building in Philadelphia—and hustling as though it were on the last lap.

Charles M. Schwab began his great career as a stake driver for the Carnegie Steel Company at Pittsburgh. His weekly wage then would buy you today a fair-sized breakfast, a moderate dinner, and send you to bed hungry at night in a cheap hotel. Yet, at thirty-nine, he was selected by J. P. Morgan to be the first president of the newly formed United States Steel Corporation—and *given* $28,000,000 of the capital stock! Schwab is not a genius. Just a normal man with a normal brain who has thought beyond his job. He started from scratch—without "pull" or favor. And the fifteen men who now run the Bethlehem Steel plant for him today are just normal men with normal brains *thinking* and *acting* beyond *their* jobs. They, too, started from scratch. The present president of the Bethlehem Steel Company—whose income last year aggregated $1,000,000—was a $75.00 a month crane man only a few years ago. The first vice-president began as a stenographer.

Schwab and J. P. Morgan

CHARLES M. SCHWAB'S striking success is due to *originality*, plus *initiative*, plus *personality*, plus *driving power*. To sum up, *doing things differently!*

For example: When the United States Steel Corporation took over the Carnegie Company, it acquired as one of its obligations—it really was an asset—a contract to pay Schwab a yearly minimum salary of $1,000,000. J. P. Morgan didn't know what to do about it. He hesitatingly broached the subject to Schwab. Schwab took the contract and *tore it up*.

"I didn't care what salary they paid me I was not animated by money motives. I believed in what I was trying to do and I wanted to see it brought about."

Schwab was *looking beyond*. He had conceived the idea of the United States Steel Corporation. He had "sold" that idea to the great capitalists of the nation. He wanted to work it out—to make the United States the greatest steel producing nation in the world. *And he did!*

The demand for men with Schwab's qualities—initiative, driving power, original thinking, and ready, forceful expression—was never greater than now. Nothing is so plentiful as opportunity. There are more jobs for forceful men than there are forceful men for jobs. As Mr. Schwab aptly remarks: "In the modern business world 'pull' is losing its power. Achievement is the only power. Captains of industry are not hunting money. America is heavy with it. They are seeking brains—specialized, active brains. Brains are needed to carry out the plans of those who furnish the capital."

America's cry is not for super-men. Listen again to Mr. Schwab: "I have found that when 'stars' drop out, their departments seldom suffer. And their successors are merely men who have learned by self-discipline and application to get full production from an average, normal brain. The man who attracts attention is not the dazzler—but the man who is thinking all the time, and expressing himself in little unusual ways."

CHARLES M. SCHWAB

Your Brain—How to Use It?

EVERY man and woman is endowed with mind. Your success is governed by your *use of mind*. The fellow who sits still and simply does what he is told will never be asked to do the big thing.

Men *make* opportunity! Just remember that every *external achievement* is first an *internal idea*. Each successful act is primarily an invisible thought. Right thinking, then, in the broad sense, means right action—thus *all success is founded on right mental activity!*

Schwab wasn't born successful. He had to learn to think through the hard knocks of experience. It took him years to develop the driving, eager mind that won for him his first lowly step in success. But just as everything moves faster nowadays, so does the development of brain power—for those who make the effort. It is quite possible today for any man in a few months to develop those mental qualities that early marked Schwab for success.

That possibility is in Pelmanism—the modern short-cut to the training of the mind—the bringing to consciousness of all those mental forces now lying at the bottom of a dream sea of inaction—the development of that mental muscle that makes you glory in the battle of life—that makes you want to win.

It trains your mind to quick, constructive thinking—*right* thinking. You can straighten and strengthen it just as easily as the body can be strengthened—and do it just as scientifically.

Take the bank clerk for example: When he first starts he can add a column of figures with only average speed and accuracy. In time he can add four columns where previously he added one! Increased mental efficiency—mental training!

And this is the duty of Pelmanism! Its sole function is to develop the mind to right thinking—to bring out and strengthen such immeasurable qualities as will-power, concentration, ambition, self-reliance, judgment and memory. Pelmanism *can*, and *does*, substitute "I will" for "I wish."

It is not a mere "memory system." It develops *all* the mental powers. There is no "magic" or "mystery" about it—just the common sense application of *practical psychology*.

Increases Incomes

PELMANISM makes no promise to turn you into a "Charley" Schwab, but it does guarantee a quick and continuous development of the "Charley" Schwab success qualities.

Pelmanism is able to promise advancement and increased incomes for the very simple reason that it gives workers the qualities that employers are hoping for and searching for. Salary is no longer the determining consideration: the main thing is *intelligent service*.

There are 400,000 Pelman students in the world today. It is a positive and irrefutable fact that the vast majority of them have, through developed mental powers, increased their earning capacities from 20 to 200 per cent. And why not? Increased efficiency is *worth* more money.

Pelmanism points the way to cultural values as well as to material success. It opens the windows of the mind to the voices of the world; it puts the stored wealth of memory at the service of the tongue; it burns away timidity by developing self-realization and self-expression.

Pelmanism takes no account of class, creed, or circumstances. It has values for *all*.

The beginner will find the secret of promotion in it. The veteran "job holder" will get from it new courage, self-confidence and a resourcefulness that will lift him above his fears and out of his ruts. Executive heads will discover that PELMANISM takes up "mental slack."

Professional men—lawyers, doctors, clergymen, teachers, artists, authors—have come to the knowledge that Pelmanism will help them to surmount difficulties and achieve a greater degree of success in their vocations.

Women in commercial pursuits have the same problems to overcome as men. Women in the home are operating a highly specialized, complex business requiring every ounce of judgment, energy, self-reliance and quick decision possible to develop. Pelmanism meets these needs.

PELMANISM has its benefits for the youth, with mind to be trained, but it has even larger benefits for men and women past forty, whose minds have a tendency to "slow up." No one is too old for PELMANISM who has the will to be alive, virile and vital. (Signed) George Creel.

It Fits Your Time

PELMANISM does not ask you for fixed hours of attendance and set times for study. It fits into *your* time instead of demanding that your time fit into *it*.

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How to Become a Pelmanist

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occurred, Martin realized that it was going to be a tough day for him. In the first place, Merridew had been unable to get a lower berth from Portland down and he had slept badly. In the second place, the purchasing agent had bought half a carload of truck tires some four months before, under the blandishments of a hard-boiled salesman who had made Merridew think that he really ought to be working for the Government instead of for a dinky half-million-dollar butter concern, and now news of those tires was beginning to roll in.

To be charitable, the tires were just now blowing up, and blowing out, and falling to pieces, and exposing their little insides to the truck drivers and transportation chiefs and the local managers of Consolidated plants, and bitter words about them and the man who bought them were being said, loudly and without care for feelings. Merridew had heard this—he heard it before he had been in his private office fifteen minutes. Also, the president was to visit him that morning. And he was not, therefore, in the best of tempers.

MORE than this, as far as Martin was concerned, the paper market, instead of going up, had fluttered and flagged and then gone down. Not much, but a point or two—enough to cause the cold perspiration to start on the young chief clerk's brow. It was bad enough to have to confess in any case, worse to have to confess to a superior who was only waiting for someone to light on, heavily, worst by all odds in view of a failing paper market and the possibility that cartons at two dollars and forty cents a thousand might not be such a great bargain after all, especially to the tune of fifteen million in an order! But Martin resisted the temptation to keep his secret until a more propitious time. He was too forthright to consider that alternative. He simply straightened his tie, took a long breath, faced his chief, and told.

Merridew sat back, with his mouth opening more and more widely, and with his eyes popping more and more dangerously, and with the cords of his neck getting more and more swollen. If he could have roared before Martin finished he would have done so. Evidently he could not. He was too nearly paralyzed with rage. At last, after a full minute of gulping and straining, he lifted his voice to fire his opening gun.

And as he did so there walked into the room President Edward Maxey, of Western Consolidated Creameries Company.

"You're Mr. Merridew, I suppose," he said pleasantly, crossing the room and standing by the desk. "My name is Maxey."

Merridew rose quickly. "If you'll excuse me just a moment, sir," he said, flushing. "Until I have finished the business of this man here." He had been looking at Martin most of the time, now he addressed him. "You're fired, Mr. Quest. You're through. I'll cancel that Pinkham contract if I have to stand suit for it. And you may consider yourself lucky that—"

"Just a minute, Mr. Merridew," the president interrupted. "Is this your chief clerk you are discharging?"

"He was, sir. Until he contracted the swelled head, sir, and thought he was purchasing agent. Do you know what he did, while I was absent. You'll hardly believe it. I can hardly believe it myself!"

"What did he do?" the president inquired. There was a little smile lurking around his lips.

"He bought—contracted to buy, in the name of the company—fifteen million butter cartons. Fifteen million, Mr. Maxey—thirty-six thousand dollars!"

Mr. Maxey nodded. "I see. Exceeded his authority somewhat, did he?"

"Exceeded? He tore it up and threw it out the window, Mr. Maxey! He must have been drunk!"

"Perhaps he had some justification, Mr. Merridew. Let's find out. Your name, young man, is—"

"Martin Quest. I'm Mr. Merridew's chief clerk."

"*Were!*" Merridew broke in. "Were! You're not now!"

"All right," said Maxey. "You *were* his chief clerk. We'll consider you a discharged employee, Mr. Quest; Consolidated makes it a rule to back department heads in those matters. But if you don't mind, I'd like to hear your reasons for going so heavy on butter cartons."

Martin was desperate. He had nothing to lose, now. He stood with his feet somewhat apart, to brace himself, and he took a long breath. Then he began to talk paper markets. Before he had spoken half a dozen sentences, the president's pencil was out and he was making one-line notations on the back of an envelope. He interrupted once or twice, and Martin came back at him with answers that were like machine-gun fire. He was going to justify himself—and justify Martha. And when he had finished he felt that he had done so.

President Maxey leaned back then, looking at the flushed and earnest young man before him.

"You seem to have studied the paper market, Quest?" he remarked.

"Yes, sir. I try to keep up with all the markets Consolidated trades in."

"Where did you get your data?"

"Anywhere I could find it. Dun, and Bradstreet's, and Babson's, and the current price sheets of the coast, and newspapers, and the trade journals. And we got a good deal from books—economics, and so on."

"Who do you mean by we—you and your wife?"

"Yes, sir," Martin answered, flushing a little.

THE president drew a folded paper from his pocket and turned to Merridew who was fuming and having difficulty in suppressing an outburst. "Mr. Merridew," he said, very quietly, "the auditor had just turned over to me a very interesting document that someone found in a file here in your office. It appears to be a record of all the larger purchases you have made for the company in the last eighteen months, with prices at the time of purchase and six months afterward. According to the figures in that list you have saved the company close to a quarter of a million dollars in that time."

Merridew nodded, although he appeared somewhat mystified. "Of course I have no way of knowing what the document is that you speak of, Mr. Maxey.

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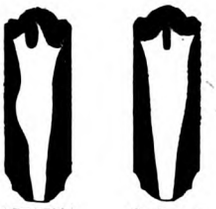

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But no doubt you are correct. Yes, sir, I should say that that paper was probably correct."

"Well, now, Merridew, the peculiar fact is that it is not correct—in a single instance."

"Not correct? A-hem! Then what the—what the—"

"The list is all right, but when the auditor came to checking it up he found that your office did not make any of the purchases enumerated at the time the entry of each transaction was made on the sheet. In other words, if you had bought according to this list you would have made us close to a quarter-million. But your records show that you bought before or after, in each case, and your total savings for the company approximate only a few thousands. Perhaps you'll understand more clearly if you look at this—paper."

He laid it on the desk, and Merridew adjusted his glasses and peered at it. But Martin, the moment he saw it, started and changed color. Apparently no one noticed. The president was watching Merridew.

"Can you tell me why that list was made up, and by whom, and how?"

It was instantly apparent that Merridew had not the glimmering of a notion. The president looked up.

"Mr. Quest, do you know anything about it?"

"Yes, sir." Martin's face was red.

"Who made that list?"

"I did. I and my wife."

"Why? What does it represent?"

"Just a game, Mr. Maxey. My wife—she used to be a stenographer here, you see, and she was interested in the business and wanted to help me get ahead—she suggested that we study the markets, and play that we were buying for Consolidated Creameries. We put down our imaginary purchases, then we watched the market, and kept an account of how the market went after we made them and credited ourselves with the profits. It was just a—a game."

"THEN the long and short of it is, Mr. Quest, that if Consolidated had bought according to your game, we would have saved the amount your list shows?"

"Yes, sir. I mean—that's the way it works out on paper. Of course, in practice, it might—"

"I understand. Now, how about those cartons you contracted for? Was that part of your game?"

"Well, yes, in a way. Only the chance looked so good to us that, when Mr. Merridew was away, I jumped in and signed them up. I thought—I was sure—"

"Of course. You tied us up with a contract that represents quite a considerable sum. You rather took things into your own hands, although I am free to say that you seem to have justified yourself—theoretically, at least. But you have been discharged by the head of your department. I guess there is nothing more to be said, is there?"

"No, sir," Martin gulped. He turned, having a sort of suspicion that he would never be able to get out of the room without groping his way. But he did not go far, for he was stopped by F. G. Merridew, purchasing agent.

"Just a minute, young man! You've

nothing to say? Probably not! But if you'll excuse me, Mr. Maxey, I have something to say right now. I don't pretend to understand about this list here, but I do understand distinctly that reflections have been cast on me. This man has insinuated things about the way I run my office!

"It seems to me," the president interrupted, mildly, "that perhaps there is something to be said for what that list shows. Don't you think so, Merridew?"

"Why, it's a child's game, sir! And his insolence in connection with that carton contract— Of course I shall repudiate that immediately."

"Oh, no, you won't."

THE president spoke gently, but firmly. "No, you won't. That is a clean-cut, creditable piece of work for the company. I happen to know all about it—saw it when the legal department had it in hand last week. It will probably make us somewhere around forty thousand dollars, net; and I haven't any compunctions about holding Pinkham to it. We've had experience with them in the East, and I figure that they owe us something, anyway. You won't repudiate that contract, Mr. Merridew."

Merridew gasped. "But, my dear Mr. Maxey, you can't be in earnest! Why, the paper market is—"

"It is falling," Maxey interrupted. "But it won't fall any further, and then it will climb again. And the Pinkham people know it now. In fact, they sent a lawyer in yesterday to see us."

"Ah!" cried Merridew; "then the contract is worthless!"

"The contract is absolutely iron-clad and is going to stand—and we sent word to that effect to Pinkham."

With great solemnity F. G. Merridew rose. He folded his arms impressively.

"Very good, Mr. Maxey," he rumbled. "Very good. You have taken matters in this department out of my hands. You are permitting an underling to contract deliveries and buy goods without my knowledge or approval. I stand on my dignity, sir. I resign. I resign now."

And to prove it he started toward the door.

Perhaps he expected to be called back, but if he did he was disappointed. President Maxey stood where he was, quietly watching the purchasing agent. Merridew paused a moment at the door, as though awaiting a summons. But he got none. He walked out, slamming the door after him.

Then the president looked at Martin Quest. Martin colored.

"Excuse me," he said; "I should have gone before. I'll go now. I'm sorry—"

"Sit down!" President Maxey said, abruptly.

"Yes, sir." Martin looked around for a chair, saw that the only one available was the one which Merridew had just vacated behind the desk, and took it, wondering.

"Now, sit there, Quest," President Maxey said, clearing his throat sharply. "Sit there—and make good! And let me meet your wife some time. I think that young lady must be worth knowing. Good luck to you."

And he followed F. G. Merridew out of the office—closing the door quietly.

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These Dogs Can Teach Us All Something

(*Continued from page 46*)

You can depend on most of the seasoned fellows to bring you the birds you have shot—bring them carefully, without breaking the skin. But this is a hard lesson to impress. I remember once stopping for an hour to impress it on a young dog. He had just brought me a mutilated bird, and I knew he had done some of the mutilation himself. He was new in the field. He didn't seem to know any better, but to be rather proud of the performance. Therefore I had a ticklish job before me; I must let him know I approved of the act as a whole, but did not approve of some of the details.

I took the damaged bird, then drew an undamaged one out of my pocket and showed it to him as a specimen of the right way to present a bird to the master. He didn't seem to catch on, but seemed to want to do so. I therefore threw the bird twenty yards up the road, and told him to fetch. When he started to pick it up roughly I shouted "Hold!" which stopped him in his tracks. Then I ordered him to "Fetch" again, and once more, when I saw his teeth close down, ordered him, this time, to "Hold!" Over and over I went through this, until at last he brought me the bird gingerly enough. I took it and praised him, and he jumped up on me, just for a moment, looking eagerly into my face, as a dog looks when he wants to know if you approve.

"That's all right, old man," I told him. "You're on!"

He went on his way rejoicing; and so did I.

ALSO, you can depend on the dog who has mastered his field lessons to "backstand;" that is, if another dog has found birds he must point *that dog*, remaining behind him, not advancing on him. This is sometimes a hard requirement for a jealous dog. You are not in sight, we'll say, when the birds are found, and by pushing a little ahead of the dog to whom the credit really belongs, the jealous fellow can create the impression on you when you get there that it was *he* who found the birds, while the real finder is simply backstanding *him*.

I have known dogs so jealous that you could never quite count on them here. Bryan, I am sorry to say, was one. If he thought you were out of sight, he would push ahead of the other dog or dogs. And I have known him, even after he was a seasoned hunter, to rush into another dog's birds rather than allow that dog to get credit for having found them. It was a flagrant weakness in an otherwise great dog. He wanted to be the whole show; and he was happiest, and hunted best, when taken out by himself.

Bryan was an exception, though; and in justice to him I must say that he hadn't had the best of early training. A great majority of bird dogs backstand scrupulously, and do not show this jealousy;

ıey seem to be glad if birds are found, no ıatter by whom.

Where dogs are hunted a great deal, as ırs were, and by the same master, a ıange comes over their whole attitude ›ward hunting, when they reach maırity; that is, when they are three or four ears old. They seem now to hunt more ı order that you may fill your game bag ıan because of the mere pleasure they ɜt out of it themselves.

They are always looking out for you, ying to get you as many shots as possile, and when they reach this state of ind most of your troubles are over. our commands and whistle-blowing ɜase, and the hunt, except when birds se with a whir and guns bark, becomes, ; it should be, a silent and efficient perırmance. I have hunted day after day ith old Buck, hunted all the day long, ıd hardly spoken to him, except for a ord of friendship now and then, giving m never an order, not even waving him to this field or that, but turning his part ' the hunt over entirely to him.

Sometimes, when you are hunting with her men, your own dog's eagerness to e *you* excel is very amusing. Old Flora, retriever so expert that we gave her ɜarly all that work to do, brought ıther every bird killed, utterly regardss of who had shot it. She wouldn't ɜen let me have my own birds, those at I had shot without Father's having ısed his gun. As for other hunters, I ınk they would have had a fight on ınd if they had tried to take their birds ɔm her. Father would stick them all in s hunting coat, and then when she was ıt of sight distribute them.

I remember once we were hunting in a eek bottom, when from somewhere in e woods to the right a shot rang out. ora made for that shot, and presently me running back to Father with a uirrel in her mouth. Immediately, out the woods, appeared a man we had ɜver seen before, and he was pretty ıgry. He had shot the squirrel, he told , had gone to pick it up, when suddenly is dog rushed in, seized the squirrel, rned around, and made for the bottom. ; course he laughed when Father handed m the squirrel and explained that that ıs only old Flo's way of doing.

ⅣEN after he has become reliable, and a thorough master of technic, an inlligent dog, with every year that passes, ins in efficiency and wisdom. He quires what hunters call "bird sense," at is, the knowledge of where to find rds in the morning, at feeding time, at sting time in the middle of the day, at ısk; knowledge of where they are most ɜt to be in damp or rainy weather, on ıys that are cold and blustery, or on ırm and sunshiny days. If a wise old ıg could write a book on the habits of me birds what an authoritative treatise ɜ should have! I have hunted with dogs canny in these particulars that I would ıt presume to suggest to them that they ould cover a field they had already ssed up.

Neither, if they seemed interested in at field, would I suggest that they ırry on to another, where in my judgɜnt birds were more apt to be. I have ı on my horse too many times and ıtched an old fellow "quarter" one of

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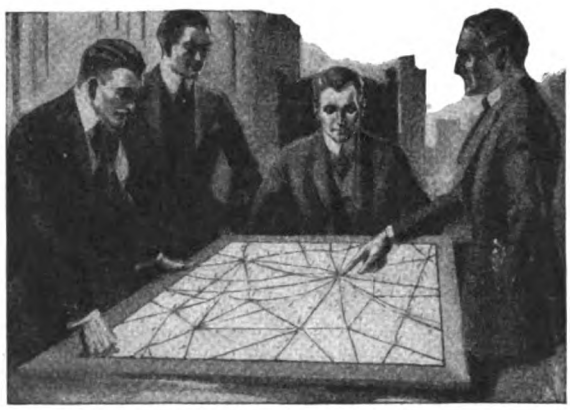

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these fields in which he—not I—had decided birds might be.

First, he skirts an edge on the windward side, his nose, in which the breeze is blowing, turned always toward the field. Then he cuts half way across the field, nose still up and to the wind. He stops for a moment, moving his nose this way and that; he has got a whiff of birds, faint so far and the position of them unlocated. Now, more slowly than he has been traveling heretofore, he makes a circle, and presently he stops again. Then he seems to draw an imaginary line through those two points where he caught the scent of birds and, more and more cautiously, still tacking back and forth like a ship sailing against the wind, he draws near the spot to which that imaginary line is leading. At last he stops steadfast in his tracks. He has found birds.

Of course that old fellow out there in the field had learned a lot from experience.

BUT dogs, like people, profit from experience in varying degrees. And some dogs, like some people, never profit at all.

One afternoon about three-thirty—the time of day when birds would be feeding—Mr. Wright, my hunting companion, and I drew up our horses on a hill and looked over an unfamiliar country through which we were hunting with two dogs, Buck and Spot. All about us were broomstraw fields that glistened in the sun, yellow like ripened wheat. Through this broomstraw, hard and conscientiously, Spot was hunting. Buck had passed by these fields with hardly a whiff at them.

Three quarters of a mile below us was a bottom where ragweed grew. The seed of this weed birds are fond of; it was "feeding time of day" for them; and a patch of ragweed can be distinguished from broomstraw, even at a distance, by its dark grayish color.

"There's where the birds will be," said Mr. Wright, pointing toward that distant bottom. "Look out for old Buck."

Then he chuckled; for no sooner had he made the remark than Buck's head came into sight down there, bobbing up and down above the ragweed. Suddenly, while we watched, he slackened pace, then he grew still. Buck had found birds.

A hundred times, during the two seasons when he and I hunted with the two dogs, just that kind of thing happened. I ought to say that Mr. Wright was a farmer and sportsman, a veteran hunter, and that he had almost as much bird sense as a wise old dog. It is a cold morning, we'll say, and he and I are riding through a frosty bottom. The country is semi-mountainous, and up yonder above us a field lies tilted to the sun.

"That's where they'll be this morning," says Mr. Wright. "Look out for old Buck."

Then follows the chuckle, for, once more, Buck's head is bobbing up and down above the straw or weeds, while Spot, who has never learned the lessons Buck has learned, is hunting hard and conscientiously through the frosty bottoms.

More than four fifths of the birds were found by Buck during the two seasons. Spot found less than one fifth. And yet

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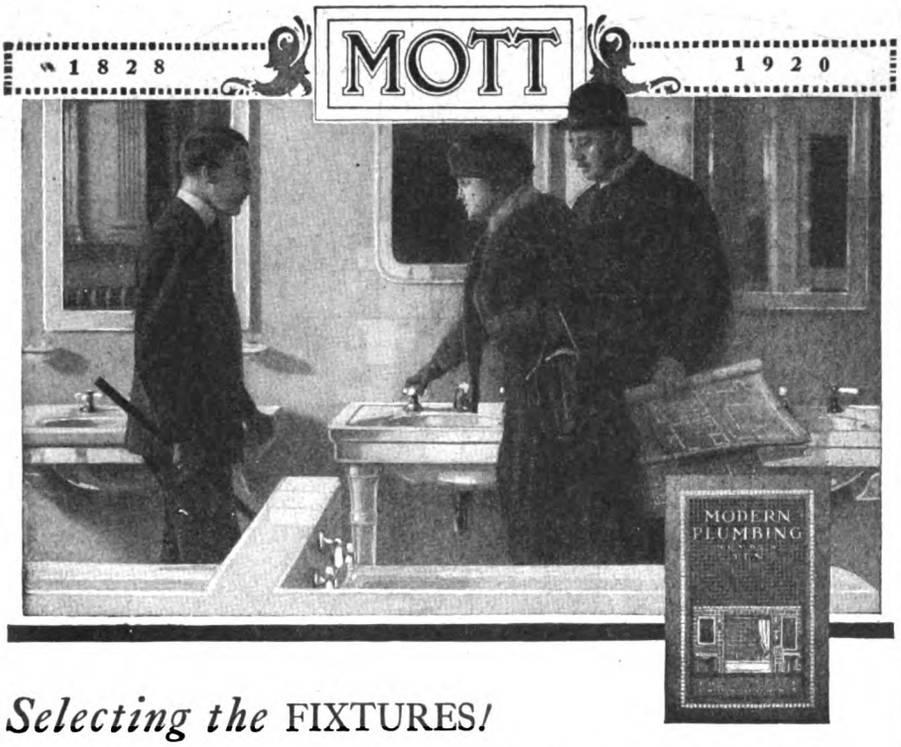

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the two were about the same age, had had the same experience, and, so far as hard work, conscientiousness and fidelity go, I could write as strong recommendation of the one as of the other. But Spot was like some people who are energetic, enthusiastic, and willing, but who never grasp the *essential* point or do the *essential* thing.

And there's another type of dog, who has bird sense enough, but who is always looking back, afraid he has left something behind him. Old Flora was one of these dogs, "putterers" we called them. After she had hunted a field, she would hesitate, go back to it, and run over it again to make sure. She was like certain business men who, having apparently disposed of a question, let that question keep bobbing up in their minds, go back to it, call the subordinates in, and rehash it all over again.

Occasionally old Flora found a covey by going back to the field she had passed over. Then she would be very much delighted, and if she could have talked, would have said something like this: "Now you see, don't you? I tell you, you can't be too careful or too thorough." But on a day's hunt, a dog like Buck will find five coveys to her one; although occasionally, no doubt, he will leave a covey behind.

THERE are many things an old man can do, which he could not have afforded to do in his unsettled youth; and in the same way, as a dog grows older and wiser, it is safe to allow him more and more privileges. His habits are formed, his character fixed. For instance, you never allow a young dog to bother with rabbits. He must not point one, and above all he must not chase one. He will grow too fond of rabbit chasing if he is allowed to.

But our old dogs were privileged to point rabbits, occasionally, that is, if there were no young and impressionable dogs around. We could always tell when the old fellow was pointing rabbits and not birds. I cannot describe it in any other way than to say that he looked "amused."

Likewise, you never allow a young dog to tree coons or squirrels. That's the hound's business, and the bird dog is made of finer clay. He's the expert; and you must not permit him to cross the social gulf that separates him from the common pack. If he does "tree," you reprimand him sternly and pass on, paying no attention to his low-brow game.

But during the slack time of day, from about eleven till two, when you are eating and digesting your lunch, and birds are dusting themselves in wild plum thickets, you can very well afford to let the seasoned old fellow—again provided there are no young bird dogs around—tree a squirrel or even that most sordid of game, a 'possum. You can even shoot the game over him if you are so minded. It gives the old boy fun, and he'll never take advantage of it.

Once a cousin with whom I was bird hunting planned for a change a big rabbit hunt, partly for sport, and partly to kill off some of the over-numerous rabbits. His negro tenants came, each one with four or five hounds, so that we started off with fifteen or twenty dogs. Then I noticed that old Prince, my cousin's

English setter, was coming with us, too.

"You are not going to let *him* go, are you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," grinned my cousin. "Let him come. He's the best rabbit dog in the bunch."

"Won't it ruin him?" I asked, for I was inexperienced myself then.

"Who? Old Prince? No. *He* understands."

And that's just it. They understand, these old boys. They know that bird hunting is the real business of life,, and that rabbit hunting is only a sort of pastime, to be indulged in on occasion, but never to be taken seriously.

FOR bird hunting is a very serious business with a thoroughbred bird dog; so serious that he will refuse to hunt if the sport is turned into play. I remember once, when I was a boy, going out with several other boys and taking with us an old Llewellyn setter, Thad. Thad started out in his sturdy lope, and soon found us a covey. We all shot on the rise—and we all missed. Then, seeing that we could not hit quail, we began to shoot at easier game, birds that sat still in trees—laughing and shouting as boys will.

Thad stayed with us a while, then we missed him. Unostentatiously he had withdrawn from this frivolous party and gone home!

Not only that, but an old dog who knows he can make good himself demands that the man who hunts with him shall also make good. An Englishman tells this story on himself, and I have no doubt that similar incidents have occurred again and again. He went out with a pointer he had borrowed from a friend, who was a crack shot. He himself was a very poor shot and missed again and again, the pointer each time looking at him in bewilderment.

Finally the dog set a pheasant, right out in an open field, and glanced back at the approachng man as much as to say, "Now, here's a perfectly good open shot. For pity's sake, see if you can do anything this time." The pheasant rose and flew off, an easy mark; the man missed twice, whereupon the pointer sat down on his haunches, raised his nose to high heaven, and howled long and dolorously. Then, with never another look at the amateur huntsman, he turned and trotted home.

Bird hunting is hard work for the dog, making a tremendous demand on his energy, his patience, his powers of concentration. In the course of a season of it he grows lean and lank and very grave. And yet, if we all loved our work as the bird dog loves his, this would be a happy world. Everything connected with it is a delight to him. He knows as well as you do when you are making preparations for a hunt; he doesn't even need to see gun or hunting coat. The opening of a box of shells, the greasing of your boots, the word "hunt" uttered, not to him, but casually to another—and he is wild with excitement and joy.

As for the gun itself, they all show tremendous joy at sight of it. I have seen Bryan, the handsomest dog I ever knew, prostrate himself before that weapon, as if it were an idol and he a heathen worshiper—crawling toward it along the floor, head raised as if in supplication, while his eyes blazed, and his

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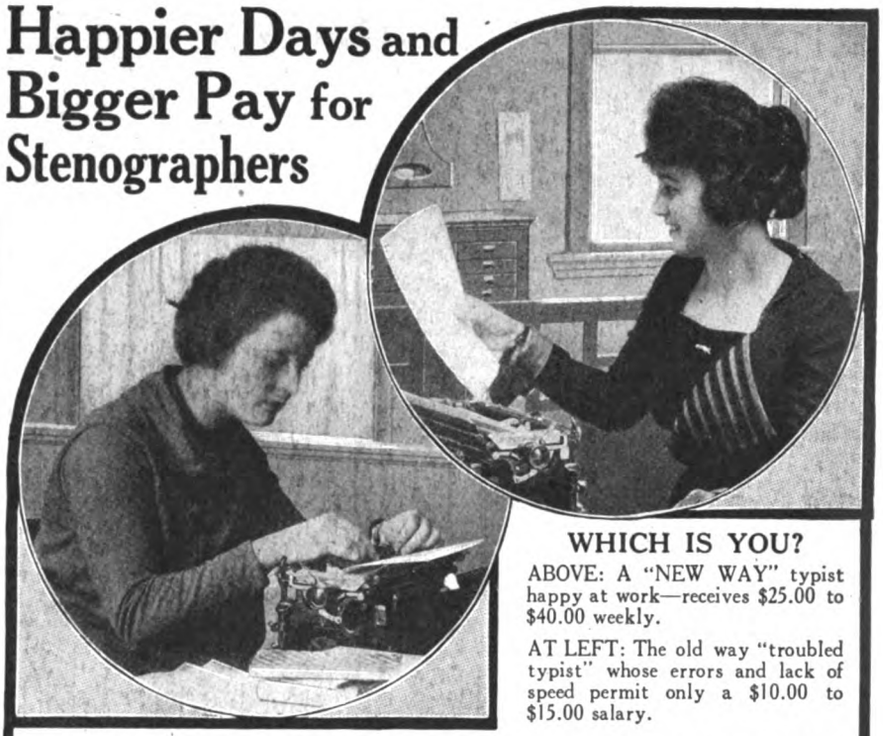

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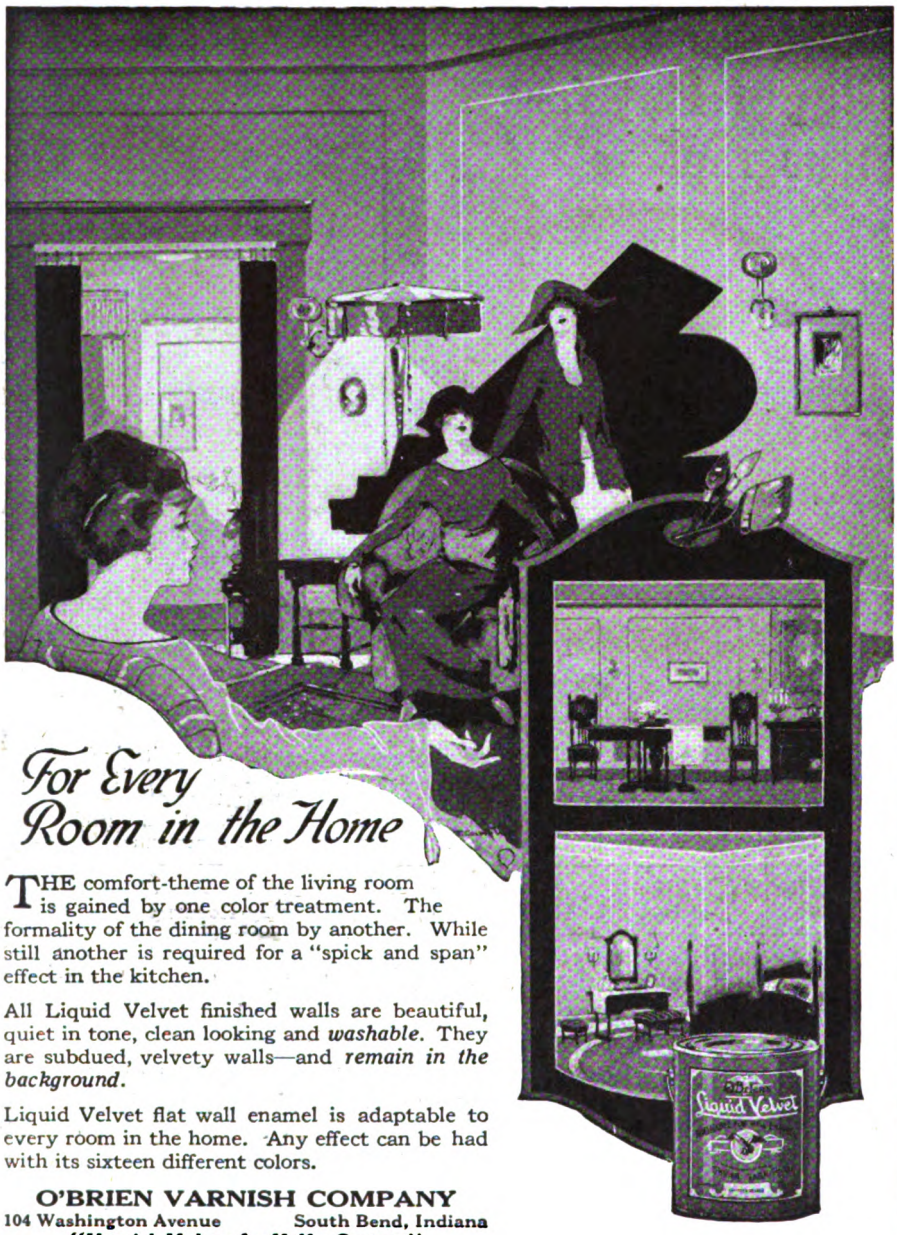

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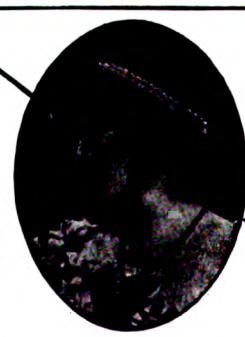

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tongue hung out of his panting mouth.

Once I went to my grandfather's for a week's hunt during the Christmas holidays; and as I had no dog at the time I borrowed from a friend a small but bright Gordon setter named Jack. I don't think Jack had ever been away from home before, and the rather long trip, followed by the strange surroundings at my grandfather's plantation, bewildered him.

My grandfather was iron-clad about some things; among them being the question of allowing a dog in the house. Out of doors was the place for a dog, he said. But that night, being sorry for little Jack, I smuggled him up to my room which was directly over grandpa's, and let him lie down by the fire, intending him to sleep on the rug. When I went to sleep he was still lying there, wide awake, looking at the embers of the fire with melancholy eyes.

At sun-up I was awakened by his excited barking and sat up in bed to find him running round and round the room, his eyes shining with joy. He raced to me, then to the closet, then back to me, and now I understood. My gun was in that closet along with my hunting togs, and the door of the closet had been only partly closed. Jack, waking at daylight, had begun to scout around and had poked his nose into the closet. One glance told him why he had been brought on this strange journey, and his sorrow had been turned into joy.

Round and round the room he ran, barking. I didn't try to quiet him; the secret was out now anyway, and there is not such an overplus of happiness in the world that one should wish to check even so humble a manifestation of it.

It is this passionate love of hunting which makes the bird dog cling to the man with the gun. Because of it his master is not the man who owns him by law, not the man who raises and feeds him, but the man who hunts with him most and understands him best.

Bad health drove me to the country once to hunt. Again we were temporarily without a dog and this time I borrowed a pointer named Jess from a rural mail carrier named Charlie Wilson. Jess had been sent Charlie by some well-known sportsmen, in return for certain courtesies, and was a magnificent fellow: big, powerfully muscled, and white with brown spots and ticks. Every day, and all day long, he and I hunted.

AT THE end of about two weeks Charlie came after him one night. To-morrow was his day off, and he wanted to hunt. I must say right here that Charlie was a first-class hunter and a better shot than I. I left Charlie sitting before the fire, went out, turned Jess loose and brought him back with me into the room.

At sight of his master he tried to back out of the door, although, as I have said, Charlie was a hunter, a kind man in the bargain, and as I well knew Jess at home was a great pet with Mrs. Wilson and the children. But at last Jess had found his ideal—a man who hunted all day, every day, and never did anything else; a man who never wasted his time around stores and banks, law offices, or mail wagons; a man who, according to his viewpoint,

fulfilled perfectly the function for which men are created.

It was really embarrassing. I felt as if I had stolen a highly prized dog; for Jess went home only at the end of a leash, and bright and early the next morning he was back again, a gnawed leash dangling from his collar.

Once, when I was a boy, Uncle Tom came to our house. And as we lived in town at the time and Father didn't have much leisure for hunting, my uncle borrowed our setter Roy and took him off on the train for a two-weeks camp and hunt. At the end of the time he brought Roy back safe and sound, and there was great rejoicing among the children. But all day, after my uncle left, Roy wandered around the house, as if looking for something or somebody. He was glad to see us, of course; but he didn't seem to care in the old way for our play and our caresses, and acted as if his mind were far away.

NEXT morning Roy was gone. Anxious inquiries about town failed to discover his whereabouts and we children went around almost as if there had been a death in the house. We were convinced that someone had stolen Roy, and begged Father to put the chief of police—who was also the entire police force—on the villain's track. But in the afternoon came a telegram from a railroad conductor who knew Father and also Father's dog.

The telegram read: "Have your dog with me. Will bring him in to-morrow. Meet the train."

We were all there to meet the train that brought the wanderer home. And then we found out what had happened. Roy had gone to the railroad station where Uncle Tom had put him on the train the first time. There he had waited until a passenger train going the same direction as the former train came through. He had boarded this train, and the conductor had found him going from one seat to another, whiffing the occupants. At last he had lain down, perfectly content. He had not found Uncle Tom, but this train he thought was taking him to those things which all bird dogs must hope sometimes to find—a camp in the woods, and happy hunting grounds, and a man who hunts all the time.

"THEY'RE Just Like Us" is the title of an intensely interesting animal article next month. It tells how lions, elephants, chimpanzees and other wild animals show the same kind of emotions as the rest of us—hate, jealousy, lonesomeness and grief, for instance. Some animals even play jokes.

BUD FISHER, creator of "Mutt and Jeff," the daily cartoons which have made him the highest paid newspaper contributor in the world, has written from his own experiences a fine article called "Seven Tips I Have Picked Up Along the Way." This will appear next month, together with a sketch about Fisher by Hugh S. Fullerton.

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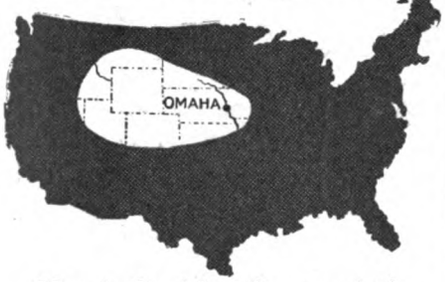

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Egan Comes Down to Earth

(*Continued from page 64*)

quite on the side, on some little matter of his; and after I'd given it to him he wanted to know the fee. 'Ten dollars,' I said. He gave me a bill—it was in his office, and his secretary was there. I didn't look at it, stuffed it in my pocket. Next time I had to buy cigarettes, I hauled it out. It was a thousand-dollar bill. I went back to Kent. 'That's O. K.,' he said to me. 'That's O. K. Call it a retainer—you can do more for me, on the side, from time to time.' I needed that money, Bronson. I've got a mother and sister. . . . Like a plain fool, I deposited it. In the course of six months he paid me two thousand more. I was giving him some advice, of course; but it wasn't worth *that!*

"Then Kent and Luke wanted the city to buy the Light and Power Company, and my personal opinion was that the city couldn't do it legally. Before I gave any official opinion, Kent sent for me." Macklin had to clear his throat before he could continue. "Before that, I didn't believe there was any kick in a marked bill. Now, I do. Damn it, Bronson, everybody *knows* I never charged more'n ten dollars for ten minutes' advice when I had a private practice, and a city attorney hasn't any right to take money on the outside, anyhow. He sort of had me. But I leave it to you what you'd do for a mother and sister, if you'd been lucky enough to have any.

"SO THE city bought the Light and Power Company from Luke and Kent at twice its value, and they promised to make me mayor.

"Then your father got sick and that note came up. Kent was ready to buy up the stock, and pick up some change from the Old Man when he had to buy his certificate back. Then Kent got the idea that he'd make more money if the Egan Company was out of it entirely. So he told me to advise all my old clients to chip in and buy that stock. I was in touch with Garrity already, and there were some others. . . . And he circulated a lot of wild rumors to keep the price down. I kicked like a steer, but he swore that one way or another he'd make up any losses that the buyers had to take. That was why he wanted the price low—to save himself money, and to make Egan's look cheap. The 'Times' printed a lot of innuendos that people read—and they hurt.

"It happened that Henderson had been over here nosing around, and I'd met him; and I knew he was straight as a string, and no friend of Kent's. I tried to play fair. It wasn't safe to write or wire or telephone Henderson—and then in pops this fellow Feinberg. I boarded in his house when I was in law school in Cleveland, and he's the only man in the world who's sticking to me when I'm down. I knew his cousin did hack work for Henderson—it was his cousin who got me to board with him in the first place; we were in the same class in law school—so I sent word over that way. I wanted Henderson to bid for that stock, and buy it, and spike Kent's game, and protect *you* fellows. Henderson would have been decent about it. He came over, but he wouldn't touch it. Thought it was a skunk trick—and thought I was a skunk to suggest it. Of course I couldn't tell him how I was fixed. . . . We put Garrity in, and let him hang himself.

"The company'll liquidate so that Garrity and Mrs. McCain and the other people'll get their money back. I had to scare 'em all so they wouldn't tell they gave us their proxies. That might have started somebody guessing. Kent made me get him your old land. Kent engineered the whole work. The other directors are just as innocent as you are. All but Luke. They knew Kent was interested, so they let him run things. They think it *had* to happen. Then at Kent's house one night you spilled your yarn about meeting Henderson on the train, and Kent tumbled. Kent knows I'm no good to him now. He's through with me. I've got to get out. I need you to help me. I'll show you why."

He went out of the room a moment, and returned. There was someone with him. It was Mary Kent.

SHE came slowly toward him, stopped half way. She was pale and nervous; it was obviously hard for her to speak.

"We're going away, Bronson," she said, barely above a whisper.

Egan, just when his first shock of amazement at her presence was wearing away, was shocked anew.

"You're—what?"

"Going away—with Eddie."

He could only look at her, speechless. Macklin ventured an explanation.

"Her father announced our engagement was broken—it wasn't any of *our* doing. It was Mr. Kent's. He made her."

"So—you're going just the same?"

She nodded faintly. "Yes, Bronson." She edged toward Macklin, and he put his arm defiantly around her. Egan regarded them steadily.

"Have you—left your home for good, Mary?"

Again she nodded. "I had to. It was awful, Bronson. We're going away and be married. I'm staying here until—"

"Until we decide what to do," said Macklin. "I'm hoping you can get us off to-night or to-morrow morning."

"You could take a train—"

"No." Macklin shook his head. "That's exactly what we *can't* do. They'll be looking for Mary."

"Don't they know where she is?"

"No."

"I—I just went," said Mary helplessly. "They don't know where I am, but they know I've gone."

"They know it by now," said Macklin. "And Kent'll have people at the station—and notify the trolley company to put the interurban conductors on guard. There—there was a quarrel before she left, Bronson. And he'd stop *me*, whether she's with me or not."

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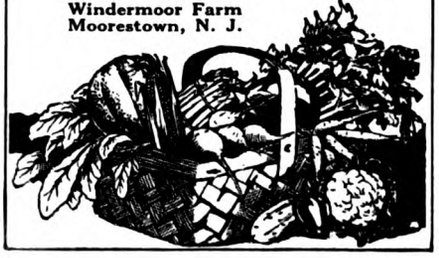

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"Oh!" He began to pace the small room. "So you think I ought to help you get away, do you?"

Macklin denied the obligation. "Far from it. There are plenty of reasons why you shouldn't. That's admitted. Only I thought you're a big enough man—" His voice trailed into silence.

EGAN continued to pace the floor. Presently Mary detached herself from Macklin, and came to meet him. He paused and gazed down at her, negatively conscious now that the last vestige of his old vital emotion for her had left him. He was still very fond of her, and very sorry for her, but that was all.

"Bronson!" she said.

"Well?"

"I don't deserve it, Bronson,—any of it."

"What's that?"

"What you think about me, and what Father thinks—and everything." Tears filled her eyes. "I can't *help* it—and everybody's so unfair to Eddie. We'd better just go away. Nobody wants us around here. Won't you please help us? Doesn't our old friendship mean *anything*?"

As she put out her hand to touch his arm, Egan turned to the windows. "Wait a minute," he said.

When he pivoted back, they were just as he had left them: Mary, pathetic, by the center table, Eddie at the mantel. "When could you be ready to-morrow morning?" he demanded. "Six o'clock?"

A spot of color appeared in Mary's cheeks. Macklin, on the contrary, grew white. "Yes," he said. "Yes."

"Be at the field by six o'clock," said Egan. "You can have the 'Honeymoon Express' from here to Boyd Junction, Illinois. That's six hundred miles. With three stops for gas, you'll get there by noon. That's the best I can do for you. You won't have room for more than three suit cases. I'd bring something to eat, too. Your pilot won't ask any questions, and you don't have to pay any attention to him. I don't know when you can catch a train from the Junction to Saint Louis, but you can find out and the pilot'll arrange so that you don't have to wait too long there. His name'll be Utley. U-t-l-e-y. Will that do? It isn't much of a risk. It's all *I* can think of."

"Bronson!" said Macklin, hushed. "That's exactly what I'd hoped."

Egan reached for his hat. "I won't see you again, then. Everything will be ready for you. Just go out to the field and say you're the passengers that I arranged for." He offered his hand to Mary. "Good-by, and good luck."

She looked inquiringly back at Macklin.

"Go ahead," he said.

So that it came to pass exactly as Egan had foretold, six months ago. He hadn't laid a finger on Mary Kent until she took the initiative herself. But he hadn't imagined, then, that he should be quite so impassive when she kissed him.

"I hope you'll . . . l-love Martha a lot," she quavered. "And—and remember me, too, Bronson dear, once in a while. . . ."

"I hope you're as happy as you want to be," said Egan gently.

On Tueoday afternoon Egan had a wire from them at Boyd Junction, and he was doubly relieved—once because

they were safe, once because they were gone. But his relief was instantaneously removed from him when, shortly before the closing hour, Stanley Adams came in quietly.

"We're out of luck, Bronson," he said. "I came over to tell you that the Cleveand express was wrecked at three-thirty."

Egan's brain leaped at the conclusion. "Garrity?"

"Killed," said Adams. "There goes our star witness."

His expression was so extraordinary that Egan held back some of his dismay. There was an unbelieving sort of ecstasy behind Adams's seriousness—a dazed recognition of something almost too good to be true.

"Uncle Stanley! What's the—*say* it, man, *say* it!"

"There was a theatrical troupe on the same train, Bronson." He came close to Egan, and gripped him by the shoulder. "It's a funny thing, boy . . . it's funny as hell. . . . You know, I almost wish I could go to her funeral—but I just *can't!*"

XXIII

THERE was a solemn week during which Egan immured himself within the solitude of his own reflections. Every instinct impelled him to hurry to Dayton, but he outfought them. He thought it was hardly decent of him. It would be too precipitous—too patent. So that he struggled to give value for value to the company which employed him, while, as a matter of fact, he was worth, during that week, hardly the rental of the space he occupied. It was, however, a tribute to his altered self that he realized it.

Adams, who was going around with the face of a reprieved convict, wouldn't permit him to lose sight of his other opportunity.

"The judge says that without Garrity and Macklin we can't even get Kent indicted," he protested. "Garrity's gone for good; but we could extradite Eddie like rolling off a log. Conspiracy? When he was city counsel? What do *we* care what happens to Eddie?"

"I care a good deal," said Egan soberly.

Adams looked wise. "Still, you know when you help conceal a conspiracy—"

"I'm the only one that's hurt, Uncle Stanley. The other people are going to get their money back."

"And let Kent *go?*"

"He won't be happy about it," said Egan grimly. "He'll know *I* know."

Indeed, toward the end of the week, Mr. Kent knew all about it. The Honorable George Perkins waited dignifiedly upon him, and Mr. Kent, striving to retain his attitude of command, found himself dominated by a man who had nothing but the consciousness of justice back of him.

"I think," said the Honorable George, "you know what I've come for. It's about the example that your young friend Macklin has set you."

"Example?" Kent scowled. "That's a matter we won't talk about, Mr. Perkins." It was common, and more or less sympathetic, gossip that the flight of his daughter had very nearly broken the colonel's heart. But Perkins, pitying the man in his capacity of parent, had little compassion for him as a man.

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"I'm afraid we'll have to," said the Honorable George, almost apologetically. "You see, I'm representing quite a lot of different people. I'm the executor of Old Man Egan's estate, and I'm Bronson Egan's attorney. I'm Mrs. McCain's attorney, in fact. I'm retained for Mrs. Garrity—Big Bill's widow. I'm representing Little—er—John C. Jones, also an Egan stockholder. I'm representing seven other small stockholders on the same deal. I'm representing locally, by an arrangement made yesterday evening, Mr. Martin Henderson. Is that enough?"

"I congratulate you," said Kent dryly. "Your practice seems to be improving." Nevertheless, he was restive. "What do you seem to want from me?"

The Honorable George looked pained. "I hoped you'd see. . . . Well, I guess you've made enough money to last you a while. If I were in your place, I'd go South for the rest of the winter, anyway, and look at the view from there."

Kent grew suddenly crimson. "Do you realize what you're saying?"

"I ought to. I thought it over long enough." His manner altered slightly. "Kent, I'm only making a suggestion to you. You've been a big man here—"

"I am yet."

"I won't argue that with you. I'm speaking now as man to man. My advice to you is to be as calm as you can about it, make what explanations you think are necessary, and shut up shop."

"Shut up—?"

"Retire," said Perkins.

The capitalist toyed with a penholder. "I'm glad your advice is free. I'd hate to have to pay anything for that sort of advice."

"I've already said that *that* advice was as man to man. Personally, it's immaterial to me. Now, on the other side . . . I'm authorized to bring a civil action against you, in the name of Bronson Egan, and eleven minor stockholders in the Egan Company, for—"

"For *what?*"

"For staying in Plainfield after the first day of February," said Perkins mildly.

"Oh! A little stuffed club? In law, there's a name for that."

"You're mistaken. I'm not making any threats of *criminal* action. That's different. I'm making a simple statement. The action'll be brought *any*way. But if you happen to be out of the state by the first of February—and afterward—I'm afraid we can't have you extradited."

KENT snapped the penholder between his fingers. "What's the amount of the claims?"

"Seven hundred thousand dollars."

"That's ridiculous! If a reasonable compromise—"

"*I* can't think of any compromise that would sound reasonable to Bronson Egan. Can you?"

"You wouldn't even expect to win your suit, and you know it."

"Perhaps not; but juries these days aren't capitalistic. And the Egan Company was on war contracts. And you subsidized the 'Times' when they printed a good deal about the Egan Company. And—Eddie'll come back if he's wanted."

Kent folded his arms, and gazed out of the window.

"What assurance would there be that your clients would relinquish their claims?"

"All I can give you, legally, and my word, morally."

"And—publicity?"

"There'll be none. That is, unless—Oh, Mr. Henderson particularly asked me to explain that the corporation which bought the 'Times' from you is entirely owned, in turn, by a New Jersey corporation of which he owns all but two shares of stock."

Kent turned his head slowly. "That's very . . . interesting. Am I to take his word, too?"

"You can count on greater fairness than you gave Bronson, anyway. I'll guarantee that the 'Times' will print whatever announcement of your retirement you care to write." As Kent's eyes flickered, the old lawyer added: "Henderson owns the 'Herald,' too."

THE capitalist turned again, his hands clasped behind his head, to stare out of the window. Perkins waited patiently.

"So you think I'd better retire, do you?"

"It seems to me sort of diplomatic."

"Diplomatic!" Kent smiled elusively. "You'd lose a good fee, then, wouldn't you?"

"That doesn't interest me in this case. By the way, Henderson's willing to pay you the market valuation on everything you own—from the Citizens Trust to Air Traffic."

Kent's forehead gathered a suspicious wrinkle or two.

"Oh! *That* kind of retirement."

"At a good profit to you."

"I'll think it over."

"You have."

"I don't quite get that."

"I say, you *have* thought it over. All you need to. It's time for action."

"You certainly don't expect me to make a snap decision—"

"Unfortunately, I do. Before I leave the office."

"You expect too much."

"But the forms for the last edition of the 'Times' close in an hour. I have with me a little article"—he produced it carefully—"which is all set up, and ready to release. You'll observe that it's just a preliminary announcement."

"I see. . . . And if you shouldn't have cause to run this, I suppose you'd run something a little—what shall I say—rough?"

"I am not in Mr. Henderson's confidence to that extent. But there's nothing rough about *this*. Just says that you and Luke have made plans to turn over your holdings to—"

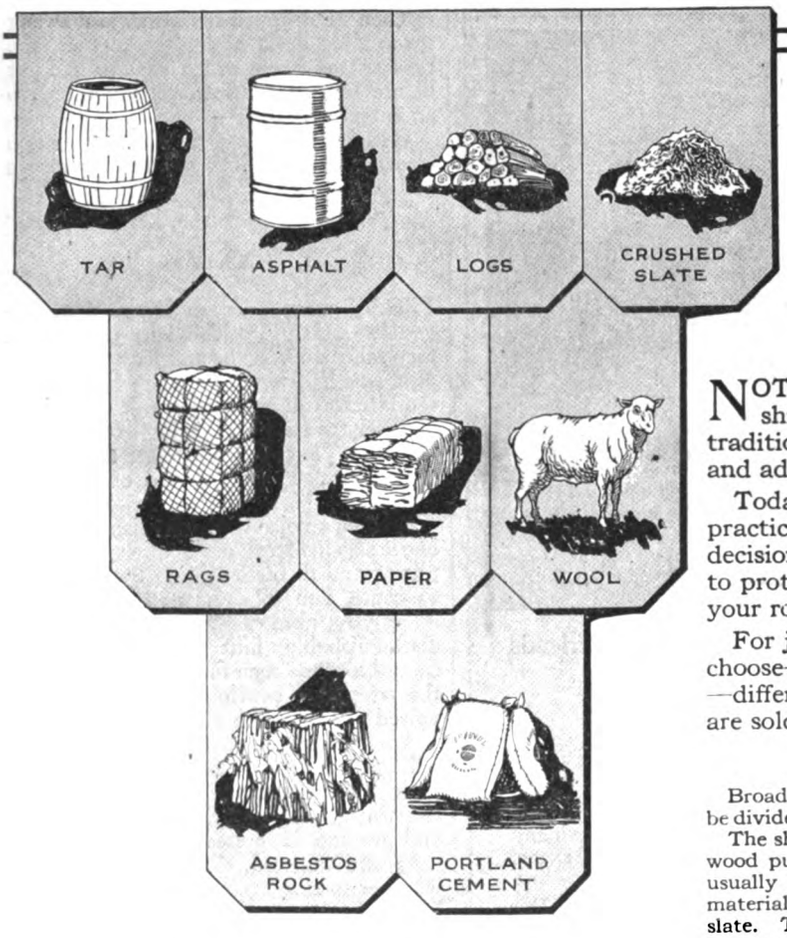
"Yes, I— Oh, *Luke?*"

"I thought maybe you'd rather take it up with him than have me do it."

"W-e-l-l. . . . And we're to have until the first of February? Very generous of you, I'm sure."

"I'm instructed by my clients to serve the summons and complaint on you on that date, if you're in the state."

Kent, who had dreamed of power far beyond the confines of this single city, exhaled softly. He knew Perkins, he knew Henderson—and he knew Egan. He stared out of the window until even the Honorable George's patience was becoming taxed.



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For just as there are many materials from which to choose—so there are many differences between shingles—differences that the brand names under which they are sold do not always clearly indicate.

Two broad classes or kinds

Broadly speaking, there are two classes into which shingles may be divided—the organic or vegetable type and the all mineral type.

The shingles of the former variety are those made of paper, wood pulp, wool felt and other organic materials. These are usually saturated with tar, asphalt or other water-proofing materials and sometimes coated on the weather side with crushed slate. They are known to the trade as asphalt shingles. The wooden shingle also falls in this class—as being of organic origin.

Shingles of this kind are very common at present, and there are many brands from which to choose.

The factors which limit their life are the ordinary decay to which all organic materials are subject, and which cannot be permanently avoided—possible softening in hot weather or brittleness in cold weather. Some organic shingles are said to be fire resisting—due to the coating of crushed rock or slag.

Aside from slate and tile, which are not ordinarily classed as shingles but called by their own names, there is but one all-mineral shingle—because there is so narrow a choice among mineral materials that will combine to make a shingle.

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Then he dropped his arms, and swung toward his desk, and reread, twice, the typewritten pages which Perkins had put before him. Conservative, laudatory to an extent, accurate—

Without glancing at the Honorable George, the capitalist slid the typescript across the desk. He looked very tired.

"Run it," he said. "I'll see Luke myself."

XXIV

EGAN went over to Dayton on the slowest train which ever crawled at fifty miles an hour all the way.

It was half-past five when he arrived, too late to call at Henderson's office, and infinitely too early to call at Henderson's house. That is, until after he had telephoned. He telephoned only to the house.

Martha's voice was rich with welcome, but it also held a subtle quality which perplexed and disturbed him. She told him to come, and to come at once; but an underlying note of doubt, an almost indistinguishable hint of complications, caused him to linger for a moment outside the telephone booth, even after he had vowed to come with all possible speed.

An avalanche of vague potentialities fell upon him. He finally hurried to a taxicab and sat on the edge of the seat all the way. Leaving the chauffeur tipless and profane, he bolted up the steps. He rang and fidgeted. Waited, questioning whether to ring again, or to fidget a little longer.

Martha, very highly flushed indeed, opened the door to him.

"Come in, come in," she said.

Egan still fidgeted. "If it isn't perfectly convenient for you—"

"Of course it is," she said. "But maybe it won't be so convenient for *you*." She drew him through the doorway, compelled him to doff his coat. From hanging it, he turned to behold her again enveloped in the big kitchen apron she had dropped behind a hall chair when she let him in. "The cook's left and the maid's out," she said. "I'm doing the best I can, but—"

"Why, you poor child! You won't want *me* here!"

"I can stand it if you and Father can. Come on out and help." Obediently he followed her. "The roast's in the oven, and the dessert's ice cream, and I've made the salad, and I was just going to start the soup. . . . Oh, I know! You can set the table, if you want to."

"I *don't* want to," said Egan, and at her display of amazement he reassured her promptly. "I didn't come all the way over here from Plainfield to rattle china in the dining-room when you're broiling out in the kitchen—all alone."

"It's very . . . safe," said Martha. She laughed under her breath. "I could call to you if I needed anything."

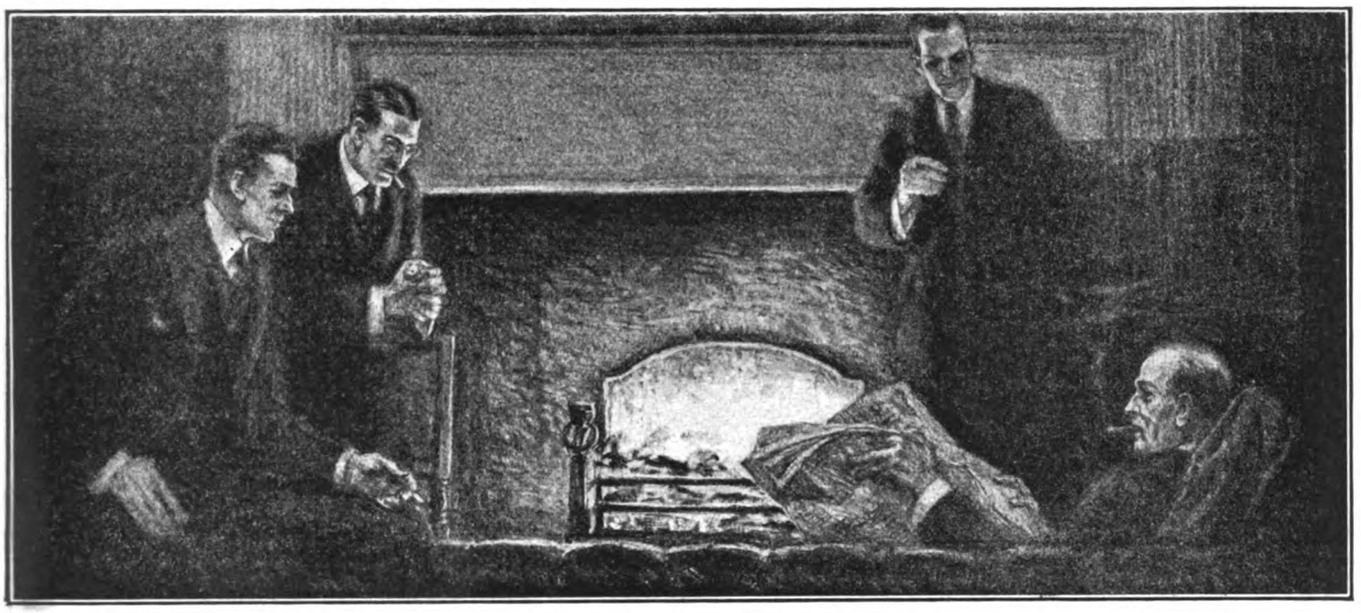
"That's just the trouble. I'm afraid you might not call."

"Well—suppose we *both* set the table, then, and—"

"Now *that*," said Egan, "is more like a business arrangement."

Accordingly, they went about it. A sudden cloud of excessive courtesy settled over them.

"Is this the way you like the carving set?"



And the three other men envied him

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They talked of the labor situation, and he referred to Adam Smith's chapter on "Rent of Land from Human Blood."

They spoke of travel, and he told of the Fuegians who explained to Darwin why they ate their old women.

They spoke of the freedom of the press and he quoted Milton's history-making essay on that subject.

"You must have a perfectly wonderful library," one of the college men exclaimed in admiration.

And the other answered modestly: "On the contrary I have comparatively few books, but they are all worth while. And the corner-stone of my library," he continued, "is Harvard, has selected four hundred and eighteen and arranged them in fifty volumes.

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"That's exactly the way, thank you.... Oh, Mr. Egan, would you rather have coffee here, or in front of the fire, afterward?"

"Here, I think. It's less work for you. Only—why so much formality?"

"Did I call you— Oh! I'm sorry."

"It's all right as long as you feel guilty enough to blush about it."

"I'm *not* blushing. Out in the kitchen it's a hundred and ninety, at least."

"Shall I put on these big goblets?"

"If you will, please. Now we're all done but the silver."

AMONG the miscellany of the dinner service their hands touched. Both of them started.

"You seem predestined to do housework over here," she said. "The only other time you came—"

"I wondered why you didn't go out to a hotel."

"Father has to spend so much of his life in hotels. This'll be the biggest kind of a lark to him. And I like to do it, really."

"You wouldn't if you had to."

"I'm not sure that I wouldn't."

"I am." Egan stood above her, and Martha, the well-poised and ever so efficient, had a moment of inefficiency.

"Are you?"

Sureness eluded him, but admirably he counterfeited it. "Put those things down," he said.

"Why—" Nevertheless, she yielded.

Egan took her hands, both of them. "I can't wait a second longer . . . dear," he said, unsteadily. "You know—don't you?"

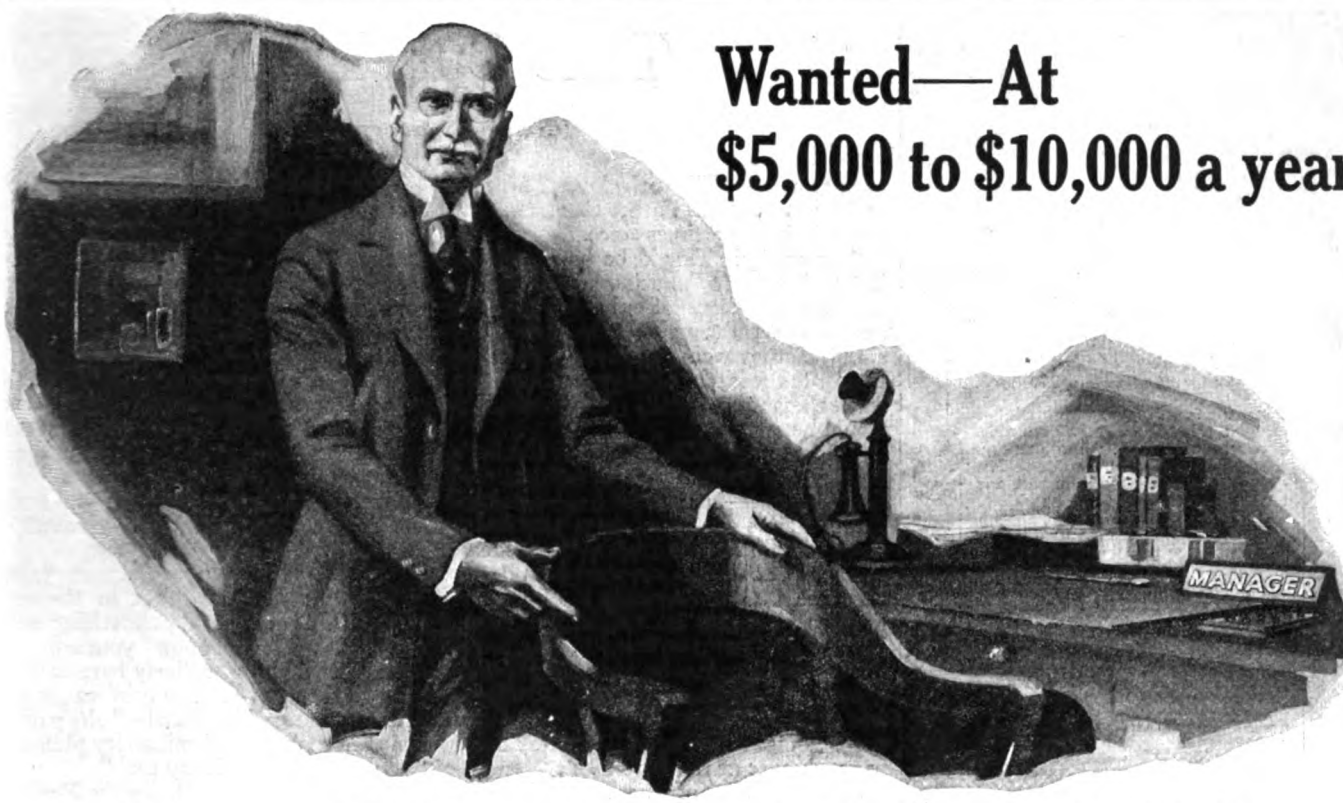
Sureness was absolutely gone from him. He hadn't a word more to say. There was too much to express. He hoped she understood. For the very life of him, there wasn't another word to say. Not until she had given him some sign, some intimation. . . . Standing there, he had a blinding vision of the years of vanity which had preceded this moment, the years of proud aggression. Success had come to him, self-esteem of the durable sort had come to him only when he had learned the humility she had tried to teach him. And as a lover he was masterful without, but very humble within. He had an elusive feeling that somewhere Old Man Egan was listening intently, too.

Slowly she lifted her head. Those lovely eyes of hers had infinite tenderness in them, infinite timidity.

"Don't *you?*" she whispered.

[THE END]

PHILIP CURTISS'S new serial, "Wanted: A Fool," which opens next month, is one of the most fascinating mystery stories ever published in this magazine. Thrill follows thrill in rapid succession, and the close of each instalment will leave you wondering what possibly can happen next. Woven into the mystery is a splendid love interest. The setting of the story is as unusual as the plot, most of the action taking place in that wild section of the Berkshires which takes in the corners of three states—New York, Massachusetts, and Connecticut.



Can You Fill This Job?

AN official of one of the largest concerns of its kind in the United States recently asked us to put him in touch with men capable of earning $3,000 to $15,000 a year. His letter is typical of many others we receive stating that it is impossible to find men qualified for big jobs.

WE are being called upon constantly to recommend applicants who have been examined and coached by us in special and general executive work.

OUR success in training men and women, capable of qualifying for important, executive positions, has given us a nation-wide reputation among large business concerns for developing employees for positions paying $2,000 to $10,000 a year and up. Our service has the written endorsement of many of America's leading corporation officials, bankers and business executives.

THE practical value of this service has been tested by men holding responsible positions in practically every large corporation in this country, including 364 employees of Armour and Company; 390 of the Standard Oil Company; 811 of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company; 309 of the United States Steel Corporations; 214 of the Ford Motor Company; 303 of Swift and Company, etc.

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Tillie Cuts Loose

(*Continued from page 52*)

have to handle Tillie with gloves," Mother had said wearily to Father then, and she had said it many times since.

"By cricky! They'd be boxing-gloves if I had it to do," Father would return. Men are like that. If only they had the management of the hired help, you understand, all they would need to do would be to go into the kitchen and rant around and settle things once for all. Things certainly would be settled.

This summer, Tillie seemed to Mother's keen eyes to be changing. From an almost fierce loyalty—in spite of frequent arguments—Tillie seemed to have acquired a frank disdain for many of Mother's ideas. She began going away several evenings in the week with no comment as to her destination, hitherto an unheard-of thing. Mother said nothing, but felt that something unusual must be possessing Tillie's mind. She obtained an inkling of what it was when Bob and Mabel, coming in for the evening, asked what Tillie was doing so much over at the Perkinses'.

She was sure of the reason later on a rainy afternoon, when she went into Tillie's room to close the windows. On Tillie's dresser lay an accumulation of reading material of the latest cult in which Mrs. Perkins had become interested.

MRS. PERKINS had lived in Springtown all her married life, but she had never taken root. She had always been poised for flight, as it were, although a quarter of a century had gone by and two of the four children (who had miraculously brought themselves up) were married. She still maintained an air of fluttering condescension toward the town. Periodically she told her fellow citizens that the family would be moving to Capitol City soon now, and she confided to strangers that she was not really of Springtown, that she was but temporarily quartered there, and that her real life was lived in the outside world, to which she flew when the narrow limits of the town seemed choking her. As an opiate to soothe her in the winter of her discontent, she delved into the study of various creeds. And as one cannot thoroughly detect the origin of cults and cobwebs at the same time, Mrs. Perkins's house contained as many of the one as the other.

With characteristic forbearance Mother maintained the friendliest of attitudes toward her, but admitted to a teasing family that she was "a little odd."

"Odd! Your grandmother!" the girls would say. "She's got bats in her belfry."

And now Tillie was apparently absorbed in the study of one of this peculiar woman's peculiar cults. Mother sighed as she went down-stairs. It was difficult for her to understand how anyone could need an addition to or an amplification of her own simple creed: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do—"

Tillie spoke about it herself in a few days. She and Mother were canning blackberries in a steaming hot kitchen that was full of the sickish-sweet odor of the fruit.

With characteristic shortness Tillie blurted out, "Molly, I might's well tell you first as last—I've decided to go away for good."

Mother, of course, was partially prepared for the news, but she did not say so. She only asked calmly, "What are your plans, Tillie?"

"Well—I ain't sure yet, but I'm goin' to do something for myself. I got some money, and there's things a-plenty that women can do these days. It's the age of woman. She's come into her own."

Mother could scarcely suppress a smile. Tillie's voice had that stilted sound of quoting.

"I've lived here for eighteen years, Molly," she went on, "and in the next eighteen I'm goin' to do something more broadenin'. You know yourself the town's little, and everybody here is livin' little cramped lives. I'm goin' to get out where things are bigger and—" she paused and then took the unfamiliar, icy plunge—"where I can stretch my soul."

The saying was so distinctly Perkinsesque that Mother had to turn abruptly to the sink to hide the unholy mirth on her face.

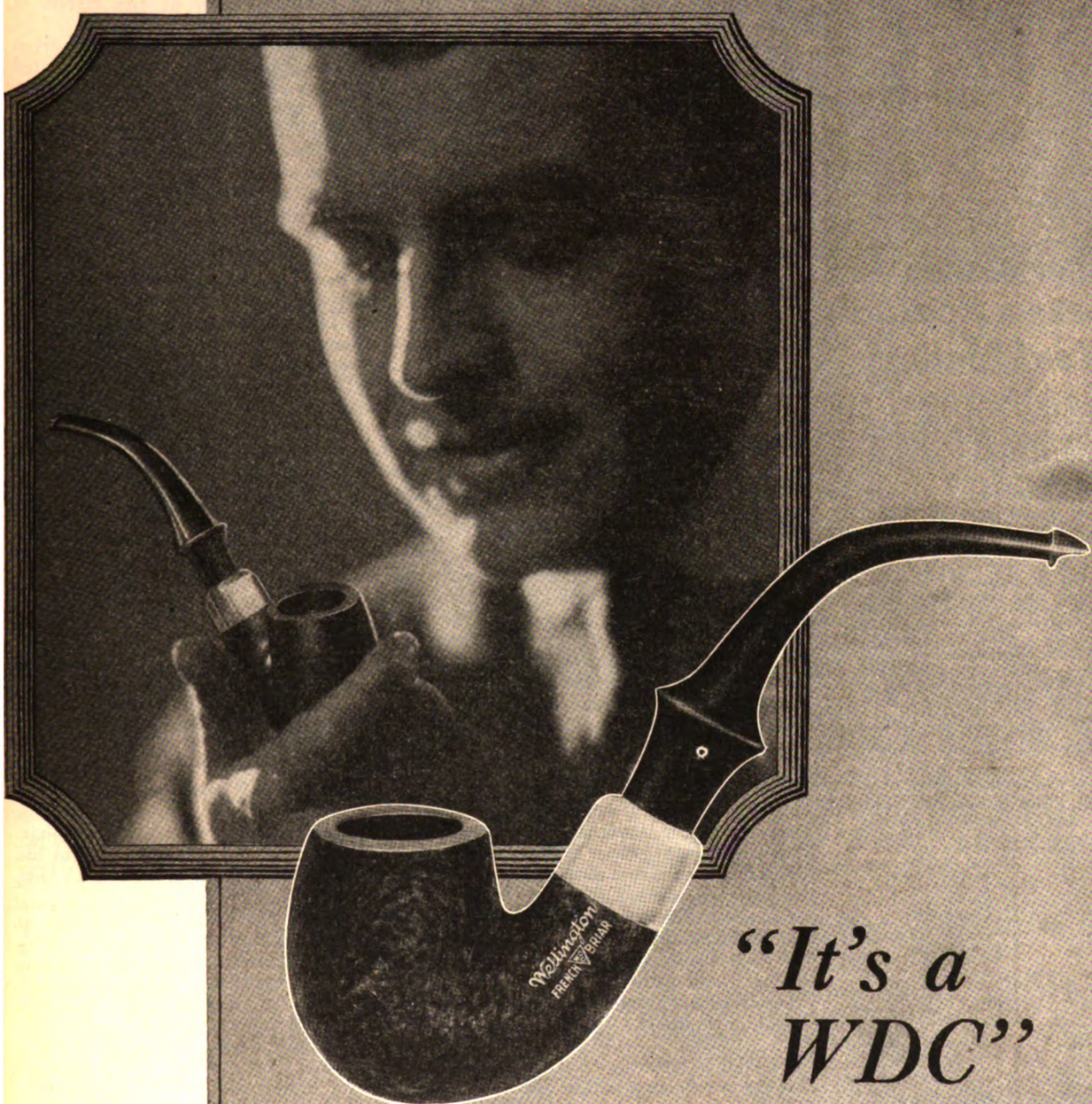
"Take yourself, for instance, Molly," the rasping, monotonous voice went on. "Mis' Perkins—she's certainly the broadest-minded woman I ever knew—she was talkin' about you to me, and she says just to look at Mis' Mason; you was bright and smart, and yet you'd just let yourself be tied down to the family all these years and never hardly traveled, like she had, to broaden out—and that you'd made a big mistake to let the children take all your time—and she says the very fact that you *like* Springtown showed that it had kept you too narrow to know different."

Two bright pink spots, neither of heat nor blackberry juice, burned on Mother's cheeks.

"Well, my studyin' these things with her—and I honestly wish you'd study them, too, Molly, you ain't rightly understood what this bein' cramped down means to you—it's made me decide to break away and get out. As I said, I got some money and I ain't called on to be nobody's under dog."

MOTHER silently clamped on a refractory jar cover. Not until she felt herself well enough in hand to speak calmly, did she ask quietly, "Where will you go, Tillie?"

"I'm plannin' first to go to Capitol City to get me some new clothes—Mis' Perkins has good ideas on that, too—then I'm goin' up to Big Moon Lake with her. We're goin' to live at the Inn a week or two and meet some ladies there that Mis' Perkins has been correspondin' with. She's never met them, but they've all been studyin' this new thought, it's called Cosmic Philosophy, and course that makes us all friends to start with. After that, I'll decide just what I am goin' to do; I may go on to Chicago. But one thing's certain, Molly, Mis' Perkins has been the means of me seein' Springtown like it really is—and the narrow way we all live here."



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Mother's part of the work was over. She slipped silently out of the kitchen, climbed the wide, curving stairway, and went into her room. Then she turned the lock and sat down in a low rocking-chair by the window. She was resentfully, flamingly angry, as good, high-minded people sometimes become angry. She was deeply, quiveringly hurt, as sensible, sunshiny people, who do not go about looking for slights, are sometimes hurt.

If Mrs. Perkins had said it directly to her, she would have made light of it and put it aside. If Tillie, by some miraculous mental exertion, had thought it up herself, Mother could even have laughed at it. But to undermine Tillie's regard for her in that subtle way, turn her old friend and helper from her, after all these years of working side by side!

"Keep calm, now," Mother said mentally. "Look at this thing fairly. Mrs. Perkins has traveled about a great deal. Maybe there is some truth in what she says." That same calm hold upon her other self, who was both impulsive and tempery, had seen Mother safely through many a trial.

Was she narrow?

It is a very big question, that deciding who is narrow and who broad-minded. Broadmindedness knows no financial standing nor rank of station. Bigotry is limited neither to rural communities nor cities. There are narrow-minded poor people and broad-minded millionaires, just as there are liberal-minded country storekeepers and Congressmen with little, smug, provincial minds.

In retrospect, Mother began looking back over the years of her married life. How she had endeavored to keep her mind fresh and open! Even in the days when they had lived across town in the first tiny cottage that seemed full of tumbling babies, she had never allowed a day to pass without a few hurriedly snatched moments of good reading. Though clothes were mended and turned and made over, yet there were always good books and magazines on the table.

SUDDEN, hot tears rushed to her eyes at the recollection of the children piling into bed, and the thought of herself, tired to the depths with the work and confusion, wandering with them through all the dear old childhood tales.

With that alacrity with which the mind leaps from one memory to another, she thought of the set of travel books for which she had paid the sum of forty-five dollars in the days when that sum was a huge one. Whimsically she remembered the shabby old gray coat and velvet toque she had worn two winters longer than they seemed even passably decent, because of the books. She wondered if in Mrs. Perkins's long trips, born of discontent and unwillingness to keep a home sweet and lovely, there had been half the satisfaction that she herself had obtained from those precious volumes.

Travel? No, Mother had not traveled. A few short trips limited to the Mid-West states themselves, and the one long journey she and Father had taken to the Western coast completed the meager list. Washington! New York! Boston! It was with a distinct shock that she realized she had never seen them. It seemed almost unbelievable, for New York's famous sky line, the interesting old places in Boston, her country's capital, all seemed as pleasantly familiar to her as the streets of Springtown.

Mother had that peculiar God-given gift of imagination so keen that the printed word became to her a vivid, living reality. It was as though, while her body stayed at home and cared for the children, her spirit had climbed far mountain peaks and sailed into strange harbors.

Because of Barrie and Kipling and scores of others she had been intimately, sensitively in touch with the places and peoples of the world. She had stood on wind-swept, heather-grown Scottish moors, and broken bread in the little gray homes of the Thrums weavers. She had watched, fascinated, the slow-moving, red-lacquered bullock carts, veiled and curtained, creep over the yellow-brown sands of India. She had walked under brilliant stars down long, long trails in clear, cold, silent places, and she had strolled through groves of feathery flowering loong-yen trees of China. She had sensed to the finger tips the beauty of the witching, seductive moon-filled nights of Hawaii, and with strained eyes and chilling heart she had watched for the return of the fishing fleet on the wild-wind banks of Labrador.

YES, the warp of Mother's life had been restricted to keeping the home for Henry and the children. But the woof of the texture had been fashioned from all the wind clouds and star drifts of the heavens.

As she had touched her life with all the lives of these peoples of the earth, for the time being sunk her own personality in theirs, she had come to the conviction that, fundamentally, there was nothing in life that could not be found in this little inland town.

Narrow? She looked out of her high window over the pleasant maple-edged, elm-bordered streets, where the warm afternoon sun cast little quivering glints of gold. In that bungalow over there she had assisted when a child was born. In the big house across the street she had helped manage the wedding supper for a glowing bride. Down in that old-fashioned wing-and-ell she had closed the eyes of an old man in his last long sleep. Narrow? Was birth narrow? Or marriage? Or death?

For a long time she sat rocking, thinking of the twenty-six years spent in the tiny town which, after all, was a cross-section of life. And if she made a little prayer: "O, Lord, keep me clean of heart—clear of mind—sweet of soul—gentle of speech!" it was because she had tested the Source of her strength many times before.

She rose, bathed, dressed in fresh linens, as though to leave in the laundry basket all the disturbing thoughts of the past hour. She combed her graying hair carefully, put on a beautifully laundered blue house dress and little ruffled apron, and then, calm, placid, serene, came out of her room. And there was about her a little of the spirit of the Man who long, long ago, came out of a Garden.

In the evening, Tillie, with the literature that was guaranteed to give such breadth of mind, left the house for Mrs. Perkins's.

The entire Mason family was congregated in the library, Bob and Mabel hav-

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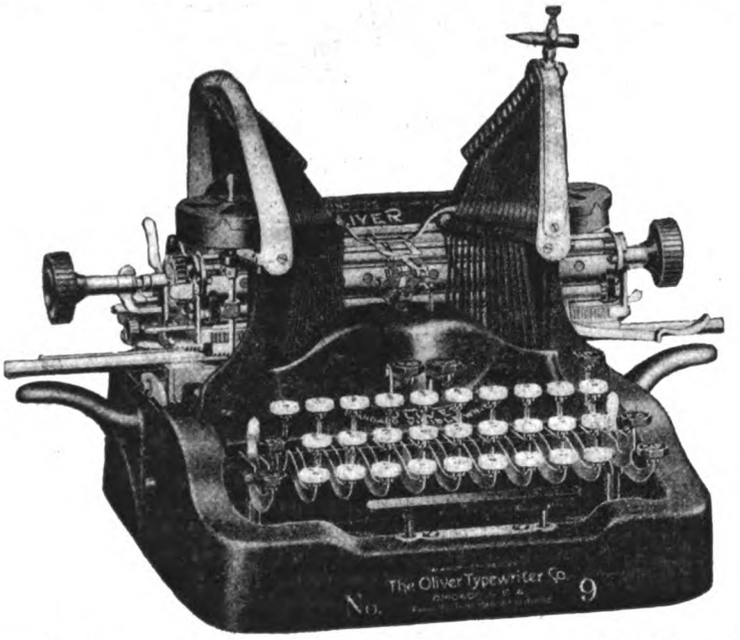

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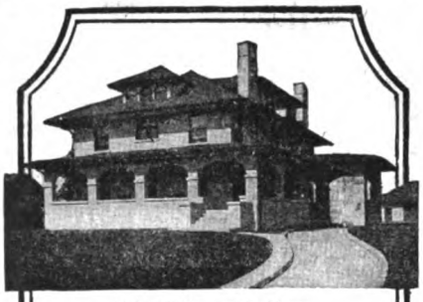

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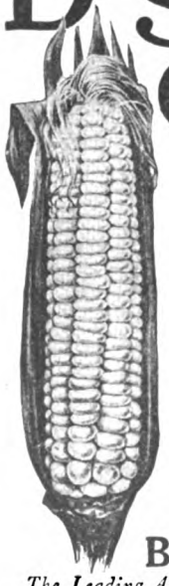

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ing come in with the baby. There was the usual diversity of occupations and the usual resultant confusion. Mother, who was deftly enclosing a large space of air in the knee of Junior's stocking, looked up to say quite casually:

"Folks, Tillie is going to leave us."

"Leave! What for? Why?" The chorus was in perfect unison, as though the family had been drilled.

"She wants," said Mother soberly, but with her eyes twinkling, "to stretch her soul."

Everyone surveyed her in blank astonishment.

"Stretch her soul!" Eleanor repeated, "what in the *world* is that?"

"I don't know," Mother said demurely; "but she wants to do it."

"Oh, I know," Katherine volunteered, "it's some of that slush Mrs. Fat Perkins has been telling her. We might be in the wrong sphere, you know, and be mentally confined and never know it. It's only by getting out into—er—cosmic spaces or something like that—that we find out whether we've really been contented or not."

"Imagine Tillie rattling around in a cosmic space," Marcia contributed.

"What's a cosmetic space?" Junior wanted to know, which was the signal for a lusty shout from everyone.

"She told me," Mother explained, "that she's cramped here in Springtown, and she wants to get out and do something for herself."

Father looked over the top of his paper. Father was one of those men who have an apartment-house brain, the party that lives on the lower floor being able to read and digest all the international news while the one on the upper floor constantly sticks his head out of the window and hears all the household gossip.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "as our President says, 'Every nation is entitled to self-determination.' And if nations, why not Tillie?"

"Sure!" Bob put in. "Tillie is just up to date, looking for her place in the sun."

Marcia chuckled. "Believe *me*, she'd make a bigger hit if it was in the *dark* o' the *moon*."

The young folks all laughed.

"Children! Children!" Mother admonished them. Then she sighed. Never could she stay the inrolling tide of comments when the Masons uniformly attacked a subject.

ONE week later Tillie left. Her last words were the suggestion that Mother hire the Dority girl to help her, and added, by way of reference, "Though land knows, she don't know beans when the bag's open."

Mother missed Tillie as the summer days passed. The girls made elaborate promises to take her place so that Mother would not feel the lack of help. But anyone who has raised three pretty, popular daughters will know that the sum of the combined tasks done by them was not equal to the faithful service of Tillie, who was neither pretty nor popular.

At the end of the second week the Masons were at the supper table when they heard someone come up the front steps, and through the wide front hall. In the dining-room doorway stood Tillie, the Prodigal. She had on a new navy blue suit latest cut. A chic little hat with scarlet cockade, that would have becomingly adorned the head of Irene Castle, was slipping about rakishly on Tillie's flat hair.

"Here I be," she said bluntly, sourly.

There was a chorus of welcoming voices that brought a dull red to the wanderer's high-boned cheeks. Mother rose from her chair, and with outstretched hands went swiftly toward her.

"Good land, Molly!"—Tillie seemed genuinely distressed—"I hope you ain't goin' to kiss me."

Mother laughed girlishly. "No, I wouldn't dare, Tillie; but you can rest assured I *feel* like it."

"Did you hire that silly little Dority girl?" was Tillie's next question.

"No," said Mother, "we didn't even try to get her. The girls have helped me." Somewhere the god of Tact gave Mother credit for the reservation of the words "a little." "I *hope* you're going to stay?"

"I be," she answered curtly.

THEY could get no more out of her until she was through supper. Then she pushed back her chair and said, "Now, I'm agoin' to tell you somethin'. I could keep it to myself I s'pose, and I'll prob'ly wish I had—but I ain't goin' to, for I want to get it off my chest. Only I don't want one o' you to ever throw it up to me again as long as I live. I went to Capitol City and I got me some new clothes, and I ain't begrudgin' the money, for I felt tonier than I ever did in my life before. I had my face manicured, too."

Several of the Masons simultaneously dropped their napkins and dived under the table for them.

"That was a powerful fussy job, and it's the first and last time I'll ever let anybody hit me in the face with a fly-slapper. I wouldn't a-cared if I'd looked any different when they got through with me; but it's the Lord's truth, girls, I didn't look one mite changed, and that face-manicurin' business is all a hold-up."

"Well, of course, Tillie, it *is* a *skin* game," Marcia put in, which gave everyone a chance to let off some laughter. Tillie did not crack a smile.

"Then I met Mis' Perkins at Big Moon Lake, and I don't mind sayin' I felt about as good as anyone with my new clothes. The first morning after we got there we was sittin' on a seat by a big tree, and some eight or nine ladies and girls come along and stopped near us. They was nice-dressed, nice-lookin' women, and we guessed right away that they was the ladies from the philosophy school, and so we talked to the one nearest us. She said she was expectin' us. The others had started on ahead by that time, and she told us to come along as they was out sight-seein', goin' to look at the rapids and climb one of the hills. So we walked along with her and all this time she and Mis' Perkins talked, but lots deeper and queerer than anything I'd read yet, and I got kinda sick of so much of it at a stretch. But Mis' Perkins was just in her element.

"We walked around lookin' at the places of interest and about noon got back to the Inn lawn. Then one of the ladies who had been pointin' out all the places to us come to Mis' Perkins and me and pulled us aside and said she hadn't noticed us joinin' the crowd in the rear in the mornin' until we got part way up the hill. Then she said she hadn't wanted to embarrass us

when she did see us, so she waited till we got back to tell us that these ladies was all from the sanitarium near by, and though they was harmless they wasn't any of 'em right in their minds. I can't see nothin' very funny about it myself, but I know all of you well enough to know it's the kind of thing you laugh your heads off over. So, laugh!" she said shortly, crabbedly.

Tillie's supposition was entirely correct. The Mason family laughed until it wept.

When they were in shape to hear her again, she finished with: "I made up my mind right then and there, if I couldn't tell crazy folks from the students of the philosophy I was studyin', I'd come back to Springtown, where we know Grandma McCabe and Silly Thompson are the only loony ones in town, unless," she added acridly, "you count Mis' Perkins, too."

THE next morning, Tillie in her stiffly starched gingham dress stopped by the kitchen clock shelf.

"What's these?" She picked up some oblong slips of paper and glared at Mother.

"Oh," Mother responded timidly, "those are your checks." Then she added naïvely, "They've sort of accumulated up there, haven't they?"

"What have I got checks for?"

"Why, I put one up there every Saturday you were gone."

"You thought I'd come back?"

"I *knew* it." Mother was growing braver. "Don't you suppose I know that you need me just as much as I need you? I'm in hopes you'll make your home here with us the rest of your life, and when the children are all gone, and you and I are two decrepit old ladies, you can wait on me part of the time and I can wait on you the other part. In the meantime, I can pay your regular salary to your body—can't I?—while your soul takes a little vacation."

For the second time in the eighteen years Tillie surprisingly threw her gingham apron over her head and burst into a loud and distressed sniveling. "Molly Mason," she wailed, "you're the very best woman that ever walked on the top of the Lord's green earth."

Tender-hearted Mother, who had been hunting for a handkerchief and couldn't locate one, wiped her eyes on a tennis-flannel kettle holder. "Oh, no, Tillie," she said tremulously, "not that—just ordinarily decent."

Suddenly Tillie pulled the apron off her head, raised her distorted face and broke forth into a high, weird, henlike cackle. "Oh, my land-a-Goshen!" she chortled, "Stretchin' my soul! *Ain't I a fool?*"

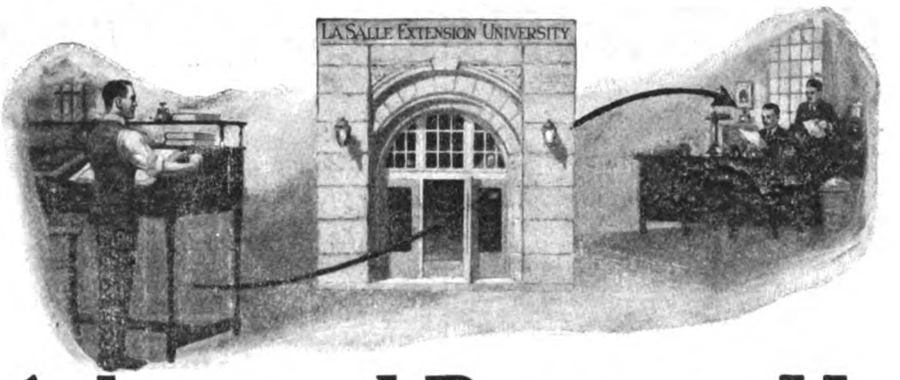
"I'M CERTAINLY glad Tillie's back," Mother said complacently to Father that night in their room.

Father finished a yawn. Then he dropped a large heavy shoe that made a large heavy thud. He, too, was glad Tillie was back, for Mother's sake. As for himself, he had fared quite comfortably while Tillie was gone.

"Well, how about her soul?" he asked. "Has it been stretched?"

"Yes," Mother answered, smilingly emphatic, "it has. It has been stretched enough to let in a faint glimmering of genuine humor."

"By golly! She needed some," Father returned. Then he yawned and dropped the other shoe.



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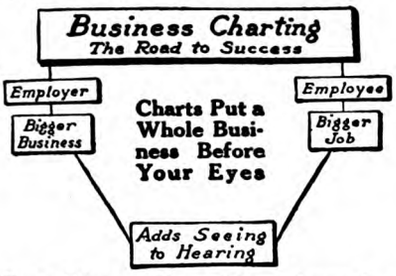

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Over the Hills to the Poorhouse

(Continued from page 43)

ready to help and comfort those who yielded to fits of despair. She begged the matron to let her "do something so she would feel she was earning her board."

The matron had children, and these she gave into the charge of Anne, who taught them needlework and little games, and instructed them in the ways of "little ladies," as she had instructed the children in the great houses on the hills. Anne was very happy with the children. She said her eyes were better and that the lakes and woods were beautiful—and she never complained.

The matron observed that whenever she spoke of anything she looked either at the children or out of the windows, and never toward those who sit in hopeless waiting. She refused to take any pay for her work, insisting that she was earning her board; but the matron laid away the small wage for Anne.

When it came time for the young doctor to examine the patients he reported that Anne had tuberculosis. The matron, alarmed for the safety of her children, fearing to have them exposed to the disease, relieved Anne of their charge.

Even then Anne did not complain, although sometimes the matron found her standing outside a doorway, watching the children at play, and smiling, a little wistfully yet happy because they were. In the ward, instead of sitting with folded hands and staring at the floor as so many do, she found needles and thread and, bending low over the work in order that her dim eyes might see, she stitched and mended. Before the matron discovered what she was doing she had worked new corners upon the frayed spreads on all the beds, and had darned the rents.

It was about a year before a new doctor examined her and found that the young doctor had been mistaken, and that she did not have tuberculosis. But the children were not there then. And the old eyes had become so weak that Anne could no longer see to sew. She hobbled into the kitchen, asking to help with the dishes and with light tasks, and told the matron how thankful she was that she could do it now without endangering the health of others.

WHEN the United States plunged into the Great War, the matron had an idea. She was inspired with the thought that here at last was something that would revive some interest in the Hopeless Ones. She told those in the women's ward what a blight had come upon the world, and how they all could help. She would buy yarn and, paying for it from her own slender purse, would pay the women twenty cents a pair for all the socks they knitted for the men who were going to fight. The other women responded slowly, but Anne was radiant. Knitting did not strain her eyes as sewing did. All day her needles clicked. She made more socks than any of the others and did not want to accept pay, saying she was glad to work for her country.

After a time the matron sought to test the women. She told them it was not fair to her that she should pay all the expense, and that they should share. Instead of twenty cents a pair she said she would pay ten, so that each woman could feel that she was doing something to help. At that, the women laid down their work in a body and refused to knit—all except the woman who never complained. She said nothing; but after that her needles clicked faster and faster, and every time a pair of socks was finished she bore them proudly to the matron, so that all the others could see.

It was just after the news came that the war was ended that Anne died. They found her with a smile on her face, her eyes turned toward the window.

When a fellow feels like kicking and cussing his luck, he should think of Anne and, maybe, he will be moved to follow her method. For Anne always looked out of the windows, always turned her eyes toward the beauties of lake and forest, never toward the ward of those who wait.

"ALL hope abandon, ye who enter here" would be more appropriate over the door of a poorhouse than anywhere else. Once a man or woman goes "Over the Hills" and stays, even for a few days, in the House of the Hopeless, the last spark within dies. Even those who have gone there through no fault of their own feel the soul-blight. Many have gone out, but until this last year, sooner or later they came back. Many have fought hard to live it down, and a very few have succeeded. Drink drove many back when the fight was almost won. With drink gone, many will win.

If "no one knows," there is a better chance. These fights against the last surrender are pitiful to watch. Some will slip away, make long detours, and enter the town from the opposite direction. I know a man who for many years has been an inmate of an almshouse. Twice each year he receives a pitifully small sum of money. That day he dresses himself with care, makes a long detour, and goes into town.

Back among men he walks erect and almost struts. His efforts to appear unconcerned mark him among thousands. For a day or two he parades in public places, then, when his little store of money is gone, he returns. If no one has recognized him, he lives for months on memory. If by chance someone who knows he is in the poorhouse sees him, his holiday is spoiled. If he can find whisky his stay outside is short.

There is a dread among them all that those they have known in the world outside will discover them. When a ward-room door opens to admit a visitor, the chief emotion is fear that it is someone who knows them, and who may tell others. Buried away in these Houses of the Hopeless are hundreds who are numbered by their friends among the missing.

Yet, even from these depths, a few come back. There is one case in an up-state New York poorhouse which proves that

a man may be down, but never out until he quits. It is a story of heroism and of man's inhumanity to man which makes one writhe, even though the victim, today triumphant, whispers in other words, the prayer of Him who, on the Cross, said: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

THIS man was a painter, above the average as a workman, earning good wages, saving something, living in sober decency in a sober, decent community. He was a labor union man who paid his dues and believed in the principles of union labor. He was known as a respectable and respected citizen—not a factor in community life but not a drawback. He might even have been a force for good but for the fact that he was fat! He had been inclined to be fat even in his youth. But after he reached middle age he grew fatter and fatter. He tried to reduce weight by hard work, by dieting. The doctors said it was a disease. When he was past fifty he became so fat that it was difficult for him to climb ladders; and that is a disaster for a painter. The weight of his body wearied him, and he found it hard to breathe.

The union boys in the town in which he lived have told me he was a good fellow, a good workman, and "all right," although some cursed him when asked about him. When I told them the whole story they said it was a shame, and that they had not known. Certainly, however, someone knew.

Jobs became harder and harder for him to find. It may not be true that nobody loves a fat man, but certainly no one hires a fat painter who is too heavy to climb a ladder. However, there was a contracting painter for whom the fat man had worked for many years. The contractor was a man of kindly disposition. He liked the fat man who had been the butt of jokes and ridicule. The men with whom he worked laughed when ladders broke under him and when he puffed as he climbed. They laughed when he became so fat he could not climb at all. The boss had stuck to him, even though he no longer could do a real day's work, and he still stuck. When he assigned the gang of painters to a job, he put the fat man to painting from the ground as high as he could reach. It is easier to paint from the ground than from ladders or scaffolding, so the other workers quit laughing at the fat man, and commenced to complain that he was getting all the easy work while their share of the harder work was increased. It was not fair to them, they said, to let the fat man do all the ground work.

The contractor argued, and kept the fat man until the other workers served him with notice that unless the fat man could hold up his end on jobs he should not be employed. For a time the contractor found work for him on small jobs where no climbing was necessary. Then a walking delegate entered protest against this as unfair to other painters, and the contractor reluctantly discharged the fat man. His union membership lapsed, his savings evaporated, and after a hard struggle he was broke, homeless and helpless, and he went "Over the Hills" to join the colony in a huddle of wooden buildings. He was there for a long time. Almshouse fare had the effect of reducing his weight somewhat. He worked outdoors, helping the gardeners; and this outdoor work and the worry of being there further reduced his weight.

For some unknown reason the fat man never lost the final spark. You will discover, if you visit almshouses, that so long as a man or a woman works voluntarily the vital spark is not dead. It is when they will work only under compulsion, and when they sit and stare at the floor with vacant eyes and brains, that the fire is out and they are only dead ashes.

The superintendent saw that the fat man had not entirely surrendered. It was spring, and there was a job painting a large new building. In investigating the controversy over this job, I learned that the superintendent of the institution tried to get union painters to do the job; but the season was at the rush and they were busy on other work. So the superintendent offered the fat man, in addition to his board and lodging, two dollars and fifty cents a day to paint that building.

It was desperately hard work, but it was the fat man's last chance. He toiled long hours, climbed ladders that creaked and threatened to break, he puffed and sweated. No one but the fat man knows how he struggled to finish that job.

One day a union official came to the superintendent and told him he would have to stop the fat man from painting, and employ union labor. The superintendent was a union sympathizer; in theory, at least. More than that, he was a political appointee, and the union labor vote was powerful in the district. He explained the situation, recited the history of the fat man, and told of his struggle to come back. He said he had tried to secure union painters, but that they had been too busy to do the work. His arguments made no difference. The ultimatum was that he must discharge the fat man and hire union men. The superintendent thereupon forgot his politics, his union sympathy, and the chance of losing his own job, and said he'd be hanged if he would do it.

THERE was a hard fight. But the fat man kept on painting while the superintendent fought for him against the union and against the politicians. It required many weeks for the fat man to finish the work, but he did it. He drew his pay in a lump sum and gripped the hand of the superintendent without a word. Then he walked straight into town, with head up, back to the town in which he had worked all his life, and where everyone knew he had been in the poorhouse. With what he had earned on the job he rented a room, bought some brushes and paint, and started seeking jobs painting fences and small buildings, kitchens and low places requiring little climbing—mostly jobs that others did not want.

At first he was persecuted, but when some of the union men heard the story of his struggle they told their bosses they'd be double what the superintendent said *he'd* be if they would stand for the fat man being prevented from working any longer. So, in his age, he works in peace, and earns enough to keep him in comfort. He is very happy, more because of what he escaped than for what he has.

A survey of almshouses also reveals another class of inmates, themselves quite blameless—the victims of drink and

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disease of others. Many are suffering the sins of the fathers to the third and fourth generations. For these and for their successors, poorhouses must always be maintained. Prohibition may reduce the population of poorhouses steadily, but, until the third or fourth generation, there will be those who are paying for the fiddling to which they never danced. They are everywhere—the lame, the deformed, the ones of blighted minds, the simple-minded who, mercifully, never can understand their own wretchedness or know its cause.

There is one case which is typical, and which is sufficient to cite: He was born in an almshouse. There are such cases in almost every such institution, cases of families that have been there generation after generation. This one is the last of his line; grandfather, father, mother, and son, have lived in the same institution, and one of his sisters died there. They trace back in a pedigree to a "good fellow," who drank and was a debauchee.

He is about twenty-three years of age, with the mind of a child of seven or eight. He is very gentle and willing, pathetically eager to work. Some strange instinct is in him to make him desire to earn his own living, and to get away from the almshouse. One of his feet is crippled by the disease inflicted upon him. Seven or eight times he has had glimpses of the world outside, of comfortable homes and happy people; and, like a child longing for beautiful things, he longs for the comforts he has seen. He must dream of it, for he will tell you with glowing eyes that some day he will live in a bright room, with a big soft bed, with curtains at the windows.

The superintendent has secured jobs for him in many places but he always is sent back. Whenever the chance presents, he begs the official to get him a job "outside." One employer sent him back because it "broke his wife's heart to see the poor sufferer trying to work on that twisted foot." Another brought him back to the poorhouse and said:

"I cannot stand it. When he starts to hobble across a field to do some work, I feel so sorry I run after him and do the work myself. It is wearing me out."

MANY of the tramps who find their way to poorhouses are descendants of the wandering minstrels. They are the story-tellers, the entertainers and wits of the houses. It may be that they serve a purpose, for they bring laughs from those who have long forgotten how to smile. In three poorhouses I have found men who claim the fabled power of the minstrels to compose as they sing, ballads and epic poems. Confidentially, they are pretty bad and many of the ballads I heard were cribbed.

The humor is rather mechanical from frequent repetition, but it never fails to raise a cackle from those who sit near enough to hear. The funniest thing I discovered was in an almshouse in a rich county near New York City. There is a man there who is the best read person I ever have known, the best informed on the greatest variety of subjects. He reads during all his waking hours. He thinks and he remembers. For more than thirty years he has read everything he could find to read: books, magazines, newspapers. He started at the beginning and read the Encyclopedia Britannica.

The man is a drink victim, and now his legs are curved under him and almost helpless from rheumatism. He has made his home in poorhouses for many years.

He loves to argue on either side of any subject, and he is the best champion of prohibition I ever listened to. He can advance more sound arguments, produce more statistics, and expound the theory of prohibition, its legal side as well as moral, better than any speaker or writer I have found.

He made me a straight business proposition, without a smile. For one drink of whisky he would write an essay proving drink the curse of the world. For three drinks he would deliver a prohibition oration guaranteed to make Niagara Falls dry.

There are in many almshouses one or more of a queer type: that is the English "remittance man." They usually are the men of mystery, even in their fallen state observing an air of superiority and holding aloof from the other inmates. While in almost every poorhouse one may hear stories of their noble origin and high family connections, these stories do not pan out. Usually they are the black sheep of middle-class families, sent to America to save the family name, and the tales regarding them are the result of their aloofness.

THE great majority of the inmates of poorhouses are unmarried, yet married quarters exist in each institution. Usually the couples live in peace and even show much devotion to each other. In every case which I investigated, the cause was drink.

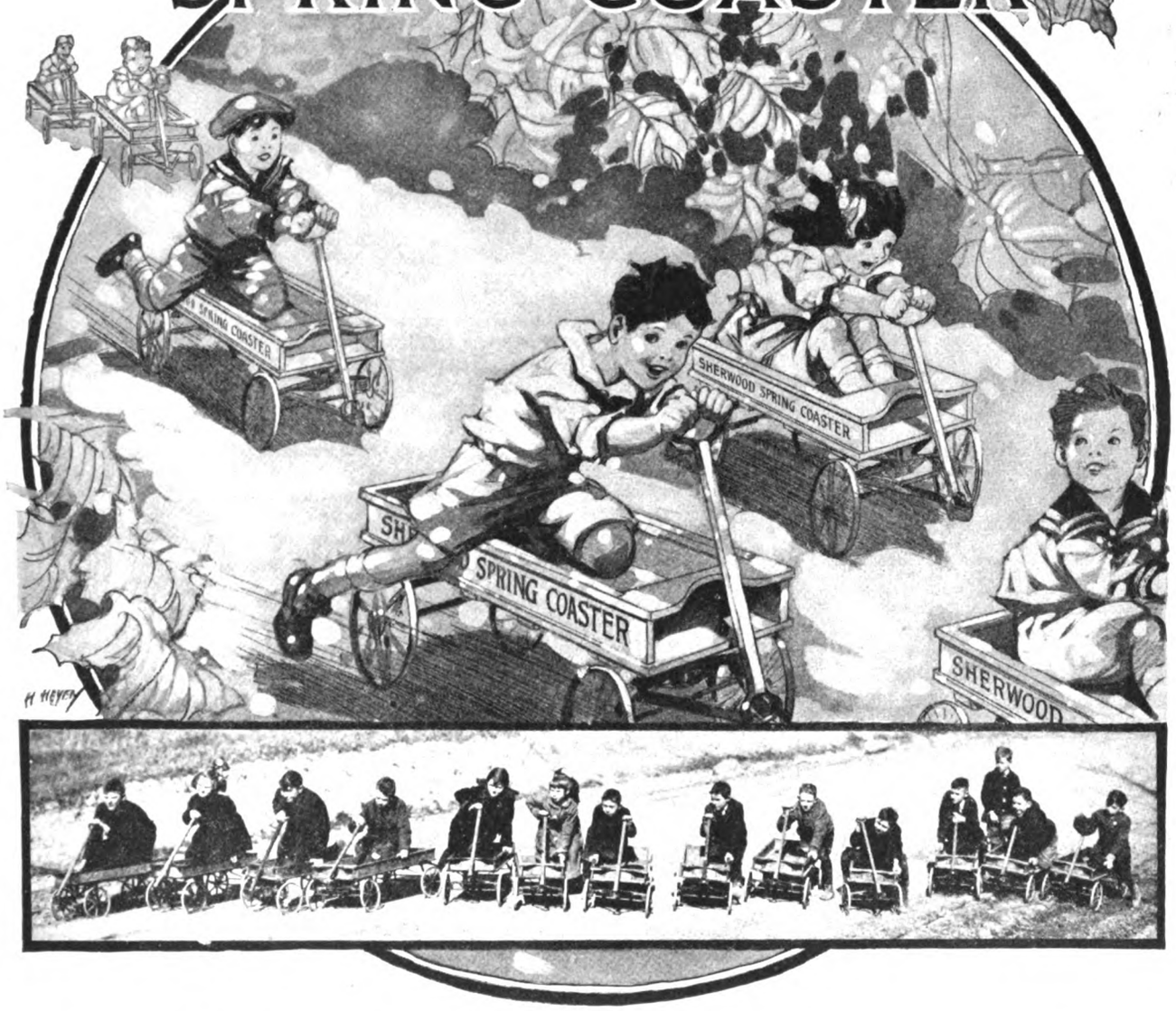
The mass are unskilled laborers and uneducated, although there are exceptions to each. There are men of education, women of refinement, men of high skill in their lines. In one almshouse there are two editors; one writer who once was well known; a poet who, since he entered the institution, won a high prize; an actor, a circus rider, and four skilled gardeners. There are a remarkable number of gardeners in these places, but extremely few butlers or house servants.

Of these classes, practically the only cause for being there was drink. An old editor who in his day was head of an influential and powerful daily paper walked out with me from one poorhouse and, before we parted, said:

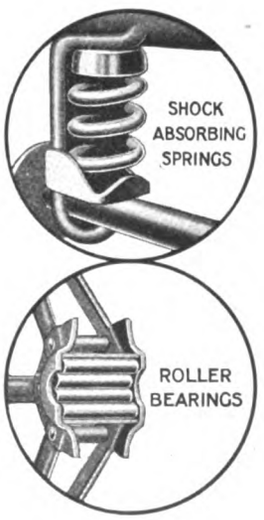
"Drink and vice are the reasons for poorhouses existing. Give the boys that message from me. The only thing wrong about prohibition is that the law should have made some provision so that we fellows who have reached the hopeless stage could be allowed to drink the rest of the booze, and finish it and ourselves at the same time."

"SELF-BOOSTERS I Have Known" is the name of a wonderful personal experience story to be found in next month's number. Maybe you will see yourself or recognize some of your acquaintances in this entertaining analysis of human nature.

SHERWOOD
SPRING COASTER



Great Outdoor Fun for the Children



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Have You an Inventor in Your Family?

(*Continued from page 71*)

keep a nut from loosening and dropping off its bolt To develop a rotary engine requires a certain rare knowledge and experience; but any nut, apparently, can devise a nut lock.

The word "nut," I realize, is no proper word to stain the pages of a great magazine. But no other word in our language can quite adequately describe some of the industrious gentlemen who keep the patent office from ever really catching up with its work. A whole book might easily be written detailing their marvelous creations. The story of the man who invented a patent nest that would slip the fresh-laid egg out of sight, has been often told. The inventor's idea was that the hen, turning to survey her product, and finding no product to survey, must conclude that she had been mistaken, and would straightway proceed to lay another egg.

THE Patent Office officials have no memory of any such invention; but they did grant a patent on a kind of cash register which, when attached to a hen, will record each egg as laid, and the total for the season. A perfectly practical device it was, too, designed to put the hens on a piece-work basis, and separate the loafers from those who were doing an honest year's work.

A tornado-proof house some genius devised—placed on a pivot, so that the wind might whirl it around and around without doing any real damage. An illuminated cat is the product of another fertile mind. What mouse would dare to venture forth at night with such a fearsome sentinel on guard? An Englishman is responsible for an impressive device to check a runaway horse, consisting of nothing less than a derrick attached to the horse's harness. Does the horse refuse to slacken speed in obedience to the bit? All the driver needs to do is to bring the derrick into play, and the poor creature, lifted entirely off the ground, can run himself to death for all the good it will do him.

The unwillingness of the human animal to get up in the morning has been responsible for a whole flock of clever devices, including one that will reach over and tickle him on the nose, another that will prick him on the wrist; and a third that will cause the whole bed to collapse if he persists in his slothfulness.

Patent No. 314,990 was issued for a long, jointed arm to be attached to the front of a locomotive. When the engineer sights a cow on the track he merely pulls a lever; the arm stretches out, with a whistle and a hose on the end—the whistle to give warning, and the hose to squirt water on the cow if she does not move rapidly enough. Patent 994,619 is for an artificial eyelash, the invention of a lady. No. 982,711 covers the process of making dog biscuit in the shape of bones to fool Fido if he insists on a meat diet. A vacuum cleaner operated by a rocking chair is covered by another patent. Sit down, madam, read and rock; and when you get up your house will be immaculate. A self-tipping hat is protected by patent No. 556,248—what a comfort on a zero day.

The instinct to get something for nothing is undying in human nature; and no one knows it better than the examiners in the patent office. In England between 1617 and 1903, no less than six hundred separate applications were received for patents on perpetual motion machines. The number of such applications in this country is not as large as it used to be, but they still show up often enough so that the office has a special form letter with which to send them back. Only once, so far as is known, did the examiners let themselves be fooled into granting a patent on such a machine. Patent No. 257,103 covers a motor which is too complicated to be explained in detail. Suffice it to say that it includes a hollow ball which is supposed to rise to the top of a tank of water when air is pumped in from a bellows, and fall to the bottom as the bellows sucks the air out again. So the process runs merrily along, the bellows working the ball and the ball working the bellows, and both together generating power guaranteed to run anything from an ice-cream freezer to a locomotive. For months at a time the perpetual motion idea will seem to be dead; then suddenly it will pop up again—an eternal testimony to the faith that somehow a way will yet be discovered to get on without work. That fewer such applications are received than formerly is due partly to the increase of popular education, and partly to the fact that Wall Street is so much more accessible than the Patent Office, and holds out a welcome so much more warm.

WHETHER mankind is really advancing, or is merely finding ways to make life pass more rapidly is, of course, a subject of constant debate. Someone has listed the thirty-five men of transcendent genius whom the world has produced, and points out that ten were brought forth by one small city about the size of Fall River, Massachusetts, or Paterson, New Jersey. That city, of course, was Athens.

In law we are just about where the Romans left us; in ethics we shall never surpass the teachings of Jesus; in art we have not reached higher than the ancients. On all these counts we have little to support the notion that the world is making progress. But when we turn to mechanical devices the story is very different. All of the great mechanical wonders are products of modern times, and America has no reason to be ashamed of her contribution. The planing machine; the cotton-gin, the sewing machine, locomotive, air brake, automatic coupler, sleeping car, steamboat, modern plow, harvester, elevator, typewriter, friction match, printing press, revolver, machine gun, telegraph, electric light and motor, the

Send for this book—and find the home you've longed for!

IF you want to own an artistic, comfortable home of your own, a home that will nestle down on your building site as if it "grew there," and be a source of delight and pride to you in its homey attractiveness and livable arrangement, then send for this book, the 1920 edition of "Lewis Homes of Character."

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If you want to know beforehand just how your house will look and what it will cost; if you want to be guaranteed that every detail of construction will be right; if you want to get the job done in two-thirds the usual time—then send for this book. It tells you how.

The most beautiful book of its kind ever published

It contains page after page of photographs and drawings of houses as attractive as the "Cambridge" shown above. From the California bungalow to the stately colonial, from the rambling, old-fashioned house with wide-flung wings to the compact cottage designed to look well on the narrowest of city lots, every type of architecture suited to home-building under American conditions is represented.

You'll find most all the quaint decorative touches and clever tricks of interior arrangement you've seen and admired in homes planned by famous designers.

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This book explains the Lewis System of building homes of distinction at moderate prices, perfected by the Lewis Mfg. Co., of Bay City, the company which is revolutionizing the home building industry. It tells how this company's command of vast tracts of lumber, huge sawmills and the service of many experts makes possible savings of hundreds of dollars on lumber and 40 to 50 per cent on labor to the individual home-builder. It shows how direct shipping, factory prices and quantity production reduce building costs, how substantial, attractive homes built of highest grade materials can cost less than cheap, ordinary affairs constructed in the usual way.

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telephone and the flying machine—all these belong to us. In 1833 a clerk in the patent office resigned, giving as his reason the belief that everything that possibly could be invented had already been registered under patents, and that the office must soon go out of business. In 1833—think of it! Almost everything named in the foregoing list has come into being since then; and the number of patents issued grows steadily larger year by year.

The human animal is incurably conservative—that's another little fact to which the patent office can testify; and he hates above everything else to be laughed at. Fulton, inventing the steamboat, finally wearied his friends to such an extent that they agreed to give him a little money; but they insisted that their names must be kept secret. They didn't want anyone to suspect that they believed in his fool idea.

"As I had occasion daily to pass to and from the shipyard while my boat was in progress," he wrote, "I have often loitered unknown near the idle groups of strangers . . . and heard various inquiries as to this new vehicle. The language was uniformly that of scorn, sneer or ridicule. The loud laugh often rose at my expense; the dry jest; the wise calculation of losses and expenditures; the dull but endless repetition of 'Fulton's Folly.' Never did a single remark, a bright hope, a warm wish cross my path."

When Robert Stevens first conceived the idea of building boats with pointed bows—all the boats previously having been mere boxes, flat at both ends—he went to Mr. Bell of Brown and Bell, the shipbuilders, asking him to build such a bow. Mr. Bell declined. "That bow will be called 'Bell's nose'," he said, "and I will be a general laughing stock."

So every man with a new idea has had to fight against the innate prejudice and the iron-bound habits that determine the greater part of our lives. Many of the great inventions have lain fallow for years in the Patent Office because the effort necessary to get them adopted was too great. Sometimes the inventor has had to wait for a whole generation of us old fogies to die off and a new generation, with open minds, to grow up. Advertising has of course done much to shorten these periods of prejudice; but even with advertising the process of getting us to change our habits is hard and costly. We are creatures of routine; atoms traveling certain fixed orbits; and we're awfully intolerant of a brand-new idea.

ANY reader of this who feels the inventive genius stirring in him and wants to calculate his probable chance of success may find it useful first of all to consult his age. If he's beyond forty the chances are that he will not attain distinction: the great inventions have almost all of them come from young, plastic minds. The reaper, the air brake and wireless telegraphy were all invented by men in their twenty-second year; the inventor of the sewing machine was twenty-six; and of the process of producing aluminum cheaply, twenty-three. The inventor of the cotton gin was twenty-seven; of the steam engine, and the steam turbine, twenty-nine. Edison produced the incandescent lamp at thirty-two; and the Wright brothers were thirty-eight and thirty-four respectively when their flying machine was proved successful.

Mr. William I. Wyman, chief clerk of the Patent Office, finds that the average age at which the twenty greatest inventions were produced was thirty-two. Some great discoveries, to be sure, are the products of old minds; but the great majority have been given to the world by men in their twenties and thirties. The whole question of when a man's productive powers reach their highest point of efficiency is tremendously interesting; and the answer varies, obviously, according to the field of endeavor. Musicians and artists show their talent very early; inventors come along a little later; authors seem to reach their peak in the late thirties and forties, in most cases; while finance, business, and statesmanship are presided over by men well along in years; and battles are often won by generals who are grandfathers.

Assuming that you are not ruled out on the age proposition, gentle reader, what shall you invent? The answer is: Something simple; something that may be cheaply made and sold to everybody. Fortunes have been made by the discoverers of great and complicated machines and processes; but the thing that pays dividends year in and out is usually something so obvious and so useful that almost anyone might have thought of it. The cake pan with the removable bottom; the rubber mat on which the cashier lays your change; the can opener; the shipping tag; the glass lemon squeezer; the collar button with the joint—all these have bought automobiles and sent children to college and the old folks over to Europe. Every user says to himself, "Why, I have often thought of getting up something like that myself"—that's the note to hit; it's the line of least resistance.

HAVING devised your wonderful little scheme, take it to some first-class patent attorney—not to one of the plausible gentleman who advertise "no patent: no fee." And if your attorney tells you that the idea is no good, or has been invented exactly 2,419 times before, the chances are you had better take his advice. Minds do have the habit of running in the same channels, you know; and they've been running along merrily now for a considerable number of years.

Women are a good deal less inventive than men. First, because they are not thrown into contact with machinery; and, second, because they are more conservative, more willing to worry along with the same old tools that their grandmothers used. Nevertheless, ten thousand patents or more have been issued to women, including some—like the first patent on an ice-cream freezer—that have proved very useful and profitable. Most of the patents the ladies apply for have to do with little elements in their daily lives—new sorts of hairpins, and beauty devices of various kinds. The really significant improvements in the equipment of the home, from the sewing machine to the vacuum cleaner, have been the invention of men; and sometimes it has taken a world of persuasion to get the ladies to adopt them.

One thing the Patent Office proves without a doubt—that it would pay any man to lift his nose from the grindstone, and his feet from the floor occasionally, and indulge himself in the luxury of a little quiet thought. There's always a better and a cheaper way to do things, if we are willing to take the pains to find it out. And often an inspired kind of laziness, accompanied by a bit of real thought, puts the world and the individual a lot farther ahead than years of routine plodding.

HUMPHREY POTTER, a boy, was employed to turn two stopcocks, one to let steam into the cylinders of an engine, and the other to admit water to condense it. He noticed that the movements of the stopcock handles took place in unison with certain positions of the beam of the engine. Why not connect the handles with the beam, and let the engine do the work? No sooner thought of than done: and so the first automatic steam-engine was born. John D. Rockefeller used to say to a promising recruit: "Now, the thing for you to do is to find someone to do your work as soon as possible. Then you put your feet on the desk and think up ways in which the Standard Oil Company can make some money." The Patent Office is a monument to men who never let themselves be so busy in the mere routine of doing things that they did not have some time to think.

The second impression one brings away from the office is a renewed and inspiring faith in the average goodness of mankind. How many workers have served in that musty old office since its beginnings I do not know; but a good many thousand, certainly. They have granted patents which have been worth hundreds of millions and even billions of dollars; all of our industries are founded to a greater or less degree on plans which they have passed upon. Yet only three times in all these years has there been any suspicion of dishonesty on the part of a Patent Office employee. They are miserably paid; their salaries were fixed by law in 1870, and have been advanced only ten per cent since then. It is not merely unjust, it is utter folly for the nation to hamper its industries by starving the Patent Office employees. Yet neither the small salaries nor the big temptations have corrupted them. Their record is like the record of the Supreme Court—a thing to stir our pride and refresh our faith.

We are very ingenious creatures, we Americans—that's one thing to learn at the Patent Office. And given a chance we'd much rather be honest than dishonest—which is a more important thing to learn about folks and not forget.

DAVID N. CARVALHO has testified in more than 1,600 cases which hinged on handwriting. As an expert of forty-four years' experience, Mr. Carvalho tells you next month what he has learned about handwriting, and explains the necessity for all of us to be careful about our signatures. The interview is by Arthur S. Chapman.

Signals that say, "all clear go ahead"

And how they safeguard figure accuracy

Your eyes "see" the "go ahead" signal

In the new Model H Comptometer the cleared condition of the register leaves no figure or cipher centered in the sight holes. Instead, every opening shows only the upper half of the cipher or zero—in half-shot position.

A quick glance at any one or more of the openings shows—"clear track—go ahead."

Your fingers "feel" the "go ahead" impulse

But as a second protection against overlapping calculations, the new Model H Comptometer is so constructed that the first keystroke after clearing is noticeably harder than normal, but not enough so to be objectionable. The instant the operator feels this slight resistance—his finger tips tell him—"clear track—go ahead."

Your ears "hear" the "go ahead" bell

Furthermore, in the new Model H Comptometer, the cleared condition of the machine is indicated by an audible signal at the first keystroke. (This signal is a small bell so designed as not to become a nuisance to others in the room.) The moment the operator touches the first key of a cleared machine—this signal says—"clear track—go ahead."

IT does not require expert operators to secure accurate results on the Comptometer.

As with any adding machine, it is of course necessary to depress the proper keys. When that is done on the Comptometer, no one—not even a novice—can get the wrong answer.

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By means of automatic safeguards the Comptometer has led the way in limiting the human element of error in machine operation.

First came the Duplex Comptometer, permitting the simultaneous depression of several keys at once, thereby removing the former danger of error when more than one key was struck at a time—one safeguard.

Then followed the raised answer register, lessening the chance of misreading the figures; and a lightened keystroke, limiting the chance of incomplete key depression—two more safeguards.

Next came the Master Safeguard, the Controlled-key—an exclusive feature of the Comptometer, that positively prevents the registering of an error from an incomplete keystroke either up or down; a feature indispensable to accuracy and enconomy in a machine of this type.

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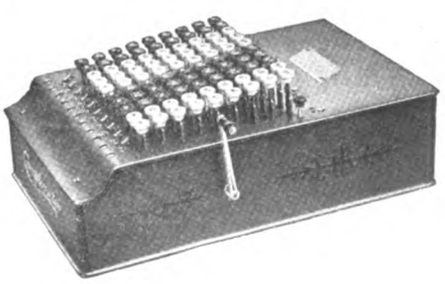


How to Use Your Mistakes

(*Continued from page 61*)

hands—stranded waifs, shipwrecked upon these sands of time, looking out at the pitiless, infinite sea.

For love is not made by excellencies and perfections, but by flaws. The best loved women have not been the doll-like beauties. The imperfections of her mate are to the woman's heart a passionate challenge. The mother loves the hunchback child, or the blind and frail, with an intensity the vigorous and self-sufficient son cannot awaken. The ivy clings to the cracks in the stone.

And what other meaning is there to the Parables of the Lost Sheep and the Prodigal Son, than that the heart of the Eternal, brooding over His creation, while it may rejoice in the finished perfection of His inanimate works, such as stars and roses, diamonds and Himalayas, goes out in peculiar warmth to His Humanity, His groping, failing, stumbling children?

HERE is the gist of the right thought on this matter:

1. While the goal of our existence is Perfection, its condition is Growth. God made us Improvable, not Perfect.
2. Making Mistakes is an incident of Growth.
3. Consequently, our hope of reaching Perfection is based on our ability to use Mistakes, and, instead of disheartening us, Mistakes ought to encourage us; they are a part of our equipment.

My grandmother used to say when we children would complain of certain bodily ailments, that they were only "growing pains." Also, she would extend this excuse to cover moral delinquencies. She would remark of my cousin, for instance, when we all thought he was mean, "Now I just know he's not well. You must make allowances for a boy that is growing so fast."

I have come to the belief that Grandmother's remedy, maturity, will cure a lot of things. This truth may be expanded to apply to things in general. A vast deal of what we call sin, both in the individual and in society, is merely "growing pains."

This world isn't done yet. Of course it doesn't taste good when it's half-baked. In many respects our century is like a lopsided, overgrown boy, who doesn't know how to fold up his legs, or where to hide his hands; or like the girl at that age when she is a little too long for short dresses and not old enough for long dresses.

If we will not be impatient, and will kindly wait a thousand years or so, our rickety civilization will look different.

When the scaffolding is all about the building, and the carpenters and plasterers are littering up the place, you can form no idea of how nice the house is going to look when it is finished.

Neither can you tell by biting into a green pear what it would taste like if it were ripe.

Pessimists are the people who stand around under the tree of life, and keep tasting the green fruit. No wonder they curse the tree.

You cannot get the hang of the universe until you conceive of it as Growth. Why all this long history of evolution? Why did Nature make those pterodactyls, ichthyosauri, dodos, and other extinct species, and then discard them, as if she had tried them out and found they would not do? And why those cave-dwellers, and ancient Egyptians, Ninevites, also all those Hivites, Jebusites and Canaanites mentioned in Jewish history, and Alexander and his hosts, and the Greek and Roman civilizations, long ago swept away, and the Spanish splendor of Philip's days, and the Aztecs and Incas, and all the rest of the multitudinous pageant of the dim past? What does it all mean, if not that the Creative Power that makes the world does not function in immediate perfections, but in unending experiment and improvement, that He "practiced" millions of years before making Man, and that in the case of mankind itself He is practicing, practicing, always improving; in other words, that He preferred to *grow* a universe to making it complete out of hand?

The universe began in chaos and ends with the stars. So do you.

But the core of my meaning is that out of lawlessness is formed law; out of the formless, form; out of inchoate heaps of ugliness, grace and beauty; out of sand and rock arises the house, and out of the dust of the ground emerges, after crawling for eons through reptile, fish, bird and brute—the Man.

Mistakes, or call them imperfections, do not make for decay but for development. The drift of things, as far as we can catch it, is not toward the rubbish heap, but toward organization. All things are not dissolving into their original elements; on the contrary, the original elements are forever combining and recombining to make more complex and organic things. There is not the least symptom of old age, or defeat, or slumping in the universe. It keeps eternally young. All its mistakes bring it onward—as walking in a succession of falls.

CAN you not learn from this your own guiding secret, that a mistake does not mean that you have lost, that failure to-day simply means—better preparation for to-morrow, that we rise "on stepping stones of our dead selves," and that despair is sheer ignorance and cowardice, for it's never "all over"?

"We are always beginning to live (*Nous recommençons toujours à vivre*)," wrote Montaigne.

Who does not feel this? To-day has never been quite satisfactory. We bungled things here, and overdid matters there, and, altogether, the whole day was but a trial sketch, an outline and attempt at life merely. To-morrow we shall do better.

And to-morrow in our faulty hands turns out another better to-day.

Life is not a long thing measured by years; it is a short thing only a day long.

Every day we try to make of it something worth while. Then at night we go back into death again to gain force for another effort.

So we keep doing it over and over, as the lensmaker polishes his glass with infinite rubs of his thumb.

A man is a fool to say it is "all over." No man is ruined so long as he has another day to try it again. Every day is a birthday, and every sunset is a day of judgment.

So the upshot of the whole matter is, not "How can I avoid making mistakes?" nor, "Why did I ever make them?" but "To what Use am I going to put them?" We can reckon our mistakes as unalterable facts in our past and as a fixed expediency in our future.

And just what are you going to do about it?

Mistakes can cripple you; and mistakes can teach you and strengthen you. You can use them so that you can get more good out of them than you can out of your successes.

The way to do this is to

Be Unafraid!

Go on! Believe in yourself. You are unconquerable.

THE battle is not lost so long as you have a leg to stand on and a gun to fire. There is no tragedy where there is not weakness. Even in destruction and death the real hero rises unconquerable.

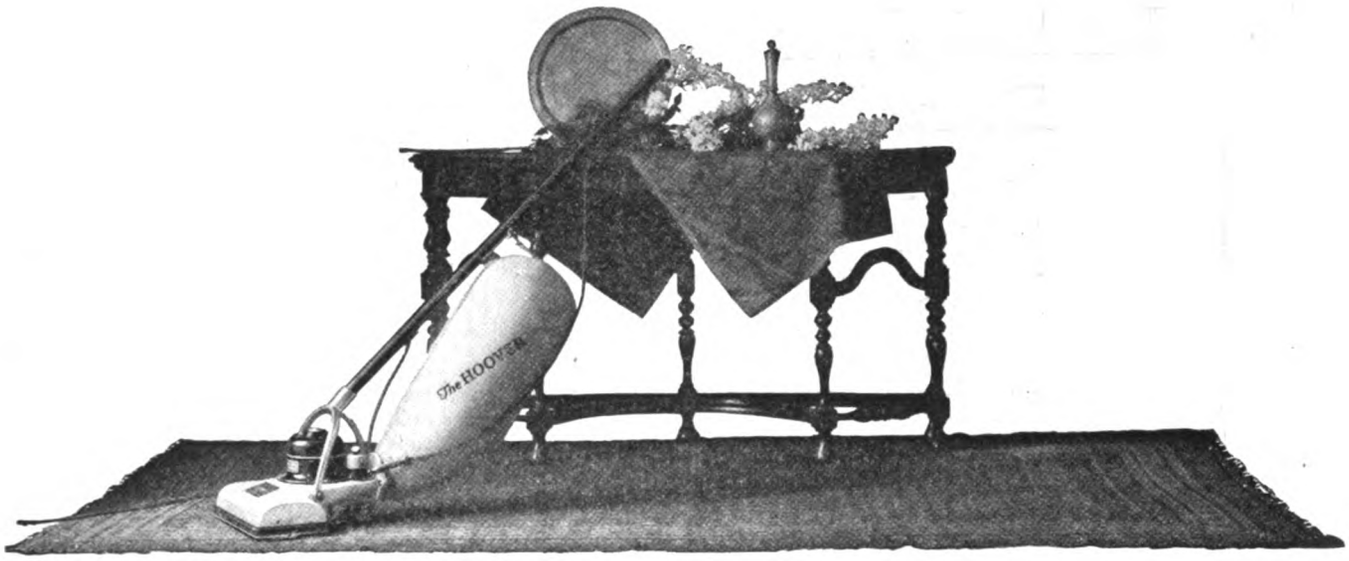
Men may take your money from you, deprive you of liberty, lock you up in prison, torture you; but they cannot defeat you, even as naked hands cannot smother the high flame. Fate itself, the plotting stars, the plan of destiny, cannot overcome you, if only you be of good courage. By and by the universe retires tired before the soul that will not fear. Whatever theologies say to the contrary, there is but one unpardonable sin in nature: it is to be afraid.

Courage is a primal virtue. It was the first flower of mastery to bloom in the human race. It is the universal virtue. There have been savage tribes who have known not so much as a name for some of the moral excellencies of our civilization; there has never existed a tribe who did not revere courage.

There are always reasons for giving up. Arguments for self-pity are thick as blackberries. The world is crowded with thorns and cruelties, causes for tears. Courage is the divine unreason against which, as against a rock, the waves of disaster beat in vain.

Say to yourself: "I am unconquerable. I shall arrive. In the center of creation sits not an enemy, but my Friend. 'I shall arrive—what time, what circuit first, I ask not. In some time, His good time, I shall arrive.' Let come what will, I shall never say I am beaten. I am not a negligible molecule, a mote in the sunbeam, a worm; I am a man, and, so help me God! I shall play the man."

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this — flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



Every rug is a constant collector of three kinds of dirt: embedded grit, clinging litter and surface dust. Three cleaning processes, therefore, are constantly necessary. Only The Hoover performs the three at once. It gently beats, to dislodge all the destructive embedded grit. It swiftly sweeps, to detach all the stubbornly adhering litter. It powerfully suction-cleans, to withdraw all loose surface dirt. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

The HOOVER

It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest makers of electric cleaners
North Canton, Ohio Hamilton, Canada

Banked Fires Draw No Interest

Eight o'clock at night about the busiest place you can find is an electric light and power plant. Boilers at full pressure, fires alive with energy, lights ablaze!

Eight o'clock in the morning it looks more like a country church on Thursday night. Every bit as animated.

A difference of only twelve hours—but it's all the difference between night load and day load.

Day load, when the big slump comes, is the great problem of the central station. With fires banked and generators silenced, the entire vast equipment is tied up in a production greatly reduced.

How to build up day load, so that the central station's resources may be utilized most efficiently, and the consumer himself benefit from the lower costs?

Not, obviously, by an increase in lighting. The solution lies in a greater daytime use of electric power.

Your morning cup of coffee made the electric way, your weekly ironing by electricity, your daily use of vacuum cleaner and portable utility motor are substantial aids in swelling day load.

Household appliances that are easy on the housewife and just as easy on the coal pile at the central station. For as the load rises the quantity of fuel needed in generating each additional unit of electricity becomes smaller. The plant operates with greater efficiency as it approaches capacity production.

So when the central station is campaigning for irons or grills or washing-machines we can be confident that its interest is not in making a few dollars from the sale.

Rather to reduce the disparity between day and night loads, to lower costs and to devote the savings to a service progressively more extensive.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry

Western Electric Company

No. 5. *Dotted all over the land in order to be near you are 43 Western Electric distributing houses, each bound by sentiment and business to its particular neighborhood. The branch in your own city stands ready to bring you personally at your call all the advantages of a localized national service.*

The Family's Money

Getting a Home After Forty

WE HAD reached forty with nothing but good health, a salary of one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, and our furniture, to show for years of diligence and long hours at "the plant."

We paid from twelve and a half to eighteen dollars a month rent, with but little space for a garden or chickens. Consequently we lived out of the grocery stores.

Those rent receipts fell out of the box on a closet shelf one moving day, and there were so many slips that I sat down and counted and added them up. The result was appalling! Nearly seven hundred dollars in three years, and nothing but slips of paper to show for it.

I picked up the daily paper and found advertisements of two houses for sale near my husband's place of work. Taking a street car, I went to see them. The price of one of them, in which I decided we could live, was eight hundred dollars. I went to the real-estate dealer and, after a frank talk with him, he agreed to let us have it for one hundred dollars down, the remainder at twelve dollars a month until paid for.

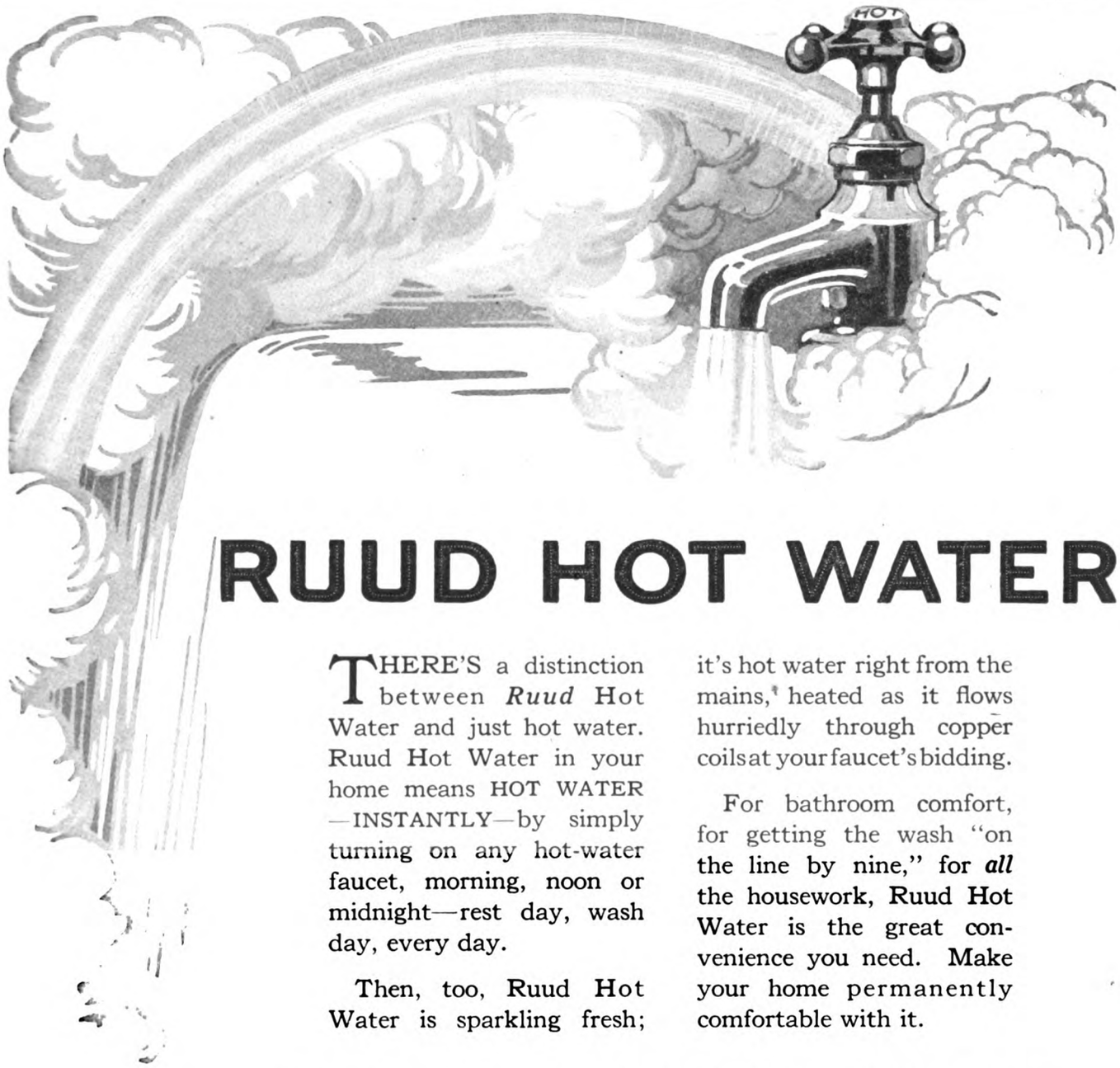
We looked at the property. It had two lots, one vacant, fifty by one hundred and forty, a four-room house, city water in the yard, seven fine maple and elm trees, a peach, a plum, and a cherry tree, no walks on the premises except across the front. But it was close enough to "the plant" for my husband to come home to dinner—a much better dinner and a less expensive one than I could pack in a lunch pail. There were neighbors on only one side; it was on the trolley line, and it had a wonderful view from the kitchen windows.

After a great deal of talk on my part, and after showing my little savings account of more than the one hundred dollars necessary for the first payment, my husband was persuaded to purchase the place.

We moved in, bought good fruit trees and set them out on the vacant lot and grew a good garden, from which we sold nearly fifty dollars' worth of products, besides canning more than we needed for our winter use and supplying our summer table with fresh, crisp, vegetables. And we had room to raise fifty chickens, thus providing our own tender, clean "fries," and had fifteen pullets for layers.

WHEN we had lived there seventeen months we had paid for the place; we then sold it for one thousand dollars. This we took and, having added to it one hundred and fifty dollars' worth of Liberty bonds, we bought an acre of ground outside of the city limits, took stock in a building and loan association, and built a four-room bungalow, with a pantry, closets, and some other conveniences, paying fifty dollars a month on it.

On our acre of ground we have a good



RUUD HOT WATER

THERE'S a distinction between *Ruud* Hot Water and just hot water. Ruud Hot Water in your home means HOT WATER —INSTANTLY—by simply turning on any hot-water faucet, morning, noon or midnight—rest day, wash day, every day.

Then, too, Ruud Hot Water is sparkling fresh; it's hot water right from the mains, heated as it flows hurriedly through copper coils at your faucet's bidding.

For bathroom comfort, for getting the wash "on the line by nine," for ***all*** the housework, Ruud Hot Water is the great convenience you need. Make your home permanently comfortable with it.

RUUD AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

"Hot Water All Over the House"

The Ruud goes in your basement or kitchen. It eliminates a hot-water tank and stops ALL waiting and fussing when you want HOT WATER. Ask your gas company, or plumber, or gas appliance store about a Ruud. There's a size for every home, large or small.

Write for our book on Ruud Hot Water—it's Free

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. F Pittsburgh, Pa.

Makers of Standardized Gas Water Heaters

Ruud Manufacturing Co. of Canada: 371 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

The Extravagance of Cheapness As Applied to Home Building

THE important thing about any purchase is not what you pay, but what you get for the purchase price. The "cheap" purchase is often the most extravagant.

If you are thinking of building, the chapter, "The Extravagance of Cheapness," in *"The Story of Brick,"* will interest you. It presents, simply and briefly the relation of first-cost to final economy in home-building investment.

People generally concede that Face Brick is the most desirable building material from the standpoint of permanence, comfort, safety from fire, and beauty; but many still believe it is "too expensive." As a fact, the many savings in the Face Brick house, such as depreciation, maintenance, repairs, etc., soon cancel the slight difference in first-cost over less durable, less beautiful materials.

"The Story of Brick" is an attractive booklet, full of pictures and information that will interest every prospective home builder. You will probably be surprised to learn how little more a Face Brick house really costs.

Send for your copy today

AMERICAN FACE BRICK ASSOCIATION
1136 Westminster Building, Chicago

A·F·B·A
USE FACE BRICK
—*it Pays*

Jersey cow. We sell from ten to eighteen dollars' worth of milk a month, besides making our butter and cheese and having all the milk we want to use. We raise two pigs, selling one and keeping the other for our winter pork.

I raise about one hundred and fifty Plymouth Rock chickens a year. They furnish "fries" and eggs. With eggs at thirty-five to ninety cents a dozen they and the cow pay their own feed bill, so that all the chickens and eggs they furnish our own table costs us nothing.

We raise all our vegetables, except potatoes, on one third of the place. I can fresh vegetables for winter use, and our table expenses do not average ten dollars a month, while we live better than we did on a city lot. And next year our fruit trees and our asparagus will begin bearing.

Best of all, we have the feeling that we will soon have a real home of our own. My husband has had two raises in salary since we bought this place, but we have not raised our expenses any.

The only things in which we have not practiced the strictest economy are good literature and the church.

Within two years we have paid over twelve hundred dollars on our home, besides the improvements we have made: poultry house and yards, seventy-five dollars; cow barn and garage, one hundred dollars; fencing not included in poultry yards, thirty dollars; cow, one hundred and twenty-five dollars; two pigs, ten dollars; and paid for two hundred dollars' worth of Liberty bonds. MRS. W. W. E.

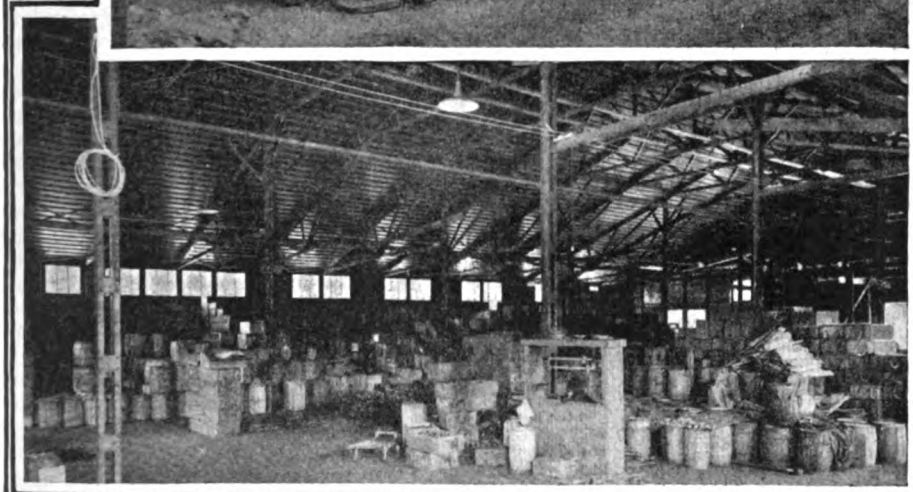
How We Started a Bank Account, Yet Never Saved a Dollar

ALWAYS in the back of my mind was the idea that some day I would save money; and when I married Jack I was more determined than ever to lay something by for the proverbial rainy day. I reckoned, however, without my host. Jack, although he made a fair salary, had never been accustomed to the saving habit. He dressed as well as he could and had a good, quiet time.

We started housekeeping in three rooms with great anticipations, but also with a handicap of debts.

I shall never forget the day that Jack came home and handed me my first allowance. It was his entire pay, minus five dollars, which he had kept as his own pocket money. We had been married just a month. My first thought was, "Now I can start a savings account!" And I took a beautiful, clean five-dollar bill and christened it my "corner-stone."

After dinner we began to plan about the handling of the money. I put down the expenses of the month, which had been charged at various stores, and was shocked to discover that our liabilities were more than our assets. Jack also informed me that ten dollars, borrowed from a friend some time before, had to be paid right away, with interest. I juggled and juggled with figures for a long time. But it was no good. The money wouldn't



Exterior: Allyne Foundry Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Interior: Maryland Bolt & Forge Co., Mt. Washington, Md.

How to Secure Your New Building Quickly

For years, leading industries have depended upon Truscon Standard Buildings to fulfill their needs *when new buildings were required quickly.* This year, with the abnormal amount of building planned and with the acute shortage of material and labor, the advantages of Truscon Standard Buildings are more marked than ever.

If you require new buildings quickly, consult us at once regarding your exact needs. Just now we can assure reasonably prompt deliveries of Truscon Standard Buildings. With the rush of spring and summer building, much slower deliveries will be necessary. Therefore act immediately to save time and money.

The large shop-made, standard units are erected in record time by few workmen. The building is completed and ready for use months sooner than by other methods of construction.

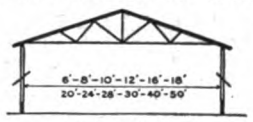
Truscon Standard Buildings are constructed entirely of steel—walls, roofs, doors and windows. The units are interchangeable and buildings are easily re-arranged or taken down and re-erected in new location without loss. Truscon Standard Buildings are fireproof and weathertight, and cost less than other permanent constructions.

Used extensively for factories, warehouses, machine shops, paint shops, toolrooms, multiple garages, hospitals and dining rooms. Write now for estimates and book on Truscon Standard Buildings, using coupon if convenient.

TRUSCON STANDARD BUILDINGS

Any Length of Building varying by 2 ft.
Heights, curb to eave, 7'-10" or 11'-6"

CONTINUOUS LANTERN 12'-0" WIDE CAN BE PROVIDED AT RIDGE



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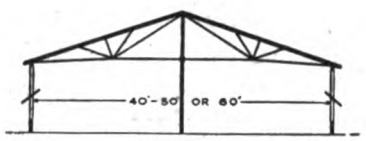
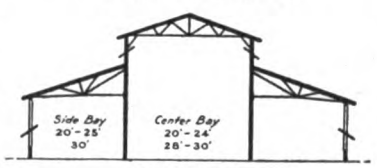


TYPE 2

TYPE 3
Widths – 50'-52'-56'-58'-60'-64'
68'-70'-74'-76'-80'-84'-90'



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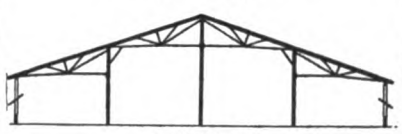
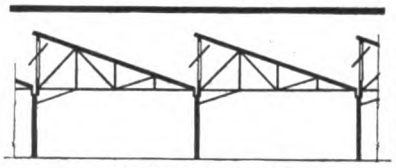


TYPE 4
Widths – 80' (4 Bays @ 20')
100' (4 Bays @ 25')



SAWTOOTH TYPE
Widths – Subtract 1'-0" from Multiples of 26'-0"
Lengths – Add or Subtract 2'-0" from Multiples of 16'-0"

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TRUSCON STEEL CO., Youngstown, O.
Warehouses and Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Reinforcing Steel
Steel Windows
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Steel Buildings
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Truscon Steel Co., Youngstown, Ohio

Send catalog and information on type.....
Truscon Standard Building.....ft. long.....ft.
wide.....ft. high, to be used for.....
Name.....
Address.....A. M.

Aladdin

SAVE $300 to $1000

Readi-Cut Homes Cut Building Costs

Avoid Lumber Shortage

Lumber shortage—a virtual famine of lumber—exists in many parts of the country. Reports indicate it is impossible even now to get material for certain needs. Stocks were never as low as they are now. The demand was never as great as it is now. THIS MEANS STILL HIGHER LUMBER PRICES. It means that prices will go upward rapidly—that it will possibly take $150 in six months or a year to buy $100 worth of lumber at present prices.

Complete Material for Immediate Shipment

Aladdin taps the four greatest forests of the United States. Each one has sufficient standing timber to take care of the needs of the country for many years. The probable lumber famine predicted in all parts of the country will not affect the Aladdin Co.

Every Aladdin house ordered in 1920 will be shipped quickly and *completely*. Sufficient lath and plaster for lining the interior of the home. Nails in necessary sizes and quantities. Beautiful grain, perfect quality interior trim. Doors of high quality material and excellent workmanship. Every item of the complete home will be promptly shipped to every Aladdin purchaser in 1920, regardless of shortages of lumber and other building materials in the general markets!

National Homebuilding Service

Shipments of Aladdin Readi-Cut Homes are made from the four greatest timber-producing sections in the United States. From the Atlantic to the Pacific—from Canada to the Gulf—Aladdin can serve you wherever you live. Aladdin houses are manufactured and shipped direct from the Aladdin Company's own mills in Michigan, Mississippi, North Carolina, and Oregon. Aladdin houses come to you in a straight line from the nearest timber region. Complete Sales and Business Offices are maintained in connection with each mill. Fully 24 hours' time is saved in your mail reaching our offices.

Dollar-a-Knot Quality

Aladdin's Dollar-a-Knot Guaranty proof of High Quality. Knotless lumber, the purest and clearest that ever came out of the forest, is the kind that Aladdin houses are made of. This is evidenced by our famous Dollar-a-Knot guaranty which has now been in effect for over four years. Better quality lumber does not grow. The highest grade paints, hardware, doors, windows, millwork, etc., are all included in every Aladdin house.

20 Feet of Lumber from a 16 Foot Board

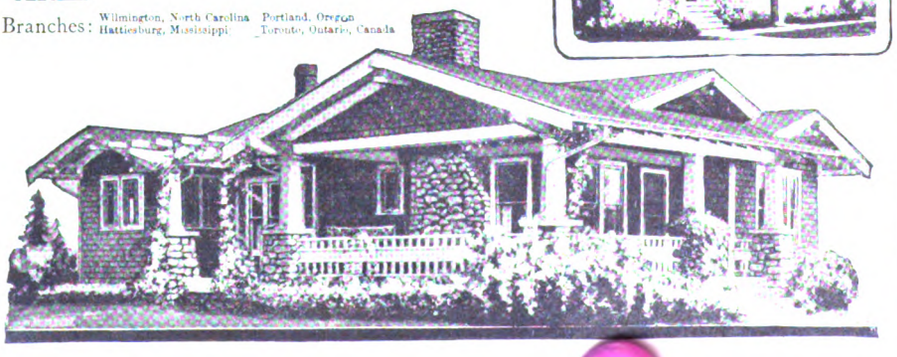
The Aladdin System of Homebuilding has been practicing for 14 years the principle the world has only learned during the war—the elimination of waste of lumber and labor. The Aladdin Book explains this system thoroughly, shows how 20 feet of lumber is cut from a 16 foot board. The great Aladdin Organization, composed of experts in every branch of homebuilding, stands ready to help you build your home at a saving. Put this group of experts to work on your problem.

Send for 100 Page Book "Aladdin Homes"

The Aladdin Book of Homes has a message for you. Amongst its pages, profusely illustrated in colors, leading home designs are represented to you. Aladdin houses are cut-to-fit as follows: Lumber, millwork, flooring, outside and inside finish, doors, windows, shingles, lath and plaster, hardware, locks, nails, paints, varnishes. The material is shipped to you in a sealed box-car, complete, ready to erect. Safe arrival of the complete material in perfect condition is guaranteed. Send today for a copy of the book, "Aladdin Homes" No 266.

The Aladdin Company
BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Branches: Wilmington, North Carolina; Hattiesburg, Mississippi; Portland, Oregon; Toronto, Ontario, Canada



stretch to meet the bills. So I made a partial payment on every bill that I could, and paid in full only the bills that demanded it. Needless to say, my hope of having a bank account fled.

The next few years brought children and added expenses, and although Jack's salary grew larger, I still couldn't make both ends meet. Every time I laid a dollar away, out it had to come again and do a dollar's duty. It could help so much. It was a *dollar*.

When the proverbial rainy day descended upon us Jack met it by borrowing. He had no difficulty in doing this, because he paid back, with interest, very promptly. He was absolutely honest; honest with everybody except himself.

THIS method of living went on for *twenty years*. We had started in debt, and it seemed as if we would always be in debt. Then one day an idea struck me: Why wait any longer to save dollars! I would save pennies! I started a bookkeeping system, kept an itemized account of everything, stopped sending the children to the stores (which meant a few pennies' reward) and went myself. Everywhere I could I saved a penny. On New Year's Eve, 1917, I got the family around the table (I had two children working at that time), and suggested that every evening I be privileged to "loot" all the pockets and purses belonging to the family, and help myself to the pennies I found and one nickel from each. It proved to be a great game. Some nights my plunder yielded only a few pennies, other nights I would get quite a big haul. I had an old relic in the family, a twenty-pound coffee can. This I sealed, made a slot in the top, and each night my "findings," together with those from my own purse, were "canned." It was great fun, and the family thoroughly enjoyed hefting the can, to feel how heavy it was getting, and conjecturing how much it contained. During that year of saving the pennies and nickels the family unconsciously economized on their expenses. Our bills grew less instead of more and borrowing became unnecessary.

On the first of January, 1918, the great ceremony of opening the can was performed. What excitement prevailed as the coin was dumped on the table! When it was all counted there proved to be $32.55 in nickels and $68.17 in pennies—a total of $100.72. This amount represented our first savings in twenty years! It had entailed no sacrifice, and it had taught the family that great lesson of thrift. You cannot imagine the happiness with which we deposited this amount in the bank.

The family voted to do the same thing over again that year; so the can was sealed once more, and I resumed my nightly sport of looting the family purses. The result was that when we opened the can on January 1st, 1919, it contained $57.75 in nickels, and a few stray dimes, and $114.25 in pennies—a total of $172. This was at once added to the amount already in the bank.

Jack's step is lighter, I am happier than I've ever been, and we, as a family, have learned the lesson, "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves."

MRS. C. P.

The American Magazine

May, 1920

JOHN M. SIDDALL, *Editor*

Vol. LXXXIX

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Housecleaning Day in the Nursery

IT seems natural to the children to wash their toys with Ivory Soap, for it is Ivory that keeps the youngsters themselves and their own dainty garments sweet and clean.

The mildness and purity that make Ivory Soap so safe for the skin also make it ideal for cleansing the most delicate textures and articles which ordinarily one would not think of washing.

Use Ivory wherever and whenever soap is needed. For the skin—and you never will feel the slightest irritation. For dishwashing—and your hands will stay soft and white. For all kinds of laundering—and your clothes will look cleaner and last longer. For particular cleaning—and you can keep your finest furnishings looking like new.

Ivory Soap Flakes Sample Package Free

Ivory Soap Flakes—snowlike flakes of genuine Ivory Soap that foam, in warm water, into "Safe Suds in a Second." You'll like Ivory Soap Flakes for laundering silks and all fine fabrics, for the shampoo, and for particular cleaning. Write now, for the free package of Ivory Soap Flakes and folder of washing hints to Dept. 18-E, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, O.

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
May, 1920

Beginning the new serial—

Wanted: A Fool

A mystery story

By Philip Curtiss

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN PRICE

THE act was insane or inspired, just as you choose to look at it. It might have been both, for many a stroke of genius is called a madness until it succeeds; but Robert O'Mara was hardly calm enough to be thinking that far ahead. To him it appeared a last, hopeless fling, for O'Mara was desperate. He gathered his pen and paper and then, with a pause which pen and paper give even to reckless minds, he picked up the "Herald" and read the advertisement again:

WANTED: A FOOL, a man who is mad enough to desire a quiet, clean, comfortable home with chance to save money rather than high wages with dirt, noise, and uncertain employment. The place has nothing to recommend it except good treatment and a healthful living. There are no moving pictures and no jazz dances within twenty miles. A man without sufficient brains to amuse himself would not stay overnight. No sulkers or men with touchy feelings need apply. Men who say they can "get a job from So-and-so any time they want it" had better take it. It is better than this one. The work consists of anything which employer feels like asking at any minute of the day or night. Address Fool, Box 386, Herald.

Thus Robert O'Mara sat down and wrote to Box 386, Herald, although his first two attempts were waste-basket failures. He could not decide what tone to adopt. His first letter started off confidently on what was left of a box of linen-lawn paper. Letter-writing itself had always been one of the strongest of O'Mara's talents. His first three sentences, he was sure, would show at a glance that here was an educated, high-class man, far out of the ordinary. Then suddenly he stopped. An educated, high-class man was just the kind of which that advertiser would be suspicious. Why on earth would an educated, high-class man be applying for such a job, unless there were something wrong with him?

Flying at once to the other extreme, O'Mara took up a pad of cheap, violet-ruled paper which had been in his room when he had taken it, three weeks before. For a moment or two he practiced on an assumed hand filled with those scrolls and flourishes dear to the heart of the semi-illiterate and then he began:

DER SIR OR MADAM,
Der Sir,
I red in Herald you want a man—

Again he stopped. It would pass well enough for the work of a rough, illiterate person. It was a good imitation all right, but that was the trouble. It was too good an imitation. O'Mara knew that nine tenths of the answers—and even to that weird advertisement he did not doubt that there would be hundreds of answers—would be exact duplicates of that which he had just written. His own would be lost in the mob.

LEANING back he read the advertisement again, and this time he smiled. He seemed to visualize the man who had written it, and the more completely he saw the man the more certain he felt in the inspiration which had first tempted him to answer. The man who wrote that advertisement might object to every quality except one—a sense of humor. With no further attempt at disguise of any sort, he took another sheet of his better paper and, without a pause, dashed off the following:

FOOL, BOX 386, HERALD.
DEAR SIR: I hereby apply for the position you offer in to-day's "Herald," for the sole and simple reason that it is, apparently, the only job on earth which is open to me.

I do prefer a quiet, respectable home, but if the job offered were dirty and noisy I would apply just the same. I have no objections to high wages, but in my present state of mind would take any I could get.

I have no useful trade or profession whatsoever. I am awkward and unskillful at everything which you would be likely to require. I am exceedingly proud and have a temper like a match, but, if I have to, can keep it under control. At various times in the past I have had almost every bad habit but have none at present. I am too poor even to be wicked. I have been in the army but did not win the war single-handed. I have never been interviewed by Pershing, Foch, or King George.

You see I have nothing more to recommend me than the position itself. We should fit each other.

Yours respectfully,
ROBERT O'MARA

P. S. If, after all, the job is nothing but a chance to canvass an "article desired by every housewife," or requires a "modest investment" for an "outfit," please don't even trouble to reply. If I had the price of any kind of an outfit I should never have applied for this job.

"That, I think," said Robert O'Mara as he sealed the envelope, "will bring results."

IT DID. The following morning brought to the dingy front hall of his lodgings on West Thirty-fourth Street the first letter of any kind that he had received in his three weeks' residence and, with that instinct which is so frequently accurate that, in the end, it makes us all more or less superstitious, O'Mara knew at sight of the envelope that the job was already his.

The envelope was crisp and huge. It bore his name and address in a handwriting bad enough to be that of a man or woman of some importance. On the reverse it bore the crest of a great and still very fashionable hotel. Excitedly, half expecting a new volley in the little battle of wit which had already begun, O'Mara opened the letter, but it said only this:

ROBERT O'MARA,
West Thirty-fourth Street.
If you still desire to apply for the position advertised in the "Herald," kindly call at Room 418, this hotel, at 11:15 to-morrow (Tuesday) morning.

The letter was unsigned.

O'Mara looked at his watch and went back up the carpetless stairs to his room. Before his own mirror he stood and surveyed himself, and was rather puzzled by what he saw, for, during the past three weeks, a not unnatural mental attitude had settled itself upon him.

For those three weeks, Robert O'Mara had been down and out, broke, on his uppers. There is little charity in describing in detail what he had gone through. To those who have not gone through it themselves, no words, no picture, could

Lying flat on the floor O'Mara worked inch by inch out on the balcony until he could see

ever bring home the black, stomach-sickening defeat of each fruitless day. Those who *have* gone through it will thank no one for bringing back the memory of it again.

If Robert O'Mara was now committing a madman's act, the past three weeks would have been ample excuse for it. The heartless cheeriness of the hurrying crowds, with the well-dressed young men coming, laughing, out of clubs and office buildings, reminding him of what he might have been; the consumptive beggar selling flowers at a street corner, or the man with a watery eye and a rip in his trousers, looking over his shoulder and hurrying up an alley, reminding him of what he felt that he was rapidly becoming; the ridiculous newspaper columns of "labor scarcity" in the abstract, and the cold, unrefutable fact of labor superabundance in the concrete; the chilling eye of his landlady as if, rotogenically, she could measure every last coin in his pockets as he came in, unexplained, in the middle of the afternoon; the days of waiting, expectant, for the letter that never came; the dull hours of pacing, dusty-footed and languid, the hot, late-summer streets, and then the duller hours of lying, half in weariness, half in terror, stretched on his bed in his close, rented room with the dingy lace curtains sucking in and out of the open window, carts rattling mercilessly on the pavement outside and a hurdy-gurdy breaking in cruelly with a whanging dance-step—hours and days and weeks such as those are what make a man, like a modern Faust, quite ready to bargain with any devil. Hours and days and weeks such as those were what Robert O'Mara was now quite willing to take any insane chance of escaping.

YET, now, as he looked at himself in his mirror, coolly, perhaps, for the first time in three weeks, O'Mara received a shock of a curious kind. It shocked him to see, not how shabby he had grown but how amazingly prosperous he still looked. Day after day, in his fruitless waiting for work, he had felt such disgust for himself in his mind that he could not believe that he had not become an object of disgust to the eye. Day after day the hangdog spirit had preyed on his heart until he was fully convinced that he wore the hangdog look. Perversely, in his self-hate, he somehow had it fixed in his mind that his clothes had all grown frowzy and old in three weeks.

Now he looked at himself and, under the bracing influence of his first ray of hope, he saw not a tramp, not a seedy searcher for jobs, but a clean-cut, well-dressed, shrewd-looking man of thirty or so. A prosperous broker's clerk, a broker himself for that matter; he suddenly saw, to his own surprise, that he could have passed for either of those. How much, he wondered, of all the hell of those past three weeks had been due to nothing more than his own mental cowardice? He put his hand in his pocket. He did not need to take it out again to know what it contained—three dollars and sixty cents and a few odd coppers. It was not very reassuring; but from that huge, crisp envelope, with its intimate, irregular handwriting, there had emanated a strength of respectability and prosperity which had brought him to his senses. He didn't care whether he was going to be the valet of an eccentric old invalid or timekeeper to a gang of lumbermen. He was prepared to be happy in anything which would give him relief from this awful daily uncertainty, anything which would allow him to wake up in the morning without a terror of the coming day.

For all his lingering and all his preparations, it was still barely ten o'clock when he reached the Berne-Stafford Hotel, but his heart quickened a little. Ridiculously, as he knew himself, he half

below. For a moment he saw nobody, but an instant later he was staring in unbelief

expected to see some signs of his adventure even from the outside. A line of men waiting before the door would not, of course, have been thought of, but he would not have been in the least surprised to note signs of extra activity inside the revolving doors, to have seen mysterious motors drawing up and rushing away again.

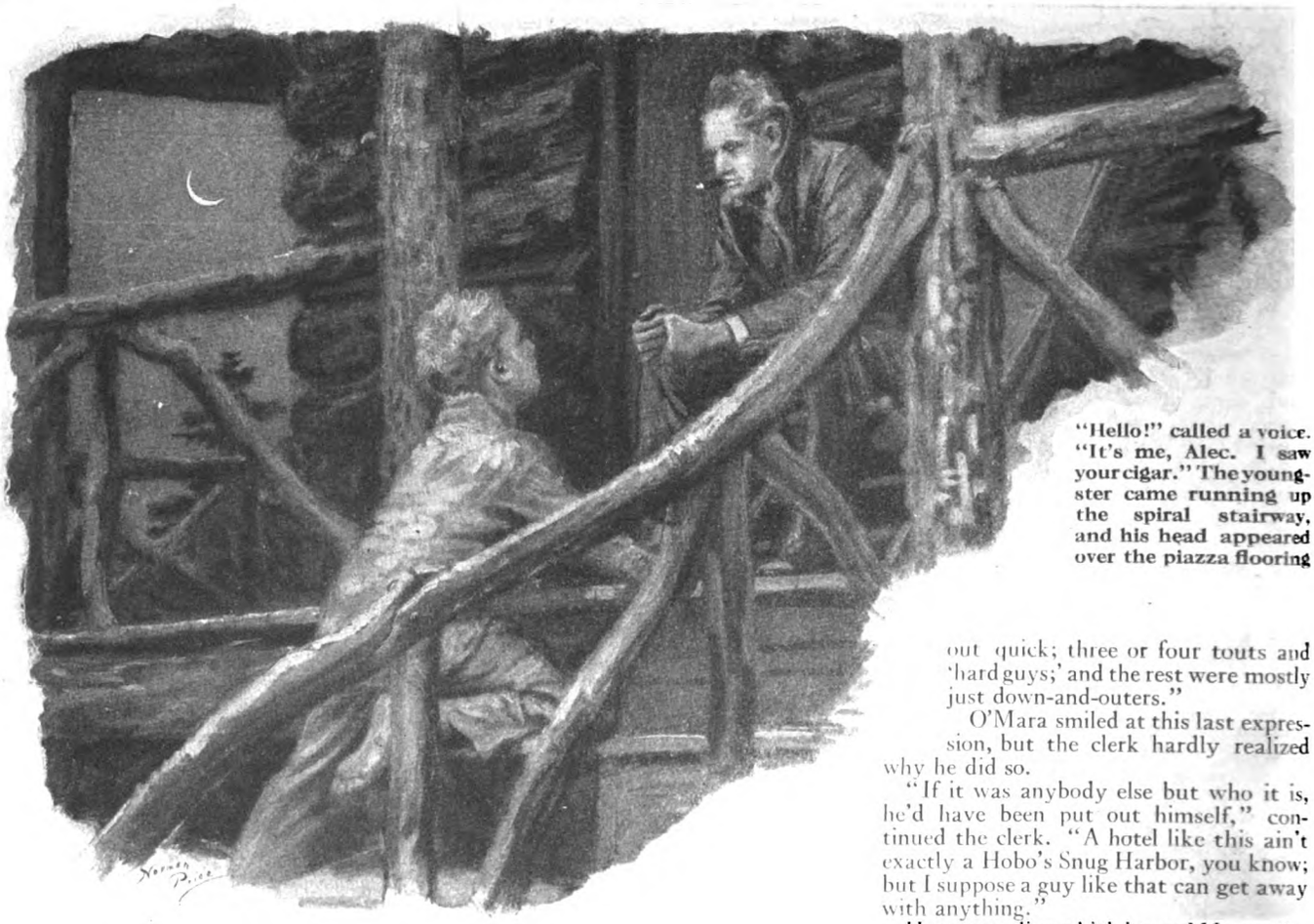
Of course he saw nothing. The great war upset the usual currents of New York life, but no lesser thing has ever done it. O'Mara paused in front of the doors of the stolid, pompous, luxurious place, and looked at it thoughtfully. The carriage starter, in his gorgeous livery, saw him and started forward expectantly. O'Mara shook his head, but the incident made him smile grimly. Even to that expert judge of tip-giving opulence he apparently still appeared a substantial citizen. What, he wondered, would the starter have thought if he had known that the man for whom he had offered to call a cab was about to accept a dish-washer's job if it were offered to him?

It was just another proof that half his despair had been of his own making; but still O'Mara found it hard to fight off that self-conscious, hangdog feeling. A porter came to the revolving doors and clamped them open, as fitting the hot September weather. Why not go in and wait in a comfortable chair? But O'Mara was not of the stuff of the lobby grafter. In years gone by he had walked into that place as if it had been his own club. Many a dollar of his had been waved lightly over its bar, many a quarter of his had been tossed into the common funds of the bootblacks down in its washroom. For many months, however, O'Mara had passed that place as if it had ceased to exist. Even now he could not bring himself to enter its doors until the hour of his legitimate business there.

HE TURNED and walked up Fifth Avenue, treading a pavement on which, without any doubt, more heartbreaking time has been deliberately killed than on any other street in the world. Highway of big business, parade ground of expensive pleasures, how many men and women have paced up and down that avenue, counting anxiously the slow-passing minutes on the clocks in the jewelers' windows until they can fill the appointment where the nod or the shake of a head, the yes or the no, will change, as they all think, the course of their lives!

Eight years before—it seemed twenty now—O'Mara himself had paced those same miles of concrete, waiting what seemed to him then the important moment of all eternity. He remembered still the beat of his heart, the ice of his hands as the hour had drawn nearer when he could seek the office, high up in one of those lofty buildings in the West Forties, from which he had been specially called to New York. That day, the head had nodded, the answer had been yes, and, after that interview, he had gone out to walk up the Avenue again until train time—a conqueror. And what did it amount to now? The man who had nodded his head had been dead for five years, the "Yes" had proved to be but a hollow promise. Here he was, walking the Avenue again, awaiting with just the same anxiety the last preposterous chance which stood between him and starvation, or, what was worse, furtive charity.

With an hour to kill, O'Mara walked far above Forty-second Street, looked at a clock on a pillar and then walked on again. He went clear to the Park, and still had time to spare. During all his feverish walk he tried to picture to himself what he should find when the moment of his absurd appointment should come. Optimism colored his picture one moment and cynicism the next. What he really hoped for was to be met by some eccentric, whimsical, wealthy old man, some



"Hello!" called a voice. "It's me, Alec. I saw your cigar." The youngster came running up the spiral stairway, and his head appeared over the piazza flooring

cranky recluse who actually, in exasperation, had been obliged to advertise at random to find a man to work for him in his far retreat. What he feared most to find was a hoax.

At eleven-fifteen to the dot he walked into the Berne-Stafford. For a moment he looked around him suspiciously, again half-expecting to see some sign which would explode his extravagant bubble. Again the currents of New York life were flowing just as they always had. A porter with a soft brush was sweeping up fugitive dust as fast as it fell. At the door of the breakfast room a captain of waiters was standing impassively—there was always someone with money to buy. Around the news-stand was a little flutter of out-of-town visitors seeking theatre tickets. In the big plush chairs along the wall three over-dressed women looked up as he entered, two of them shyly, one of them boldly. Nothing was changed, not even, although he still could not realize it, not even himself.

O'MARA stepped to the desk, and here, at last, he felt sure of dénouement. Any hotel clerk is a lordly being. The clerk of a great New York hotel is a thing of ice and iron. It had to be done, however.

"Will you please send my name up to 418? Robert O'Mara. I have an appointment."

For answer the clerk stood and looked at him searchingly.

O'Mara's whole instinct was to shrink apologetically, but he knew that this might be his crucial moment. He was cornered, and he faced the clerk boldly, returning stare for stare. It succeeded. As if reluctantly, the clerk wrote on a slip of paper and, walking to the end of the desk, handed it to a switchboard operator. He returned to O'Mara and, after a moment of hesitation, leaned over the desk confidentially.

"Say," he said, "would you mind telling me what in the world is going on up there?"

O'Mara looked at him amazed. The man was trying to be ingratiating. The lofty clerk had actually become curious—human. It was the first time in his life that he had ever seen that happen. Like a flash it occurred to him that the advantage of this little interview was all on his side. He resolved to keep it so. Instinctively he stiffened.

"That's what I'm here to find out myself," he answered curtly.

The clerk looked at him doubtfully, loath to admit himself puzzled. "What are you?" he asked. "A reporter?"

O'Mara, however, was not going to lose the advantage he had obtained. With a knowing smile, he shook his head and said nothing. The clerk was impressed. Not being a reporter, O'Mara saw that the clerk was trying to guess whether or not he was a detective. O'Mara let him guess before he said anything more. Then, with the air of a wise and knowing central-office man, he suggested:

"Been many of them up there, this morning?"

"Many?" responded the clerk. "A procession! Ten at least, besides three or four that we wouldn't let into the lobby. There was one raving maniac—an old gink with white whiskers; one regular bunco steerer—the house man shooed him out quick; three or four touts and 'hard guys;' and the rest were mostly just down-and-outers."

O'Mara smiled at this last expression, but the clerk hardly realized why he did so.

"If it was anybody else but who it is, he'd have been put out himself," continued the clerk. "A hotel like this ain't exactly a Hobo's Snug Harbor, you know; but I suppose a guy like that can get away with anything."

Here was a line which it would be profitable to follow. O'Mara was debating the question of how he could find out the name of "a guy like that" when the girl at the switchboard stuck her head around the end of the partition.

"Send Mr. O'Mara up to 418," she called.

The clerk became all alacrity. "Front," he called, "show this gentleman up to 418.

II

A MAN coming into a room is at a great disadvantage in the face of anyone who may already be there. In O'Mara's case this disadvantage was heightened by the fact that he came from a hall only dimly lighted, while the occupants of the room into which the bell boy ushered him were sitting squarely in front of two large windows.

The room was a typical hotel sitting-room with a passageway three or four feet long between the door and the room itself. At the end of this O'Mara found himself standing irresolutely. As he waited there, the two men in the room had ample time to study him carefully; but even this time, apparently, did not suffice, for, as he approached them, the two men looked at each other and then back at him with obvious uncertainty. All three remained silent so long that O'Mara himself had time to overcome the advantage which the other two already held over him.

When master and man are together, their relationship betrays itself, no matter what their attitude may be or what they may say. Thus, the minute that his eyes had accustomed themselves to the light in the room, O'Mara knew that the man he had come to see

was the one who was seated behind a small table covered with miscellaneous papers.

His first impression was of a tall, thin man of forty or so, with a long, pale face and black clothes. The man was seated, of course, but the long, narrow head and the lean, tired shoulders could not have belonged to any except a man of considerable height. The face was hard. Yes, that impression was unavoidable; but O'Mara did not think of the word in the sense in which the clerk had used it downstairs. The man was no cheap trickster. The hardness was that which, paradoxically, is seen in the faces of men in very lowly and very lofty public positions. The clerk down-stairs had it, to a certain extent. It was what is known, usually incorrectly, as the gambler's face.

Still not finding words to speak, the man at the table looked down and picked up a paper from the litter before him. His movements were very slow but, even with that casual act, his expression changed. The lines at the side of his mouth deepened into heavy furrows, and at that O'Mara knew, for the moment at least, how to place him. Those heavy curves at the side of the mouth are caused by only three things: twenty years of ocean or prairie, twenty years of greasepaint, or twenty years of drinking. This was no cowboy. Nor was he a tragedian.

Oddly, the feature which struck O'Mara most forcibly in the man at the table was his black clothes. They were not mourning. The polka-dot tie precluded that. They were not the Sunday best of the outdoor man who thinks of black as a sign of respectability. They were the whim of a man who deliberately chose to dress unattractively.

The awkward silence could not go on forever, although the man in black was not embarrassed by it. He looked again in question toward the man seated at his side, and then turned to O'Mara. The latter now saw—as he had already guessed—that the paper which had been taken up was his own letter.

"Is your name O'Mara?" asked the tall, pale man. His voice was as slow and as weary as his movements, as monotonous as his clothes, but it was far more attractive than either of them.

O'MARA nodded, and his very nod seemed to puzzle the man. He looked down at the letter and looked up again. The first suspicion of a smile seemed to hover over those deep lines around his mouth.

"Well, what's the answer?" he drawled.

"That's what I've come to find out myself," replied O'Mara, much as he had replied to the clerk.

The man looked at him sharply.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Did you write this letter?"

"I did."

"Is it true?"

"It is."

The man in black turned to the man who was sitting beside him, much as a lawyer does when he turns a witness over to a colleague. The other man broke in gruffly:

"You don't look as if you were down and out."

"That doesn't change the fact that I am," retorted O'Mara. Instinctively his own voice had stiffened, for the other man was brutal, heavy, and stupid-looking, with huge shoulders, a red face and great rolls of fat over his collar. The brown derby hat which lay on the table was obviously his.

"Is it necessary that I be down and out?" added O'Mara.

The pale man smiled, openly this time.

"It's not necessary," he said. "We are merely relying on your own letter."

He studied O'Mara, still unbelieving, and then, with an entire lapse from his cynical manner, he spoke, courteously enough.

"Mr. O'Mara, I am afraid that you have misunderstood my advertisement entirely. I am sorry if we have raised your hopes, but this position is nothing that would interest a man of your class. To put it bluntly, what I am after is little more than a servant. I am afraid—"

"I am willing to be a servant," broke in O'Mara quietly.

The man at the table paused.

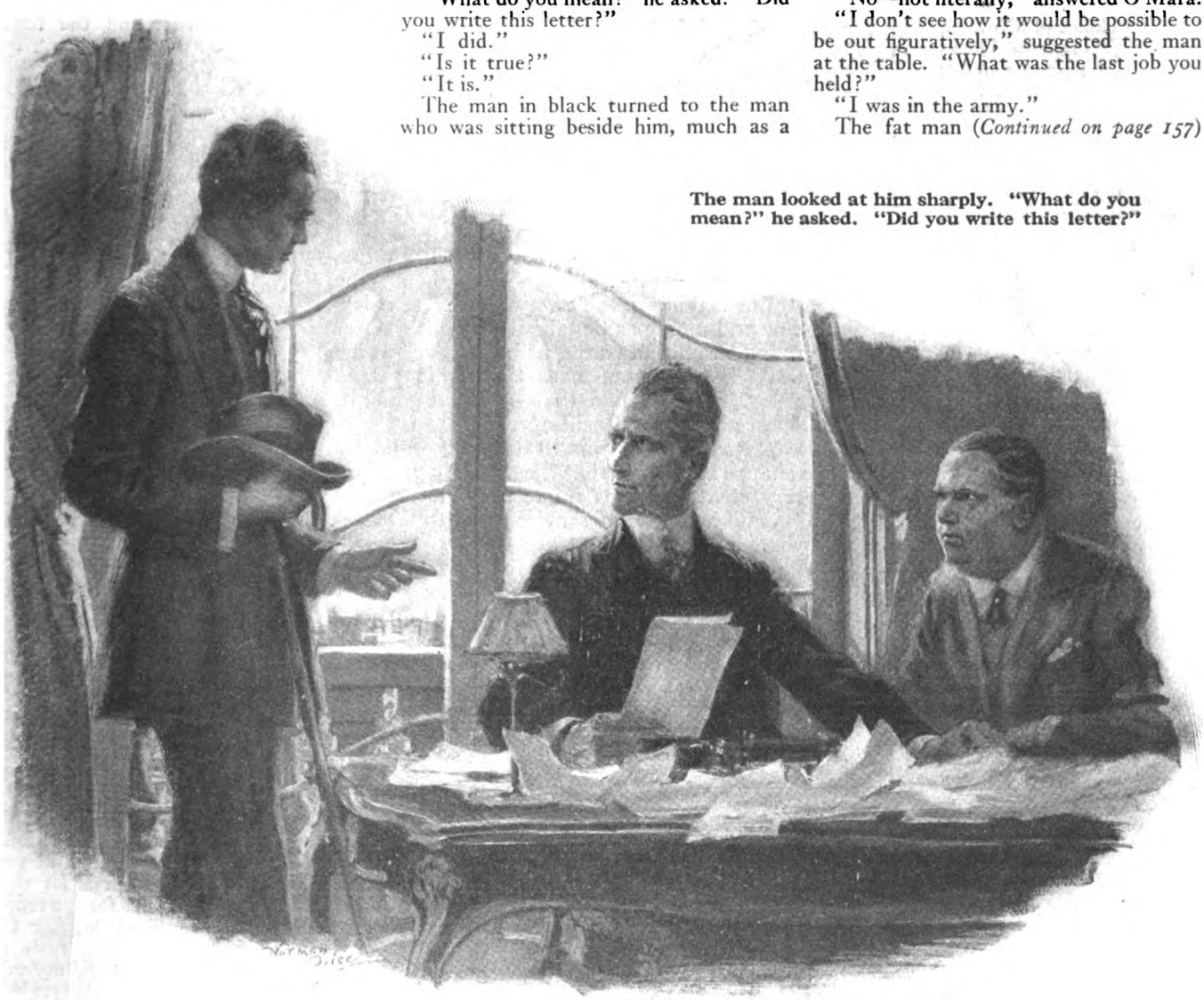
"Have you ever been a servant?" he asked curiously.

"No—not literally," answered O'Mara.

"I don't see how it would be possible to be out figuratively," suggested the man at the table. "What was the last job you held?"

"I was in the army."

The fat man (*Continued on page 157*)



The man looked at him sharply. "What do you mean?" he asked. "Did you write this letter?"

The House of a Million Questions

Stories of the foolish, sensible, and amusing inquiries made at the Grand Central Station in New York—the busiest railway terminal in the World

By Allison Gray

IF YOU'VE been in New York within fourteen years, you have seen this "House of a Million Questions." I call it that, because I like the sound of it. But the fact is that the people who go there ask something like *ten* million questions a year—and then some.

Many of these questions are mighty foolish ones. Half the time people don't ask even a sensible question in a sensible way. And they pay for this with loss of temper, of time, of money, and even of more serious things.

"The House of a Million Questions" is two blocks wide in front; and parts of it are several blocks long. One of its rooms has almost fifty thousand square feet of floor space. Its windows are fifty-five feet high! There is an "alcove" off this room which alone will hold several thousand people.

Every day in the year, twenty-four hours in the day, a stream of men, women, and children ebbs and flows through this house. Sometimes there are more than a quarter of a million of them, going and coming, all day and all night. Some stay for hours at a time. Others go galloping through without looking to the right or the left.

The builders dug far down into the solid rock to make the lower levels of the house. There you will find not only immense rooms, but miniature "streets," lined with little shops, restaurants, confectionaries, news-stands, book stores, drug stores, florists, men's furnishings, gift shops.

You can leave your laundry to be washed, your clothes to be pressed, your hat to be cleaned. You can have your shoes shined, your hair cut, your hands manicured. You can make a complete change from day clothes to evening clothes. You can buy an umbrella, or an orchid; a box of collars, or a box of cigars. You can telephone to the next block, or telegraph to the ends of the earth. You can take a taxi, or board a subway train. In short, it is a little underground city.

This great house—the greatest of its kind in the world—is the Grand Central Terminal in New York City. About 800 trains enter, or depart from it, every day. On an average, 140,000 persons board, or leave, these trains every twenty-four hours. Other thousands are there to welcome friends, or to say good-by to them. Sometimes as many as 5,000 persons are in the station *at one time*, waiting to meet friends on incoming trains.

The station is divided into two levels. On each of these, in the center of the great concourse, is an information booth. From the balcony during a busy hour you look down on thousands of human beings, walking, running, or just standing around. The information booth is like a piece of sugar among a myriad ants. They gather there, take their morsel, and depart with it.

The four men at the booth on the upper level answer questions at the rate of from two to six per minute. A clerk, who kept a record one day, found that he had talked to 1,078 persons during the eight hours he was on duty. Very many of those persons asked several questions; and the booth is open twenty hours out of the twenty-four. So when the station officials say that 10,000 questions a day are answered at that booth, they are at least several thousand short of the truth.

There is a booth on the lower level, also. But this is where the suburban trains come in, and commuters are a very sophisticated lot, so the avalanche of questions is not large there; just a paltry three or four thousand a day.

However, there are 48 ticket windows in the station; and the men and women behind them have at least 10,000 questions a day fired at them. That brings the total, so far, up to about 24,000, even taking the low estimate for the information booths. We are now close to *nine* million a year—and we aren't anywhere near through.

There are 200 "red cap" porters in the station and people ask them everything you can think of, from: "Is my face clean?" and "Is my hat on straight?" to "What is the best hotel for a lady to go to?" There are 28 gates leading to the 42 train platforms; and the gate men in charge of these come in for their share of the public mania for interrogation. I saw one intelligent-looking but somewhat flustered gentleman rush up to a gateman and demand, "Did my wife and daughter go through to this train?" And I also overheard a confiding old lady

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If It's Podunk You Want—Why Ask About Cleveland?

THE next time you go to a railroad station to ask about trains tell exactly where you want to go. For example, if it is Podunk you want to reach—say so! Don't mention Cleveland, which happens to be down the line a couple of hundred miles beyond Podunk. Read what Mr. Walsh says on this subject:

"For instance, somebody telephones and wants to know the trains to Buffalo. I tell them some good trains leaving in the evening, because it is a long ride and most people take it at night. After I've reeled off a lot of trains, he comes back at me with: 'Well, what time does that train get to Rochester?' And I find that he is not going to Buffalo at all, but to Rochester.

"People ask about trains to Albany—and by mere chance I discover that they're only going up to Tarrytown! Or they inquire about trains to Boston, and let slip that they're going to Worcester, where half the Boston trains don't go at all.

"If people would only ask for a train *to the place where they want to go*, it would save no end of trouble. Why they don't do it is more than I can understand. But they ask about a terminal point, or some important station, when they really intend to stop at a place on the way. And then they say that we gave them the wrong information."

---

say to another of these functionaries, "My granddaughter is coming on this train, and I've never seen her. Will you help me to find her?" So I think it is safe to put the gatemen down for a few thousand questions a day.

As for the baggage men—well, it is the easiest thing in the world to ask one of them at least six perfectly sensible questions about one's luggage: "Will it go on this train? Can I check it to my house? How much does it weigh? How much am I allowed without paying excess? Do you think I'd better pay for extra valuation? If I don't, can't I collect more than one hundred dollars?" Oh, it's perfectly easy to ask questions of the baggage man.

Already, you see, we have left that ten-million figure far behind us. But we still have the station telephone bureau of information to reckon with. Six operators and the superintendent of the whole information service are on duty there all day. Four operators handle the inquiries at night, until one A. M., when New York is expected to cease from troubling and to let the weary information boothers rest.

In one month last year, this telephone bureau answered 75,000 calls! That is at the rate of almost a million a year. Just before Christmas they averaged 5,000 a day. There are times when New York seems just one big animated interrogation mark.

BUT don't think that New York is any different in this respect from the rest of the country. In your city, or your little town, you are doing just the same thing—firing questions in the direction of the railway station.

I asked Mr. William P. Walsh, superintendent of the information service at the Grand Central, what kinds of questions people ask; what mistakes they make in trying to get information; and how to go at it the *right* way. He has been in that department sixteen years, so he knows what he is talking about.

"Well," he said, "you couldn't be on this job as long as I have without doing a lot of smiling, and occasionally a little cussing, over the tricks and traits of the traveling public. The folks we have to deal with are usually in a boiling hurry—or they think they are. And when human nature is at the boiling point, a lot of things come to the surface which are usually kept out of sight.

"We get people who snap at us like a dog, as if we had stolen their bone. But just when we are tempted to throw something at a browbeating boor, or to smash the telephone through which someone has been insulting us, along comes a gentle little lady, or a friendly, good-humored man, and we decide that, after all, folks are pretty decent, take them as a whole.

As for the queer things people ask! I've heard so many that I sometimes think nobody can spring a new one on me. But they keep right on coming. Here's one that gave me a jar just the other day:

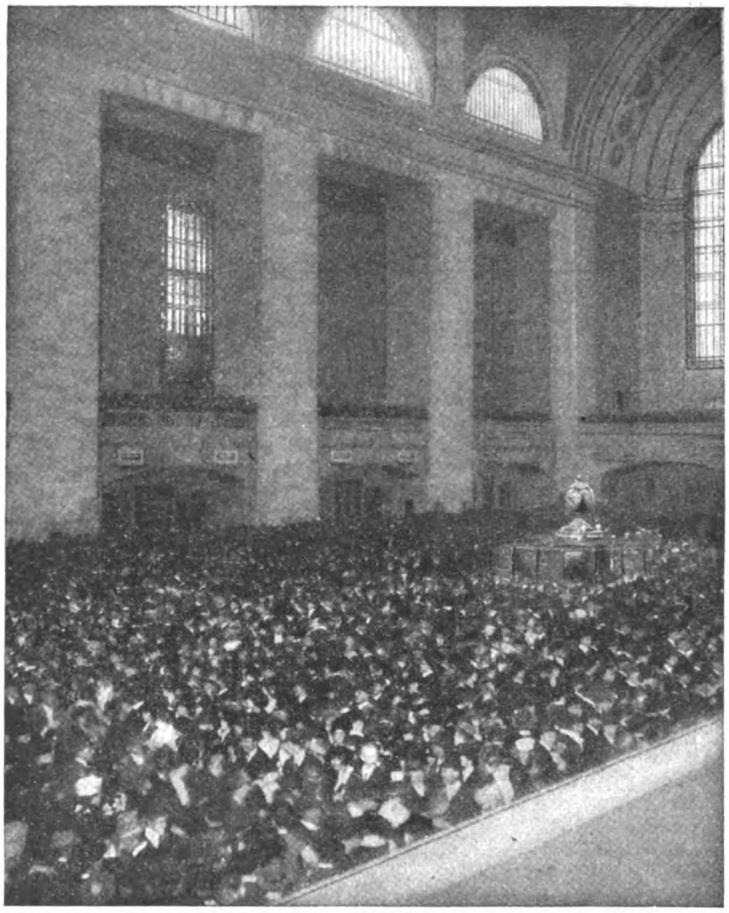
"Over the telephone, a nice, ladylike voice asked how long it would take to get to some little squirt of a town down in Texas that nobody had ever heard of before.

"'Please hold the wire a moment!' I said politely, and began reaching for time-tables and the Railway Guide.

"I dug out the whole blame business: just when she could leave New York, how she'd have to change at one place, and wait three hours at another, what the fare would be, and the berth in the sleeper, all about the dining car for meals, and what time of the day she'd get to the fool little town in Texas. It took so long to figure the thing out and tell it to her that Central cut us off a few times. But the inquiring lady always got me back on the wire, so I finally managed to give her all the details of her trip. And then, just as I was preparing to hang up, I'll be darned if she didn't say:

"'Well, if I put a letter in the mail box now, do you think it will get there at the time you said?'

"Whew! What would you have done? Tell her you didn't know and you didn't care, probably. But if you are an official information giver in a railway terminal you are expected to behave as if Courtesy was your middle name. So I said sweetly, 'I hope so, madam!' Then I grinned a sickly grin, plugged another wire, and answered the next fool question.



A JAM AT THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK

This crowd is not a regular thing, although 140,000 persons do pass through the station, on an average, every day. In summer, the number is much higher. And when the subways, or the elevated roads are tied up, a vast torrent of people rushes to the Grand Central to get trains to their nearby homes. At such times, as many as 80,000 persons flock to the station between five and six in the afternoon, hoping to be carried to Harlem, which is 125th Street; and 100,000 or more join them, headed for the Bronx. When these rushes occur, it is sometimes necessary to lock the station doors to keep out the mob; and over a hundred policemen are called in to handle the mass of people. In ordinary times 800 trains arrive at, or depart from, the station every day. Sometimes as many as 5,000 persons are there at one time, just waiting to meet arriving friends

"AFTER all, it isn't the fool questions that give us a pain. We don't mind the people who ask queer things because of ignorance or inexperience. Sometimes we get a good laugh out of these folks. Once, when I was down at the booth, a little old Irishman came up and inquired about trains for Cleveland; but when I mentioned a good one, leaving that evening, he said dubiously:

"'Would I have to be takin' a shleeper on that one?'

"'I should think you'd want to,' I told him. 'It's an all-night trip.'

"'Well,' he said, 'I'm not crazy about thim quare cars. I rode in wan a while ago, an' shure I didn't like it. They gave me an upper berth, and in the mornin' I had to get down in the aisle to put on me pants!' It reminded me of 'Mr. Dooley's' famous remark about the difficulties of undressing in Pullman cars: 'How can a gintleman remove his pants when he's sittin' on thim?'

"We can almost always spot the inexperienced travelers by the way they talk and the things they think we can do. The other day a man called up, evidently in a state of great excitement. And, by the way, these superheated people almost always begin by yelling, 'Say!' or 'See here!' or 'Listen!' or something that takes time and breath and doesn't get them anywhere. That's what this fellow did.

"'Say!' he shouted. 'When does the next train leave for Chicago?'

"I glanced at the clock and told him the next train was leaving in two minutes.

"'Two minutes!' he yelled. 'Hold it for me, will you? (*Continued on page 209*)

"Give Me the West!"

The story and ideas of Harry W. Child, great ranch owner, who thinks that the best opportunities lie outside the big cities of the East

As reported by B. C. Forbes

OUT West, if he has an honest face, red blood, hard muscles, and courage to go to it, a man can always get backing without a dollar of security. Almost any bank, as well as many individuals, will have enough confidence to lend an able-bodied, aggressive fellow a thousand dollars to give him a start.

"But if you go to Wall Street some of them down there want you to hock everything tangible you have, and your soul as well, before they lend you twenty dollars. That's one difference between the kind of people we have in the West and the kind you have in the East, in Wall Street. We once read in our Western newspapers a statement by the late J. P. Morgan that character counted more than collateral with him in granting loans. That was really Mr. Morgan's way of doing business, for he was a great, big, broad-minded giant. But it certainly isn't the way of many of the fellows in the Wall Street district.

"Out in God's country, among the glorious mountains and the vast plains, we place more importance upon men than we do upon money. We may not make any great mark in the world; but, by heavens, we don't let the world make its mark on us! We live and let live. We haven't operas and theatres and midnight frolics and Great White Ways to supply us with 'pleasure.' But we get more fun out of life, more joy out of human companionship and sociability than can be got out of your New York shows and show places and cabarets, and the like. We can get more thrills by turning out at sunrise into our bracing atmosphere, and either tackling a stiff day's work, or going fishing or hunting, than city folks can get out of their night life.

"When I come East, they are usually scrubbing the floors when I get downstairs in my hotel in the morning, and there is nobody on hand to serve breakfast. You city people use the wrong end of the day. You can do more work, and you can get more fun out of doing it, in sunlight than in electric light. Or, if you are after recreation, your city diversions are not one-two-three with what we have Out West—riding, fishing, hunting, rowing, sleighing, skating—anything you want, summer or winter, all in the open, all healthful, all leading to no 'morning after.'

"It's a curious thing that out in our country a man can get through four times as much work as people can do in the East or in any other low-lying parts of the country. Our air, out in mountainous Montana and Wyoming and all through that section of the country, contains so much more oxygen, and is so much more invigorating, that you can accomplish hard tasks and keep on accomplishing them, week after week, without ever getting the slightest bit run-down, provided, of course, you are sensible and take a decent amount of sleep. At one stage of my life, years ago, the Mayo Brothers of Rochester, Minnesota, told me that if I didn't go back to my out-of-doors life in Montana I would very soon go into a box.

"Here's one funny thing I have noticed. I know lots of your Napoleons of finance and your captains of industry in the East; men who are supposed to be so darned busy that they haven't a moment to spare when at their daily grind. But I notice that whenever I pop my nose through the door of the office of any of these fellows, they push back their chairs and seem eager for a good long chin-chin. They seem mighty glad to pull their noses away from the grindstone for a while. And the funny thing is that, when they make up their minds to do it, they seem to have all the time in the world for it.

"I have come to the conclusion that a lot of this hustle and bustle, and fuming and sweating of your big men in the cities is all bunk. They do it because they have got into the habit of doing it. But some of them are wakening up to the fact that they're blamed fools *for* doing it. I've had lots of them in hand Out West, and shown them what real life and living is like.

"What in thunder are millions of dollars good for if a man has to become a slave, and be cooped up inside four cramped, stuffy walls in order to make and keep his millions? There's nothing in it. It's a fool's game. There's more to life than money, there's more to life than business, and there's mighty *little* to life when a man lets business take complete possession of him and drive him around as if it were a tyrant, and he nothing but a slave. Out West, any able-bodied fellow who is willing to work can make all the money he needs, and make it, too, without selling his soul or ruining his health."

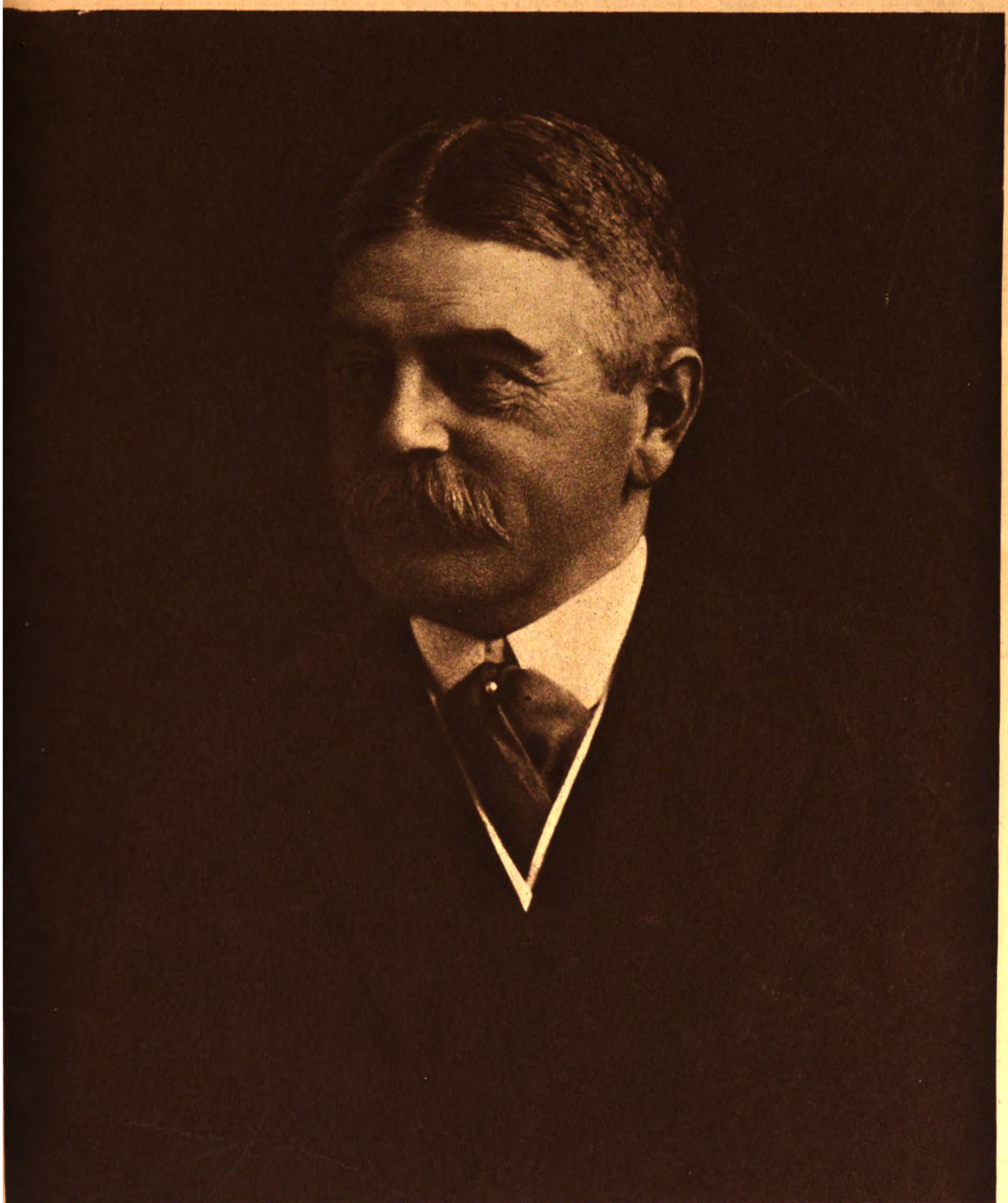
Thus speaks Harry W. Child, owner of one of the largest ranches in the United States, who knows both the East and the West; who knows what it is to start life in rocky Montana as a poor man, and also what it is to be a rich man; who knows millionaires just as intimately as he knows the rough-and-ready miners who used to be his pals, and the cowboys who look after his agricultural empire. *The whole of Manhattan Island could be set down on his farm, with enough land left to conduct large-scale operations.*

Looking after one of the world's biggest ranches, however, is not enough to keep him busy. When Yellowstone Park began to attract (*Continued on page 245*)

The Best Place for a Young Man

"THE place for a young man is Out West, not in the thick of a city's bedlam," says Mr. Child. "Out there the atmosphere isn't full of the grasping, money-making, scheming spirit. Instead of constantly trying to down the other fellow and get the better of him, Out West we give him, rather, a brotherly greeting and, if necessary, a helping hand.

"We live a saner, healthier, more rational, more friendly life altogether. We may not be so near to millions; but we are nearer nature and enjoy the things God made. Phew! what a contrast between what you sometimes call the 'Wall Street Canyon' and the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, and other canyons in our country! As you squeeze through between the man-made steel and brick walls that hedge in Wall Street you feel suffocated; whereas, out with us, you have room to breathe, and better air to breathe, too."



Harry W. Child

WHO owns one of the largest ranches in the world. The whole of Manhattan Island could be set down on his farm, with enough land left to conduct large-scale operations.

He thinks nothing of raising on part of his 150,000 acres of fenced-in lands, upwards of 100,000 bushels of wheat; enough to supply a good sized city with flour for a whole year. The amount of hay he grows, nearly 10,000 tons,—would load many 50 car trains. He raises mountains of oats, potatoes and other crops. A half million dollars worth of cattle roam his vast range; and he never thinks of selling or shipping less than a whole trainload at a time. If he decided to take a stroll around the boundaries of his ranch, he couldn't get back for supper, no matter how early he started, for he would have to cover over a hundred miles.

Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

Bud Fisher

FISHER is the man that made "Mutt" and "Jeff." One good turn deserves another, so Mutt and Jeff have got back at Fisher by making *him* "the highest paid man that ever drew a picture." He was born in Chicago 36 years ago. His father and mother christened him something that began with "H. C.," but his little sister called him "Bud" and the name stuck. He says it is a valuable trademark now. He first drew Mutt for a San Francisco newspaper in 1907; a month later he introduced Jeff; and he has kept on making pictures of them ever since. He syndicates them, has his own company for putting them into the movies, and makes close to $250,000 a year. He lives in New York and draws a cartoon every day.

The Highest Paid Newspaper Contributor in the World

Interesting facts about Bud Fisher, the man who makes "Mutt and Jeff"

By Hugh S. Fullerton

BUD FISHER is the John D. Rockefeller of newspaperdom, the highest-paid man who ever drew a picture, and perhaps the most envied and most misrepresented fellow in his line.

He has made Mutt and Jeff the two best-known comic characters in the world. Only the income tax man knows exactly how much Fisher makes each year out of those two creatures of his brain, but it is close to a quarter of a million dollars.

He sells Mutt and Jeff to hundreds of newspapers all over the world—in every corner of America, to a dozen papers in England, to papers in Australia, France, Japan, and China. If Rembrandt and Michael Angelo could have sold all their paintings for the prices they now command they would not have received what Fisher has been paid for drawing Mutt and Jeff.

Many persons will tell you that Mutt and Jeff aren't funny. Almost anyone will claim that they are not artistic. Some declare they are vulgar and common. Many even abuse Fisher, and I think more untrue and exaggerated tales are told of him than of any other man I know.

It may surprise persons who have tried to analyze the appeal of Mutt and Jeff to know that Bud Fisher has one of the keenest brains in the country; that he understands Mutt and Jeff, that he knows just why people follow their weird careers; and that he works along a perfectly sound and sane line which would be approved even by the highest-brow psychologists. This is true because Fisher is a shrewd student and analyst of human nature.

He is an odd little fellow; cocky, assertive, self-confident and aggressive, yet, strangely enough, he is one of the few men who possess a just mind, one that is capable of seeing both sides of any question if he wants to do so.

HE WAS born in a small town in Illinois, raised in California, educated in Chicago, first at Hyde Park High School, and later, for a time, in the University of Chicago. He was fond of athletics and was a member of the high-school team from Hyde Park which, along about 1902, astounded the athletic world by sweeping its way through the Penn Relay games. On that team were Fisher, Walter Eckersall, Sammy Ransom, the famous colored athlete; Tom and Harry Hammond, afterward famous with Michigan and West Point, and Phil Comstock, who captained Princeton.

He went to San Francisco, knocked around for a time, and on November 10th, 1907, introduced Mutt to newspaper readers as a piker clerk touting the race results. A month later, he introduced Mutt to his now famous pal Jeff.

Mutt and Jeff made an instant hit. A hundred other cartoonists have made similar hits, but Fisher was conspicuous among them because he decided that the profit belonged to him, instead of to whomever chanced to employ him. Further, he decided not to put himself into a position in which some employer might, for any reason, exterminate Mutt and Jeff by refusing to print them.

With those ideas he entered New York in May, 1909; and by adhering to them and directing his own business, devoting his time to making an article the public demanded, and then marketing it to the best advantage, he has piled up a fortune. He says that his slogan is and has been, "Never take anything or anybody in earnest"—but when he says that, he does not quite state the facts. Bud Fisher takes Bud Fisher and Mutt and Jeff seriously! And he takes many other things seriously, although he is all the time trying to cover his seriousness with a cynical laugh or a quick witticism.

Seven Tips I Have Picked Up on the Way

By Bud Fisher

SUCCESS is accumulating eleven million dollars and retiring, or it is earning thirty dollars a week, or raising nine children, or breeding the fastest horse in the world, or being elected alderman, or getting your name in electric lights on Broadway. Success consists of getting what you go after; and the objective is the measure of a man's ambition.

There are only three things necessary to win success, no matter whether your ambition is to be a waiter or a bank president: The first is determination, the second is the power to concentrate, and the third is willingness to sacrifice present comfort for future success.

Forget that whine about "force of circumstances" and "environment." There is no such thing as any force of circumstances that will prevent a man from making good his ambition, if he goes through with those three rules.

A man's character decides the height of his ambition. One man says to himself: "I'll be a waiter and make thirty dollars a week and tips." His character is such that he chooses the least present sacrifice.

His brother says: "I'll be a broker." His character is such that he is willing to sacrifice in the present for the sake of the future. He starts at three dollars a week and at the end of fifteen years he is making thousands, where the waiter still gets his thirty dollars and tips.

You can make up your mind that, if you are going to get to the top, you have got to do a lot of sacrificing, whether you draw pictures or make pickles.

You readers may think this is Mutt and Jeff talk, or that I am kidding someone. Not a bit of it. The Editor asked me to tell you what I have found out about human nature and human beings that might help young fellows. My motto always has been, "Never take anything in earnest;" but in this case it doesn't go. There are a lot of times when it doesn't pay to take things in earnest; but in trying to tip a kid which way to go it is different. So let's be as earnest as possible.

What Mutt and Jeff think of Fisher's article

I have learned a lot about human nature and I have learned more about it through Mutt and Jeff than through studying myself. You see, I have to study

MUTT AND JEFF—Twenty Berries Is Quite a Chunk of Coin These Days . . By BUD FISHER

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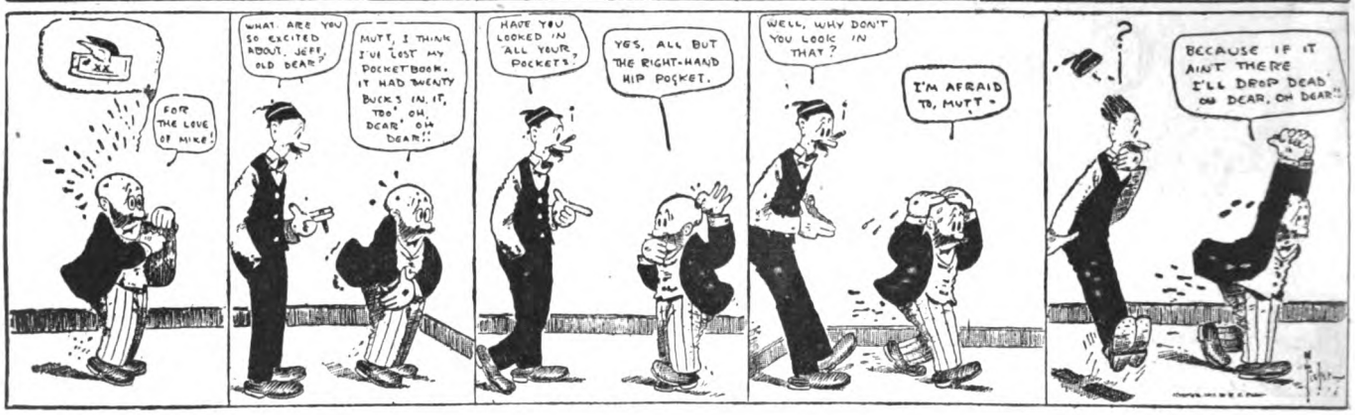

all sorts of people and conditions to know what to make Mutt and Jeff do.

As a kid, I had a world of ambition; but it took a different direction every day. I couldn't concentrate. In fact, I didn't give much thought to it because I was too busy having fun. One day I had an ambition to beat a horse race, the next to be a sailor, the next to run a hotel, or break a bank, or strike a gold mine, or something like that.

It was when I was knocking around San Francisco that I got an ambition to be an artist. It was a passing idea, like becoming a prize-fighter; but before it wore off, I happened to draw Mutt, piking along trying to beat the races. Mutt was a hit with the readers of the paper. And the thing he did for *me* was to concentrate my ambition upon being an artist. I dropped all my other ambitions and concentrated upon Mutt. To do so I had to study human beings.

Mutt is a big, simple-minded boob who is always trying and always blundering. The great majority of people like Jeff much more than they do Mutt; but Mutt always has been my pal and friend. Mutt is trying, and making mistakes, just like the rest of us, and he is a rough worker at times. People like Jeff because he is smaller, and almost every person in the world is for the little guy against the big one.

Ever since I started to draw Mutt and Jeff people have knocked them hard. Thousands of them say, "I can't see anything funny about them!"

They are right. There isn't anything funny about Mutt and Jeff, and the things they do are not funny. I cannot remember any one Mutt and Jeff picture that stands out as being very funny, although many of the series have been more popular than others. But the fact is people laugh at Mutt and Jeff. Most of them do not stop to reason out why they laugh. It is this: They have become well acquainted with both of them. They know that Mutt is a big ignorant boob and that Jeff is a prim little self-satisfied simp. The things that Mutt and Jeff do are funny because they are just the kind of things that fellows like Mutt and Jeff *would* do. That is my job—trying to figure out what men of that kind would do.

There is another reason for the success of Mutt and Jeff: When I determined to make them make my fortune for me—which I did as soon as I saw the public liked them—I decided on one thing, and that was never to play the small time. By that I mean that I determined to make them appeal to *everyone*—high-brow, low-brow, man, woman, and child.

At first I floundered around, appealing chiefly to the people interested in horse races. I found that wouldn't do at all. The great majority of comic artists, writers, comedians, and others who depend upon public favor for their success, make a big hit with a small class. But I figured that if Mutt and Jeff appealed to everyone, the value to me would be much greater.

AT THAT time I did not know much about what people like; in fact, I did not know much about human nature anyway. So I determined to find out what kind of people likes certain things. I started reading psychology and studying writings on all sorts of kindred subjects. I spent a lot of time listening to people. I discovered that the idea of certain things appealing to certain classes is bunk, the high-brow sense of humor does not differ much from the low-brow. I discovered that what appeals to a kid will not hit his mother or father.

So I worked out a scheme which I have followed ever since. Mutt and Jeff do something one day that will tickle the women; the next day the kids; the next day I try to give the old man a laugh. If Mutt hits Jeff across the face with a fish, Father says, "That isn't funny!" Mother sniffs, and looks away without a grin. But the small boy yells. The next day Mother gets the laugh. And finally I squeeze a grin out of Father. After a while it gets to be a habit.

People say, "He ought to be in jail, taking money for drawing that!" They are astonished when they hear the flattering tales—usually exaggerated—of how much Mutt and Jeff earn for me. They figure that the work is not worth it. They do not figure, however, that Mutt and Jeff have become a habit with a whole lot of people. Say a newspaper prints the pictures a year. Maybe three thousand readers get the habit. At the end of the year does the paper quit printing them? It does not. They bid more for the pictures. The editor may think they are bad, but he knows what it costs him to get circulation, and he feels pretty certain that if he quits printing them and the other paper buys them, a large number of those three thousand will miss their old friends and go looking for them in the other paper. (*Continued on page 180*)

MUTT AND JEFF—Now the Whole Day's Spoiled for Mutt Too . . . . . By BUD FISHER

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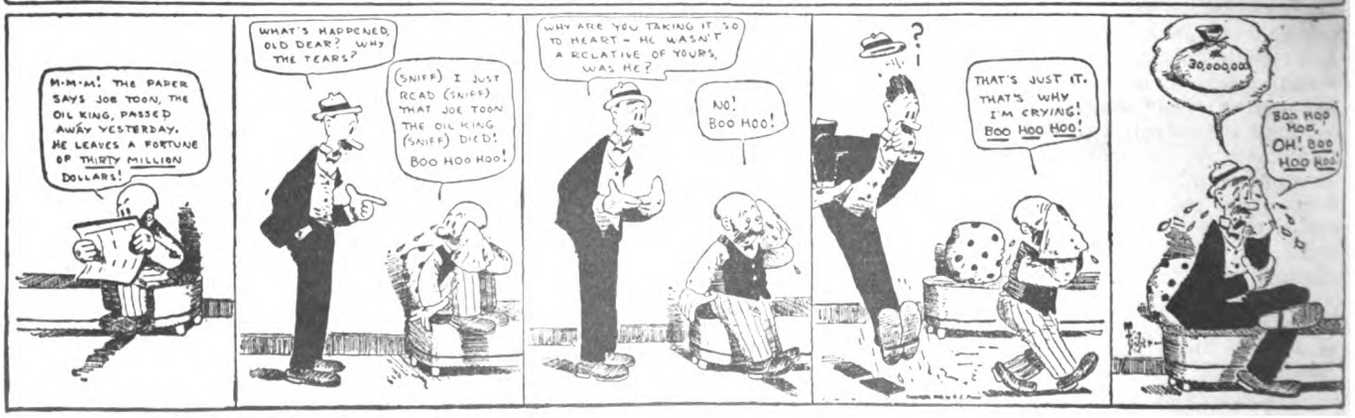


Self-Boosters I Have Known

Maybe you will recognize some of your acquaintances in this article—maybe you will see yourself

I HAVE just made a discovery: A man whom I had supposed to be above reproach in a certain connection has come under suspicion. This is a shock to me, because the man under suspicion is *myself*. But I am bearing up better than you might think I would. For the person who is suspecting me is *also* myself.

It happened while I was writing the following veracious account of what other people do. Just as I was having a beautiful time, telling about a certain man I know, the unwelcome idea came to me that I could say those very things about myself!

It is at least possible that the same experience may come to *you* in reading this article. For, the more I think of it, the more sure I am that all of us are somewhat busily engaged in doing what the people here described are trying to do.

Everybody has heard how merchants sometimes get rid of goods which nobody seems to want. Instead of cutting the price and putting the stuff on the bargain table they mark *up* the price, display the goods as a special attraction, and promptly sell them.

That is precisely what many people do in their own case. They try to mark themselves up so as to make folks think they are worth more. They want to boost themselves in somebody's estimation.

An employee tries to impress his boss. An employer likes to show his subordinates what a big man he is. Women try to make other women think they are in the "social swim." Men like to give the impression that they know important personages. These are, simply, ways of trying to boost ourselves.

It is perfectly legitimate to want to "bring a good price." Nobody should be satisfied to "go cheap." But in your desire to mark yourself up, are you using the right selling methods? In your effort to boost yourself to the top you may be kicking the props from under your own feet.

My business is in an organization employing hundreds of men and women. I happen to be one of the managers in the head office.

Not long ago one of our young men came in to report on an important order he had just obtained. He is an energetic chap who is making a good record and whom I like personally. But every time he comes in to report I either groan or laugh inwardly, according to my mood. Because I know just what is coming.

"Well, Mr. Blank," he says, "that order was the toughest job I ever put through. Believe *me!* That was a hard proposition."

And with that he launches into an account of the difficulties he had to overcome: the trouble he had "getting to" his customer, the competition he had to meet, the time he had to spend "waiting around," everything, down to the way he had to catch trains and miss a few meals.

If this happened only once I might be interested and even a little impressed. But it is a regular thing with him. Every report he makes to me is of "a tough proposition," or "a hard job," or "the worst customer he ever tackled."

I don't believe he is conscious of his motive, but I know what it is. He wants to impress me with the idea that he must be a wonder. He is afraid I will think it was no trick at all to get those orders. That is *his* way of trying to mark himself up.

He was in again the other day, with a new order but the same old story. That noon, at luncheon with a business acquaintance, I happened to tell about this chap's perennial tale of "a tough job," and we got to comparing notes about the ways in which men try to impress others.

We finally made out a list of these ways which, in our opinion, have an effect exactly opposite to the one they are intended to have. Here, as we figured them out, are the *mistaken* ways in which people try to boost themselves:

This young chap I have just been describing is a type which you will find in practically every organization. And there is plenty of good stuff in the boy, too. I like his energy and his pride in his work. And I realize that the youngster wants us older fellows to know that he has had to work hard to bring in results.

But, in the first place, the boss knows that results *mean* hard work back of them. He has been through the mill himself. He knows that no human being can show a *consistent* record of accomplishment without encountering a good many "tough propositions."

All he wants to see, and all he needs to see, is that record. But the man who won't let it stand at that, and who wants to go back and show you all the trials and tribulations he encountered, doesn't *impress* his boss, he simply *bores* him.

If your employer hasn't sense enough to size up your record, my advice would be to quit him and get one that *has* sense. But I would make sure first that the record was all right.

There is another (*Continued on page 198*)

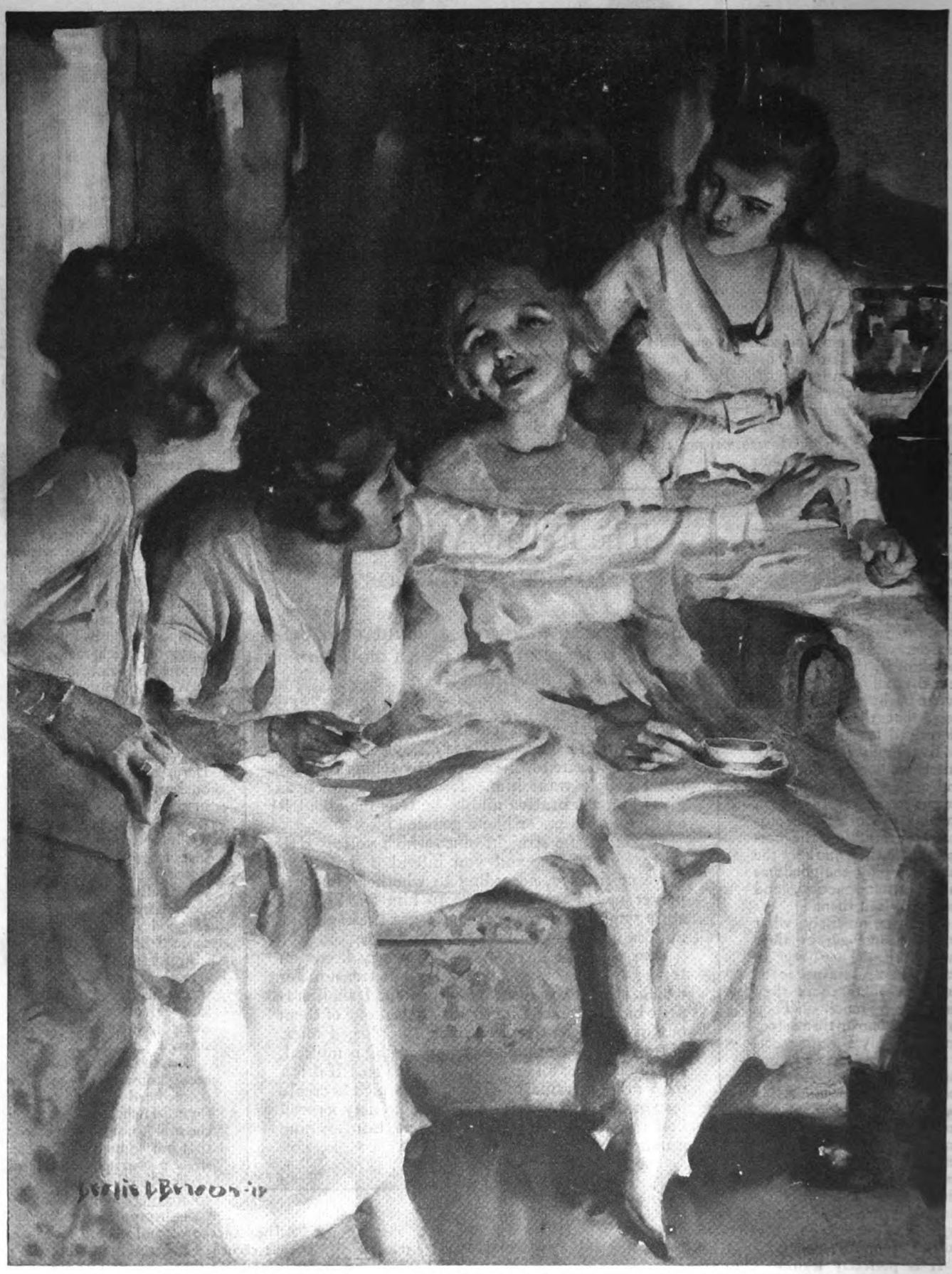
The Fellow Who Tries to Scare His Boss

READ the following account of a private secretary who uses a moth-eaten method to boost himself:

My private secretary has recently developed a boosting trick which a good many irritated employers will recognize. He is always trying to increase my desire for his services by telling me that other people want him. If anyone so much as gives him a tentative nibble, he tells me about it and makes it appear like a genuine bite.

If you have a straight offer, which you are seriously considering, and you intend definitely to leave or to stay, according to whether your employer meets that offer, go to him frankly and state your position. But don't use these outside nibbles to make *him* bite.

One of these days, if my secretary keeps on trying to make me feel that he is a treasure for which other employers are yearning, I shall surprise him by telling him to put at least one of them out of his misery by accepting his alleged offer. If the offer is genuine, and the yearning is mutual, it will be better all around for him to go. If it is a more or less mythical weapon, with which to create fear and admiration in my mind, he may as well find out that I'm not to be *scared* into keeping a man.



We laughed and talked for an hour. Nobody would imagine how much fun you could get out of your secret trouble when you found that three others had the same one

Getting Even With Dulcie

The story of four girls who got tired of having her steal their beaux

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESLIE L. BENSON

MADGE put a spoonful of liquid marshmallow, two lumps of sugar and a spoonful of whipped cream into her cup of hot chocolate.

"Dulcie will soon be back," she said.

Not one of us spoke. I broke off the frosting of my cake to leave to eat last—I am careful whom I do this with, as it does seem childish when you're practically eighteen—and sat looking into the fire. Corinne took another piece of fudge, and sat looking in, too. So did Ruth.

"I'll be awfully glad to see Dulcie back," I said at last.

I felt that it was up to somebody to say that—I hate to hear a bunch of girls sound catty—but it wasn't exactly true. In fact, though it sounds hardhearted to say it, I simply couldn't have felt so terribly bad if I had heard that Dulcie had drowned up there in Lake Minneposockett.

I should probably not have felt that way if it hadn't been for Tom Hughes. I had never been able to decide whether Dulcie picked out boys that other girls were specially crazy about, or whether it just happened that they were always the ones she got. But it had happened so many times that it made a person uneasy all the time she was around.

She had been up at her uncle's house at the lake all summer, and it had been the jolliest time here in town. There were just an even number about the right age, four boys and four girls. We had had picnics and canoe parties and wiener roasts and gone to the older crowd's dances. And it had been so restful. Every boy liked his own girl best, and the girls wouldn't have changed beaux for anything. So you could just relax and have a wonderful time.

It had not been that way when Dulcie was home. You never felt safe for a minute. She had such pretty clothes that, no matter what you wore, she made you feel as if you had been bought in a cash-and-carry store. And she was so pretty that it didn't make any difference what she wore, anyway. I never felt sure whether that was all there was to it—just her looks and her clothes—or whether she *did* something, something like making eyes, you know, only not so crude, more subtle. Anyway, she could always get whatever boy she wanted. And she always seemed to want some other girl's. I didn't think so much about her until I started going with Tom, and then I was worried all the time. I would go to parties where they had the most wonderful refreshments, like meringue glacé, and I wouldn't even know what I was eating I'd be so uneasy, because Dulcie was sitting on the other side of Tom. And I've been in church when I wouldn't know whether they were praying or passing the plate, I'd be so busy wondering what Dulcie was up to.

AND now, after this lovely, peaceful summer, and when we were all settled for the nicest winter, Dulcie was coming back like the wolf on the fold. If there had been an extra boy in the crowd, it would not have been quite so bad; she might have taken him. But there wasn't, we were just even, and Dulcie would surely get somebody. I hoped it would not be Tom.

For the longest time we sat and drank chocolate and ate layer cake and fudge. Then Ruth said:

"I suppose Dulcie's had a wonderful summer."

"I suppose so," Corinne said.

Then we sat and ate a while longer.

"She's awfully pretty," said Corinne.

"Awfully," said Ruth.

Then we ate some more.

"I wonder who she'll run around with when she gets back," said Madge.

"Dulcie's an awfully nice girl," said Ruth, "but—"

She did not go on.

"Yes, isn't she!" I said. You cannot be too careful not to be thought catty.

"It's too bad there isn't another boy in the bunch," said Ruth. "Dulcie will be the odd girl when she gets back."

Nobody said anything. I was wondering whether they were all thinking the same thing I was, that Dulcie wouldn't be the odd one long. Then we all talked for a while about how it would not be pleasant for Dulcie. It was awful—I was only on my third piece of cake, but I could scarcely enjoy it.

"Do you know," said Madge suddenly, "it would be a lot pleasanter if Dulcie were in love with somebody."

I looked up, surprised. So did Corinne and Ruth. I had been thinking along the same general line, myself.

"I should think she'd get tired going from one to another the way she's been doing," said Ruth.

"It's lots more fun going with the same person right along," I said.

"I should think she would enjoy settling down," said Corinne.

"Well, what I meant was that it would be pleasanter for all the rest of us," said Madge.

There it was, plump out. Madge is the bluntest thing. It gave me a queer "naked" feeling to have my secret feelings dragged out like that. I started to pour another cup of chocolate so that I wouldn't have to look at anybody. There was a silence. After a minute I peeked over at Ruth. She was cutting more cake. Then I peeked at Corinne. She was taking some fudge. Then I knew! They weren't both suddenly hungry—they were as naked as I was. We all felt just the same about Dulcie.

I don't think I ever had such a good time in my life before as I did after we really started telling the truth about Dulcie. Honest confession is good for the soul; it has lots more kick to it when other people are confessing, too. When I thought I was the only one who felt that way about Dulcie, it was like a secret canker gnawing at my vitals; but when I found that the rest of the girls felt just the same it began to seem like a huge joke. We talked and we laughed about it.

"Nobody'd care how many beaux Dulcie had," said Madge, "if she'd only work on raw material. But she never does—she'd rather have a second-hand crush than a fresh one."

"Well, I hope she won't pick out Tom," I said. I laughed all the time I was saying it, so the girls would know that it was a joke, and that if Dulcie really should get Tom it wouldn't mean anything to me.

"It wouldn't break my heart if she should take Howard," said Corinne. "Only that we're all so nicely paired off now and could have such good times."

I suppose Corinne thought she was deceiving us all, but I, for one, could see through her like a window. I knew that she was simply wild about Howard. It is all right for girls to try to put things over with older people or boys, but it doesn't do them any good to try it with a bunch of girls. They never fool them for a minute.

"She'll probably pick on Ward," said Ruth, "because he's the best looking."

Nobody said anything to that. Well, we laughed and talked for an hour. Nobody would imagine how much fun you could get out of your secret trouble when you found that three others had the same one. We joked about Dulcie coming back and said things like, "Curses on her fatal beauty!" and, "Oh, why is she so fascinating!"

SUDDENLY, I noticed that Madge was sitting looking into the fire with a thoughtful look on her face. She wasn't even eating. In our crowd it is usually Madge who thinks of things. Then, too, every once in a while she has a really unusual idea.

The other girls saw me looking at her, and they stopped talking and looked too. Madge was so absorbed in what she was thinking that she did not even notice that we had stopped talking and were all

staring at her expectantly. Suddenly she set her cup and saucer on the piano bench and turned around.

"Roger Lane!" she said.

"Roger Lane?" we echoed, wondering what on earth she was talking about.

Roger Lane was a new man in town. He was a little older than our bunch and a little young for the older bunch. And dull! He had looked all right when he first came to work in the bank, although being a little homely and having the biggest ears I have ever seen on a man, and he had a letter of introduction to Ruth's brother, so we had tried him out on picnics and things; but he was so dull and poky that we had all dropped him.

"Let's pair Dulcie off with Roger Lane," said Madge.

We all just shrieked.

"I mean it," said Madge.

"She wouldn't look at him," said Ruth. "Imagine Dulcie fooling with a man the rest of us didn't want."

"That," said Madge, "is the idea. We must make her think we all want him."

I sat and simply stared at Madge. And yet they say women wouldn't be much good in politics!

"I believe," said Ruth solemnly at last, "that it could be done."

"So do I!" said Corinne and I together.

"Of course it could," said Madge. "All we'd have to do would be to go at it right."

We let Madge plan out our campaign. We thought that anybody bright enough to think of that idea would think of the best methods.

Dulcie was to stay up at the lake a month longer, but the next day I wrote her a letter. It was the opening gun. It sounded perfectly innocent, just news about our crowd and the older crowd and when the Dancing Club started and so on. Then at the very end of the letter, I said casually:

"I suppose you've heard all about Roger Lane. I think he's awfully dull, myself; but Ruth seems to have quite a case."

I wanted to rave about him, tell how good-looking he was, and how fascinating and everything like that, to get Dulcie interested, but Madge wouldn't let me.

"Dulcie will soon find out that he isn't fascinating," she said, "and she can tell just by looking at him that he isn't handsome. She'll see his ears. She'd soon begin to think you had been stringing her."

THAT did sound reasonable. It was more subtle than my way. Corinne owed Dulcie a letter—Dulcie wrote lots of letters so that we would be sure to know how popular she was at Minneposockett—and so in a few days Corinne wrote. Somewhere in her letter she said:

"Honestly, Althea is awfully funny. She pretends she doesn't like Roger Lane, but we all know she's simply crazy about him."

I told Madge I did not like being made a goat of that way, but she said it was the best way, and when I thought about how nice it would be to have Dulcie really interested in somebody, herself, instead of always having a weather eye out, I decided to let it go. Tom has always said he didn't like blondes—I am a brunette and have lots of color, but every woman knows you simply can't depend on any man not liking blondes.

Dulcie wrote to Ruth right away. She said:

"By the way, who is this new man in town—Robert Lane, isn't that his name?"

Madge said that was the most encouraging thing that Dulcie could have said.

"She's awfully interested already," Madge said, "or she'd never have taken the trouble to get his name wrong."

Ruth said she would write right back and string Dulcie along about him, but Madge said she must do no such thing.

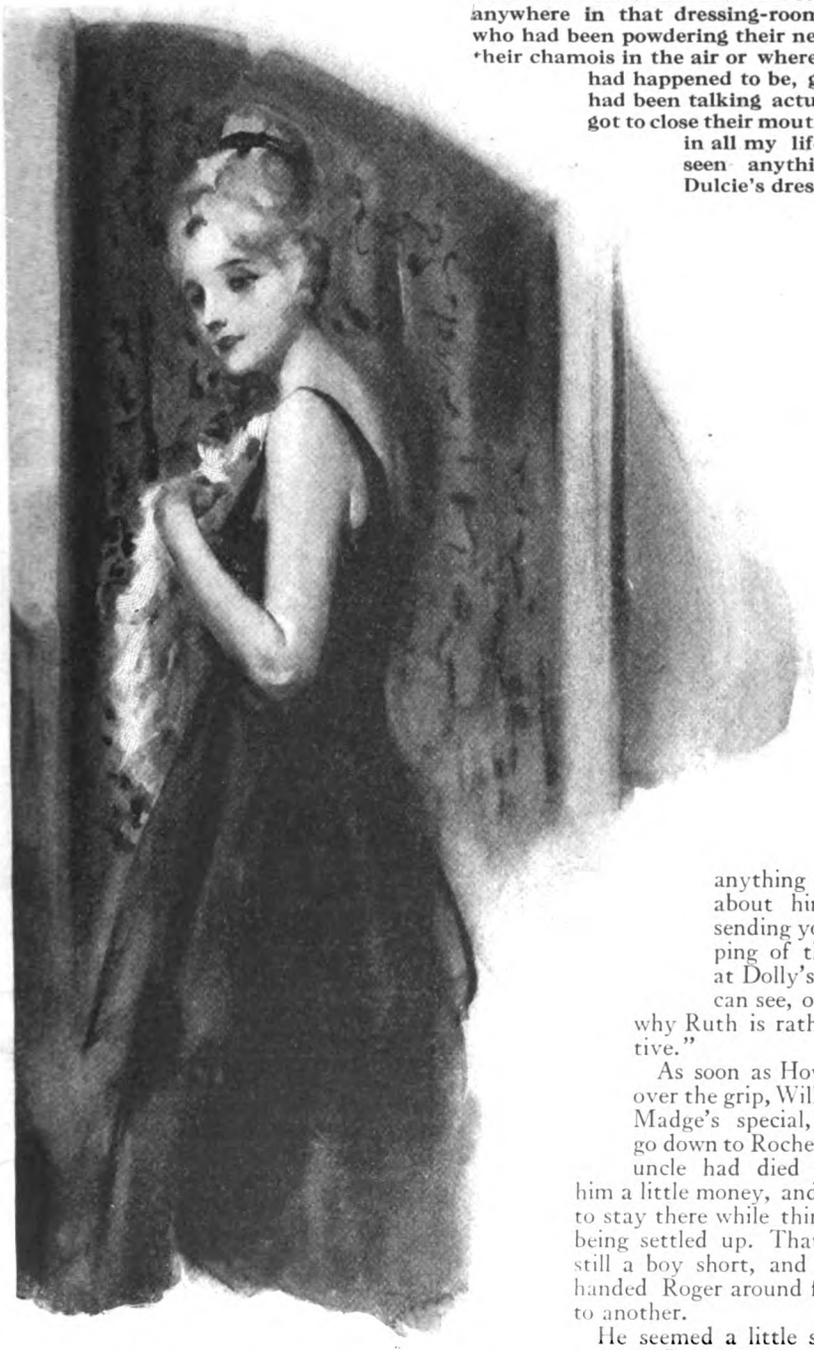
"Write Dulcie a nice long letter," she said, "and don't even mention his name. That will get her wilder than anything you could possibly say."

Madge was right, too, because just as soon as Dulcie could write back after getting Ruth's letter, I had a letter from her and she asked me to tell her all about the new man.

"I won't say a word, either," I told Madge, but she shook her head.

"No," she said, "that would look suspicious."

We were in the Oasis, eating hot-fudge-marshmallow sundaes, and Madge or-



You could have heard a mouse breathe anywhere in that dressing-room. Girls who had been powdering their necks held their chamois in the air or wherever they had happened to be, girls who had been talking actually forgot to close their mouths. Never in all my life have I seen anything like Dulcie's dress

dered another one, to give her time to think. We had started asking Roger around some, of course, first one of us, then another. The older crowd had had a party night before last, and Howard had the grip, so Corinne had asked Roger.

"Let me see the 'Chronicle'," said Madge.

I passed the paper over and she turned to the society notes and propped it up against the jar of straws. It had a long piece about the party. In the among-those-present, the names were all in couples. Madge underlined the Miss Corinne Fleming and Mr. Roger Lane.

"There," she said, "just clip that out and send it to Dulcie."

I did, and I wrote just what Madge told me to. I said:

"There really isn't a thing to tell about Roger Lane. He is working in the bank in Harry Leonard's old job. He isn't at all good-looking and, as I said before, I think he's terribly dull. But don't say anything to Ruth about him. I'm sending you a clipping of the party at Dolly's and you can see, of course, why Ruth is rather sensitive."

As soon as Howard got over the grip, Will Nessen, Madge's special, had to go down to Rochester. His uncle had died and left him a little money, and he had to stay there while things were being settled up. That left us still a boy short, and we just handed Roger around from one to another.

He seemed a little surprised at first. I called him up at the bank one Monday and asked him over the next night to play cards with Ruth and Ward. He couldn't come because he had to go to the city for the bank and wouldn't get back in time. So then I asked him for some other night that week, and he didn't have a single one free! He said he was awfully sorry, that he had never been such a belle before. I guess he hadn't!

We didn't say much about him in our letters to Dulcie, just a sentence now and then. The last two weeks we didn't mention him at all. Then Corinne wrote her a letter that would get there just the day before Dulcie was to leave. She said:

"I'm so glad you're getting back in time for the first Dancing Club party. Everybody's going. Roger Lane is taking Madge, of course."

I could just imagine how excited that would make Dulcie. Nobody had spoken of Madge's being in the running at all. And now to have it have reached the of-course stage. Besides, Madge and Dulcie have never got along very well together, and I knew that Dulcie would rather cut out Madge than a whole harem of other girls.

The afternoon of the dance I met Dulcie's mother on the street. She told me that Dulcie got back that morning. I said I guessed I would run in and see her for a few minutes, but her mother said I had better not.

"She is going to take a nap this afternoon to rest up for to-night," she said.

So I went on down Smith Street. I stopped in at Miss Kelly's to buy some nail polish and a new orangewood stick —Tom notices your hands so—and while I was there, Dulcie telephoned Miss Kelly. I knew it was Dulcie, because Miss Kelly kept saying, "Yes, Miss Dunwoody." And she asked Miss Kelly to come up to her house at half past five and give her a *facial massage!*

I nearly swooned right there in the shop. Nobody in our crowd would think of having a facial massage before going to a dance any more than a Turkish bath or an alcohol rub. Of course, I am broad-minded enough to know there is nothing really wrong about a facial massage, but for a girl Dulcie's age it does sound fast. I should think it would worry her mother terribly.

It did not worry me any, though. I could see that Dulcie was stopping at nothing. Of course it was Roger Lane she was after. Nobody would ever dream of having a facial massage for any of the boys in our crowd. I fairly ran down to Madge's. When I told her about Dulcie and the facial massage, she gave a little shriek and grabbed hold of me, and we danced all around the room. She said that Roger Lane was done for.

WHEN Dulcie got to the party, we were all in the dressing-room. She had on her long white coat, and she kissed us all and said how cute we all looked. We really did look pretty well, I thought myself.

Then Dulcie took off her coat.

You could have heard a mouse breathe anywhere in that dressing-room. Girls who had been powdering their necks held their chamois in the air or wherever they had happened to be, girls who had been talking actually forgot to close their mouths. Never in all my life have I seen anything like Dulcie's dress.

It was all black, not black tulle over something else, as we often wear, but absolutely all black. I could not even tell what it was made of, but it was very soft and glittery. And she did not have a thing but jet straps over her shoulders, not a shadow of a sleeve, not even one of those flowing tulle kind. It did look stunning, but I couldn't help feeling that it was a little bit like the facial massage. She had her hair done up high in a kind of French twist, with most of it tucked under, and a big jet comb. She had black satin slippers with sparkling jet buckles.

But the climax of Dulcie's dress was her fan. It was a white ostrich feather fan, simply huge. She took it out of a bag she had and spread it out carelessly. A fan may not sound like much, but nobody who saw Dulcie with hers will ever forget it. It was so fluffy and sweeping and splashy. She is tall and slender, and she looked lovely (*Continued on page 218*)

Back to the Old Home Town

The jolts and the joys you get when you make the trip

By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATION BY TONY SARG

AFTER traveling thousands of miles, and visiting dozens of villages, towns, and cities, I am prepared to state that the great American national sport is not baseball; it is Old-Homing. That's what it is called for short.

When the county newspaper says, "Philander Q. Blatz was old-homing in Hayburg Center last week," all us old-home fans know what that means.

It means that Philander—who left Hayburg Center eight years ago to take a job in the roundhouse at the Junction—has saved enough money to buy a new suit and a celluloid collar, and has come home to show the folks how well he is getting along.

The full title of this great American national sport is "Going Back to the Old Home Town to Give the Old Burg the Once Over." But those of us who play the game know mighty well that the real reason we go back to the old home is to let the old burg see us in our new glory and lavender socks.

Wherever you go in the United States you see Philander Q. Blatz old-homing by the dozen. All you have to do is walk down Main Street to the depot and wait until the train comes in, and you see him step off the car.

As soon as you see a man with a number 16 collar on a number 14 neck, a pair of shoes so new they have never been polished, a brand-new black felt hat with a thin film of virgin dust on its mezzanine gallery, and a fresh and glossy brown-paper suit case with big, shiny, tin-knobbed rivets at the corners you know it is Philander Q. Blatz on an old-homing expedition.

He comes down the car step holding his suit case well out in front of him so it won't rub the creases out of his new pants. He looks up and down the platform anxiously; and suddenly the large woman who has been clasping and unclasping her hands nervously gives a little cry, and rushes up to him and throws her arms around his neck, and laughs and blubbers right there in front of everybody, saying, "Oh, Philander! Philander! I'm so glad!"

That is his sister Levisa, who has not seen him for eight years and has gained one hundred and six pounds since he went away.

Philander says, "My! My! My!" and kisses her, and straightens his hat carefully, so as not to bend the brim, and shakes hands warmly with Amandus P. Herring, the tall thin man who married Levisa before he began to grow side-whiskers, and Amandus picks up the suit case and says, "Well, we'd better be getting up to the house."

The very next thing Levisa says is, "Well, do you think Hayburg Center has changed much since you went away, Philander?"

They always ask us that, and we always say it has. We say we would hardly know the place—it has improved so—even if the only change we can see is that the mud ruts that used to be on the west side of Main Street are now on the east side.

"The old town looks good to me!" we say enthusiastically, knowing that Levisa has undoubtedly killed three spring broilers that morning, and that she certainly has six of her famous blackberry pies on the shed kitchen shelf.

"Oh! I'm so happy!" Levisa says. "I'm so glad to see you again! And you do look so well and—and prosperous!"

That's what we have been waiting for and hoping for. It is what we have old-homed for. We know right then that our old-homing is going to be a delightful success. We have a feeling like three up and three to play, or 5 to 0 in the eighth inning, or a million dollars in the bank and all bills paid.

After dinner, Levisa tells us to be sure to be back at the house by six, because the minister and his wife are coming over to supper in our honor, and we go down-street with Amandus, who has to get back to his notion store so that Minetta Oldfogle can go home to her dinner.

"Minetta Oldfogle!" we say. "And she's clerking for you, is she? Well, well! And how's Minetta these days?" For Minetta was the first girl we ever kissed—at the party at Brissy Deener's.

"Same as ever," says Amandus. "Just as chipper and everything."

She *is* just as chipper and everything, as we can plainly see when Amandus says, "Minetta, this is Philander Blatz; you remember him, I guess." But she is different, too. She was "slight" when we went away; now she is thin and bony, with lines of weariness at the corners of her eyes and mouth. She was pretty, and now she is old-looking and sallow.

"Well! Minetta Oldfogle!" we exclaim. "And you don't look a day older! And getting prettier all the time!"

We know how to play the old-home game.

"You look fine, Philander," she says. "It's good to see you again. How's your wife and family?"

She knows how to play the old-home game, too.

PHILANDER Q. BLATZ does not always old-home alone. Often he is accompanied by Mrs. Blatz in a new black silk—or whatever they're wearing now—that has to be pulled down at the waist every three minutes to reduce its tendency to pile up in puffs on the chest.

Sometimes Mr. and Mrs. Blatz bring three or four young of the Blatz brood, who have been urged, every mile of the way from Omaha to Hayburg Center, "For goodness' sake, when you get to your Aunt Levisa's do try to keep your noses wiped; she'll think you're wild Indians! Ardelia, where's your handkerchief?"

When Philander brings the children along, one of the first things he does is to take them by the hand and show them the place where he was born. If he does not take the children to see it he goes alone, and stands and looks at the old place, and lets fond memories percolate a while.

I have just old-homed in the town where I was born and which I left twenty-two years ago, and I went up Third Street to see my birthplace.

The place where I was born was rather a disappointment. I had hoped the city of Muscatine, in consideration of my fame and the services I had rendered humanity by pouring forth a sweet and uplifting stream of literature, would have bought up my birthplace and turned the old house into a Butler Museum, with a large bronze tablet on it and a good assortment of relics of my early days inside.

I had hoped the rather spacious grounds had been turned into a public park, with gravel walks and a couple of statues—one showing me in a thoughtful pose with my long artistic forefinger laid athwart my temple like a lemon eclair on a china plate, and the other showing me with my hand stuck inside my coat as I delivered a brainy address—and with benches where my admirers could sit and meditate on my greatness.

SOMEHOW or other, this Butler Park and Butler Museum business missed fire. I did not find any bronze tablet reading "In this house, on December 5th, 1869, was born—" When I went up Third Street I did not even find the house! There were a couple of new, unhistoric houses where my birthplace had stood, and the birthplace had been moved back to the alley. I had to go half way around the block and down the alley to find it; and the only tablet on it was a trivial pine affair, painted white and bearing in black letters the word "ICE."

It was impossible for me to believe that a grateful community placed that tablet in an outburst of gratitude to the distinguished author that was born there. I tried to believe it. I tried to think that the letters stood for "In Commemoration of Ellis." But when the iceman stopped

Ellis Parker Butler revisits the scene of his birth and tries to make himself believe that "ICE" stands for—In Commemoration of Ellis

and yanked a few pieces of still unsold frozen water out of his wagon and dragged them into the little storehouse that marks my birthplace, my last shred of hope vanished.

But that does not matter. Some day a tablet will be erected marking my birthplace; and while I was in Muscatine I picked out three or four nice-looking buildings that have not been moved back to an alley, any one of which I am willing to have been born in for posterity publicity purposes. Personally, I prefer the Laurel Building, as it is on the corner of the two main streets, easily accessible, and of a durable construction. But the U. S. Post Office or the Courthouse will do, if the Laurel Building is still needed for dry-goods store purposes.

I have no complaint to make. Were I dead, like Shakespeare, I might feel hurt; but I realize that no author is a hero in his own home town until he is a dead author, no matter how great he is. If Shakespeare came back to Stratford-on-Avon to-day and found his birthplace moved back on the alley and nothing marking it but a board that said "ICE," he might feel hurt. But while he was alive he was probably quite satisfied, when he returned from London after several years' absence, if he was not met by a delegation, consisting of the sheriff, the constable, and the local lawyer, who made a specialty of collecting overdue grocery and butcher bills. No doubt he felt puffed up if some citizen of Stratford stopped him on Main Street, and said, "Well, hello, Bill! Glad to see you. Let me see—you've been down to London working on a newspaper or something, haven't you? Been keepin' yourself mighty quiet all these years, seems to me."

WHEN we get the old-home fever and go back to the old burg we should not be sore because the old home town does not remember everything about us. We should be glad that it forgets a few things! Our failures, for instance. The second thing I went to see when I was home last summer was the conglomerate mass of old red brick buidings of all sizes and shapes that used to be the Muscatine Oat Meal Mill. I was dragged there by a conscience over which I have but an incidental and sketchy control, and I was thankful I did not find on the wall of the mill a tablet saying, "Here E. P. Butler, who chose office work as a life career, fell down and stepped on his face, becoming a ruin of the third class."

When we begin to feel hurt because the old home town has not erected monuments in our honor, we ought to cool off and be thankful that the village historian has not dug up the fifty-seven varieties of asinine failures and mistakes we made, and painted them on the bill board opposite the depot.

One of the greatest things in the world is the fact that a man may be a complete and thorough failure one day, and the very next morning be trotting along gayly on the road to success. And when he comes back to the old home town twenty years later, even the man that gave him his walking papers shakes hands with him and says he is looking well, and forgets to mention the sad and disgraceful past.

I am now quite an author. I often say so myself. I have lived to see my name blazoned on the boards in front of a Broadway motion picture house as the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch"—which I did not write—and to see it printed in a Sioux City newspaper under the portrait of a handsome lady in a low-neck dress—who was someone else—and, until it ceased to exist, I was the favorite author of the Clionian Literary Society of Whitestone, Long Island, and was frequently asked to (*Continued on page 276*)

Fathers and Sons

A story showing that all the brains in the world are not located in one head

By Charles Magee Adams

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. HENRY

DAVE CLAYTON was startled. Even the proud smile which had lighted his face so serenely died into incredulity shot with sudden apprehension as he glanced at his son.

"What?" he demanded.

Ralph did not turn away from the chiffonier at the opposite side of the big comfortable bedroom. "I said there's no mistake, Dad," he repeated slowly. "That degree in commerce is all right. That's the course I took."

"But—but I thought you took engineering!"

Ralph hesitated. Then, with a subconscious about-face, he turned to his father.

"I know it's rotten of me not to have told you before, Dad. I've hated myself a good many times because I didn't. But it wouldn't have done any good then. Maybe it won't do much good to tell you now. But"—his steady gray eyes took on a new directness and the clean line of his tanned chin grew even firmer—"we've got to thresh this out sometime; because I'm no engineer, and I don't intend to be one!"

Dave did not reply. Seated beside the table littered with the newly-opened accumulation of mail, he gazed up at his son, apprehension gone and in its place a disappointment as keen as it was obvious.

"I changed over after my freshman year."

Still Dave was silent. Only the parchment diploma he had picked up idly from the table crackled sharply as his fingers tightened on it.

"Selling's the big end of business now; not production." Ralph spoke with quiet assurance. "So I've prepared myself to be a salesman and an executive, instead of an engineer."

Dave sighed, the diploma curling up with a snap as his fingers relaxed. "And you're not an engineer at all? Not at all?"

Ralph shook his head steadily. "I can read a blue print well enough for talking points," he smiled. "But that's enough, Dad." His arms came up in a quick, easy gesture. "The big business in our line will go to the concern with the best selling methods and plant management; because *every* electrical specialty concern is putting out controllers and switches and lightning arresters and fuses just about as good as the rest."

That drew the first spark from Clayton. "Except Sam Bryce!" he said.

Ralph nodded with sudden eagerness. "Just exactly the very case!" he exclaimed. "You think his stuff's not as good as yours, from an engineering standpoint. But he sells just as much of it and makes just as much money, maybe more; because he pays more attention to *selling* it than he does to *making* it."

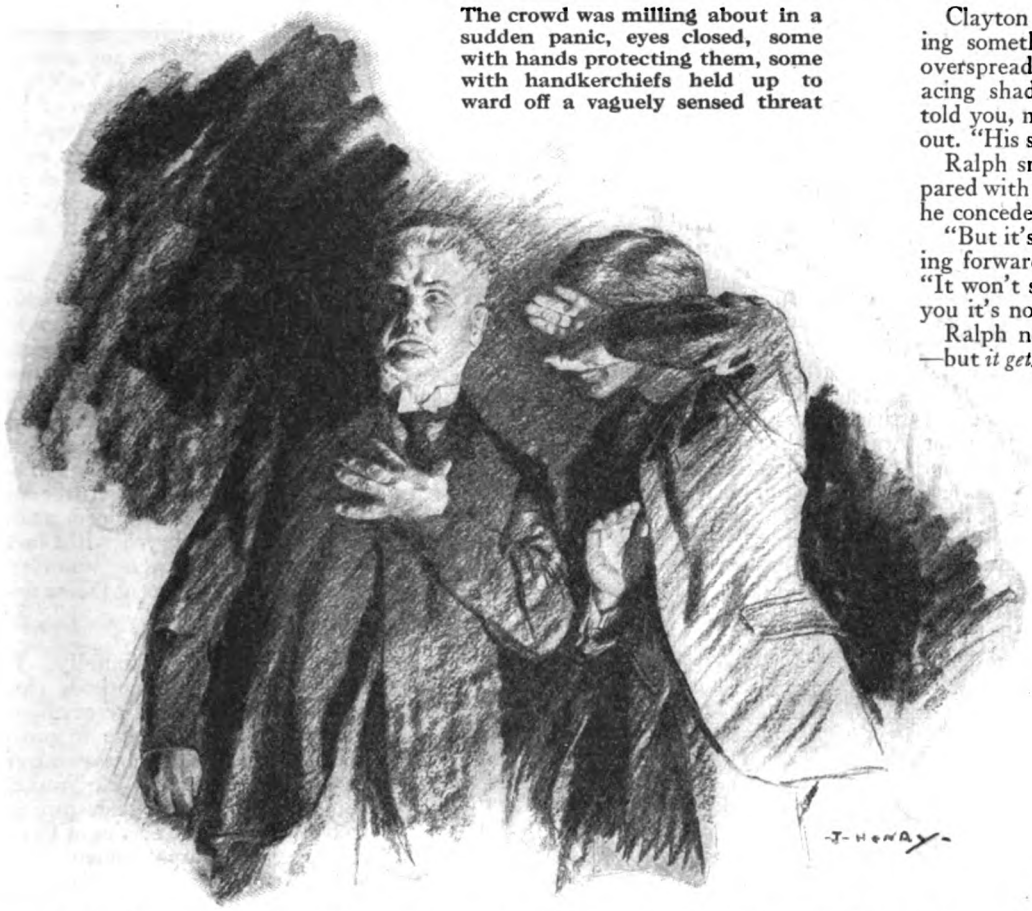
Dave sighed. "He doesn't pay *any* attention to making it."

"But it's good enough!"

Ralph stopped. A light had flashed up in his father's eyes, an aggressive stiffness tightened his whole figure.

"Good enough?"

Ralph was suddenly on the defensive. "Why, yes. It's not as good as yours, of course. But at the same time it's good



The crowd was milling about in a sudden panic, eyes closed, some with hands protecting them, some with handkerchiefs held up to ward off a vaguely sensed threat

enough for him to get by mighty well, and—"

With the angry disdain burning so hotly in the older man's eyes was a lurking something, half-veiling the fire, something wistfully fearful. "You—you don't really think so, do you, Ralph boy?" he asked; and there was no challenge in his voice now, rather a husky dread.

Ralph nodded steadily, his eyes unwavering. "Why, of course I do. It's not as good as yours, as I said, but it's good enough to get by."

Dave shook his head stubbornly. "No! No!" he declared with sudden loudness. "It's just because you're no engineer! If you knew—if you could really see—" The angry disdain leaped out again. "Good enough!" he snapped scornfully. "It's *not* good enough! That's just it."

"I'm looking at the proposition from a business angle," persisted Ralph. "You've spent your time working out a lot of patented improvements, and Sam Bryce has spent *his* working up sales of ordinary types. He's made just as much money as you have, and he stands to make a lot more, because he can keep right on increasing sales, while you've just about reached the limit of improvement."

Dave shook his head again. "You know what Emerson said about the man that made the mouse traps."

RALPH frowned impatiently. "Emerson didn't live in 1920," he countered. "These days you've got to *make* people buy, no matter how good your stuff is; because if *you* don't, somebody else will."

Clayton pondered that, gazing up at his son. "I wish you had taken engineering, Ralph boy," he said.

Ralph sighed. "It's not that I don't like it. It's just that this other end of the business is so much bigger, Dad."

Dave nodded. His body stiffened slightly and he looked straight into the eyes of his son. "Yes, I wish you had, Ralph boy," he said. "Because I had planned to take you into the business with me."

"You *had?*"

"Yes." Dave's voice became slightly husky.

"Yes?"

Clayton accepted the quiet challenge. "You know, any partner I'd take in would have to be an engineer."

Ralph regarded him unwaveringly, something akin to the older man's tension showing in him. "You have never considered the advantage of having a partner to develop sales while you handled the engineering end?"

Clayton shook his head. "No," he said; and his tone was dismissal.

"I'm sorry, Dad." Ralph bowed his head slightly. "Because then—I—I'll have to go to work for Bryce."

"Bryce?" Clayton stared.

Ralph nodded steadily. "He must have been expecting something like this," he said. "Met me yesterday and told me just to come around and see him if I wanted to consider a business proposition. Said he'd see that the terms suited."

Clayton was thunderstruck; yet through his confused bewilderment appeared something darker, more sinister. "Sam Bryce," he muttered.

"Yes. Pretty foxy of him to think I'd be considering a proposition, eh?" Ralph became anxiously sincere. "But it's only a matter of business, Dad. Don't get upset about it. Lots of fellows and their dads don't—well, they compete with each other in a business way, and it never makes any difference."

Clayton scarcely heard. The foreboding something had grown into a cloud overspreading his face in a somber, menacing shadow. "But you know what I told you, not five minutes ago!" he burst out. "His stuff's not good! It's not good!"

Ralph smiled indulgently. "Yes, compared with yours, I suppose it's not, Dad," he conceded.

"But it's not *good!*" Clayton was leaning forward, striving shrilly to convince. "It won't stand up! It won't last! I tell you it's not good!"

Ralph nodded agreement. "Yes, Dad—but *it gets by*. For all practical purposes, it seems to be plenty good enough."

Clayton slumped back in the big easy chair, gazing up at his tall son with a wistful, half-reproachful look, before which Ralph shifted uneasily.

"Hang it, Dad!" he burst out. "I know it's hurting you. I hate it. But, Dad, I've got my own life to live; and I've got to live it the way I honestly think is best. If you don't want to accept my ideas, that's all right. I'm not asking you to. Only don't look like that when I talk about going with Sam Bryce. I'm only doing what I think's best. It's no crime. If you don't stop looking like that I'll not go in with him at all. I'll go out and get a job as a machinist or driving a car first."

Clayton leaned forward in sudden hopefulness. "If you'd taken engineering, you'd understand why I—"

Ralph interrupted with a laugh. "Dad, I'll be hanged if you're not getting downright conceited. You're getting so you think stuff anybody else makes isn't worth selling. 'Fess up! Aren't you just a little bit jealous of Sam, eh, Dad?"

Clayton smiled, made an attempt at easy casualness, but his smile was forced and his words perfunctory. Over and over two seemingly incredible ideas reiterated their demand to be accepted by his protesting mind: Ralph had chosen not to be an engineer! Not only that, but he had deliberately chosen to ally himself with Sam Bryce!

DAVE CLAYTON was himself an engineer, not the variety which merely sits at a desk manipulating equations, but wholly and outstandingly so, with an instinctiveness seemingly as inevitable as the desire for self-preservation itself. Tall, sturdy, somewhat stooped he was, with a faint preoccupied squint and the eyes of a dreamer, steady and farseeing. At his desk he dreamed, over the drafting table he gave his dream visible form, and out in the shop he supervised its concrete fulfillment.

With an intense, whole-souled fervor he believed it was the function of a manufacturer to manufacture. But he was not satisfied even with that. Always he sought improvements. Other manufacturers, notably Bryce, had their engineers develop standard types and then devoted themselves exclusively to quantity production. This Clayton utterly despised. It was a compromise, a confession of contentment

with something not the best attainable, stripping away from manufacturing all the thrill of creation, and putting in its place the mechanical efficiency of the punch press and the glib patter of the salesman. There were scores of "Clayton types," each better than the last. But there was no "standard Clayton type," because his standard was perfection.

WITHOUT embarrassment, Ralph resumed his place in the big comfortable house as naturally as any other young collegian returning to the routine of home life. At breakfast, at dinner, and afterward over pipe and cigarette before the open fire in the big living-room, they talked much as any other father and son whose work chanced to separate them for the day. But they never talked shop. Never did the remotest hint of the electrical specialty business slip into their conversation.

As the days grew to weeks, and the weeks slipped into months, Clayton became more and more acutely conscious of it, this unnatural reserve. But if Ralph experienced any such feeling, he concealed it more successfully. With self-possessed directness he typified the easy but energetic young business man of the modern school.

And he was gaining success, too. From a dozen indirect sources Clayton began to hear of it before the new Bryce sales manager had been at work a month. He was proud of the boy, for he was too thoroughly a father to entertain the slightest shadow of jealousy for his son's success, even though this was being won for a competitor so despised as Sam Bryce. Yet at the same time this success magnified manyfold the thing which separated them.

Neither in word nor manner did Ralph intimate that he felt that he was proving his contention, that salesmanship was the greatest factor in the game. Yet every new success of his that came to Clayton's knowledge made him feel that Ralph was saying in his level, direct way, "That's what I told you, Dad."

He devoted himself more and more completely to his work; at first not with any conscious intention of vindicating himself but because he found the hours spent over his drafting table, at his desk, and in the shop, helped to ease the insistent ache.

Then, after a while, he began to realize that he was losing customers. At first, it was only the more recent ones; then some of longer standing. Those who had bought Clayton equipment for a number of years failed to order as usual; and he discovered, with a start, that most of them were placing their business with Bryce.

Ralph interrupted with a laugh: "Dad, I'll be hanged if you're not getting downright conceited. You're getting so you think stuff anybody else makes isn't worth selling. 'Fess up! Aren't you just a little bit jealous of Sam, eh, Dad?"

The conversations over the breakfast and dinner table and before the living-room fire were still as easy as any conversations between father and son. Yet Clayton sensed somehow that this son of his was seeking to drive home his viewpoint by an actual demonstration. Very well! If Ralph had deliberately thrown down the gauntlet, Clayton would convince his son by the same means by a concrete illustration.

So he plunged into yet more work. Before, he had turned to his business rather because it seemed a sedative, but now he threw himself into it, seeking a permanent cure, and as spring came, improvements, refinements and corrections in the whole Clayton line of electrical specialties appeared in startlingly rapid succession. Yet customers so long established as to be considered matter-of-course fixtures on the Clayton mailing list dropped away steadily, and went to Bryce with such unanimity that there was no room for doubt that some definite recent factor was responsible.

IT STIRRED Clayton profoundly. To have his son's business methods thus triumph roused him to a hot resentment, and crystallized a resolve to prove the practical merits of his own convictions at any cost. He worked harder than ever. But despite an increasingly brilliant series of Clayton patented improvements, the drift of customers away from him and toward Bryce became a steady current. So he welcomed the request of the Ferro Steel Company with exultation.

In accordance with a modern practice, the newest of this company's mills was to have its main machinery driven by a single electric motor, one of nine thousand horse-power, and all the leading manufacturers of electrical specialties were asked to submit proposals for an automatic starter to control it by the manipulation of a mere push-button.

Clayton knew this monster machine could not be controlled by a starter which would be merely an enlarged copy of types used for motors of only a few hundred horse-power. But just prior to the war he had developed and patented a special heavy-duty starter for large motors, a characteristically Clayton device to handle high-amperage, high-voltage circuits without the blinding arc flash so much feared and so often encountered. It had been used on two, three, and four hundred horse-power installations with the superior satisfaction usual to Clayton equipment; but it had never been carried up into the range of its practical possibility. Clayton was sure it could be used as well for a twenty-thousand-horse-power installation as for a two-hundred one. It was simply a matter of designing the appropriately sized parts.

So this was his opportunity. Few competitors could risk even a proposal, for they had no equipment which (*Continued on page 225*)

An Expert in Men's Clothes

The story of John S. Capper, whose article on the next page contains many curious side lights on human nature

By Keene Sumner

SOME months ago, there appeared in a Chicago newspaper a "statement on the times," as it was labeled, with the title: "We Fiddle and Fiddle While Rome Burns!" It was signed "John S. Capper."

Inside of twenty-four hours, requests were coming in for permission to reprint it. And within a few weeks various organizations had brought out and circulated hundreds of thousands of copies of the little article.

Immediately people all over the country began asking: "Who *is* John S. Capper, anyway?"

To say that John S. Capper is president of the firm of Capper and Capper, with stores in Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Minneapolis, is to tell only the current chapter in one of the dramatic stories of American business men.

Sitting in the office of his Chicago establishment, Mr. Capper himself told me the earlier chapters of the narrative, a simple, straightforward story of achievement, in spite of a handicapped start, which to most men would not only have excused failures but would have made achievement seem impossible.

"I suppose," he said with a smile, "that everybody likes to hear about a fight. A man used to put on about a ton of hardware, call it a suit of armor, get onto a horse similarly metal-plated, and do his fighting that way.

"Nowadays, he puts on a coat and a pair of trousers, goes to a shop, or an office or a store, and does battle there. Business is the setting for our modern romances of fighting. And the men who furnish these romances are chiefly those who began in the empty-stomach class.

"That is where I started, and I am not ashamed of it. A human being could not be poorer than I was as a boy, not if he was to live through it! Often enough I had only a dry crust of bread to eat. Hunger was a pretty constant companion most of the time. And hard knocks, hard work, and hard sledding generally, kept me company until I was a grown man.

"My father was a steel worker, one of the first steel workers brought to this country from England. It won't do any good to go into the causes of our poverty. The important thing is that it existed, and that it was the genuine dyed-in-the-wool variety.

"When I was eleven years old I came to Chicago with my mother to live with her people. From that time I never went to school—except night school. I worked, to help take care of myself and my mother. We lived out in Gresham, a little town south of Chicago, and for months I walked four miles every morning to where they were building the Nickel Plate railroad shops, and back at night. My job was to carry water to the workmen ten hours a day. I received fifty cents a day for it, and was glad to get it.

"At one time I worked on my uncle's dairy farm; and most of the time I got up at one o'clock in the morning, because the milk had to be ready for delivery at three-thirty A. M., and I had fifteen cows to milk.

"Later, I got a job in a grocery store at Gresham for a dollar and a half a *week*, with my dinner thrown in. It doesn't sound like much of a job, and yet it was through that experience that I came into my present business.

"One of my customers at the grocery store was a young lady who persuaded her father to give me a place in his own store, a men's furnishing shop down-town in the city itself. It seemed to me that my fortune would be made if I could only get into something 'down-town.' So I accepted the chance very gratefully, although I had no intention of sticking to that business; or, in fact, to any other business. I was planning to be a physician. But I had to support myself and help my mother in the meantime, and this job in a store would take care of that, for the pay was the enormous sum of eleven dollars a week. It was raised to thirteen-dollars and fifty cents later.

"POSSIBLY I might have gone on with my medical studies and have become a doctor, but the little fellow with the bow and arrows took a hand in the game just about that time. I fell in love, and, when I was only twenty, I married. I had just eighty dollars, which I had managed, by rigid economy, to save out of my thirteen-fifty-a-week, and I succeeded in persuading everybody concerned that eighty dollars was enough to marry on.

"It was at this point that something happened which had a great influence on my career, something, moreover, which I think would have an influence on any young man's career. My father-in-law told me that the best thing I could do would be to buy a little home, instead of moving into a flat; and he interested himself to the extent of finding a cottage which we could purchase by making a first payment of two hundred dollars.

"'The idea is a fine one,' I agreed; but I had never seen as much money as two hundred dollars in my life! It looked bigger to me then than two hundred *thousand* dollars look now; and it is possible my story would be quite different if he had not offered to lend me the money himself.

"Whatever else I lacked, I guess I did not want for courage, for I snapped up the offer, and the cottage was bought the very next day. I didn't even go to see it. To own any cottage in the world seemed to me too wonderful a thing to hesitate over. So our little home was purchased, and with it I acquired also the necessity of paying fifty dollars every four months for the next six years.

It meant a hard struggle for my wife and myself. But perhaps this was a good thing. I believe it is a help to any young man to take on obligations which will *force* him to save. If we had not gone into debt for our little home we might have lived up to our income—not a hard thing to do when the income was what mine was—and I should have missed the opportunity that came within a few years.

THE value of the property I had bought increased somewhat, so that before I had finished paying for it I was able to borrow about $1,600 on it. I didn't exactly borrow it. Two men whom I knew suggested that we three start a store of our own. They agreed to put in $1,665 apiece, and to take my note, with a mortgage on my cottage as security, for the $1,665 which would be my share of the capital. So it was because I had my little home that I got my start in business.

"Two years later, I made a proposition to my two partners. They were not very active in the concern, whereas I was giving it all my time and energy. Many a time, even when I was in other men's employ, I had worked fifteen hours a day, and you may be sure that when it came to my own business I worked even harder. So I asked them to let me have a half-interest, $2,500, and to take the other half themselves.

"They refused. If they had accepted my offer they would have received, by this time, $250,000 in dividends on their $2,500, and their half interest would be worth to-day more than half a million dollars. But they couldn't see things my way then, so I left the concern and started a little store of my own.

"The whole place wasn't as big as this office. Six customers at once seemed like a crowd. But when the six simultaneous customers became a common occurrence, I got a bigger store where I could take care of sixteen at once. Then I 'raised my bid' to sixty at once. And so on, until to-day, in our (*Continued on page 207*)

The story of Mr. Capper is

Men Are Not Vain—They

**That has been my observation after thirty years of experience in sell-
pockets, shirts, neckties and hats. And there are many in-
their necks, their differences of opinion with**

By John

ARE men vain? Are they "fussy" about their clothes? Are they slaves to fashion? Do they sacrifice comfort to appearance, or appearance to comfort? To which item of their dress do they pay most attention?

Do men like the neckties women choose for them? How does a man's taste, in regard to his wearing apparel, differ from a woman's? What kinds of men are hardest to please?

And so on, and on, and on. These, and a hundred other questions, have been asked me so often that I have concluded there must be a pretty general curiosity about men's ideas and habits as to clothes.

I have had thirty years' experience in selling men the various things they wear; so I think I know something about their tastes, and also about their character, as it is shown in the buying and wearing of clothes.

Take the first of the above questions, for example: "Are men vain?" I should answer it by saying, "So far as their personal appearance goes—no, except in a small minority of cases and in regard to a few details of their dress."

The vast majority of men do not want to be conspicuously dressed. They want to impress people as being *well* dressed. and this, with most men, means quiet colors, good materials, and at least an approach to the prevailing styles.

The commonest desire among men, I believe, is that they should never have to think about their clothes, once they have bought them. For that reason, they do take a good deal of pains to get them right to start with. If a man is once convinced that he has "the right thing," he will scarcely give it a thought afterward.

The most universal characteristic of men is that they buy what they *like*. For example, when a woman is choosing a tie for her husband she very often speaks of his complexion, the color of his eyes, or of his hair. She will refuse a green tie, perhaps, because his eyes are blue. Or she will select a brown tie, because his hair is brown.

Men don't do that. I never knew even a red-haired man to let that peculiarity govern his choice of colors. Men buy what they *like*. Once in a while a man will say, "I don't believe that would suit me," meaning that it would not be becoming. But, as a rule, they buy the thing without much reference to themselves, just because they think the article itself is attractive.

They have a good many preferences which, for some reason, seem to be peculiarly masculine. For instance, a great many women when buying ties for men will select a Persian scarf, the Paisley design of a palm leaf. But in my experience I have almost never known a *man* to buy a Persian scarf. They like figured designs —but no Paisley effects for them!

Some men never select their own ties, but leave the matter entirely to the women of their household. And some women show better taste in this direction than the average man does. On the whole, though, women will choose more decided colors than the man likes to wear. The ones which please the feminine taste may perhaps be more beautiful and more becoming than those the man picks out. But that is precisely the trouble. They are *too* beautiful, or *too* becoming. They make a man feel conscious of his clothes. And, as I said before, a man's ideal is to wear something which he will never have to think of. He doesn't want even to be admired for his clothes. A woman does.

SOME men have a perfect mania for buying ties. I think it is because they have a keen esthetic pleasure in striking color combinations; and, of course, a man's neckwear is almost the only item of his apparel in which he can gratify this love of beauty. But when it comes to the ties they actually *wear*, even these men are pretty conservative.

In fact, I should say that this conservatism is the dominating characteristic of American men. As everybody knows, styles for American men originate in London, just as the styles for women originate in Paris. So our masculine fashions are marked by British conservatism, with the addition of a certain amount of American "pep."

Men do not follow eccentric fads as women do. There are, of course, some conspicuous cases of women who have kept to a certain style in dressing for years. Queen Alexandra found the fashion which she felt was best suited to her, and she still follows that fashion. Queen Mary does much the same thing, although she has selected a different style. So did Queen Victoria. It is a curious thing that, if there were no pictures left of any English women save these three queens, nobody in the future would know that England had seen more than three fashions in feminine dress in the past century.

But this is very rare. Most women are in a constant feverish pursuit of a hundred fads in fashion. And one cannot blame them, for if they are "out of style" they become unpleasantly conspicuous.

There are certain men, however, who go right on wearing the same fashions, year in and year out, and they often achieve a sort of distinction by doing this. I know a certain stockbroker who for years has always worn a double-breasted blue sack coat; and, with it, trousers of what we call English plaid. Years ago I thought him one of the best dressed men I knew. And the strange part of it is that I have *kept on* thinking so. Double-breasted coats have come and gone, and come and gone again. Yet, because this man thought they suited him, he has kept right on wearing them; or, rather, successive replicas of them.

His case is different from that of men who wear the very same suit or hat until it becomes a sort of landmark. A famous Chicago business man, for instance, has worn a certain green overcoat and hat so long that everybody recognizes him by these items of dress.

Men become attached to clothes which are especially comfortable; and the reason is just what I spoke of before—they hate to be *conscious* of what they are wearing. Most wives know that they have to plead, threaten, and even deceive, in order to make their husbands give up some pet article of clothing.

A day or two ago, a man came into our store wearing a derby hat whose binding and band were absolutely threadbare. He said he had been wearing the hat *ten years*—and it certainly looked it! He declared it was the most comfortable "headpiece" he had ever known, but that his family threatened to disown him if he didn't get a new one. The salesman found a hat for him which he grudgingly admitted was comfortable; and then our man, taking up the ancient derby, said:

"Shall I send this to the Salvation Army, sir?"

The customer almost turned pale at the idea.

"No, *sir!*" he said. "Why, I wouldn't give up that hat for a fortune!"

MEN are more particular about their hats than about any other item of their clothing. They give more evidence of vanity in selecting them, especially in recent years, since the soft hat has become almost universal. When a man bought a stiff hat, he took it as it was, and that was the end of it. But the soft hat is capable of a great variety of little changes in the roll or angle of the brim and the way the crown is dented.

I remember a shoe dealer saying that men would buy a pair of shoes as carefully as if they were investing in a house and lot. That is the way many of them buy

told on the preceding page

Want to be Comfortable

ing them clothes. But they have some remarkable ideas about collars, teresting facts about the shape of their heads, the size of their wives in the matter of clothes, and so on

S. Capper

their hats. They will try every possible adjustment of the brim and, when they have got it to suit them, it is like the laws of the Medes and Persians—it must never be changed.

Years ago, hats were of just three prices: three, four, and five dollars. And they all looked pretty much alike. But to-day men will pay from twelve to thirty dollars for a hat and will take some very daring styles. They have surprised me, I confess, by their willingness to go to what we would have considered extremes of eccentricity a few years ago. But there is one point to be remembered. They are not sacrificing their *comfort* in this case. These soft hats have been very pleasant to wear. So they have not gratified their vanity at the expense of their ease.

The pendulum is swinging back to the derbies again now; but the new "bowler" is not quite like the old one. It is much more flexible in adjusting itself to the head, and therefore is far more comfortable. Silk hats are worn nowadays only with evening or formal afternoon dress; and as the average man fights pretty shy of both these forms of raiment, the silk hat is more or less out of the running.

The tuxedo, or dinner coat, has helped to bring this about. Some years ago, the tuxedo was considered correct only for stag affairs and for dinners. But it proved to be an entering wedge of which men soon took advantage; and now the tuxedo is permissible at most places except very formal functions. But a silk hat is not worn with a tuxedo; so the "topper" is seldom called for.

SPEAKING of masculine styles coming from London, one of our men was over there last winter and brought back the information that the once popular opera hat, or crush hat, which had totally disappeared for some years, was showing signs of coming back into favor. If it is revived in London, it will come to the front here, too.

The commonest sizes in hats are 7, 7⅛ and 7¼. Some people think you can judge a man's brains by the size of his hat, but that is a mistake. For instance, James B. Forgan, president of the First National Bank in Chicago, wears a 7¾, an unusually large hat. And Mr. Forgan is an exceptionably able man. But I know another president of a bank, who is also an able man, and he wears only a 6⅜ size hat.

Here is a curious thing that happened during the war. Before this country went into the fight, most of the hats we sold ranged from 7 to 7⅞ in size. The explanation of this demand for large sizes was that the young men, according to the prevailing fashion at the time, wore their hats rather far back and pulled well down on the head, making it necessary for them to take a larger size than if the hat had been worn in the ordinary way.

After the draft became effective, this demand for large sizes ceased! Instead of ranging from 7 up, the majority of the hats we sold were from 7 down to 6½, and even lower. The only way we could explain it was that the big husky fellows had gone into (*Continued on page 100*)

As a boy, John Capper was in what he calls "the empty-stomach class." He was born in Philadelphia, fifty-two years ago, his father being a steel worker brought over from England. To-day he is one of the big retail dealers in men's furnishings, with stores in Chicago, Detroit, Milwaukee, and Minneapolis. His own story begins on page 31, and on the opposite page is his extremely interesting analysis of what men like to wear. Mr. Capper is married and has two sons and two daughters. His home is in Chicago. In addition to his regular business, he owns and directs a farm of over eight hundred acres

To the Heights at 53

The wonderful story of Frank McGlynn, an actor who thought that his big chance might never come. Now, after twenty-five years of struggle, he is winning fame in the great rôle of Abraham Lincoln

By Mary B. Mullett

FRANK McGLYNN and I had talked on and on while the afternoon sunlight faded and the dusk of evening crept into the room. As I rose to go, he turned on the light. Standing across the table from him, thinking of what he had been telling me, I said:

"It was a good deal like this, wasn't it? It was getting dark—and then, suddenly, the light came!"

As he realized what I meant, he said impulsively, "You won't think I am just talking pious nonsense if I tell you something, will you? Things were not merely getting dark, they were already pretty black. And after almost twenty-five years of hard work, too!

"I was fifty-three years old. I had a wife and family depending on me; and for the past few years it seemed as if every circumstance had conspired against us. I was obliged to take almost any opportunity to earn money, because money I *had* to have. We were down to bed-rock.

"Then, out of a clear sky—or rather, out of a very black and stormy sky—came the unexpected light, the Big Chance for which I had waited so long."

He looked down and began fussing with the books on the table.

"A man doesn't like to talk about these things," he said after a pause; "but I think he is shirking an obligation if he does not. You see—we, in my family, believe in asking God's help. And we certainly were in sore need of His help these last few years. So every one of us—my wife, my children, and I myself—had been praying pretty earnestly that we might get it.

"I think it's up to me now," he went on with quiet dignity, "to say that I believe those prayers were heard and answered. Most of us are quick enough to acknowledge a good turn which any *human* friend does us. I don't want you to think I am talking cant, but it seems to me that it isn't quite the square thing to confine the acknowledgment of our gratitude to our *human* friends."

It was all said quietly, simply, sincerely. And I think it is worth repeating here, because it helps to explain the profound impression which Frank McGlynn's portrayal of Abraham Lincoln, in the play by the English poet, John Drinkwater, has made on the thousands who have seen it during the past months:

His performance was one of the startling surprises of the season. When the play opened in December, he was practically unknown on Broadway. He had not appeared in a New York production for more than fifteen years. He had never played a leading part in that city. Probably not one of the present New York critics had ever seen him.

Just how unknown to fame he was may be gathered from the fact that one critic, in reviewing the play, said that Lincoln was played "by an actor named McGlynn." Could anything be more significant than that phrase: "an actor named McGlynn?" But the critic went on to say:

"Mr. McGlynn's performance is exactly right—right in appearance, in voice, in feeling—so right that at first you say 'How like!' and later forget it is not Lincoln into whose presence you have come. The fascinated eye follows his every move. The courage, the native dignity, the whimsical understanding, the great kindliness, the very spirit of Lincoln, is in this glowing impersonation."

Critics and public alike were surprised and stirred by the work of this "actor called McGlynn." He had come, as Drinkwater says of Lincoln himself, "from fifty fameless years" to be "the lord of his event." And we marveled at it.

But when I had talked with him and listened to his simple "confession of faith," I marveled no longer. Here, in the man himself, was "the courage, the native dignity, the whimsical understanding, the great kindliness, the very spirit of Lincoln."

He came to his big chance straight from the deep waters of discouragement and anxiety; and it is easy to believe that he brought to this opportunity a deeper and finer feeling because of the trials he had gone through.

Frank McGlynn has the blood of pioneers in his veins, just as Lincoln himself had: his father and his mother, his grandparents, his uncles and his aunts—he likes to talk of them and to tell what fine men and women they were and are.

Of his friends and associates, too, he spoke with the same unaffected enthusiasm. Not once, in the hours we talked together, did he say anything but good of any person, or even speak bitterly of any circumstance in his career. The essence of kindliness—that seems to be the spirit of Frank McGlynn, just as it was the spirit of Lincoln.

He was born in San Francisco, fifty-three years ago, of sturdy Irish stock on both sides. His grandfather McGlynn had been a (*Continued on page 282*)

The Night McGlynn Got His Telegram

FOR years Frank McGlynn couldn't "get shet of trouble," as they put it down South. For almost twenty-five years on the stage, he had never played the leading part in anything. But last summer, he says, he was being "buried alive in debts." Then came a Saturday night when the play in which he had a minor part closed in Allentown, Pennsylvania. During the performance, the stage manager handed him a telegram. Of course he thought it meant more trouble! He couldn't read it without glasses, so he asked another actor, Charlie Clark, to read it to him. This is what Clark read:

> Will you consider an engagement for next season through this office? Splendid opportunity. If so, telephone Lester Lonergan at midnight, Bryant 813.

"Charlie drew a long breath," says McGlynn, "and began again: 'Will you consider—' Then he looked up at me sideways: 'Will you *consider*—' he repeated, and I almost shouted, '*Will* I?' We pretty nearly hugged each other then and there."

That telegram broke through the clouds like a burst of sunshine and brought Frank McGlynn the Big Chance he had almost ceased to hope for. Inside of three months he was having a New York triumph in the rôle of Abraham Lincoln.

Photograph by Apeda Studios

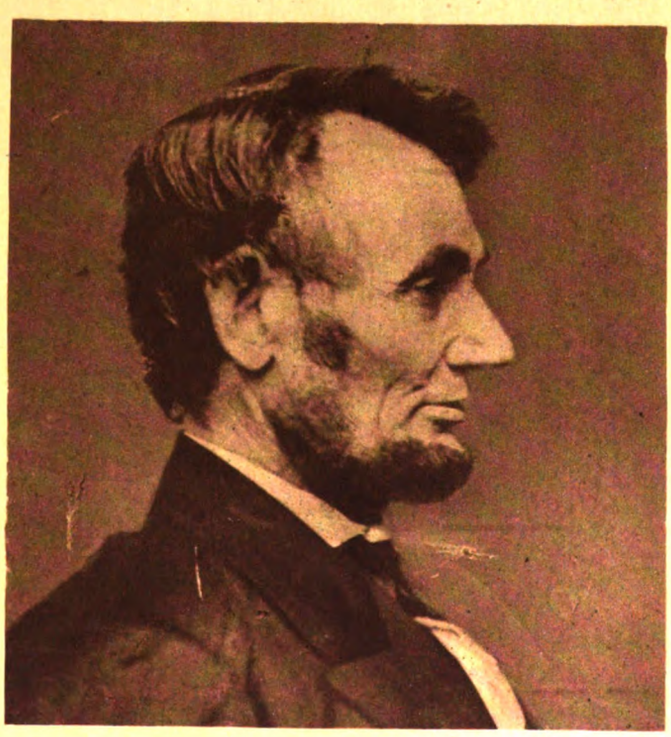
THIS is the real Frank McGlynn. He was born in San Francisco 53 years ago and has been on the stage almost 25 years; but his appearance in John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," is his first striking success. He is married and has six children. His parents and grandparents, on both sides, were Irish-Americans. His father was one of the early pioneers in San Francisco.

Photograph by White Studios

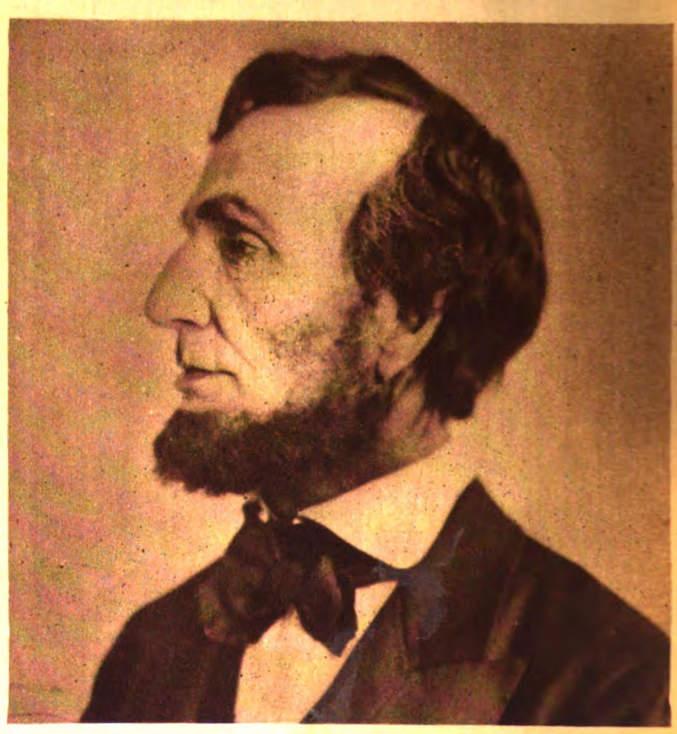
FRANK McGLYNN as Abraham Lincoln. Mr. McGlynn is a little more than 6 feet 2 inches, in height, whereas Lincoln was 6 feet 4 inches; but to see him on the stage you would think McGlynn fully as tall as Lincoln. Many people suppose that the clothes worn in the play actually belonged to Lincoln; but they were made after a careful study of Lincoln's portraits.

Portrait by Ira D. Schwarz

THE episode in the White House between Lincoln and Mrs. Otherly is one of deep feeling. The gentle reverence with which Lincoln honors the woman who has lost her son in the service of his country, leaves the audience hushed and thrilled. Genuine old furniture is used in this scene of the play.



THIS photograph of Abraham Lincoln is from the original negative, made by Brady during the Civil War, and now in the collection of Frederick H. Meserve, of New York City.



Photograph by White Studios

McGLYNN as Lincoln. Seen on the stage, the resemblance to Lincoln is striking; but the impersonation is so full of the *spirit* of Lincoln that it does not seem to depend on physical likeness.

Portrait by Ira D. Schwarz

THE young soldier after an exhausting march of over 30 miles, has offered to stand guard in place of a sick comrade. He falls asleep, is court-martialled, and condemned to be shot. Lincoln, at Grant's headquarters, sends for the boy and pardons him. The scene is the most touching one in the play.

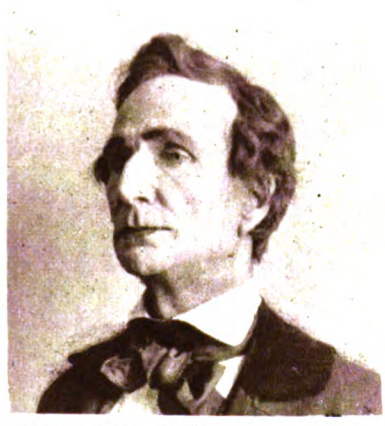


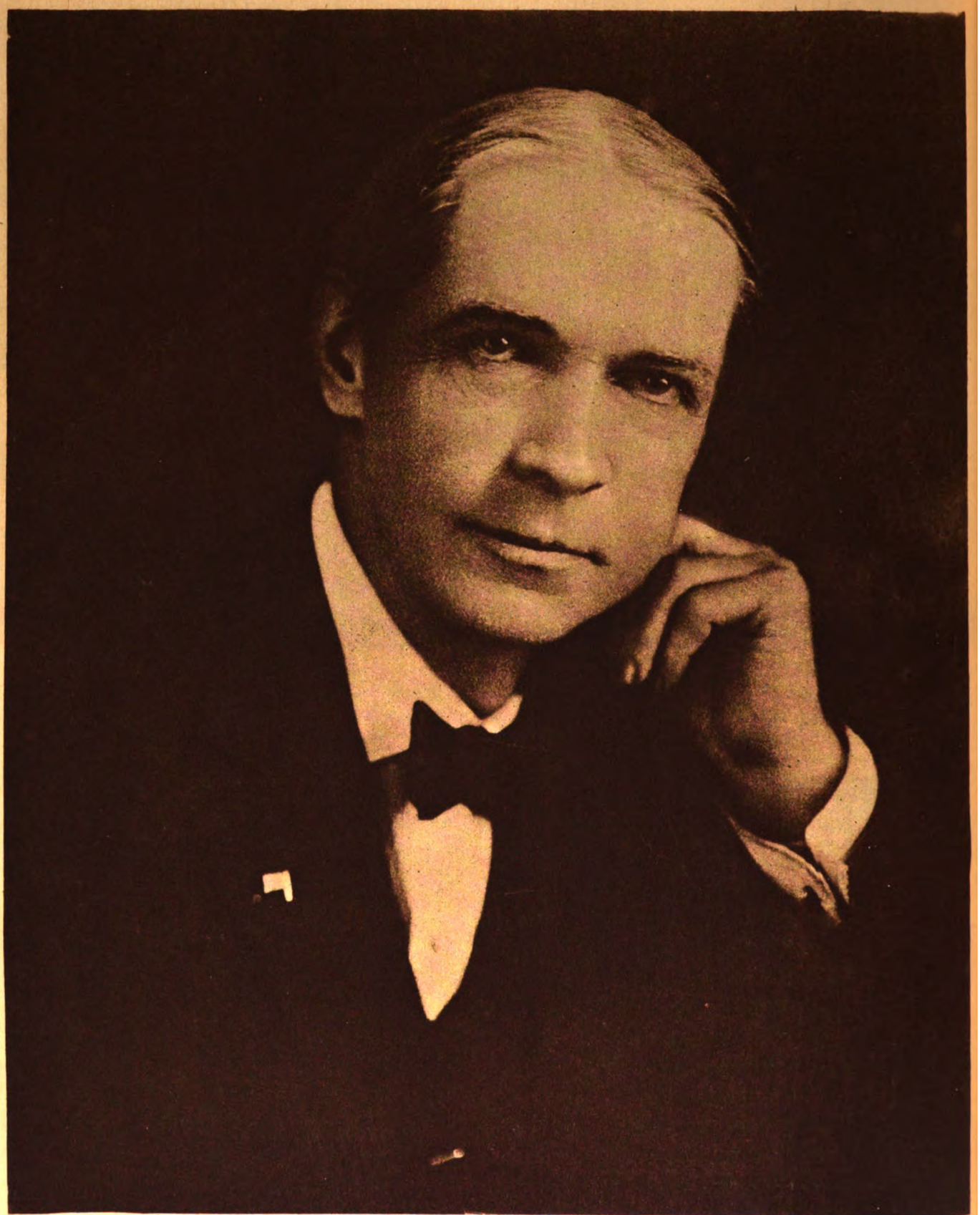
Photo by White Studios

AT the left—a photograph made in Chicago in 1858 and now in the collection of Frederick H. Meserve.

AT the right—McGlynn in the first scene of the play, just before Lincoln's nomination, in 1860, for the Presidency.

IN this scene, at Grant' eadquarters, the General receives the news of Lee's surrender. It is one of the most impressive moments of the play, when Lincoln, taking the dispatch from Grant, says in a tone that is scarcely more than a whisper: "For four—years—life has been but the hope of this moment!" McGlynn himself knows the relief that comes with victory after long years of waiting.

Portrait by Ira D. Schwarz



Photograph by Campbell Studio, N. Y.

Joseph French Johnson

DEAN of the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance at New York University since 1903. This school was founded in 1900 with 67 students, two being women. This year the registration is 6082—4882 men and 1200 women. About 80 per cent of the students are employed in business during the day.

Dean Johnson was born at Hardwick, Mass. For many years he was a newspaper man. At one time he was financial editor of the *Chicago Tribune*. In 1890 he founded the Spokane, Wash., *Spokesman*. In 1893 he sold it and became a professor at the Wharton School of Commerce, University of Pennsylvania, where he remained until he took up his present work at New York University. He is in his sixty-seventh year.

Getting Your Second Wind in Business

Nine men out of ten are soon satisfied, and settle down complacently. But here and there the extraordinary man keeps on forever learning

By Joseph French Johnson

Dean of the School of Commerce, Accounts and Finance at New York University

A FEW weeks ago a man whom I had known years ago at college walked into my office. He is sixty-two years old, and the marks of genteel poverty are on him. He is employed as a clerk or bookkeeper at about fifteen hundred dollars a year. Couldn't I help him to find a better position, one with a larger salary?

We talked for perhaps half an hour; and every few minutes his mind would slip back to our college days. He spoke of Sam, and Jim, and Ed, men whom I had not thought of in years. His need for a larger job was urgent enough, one would suppose; yet even that necessity proved incapable of keeping his mind in the present for so much as a brief half-hour. His capacity for absorbing new ideas had ceased with his graduation from college; at sixty-two he was living the mental life of twenty-five.

Look around you and you will see a man of his stamp in every office and factory and club. If he is a college man, he travels still in the rut that college made for him. If he had no college training, his talk is of baseball, or the mechanism of his automobile, or the superficialities of the day's news. World changes in business and finance are of no significance to him. He opens his mail, dictates, "Yours received and contents noted" precisely as he did at twenty-five—no better and no worse.

Contrast that man with a friend of mine who has built a business of international proportions. At sixty-five he said to me:

"I wish I were twenty again. I see so many opportunities in business that I cannot take advantage of, things that ought to be done that would make the nation richer. It is not the money I think of—I already have more than I need—but I do not like to see opportunities for good business going to waste. I don't understand why I cannot make my boys see these opportunities. I have given them both a good education, but somehow they do not see."

When he was well past middle life he was still studying; and one chapter in a certain book on finance caused him to make changes in his business that have paid him an additional profit of more than $10,000 a year ever since. Sixty-five and still young, still growing!

I stopped in at the office of one of the richest men in America not long ago. He, too, is well past middle life, and had recently retired from the presidency of a great commercial institution. His secretary told me that he was in California that day. Loafing? Not a bit of it. Someone had excited his interest in regard to oil, and he was out there looking into the subject.

"What's he going to do now that he has retired?" I asked the young man. "Devote his attention to the companies in which he is interested, I suppose."

"Oh, no," the secretary replied. "He won't devote much time to them; they're already successful. No; when we moved into this office he just pointed to the chairs and said: 'That will be your chair and this will be mine. Now we'll sit down and have some fun.'"

Gray-haired — but still having fun! More than middle-aged according to the calendar, but still curious about the world, still reaching out for new books to read, eager for the companionship of any man who can give him new ideas—there you have the really successful man of business. The ninety per cent are soon satisfied. At twenty-five or thirty they think they know enough, and they settle down complacently to live by selling the little stock of skill and learning they have acquired.

But here and there the extraordinary man keeps on forever learning. And in that constant outreaching after large things lies the

(*Continued on page 261*)

Seldom Do You Find a Physical Weakling at the Top

HERE is what Dean Johnson has to say about health and business:

Really successful men are almost always physical successes first: they have made themselves masters of their own bodies. Seldom do you find a weakling in a place of real power.

I have had occasion to mark this among the directors of the Merchants' Association of New York, with whom I have served for many years. Almost without exception they are strong, well-built men, with the marks of exercise upon them. And Professor Enoch Burton Gowin of New York University, in his very interesting book, "The Executive and His Control of Men," presents some statistics that are worth repeating. In various ways he obtained information regarding the height and weight of over two thousand Americans who were, at that time, occupying positions of leadership. He found that a majority of them were over five feet ten inches tall, and that their average weight was 175 pounds.

The average height of the sixty-one university presidents was five feet 10.8 inches, and the average weight 181.6 pounds. The presidents of small colleges averaged one inch less in height, and seventeen pounds less in weight. His returns showed that railroad presidents on the average had the better of station agents by 1.5 inches in height and 31.7 pounds in weight.

Professor Gowin's statistics do not prove, of course, that the medium-sized man of light weight cannot hope for distinction. Napoleon, Harriman, and dozens of little men who have exercised wide authority, come at once to mind to invalidate any such conclusion. The figures merely emphasize the well-understood truth that big deeds require big doers, and that in a competition as swift as that of the modern business world, the weak, and those who neglect either their physical or mental development, are soon eliminated.

And then, her dark eyes serious, she proceeded to outline a scheme

The Bold Adventure of

By Roy P.

ILLUSTRATION BY

IT CAN be very truthfully said that Gaylord & Higgins considered Jimmie Warren a comer. From that corner of their workshop where gummy alarm clocks were bathed in gasolene and massaged with fresh oil, he had climbed lustily forward to head watchmaker behind a mahogany grille in the forefront of the jewelry store, tucked in at the left of the entrance, heading the long lines of glittering cases decked with mirrored gold and silver.

The journey had occupied five years, and Jimmie had been going some place every minute. The firm had let him have a straight track with full right of way, and Jimmie had taken promotions without stopping at milestones and wayside stations. He was the best man the firm had ever had with watches. Fussy old ladies with heirlooms, lucky débutantes with platinum and diamond toys, and grimy engineers with second-measuring marvels of accuracy, all knew and respected his judgment and skill.

For one thing, Jimmie Warren believed in his line. Machines that never slept, going on for years with no attention except the few twists of a spring once a day, made real non-stop records which gas motors might shoot at but never would reach. The tick of a good watch filled him with joy.

So at the head watchmaker's cage Jimmie Warren halted. There seemed no higher place to go, and, besides, Jimmie found the stopping place so attractive that he forgot all about being sidetracked. Also, there was Bessie Lee and the little home he was paying for, like rent; the daily discoveries of new wisdom in two-

which at first astonished Jimmie, then placed him on the defensive

Jimmie the Watchmaker

Churchill

HARRY TOWNSEND

year-old John Roger, the very slowly growing savings account, the lawn and garden—altogether a happy, interesting rut to slip into and travel peacefully round and round.

Jimmie hadn't meant to stop in the head watchmaker's cage. "A business of my own," he told himself when he chose a trade instead of a profession. And though he had forgotten it, he had promised Bessie Lee the same thing. He couldn't see the use of hurrying on, somehow. Life was too well ordered and going too smooth.

Meanwhile, the awakening was on the way. Expenditures, set moving when Jimmie was still going blithely ahead, began to overtake the halted earnings. Jimmie had his first shock when the life insurance premium became due and he had to scrape and wriggle to meet it. The city assessed him two hundred dollars for paving and guttering before his home. The household bills crept up. John Roger scrapped innumerable shoes. Before he hardly knew it, Jimmie found himself lean, as well as leaning heavier than a man ought, on the place at Gaylord & Higgins.

"We'll get the savings account back, Chief," he told Bessie Lee. "It'll take a little time with things as high as they are, but the paving is in, anyhow, and there's nothing else ahead to keep from putting part, at least, of the good old forty-five away each week."

Jimmie had on his Saturday afternoon old suit and was putting out tomato plants in his garden. John Roger poured water out of an old tin can and Bessie Lee saw that part of it went to the plants.

Bessie Lee believed him. Wasn't he head watchmaker at the best jewelry store in town and making five dollars a week more than they had ever before paid a man?

But John Roger caught cold, had a siege with the doctor and a trained nurse for a week, which wiped out the barely revived savings account, and left Jimmie Warren fifty dollars shy on what was due the doctor.

Jimmie had really intended striking the firm for a raise that spring, but now, with no reserve to hearten him, he lacked the nerve to try it, and so let things drift on.

Jimmie still couldn't see exactly what had gone wrong; but he couldn't pay the doctor and had to make himself a new promise every week to reopen the savings account next. He grew puzzled and worried, losing a sale or two that he might have had a chance to land otherwise, and caught Perry Gaylord watching him.

It took Tony the Greek from the little restaurant around the corner to pry the scales from Jimmie's mental eyes. Tony wanted a wrist watch for his wife. Tony wanted a good one, and Tony had the cash money to pay for it. All this in spluttery and much abused English, and yet with the bare facts of the desire and ability to pay perfectly evident.

Now Jimmie had desires, too, but not the ability to pay. Not so many desires for himself, perhaps, as for Bessie Lee and John Roger, though he had given a new spring suit some thought; but Bessie Lee needed a suit worse than he did, and John Roger had simply outgrown his.

The fifty dollars that Tony dug up from a soiled pocketbook would have made a lot of difference to Jimmie Warren had it been his to spend. Jimmie knew half a dozen places he could put it, and still not get around to a manifest luxury like a wrist watch. Jimmie didn't care what other people spent their money for, but what dug in under his skin was that Tony had the fifty dollars to spend for anything Tony or Tony's wife wanted, while he did not have it, and saw no way of getting it in the near-at-hand future.

WHEN he had suggested a monogram for Tony's watch and sent it back to the engraver, Jimmie went on winding and regulating the repair watches, trying to get his mental tweezers on the grain of sand that was throwing an otherwise perfect machine out of gear.

"We're not the harum-scarum kind that live in a neighborhood we can't afford, keep a maid we can't pay, and patter around to social functions to try and get a boost into society," Jimmie told himself. And, also, he thought of Bessie Lee doing her own housework by way of the vacuum cleaner and electric washer route, and of his own absence of exclusive club dues. So far as Jimmie could see, they lived sanely, economically, and without a single false god to dethrone.

By the time he had the graduated rows ticking away merrily in their mahogany cabinet, Jimmie thought he had it, but his mind hadn't jumped a hurdle for so long that he found thinking a stiff business; and to be sure, and also being but one member of a full partnership, he took the discovery home to talk over with Bessie Lee.

With John Roger tucked in for the night, firmly grasping a miniature airship with a propeller that turned, his latest piracy from the treasure chests of a five-and-ten, they went over their expenses item by item. Bessie Lee showed a familiarity with the figures which couldn't have come except by expert juggling.

"I simply can't see where anything more can be left out or cut down," she said, looking Jimmie straight in the eye. "There's John Roger's milk; a poorer quality would not be safe. And there's a notice to-day that it's going up next month. I had to have the stockings, and two shirts for you isn't much of a spring wardrobe. You need a suit, really."

"So do you," countered Jimmie. "No, Chief, there's nothing wrong with your book or your bookkeeping. I knew it. I only wanted to go over it to make you sure. I might give up smoking a pipe after supper, and you could quit powdering your nose, but tinkering that way will make no more difference than a teaspoonful of salt in the ocean. Anything can come along and sweep (*Continued on page 170*)

Sid Says:

Don't try to sell opera glasses to a blind man

THIS editorial is written because I was irritated to-day. A man called on me and tried to sell me something that I don't want, have no need for, and could not possibly use. To urge me to buy was silly—almost as silly as it would be to try to sell me a pair of gold earrings or a black silk dress. He was in the wrong pew, that was all. And when I showed him, he should have seen the point and let up.

But that was the worst of it—he *couldn't* let up. I seemed to become the "impossible case" which it was his opportunity to win over. The more definitely and concretely I demonstrated the unfitness of his particular product to my personal needs, the more persistent he became. Finally I managed to get the floor. What I said quieted him and sent him away satisfied at last. Here is the gist of it:

"You will never leave here until you get something—I can see that. Now you can't get an order, so take this advice instead. You are offering for sale a product of great value and usefulness to people of a certain kind. The people who would be attracted by your proposition are easy to determine. Why don't you go after the right kind of people, and why do you waste your wind on the rest of us? Once in a while you will run into a man of my kind with less physical and nervous resistance than I have, and he will get tired, and in his last moments of consciousness before you leave buy from you. But when he recovers he will not be your friend or a friend of your goods.

"Do you know what you are asking of me when you insist that I buy your product? Assuming that you expect me to use the stuff, you are asking me to change my age, give up my present job, and get a new set of tastes. Can't you see that your selling cost is going to be high if you try to accomplish all that.

"Stop it, man—stop it! Go find the kind of folks who will look on you as a benefactor, not as a nuisance. One of the greatest mistakes made by some salesmen is the mistake of trying to develop a market in the wrong field. Get into a fertile field, where the picking is easy. Gradually educate people outside that field to buy if you can—but don't begin on them. Begin on the ones most easily convinced of the value of your stuff.

"I could go over on Broadway, right here in New York, and raise wheat—yes, sir; raise wheat! There are a few cracks between the sidewalks that could be cultivated, and once in a while a whole square foot. But where would it get me?"

What People Want When They Come to Buy a Home

Some points about human nature picked up by a builder of fifty years' experience

By Ashton S. Tourison

Founder of the Sedgwick Farms Company, of Philadelphia

TO FIND out what a man wants in a house has been my problem for fifty years, and to-day I do not feel that I have by any means come to the end of the answer. I know some things that men want in their houses—but by no means all of them. I had better clear the air by saying right in the beginning that, when it comes to buying a home, a man wants—what his wife wants!

In Philadelphia and its environs we have thousands of homes that used to sell for about three thousand dollars—but which, owing to the present shortage of labor and materials, now sell for about five thousand dollars—that are comfortable, sightly, and even luxurious.

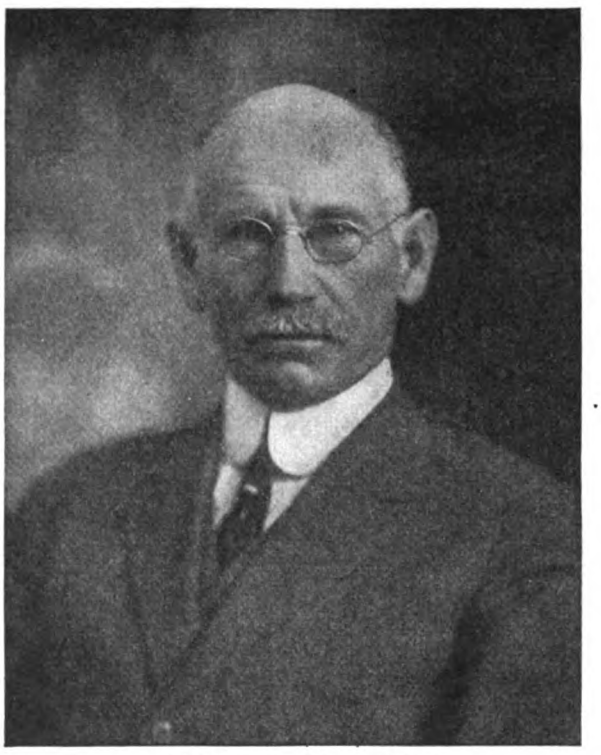
The favorite house plan here is a two-story arrangement. Even when we erect a fifty-thousand-dollar dwelling it is on a two-story plan. There may be servants' rooms on the third floor, but the house proper is on two. With an area of one hundred and thirty square miles, Philadelphia people can indulge the liking—in which most people all over the country share—to have as few steps as possible.

In this two-story house the door usually opens directly into the living-room, which is a general reception-room and from which a stairway rises to the second floor. This plan is somewhat modified in certain expensive houses; but even when there is an entrance hall it is a hall in name rather than in fact, since it is connected with the living-room by a large open arch.

In the moderate-priced houses there is no hall. The living-room is entered directly from the street. Back of this living-room are the dining-room, kitchen, and laundry. On the second floor are three or four bedrooms and a bath. The floors of these houses are of hard wood. The bathroom is fitted in white enamel and porcelain; the lighting fixtures are electric. In the kitchen the sink is of enamel, and there is a gas range. In the laundry are stationary tubs, and the house is supplied with hot water heat. All this can still be purchased for a sum of about five thousand dollars, and this is the basic plan in and about the city.

Now what are the additional things a man wants if he can afford them?

The first thing he wants is distinction: That is, he wants *his* house to be different from those of his neighbors. These comfortable, well-equipped little houses are built, for the sake of economy, in long rows, and all of them are exactly alike. The first thing that people who get a little ahead want is to have a house not just like every other man's in the square, or even in the district. Along the streets of Philadelphia you will find evidence of this human desire, in alterations which effect no material change anywhere except in the exteriors.



ASHTON S. TOURISON

For fifty years Mr. Tourison has been a builder of houses in Philadelphia, the city which holds a record for the number of its homes. In these many years of experience he has gleaned such an accurate knowledge of human desires in the matter of houses that he now builds scores of them without waiting for orders or probable purchasers. He finishes each house completely, even to the wall papers and the plants upon the lawn. And the buyers, he says, "rarely alter anything, even the wall paper." Mr. Tourison is sixty-nine years old. The company of which he is the head consists of himself and his four sons. One is a master mechanical engineer, one an architect, and one a lawyer, all of which professions are useful in the real estate and building business

Builders have come to recognize this desire not to look just like everyone else, and we have met it in row building by continuing the economical plan of having every house alike—except the front. We put on what are called "architectural" fronts, which permit at least a small variety, and give a man a chance to exercise his taste and judgment in the selection of a home. The changes are often small from the builder's standpoint, a bay window in one house and two flat windows in the same place in a neighboring house, for example. But they help to satisfy the craving for distinction.

Such houses satisfy a man just as long as he can afford nothing better. Then the thing he wants next is more light and more air. To the New York City dweller, accustomed to both the limited light and air of apartments, these small individual houses might seem very well lighted and ventilated. But the next house a Philadelphia man who is getting up in the world buys is what we call a semi-detached house, that is, one half of a pair of houses which are built as twins, and each of which has a yard at one side. These are not two-family houses, in which one family lives on the ground floor, and the other lives up-stairs. They are two distinct houses built with one "party wall," but separated from their neighbors on the other sides. They have rooms a little larger than the houses first described, and usually cost one to two thousand dollars more for a house of the same type.

When a man can afford more space than a twin house affords, he sets about getting an entirely detached house, with space all about it. That is, they do if he and his wife are courageous about the matter of taking care of the house when they get it.

The most serious handicap to the real estate business in (*Continued on page 252*)

Which Words Do You Use Most?

Here are the 1,000 that you see and write oftenest
Can you spell all of them?

By Fred C. Kelly

IF WORDS should ever become as scarce as sugar, and we should be placed on word rations, how many would we require for ordinary everyday use? Which of these would we need most? What ten words would be indispensable?

Naturally, if we couldn't have all the words we wanted, we should have to select for our verbal arsenal those which would go the furthest and could be used with least expense. It may be a new idea that certain are more expensive than others. Yet it is true. The simpler words are more economical, because they take less time to learn, and—still more important—they are more likely to hit the mark. If we use many words that people won't understand, our ammunition goes to waste. Then we have to use still more words to clarify the others.

My friend Louis T. Golding, who publishes a newspaper in St. Joseph, Missouri, told me once of having a stenographer strike for higher wages, because, she said, he used so many large, difficult words in dictation that she ought to be rewarded accordingly.

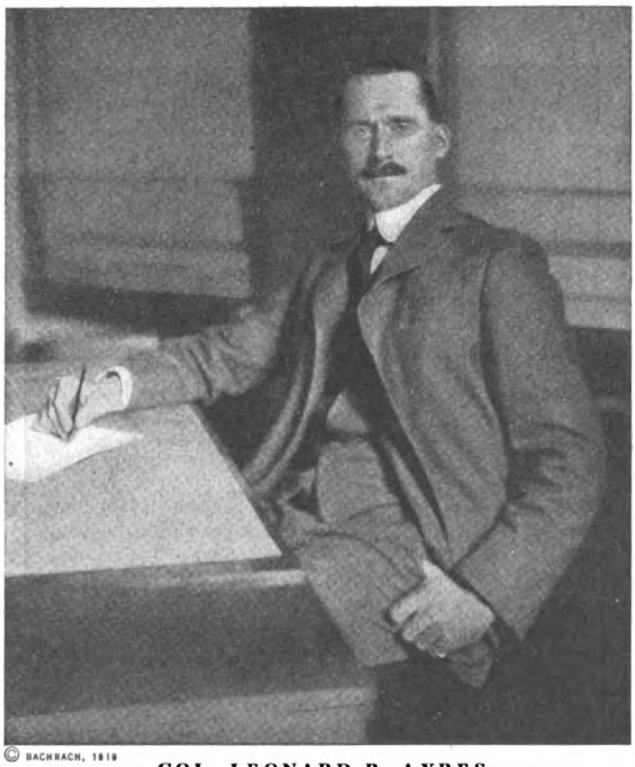
Most of us know certain words when we see them in reading, but have only a casual, nodding acquaintance with them, and would not feel free to call on them to assist in expressing an idea. For instance, I happen to know the meaning of the great word *éclaircissement*, which looks as if it might be built to describe some new kind of French pastry. But it is a word that I rarely use. I can get along without it, and never really miss it. The truth is that it is a word far above my station in life. I use it so seldom that sometimes I wonder if it is worth while for me to keep it at all. Just as soon as I get through with it in this paragraph I shall wrap it up in its cotton batting and put it away, along with a few odds and ends of verbal tinsel, and maybe I won't get it out again until the next war.

But suppose I had to get along for a few days without the word "the," or "and," or "it." Then I should find myself in a trying situation.

What other words would I seriously miss? How many really necessary words are there? What is their order of importance? Which are the easiest to spell? And which the most difficult? Why, by the way, are many of us such poor spellers?

We have now come by easy stages to a consideration of the work of Col. Leonard P. Ayres, who once made a far-reaching investigation into this whole question of words.

Ayres is director of the Division of Education of the Russell Sage Foundation. He was once a professional bicycle rider, but he became a statistician—the most imaginative statistician I ever heard of.



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COL. LEONARD P. AYRES

Who collected the facts presented in this article. He is director of the Division of Education of the Russell Sage Foundation

While visiting a school in a Mid-Western city a few years ago, Ayres listened to a spelling test that was given to a group of seventh-grade children. He took down the words as they were given out by the teacher. When he later corrected his paper, he discovered that he had failed on about half the words in the test. This set him to thinking.

In looking over the list, he observed that many of the words he never before had heard of. There were two or three names of flowers, and they were not even well-known flowers. No wonder he missed them! But even if he did know how to spell them, what good would it do him? He might never again have occasion to spell them. He picked up a school spelling book and found an astonishingly large number of words that are rarely used.

It occurred to Ayres that an ideal way to teach spelling to children would be to find out which words they would have to spell most frequently, and drill them on those with especial care.

In the first place, it is obvious that we ordinarily do not need to spell spoken words. We can talk all we wish to without anybody ever finding out whether we could spell the words we use in our conversation. We hardly ever spell out loud, unless our wife or somebody who works in the same office inconsiderately asks us how to spell something.

It is in writing, then, that our knowledge of spelling comes handy. Only a few of us write books or articles. But nearly all of us write letters. So the words that it is most necessary to know how to spell are the ones we use most frequently in writing letters. Ayres proceeded to ascertain what those words are.

To do this he obtained the use of hundreds of letters of twelve different kinds. They were letters to:

A mail order firm
A practicing physician
The query department of a newspaper
A practicing lawyer
School teachers, from parents or pupils
A publishing firm
Secretaries of the Y. W. C. A.
A playground association
A philanthropic organization
A magazine query department
Personal family letters
Love letters

These letters, mostly short, contained a total of a little more than 100,000 words. Tabulators were set to work counting, analyzing, and indexing these. In making this count, such words as "Dear Sir" and "Yours truly" were handled separately. Names of persons, places, and numbers above ten, were omitted.

When the work was completed, the biggest surprise was not how many different words we use, but how few. Out of a total of nearly 24,000 words, for instance, there were so many repetitions that the number of *different* words was only about 2,000.

As Ayres observes in this connection: "How limited this number is becomes evident from the fact that the ordinary desk dictionary contains from 40,000 to 60,000 separate words, and [illegible] small

The 1,000 Commonest Words

THIS list of the words we use oftenest was made by analyzing a large number of letters, business and personal, written by average men and women. These letters contained a total of about 100,000 words. In this total were found 2,000 *different* words. But many of these occurred no oftener than twenty-five times in all those 100,000 words! It is astonishing proof that the vocabulary used by the average person in letter writing is a very small one. The 1,000 words used oftenest are given here in the order of their frequency.

the	6,393	old	118	says	60	cost	37	sold	27	ticket	21	raise	17	consider	13
and	3,438	every	117	car	59	February	37	told	27	usual	21	really	17	contract	13
of	3,422	find	117	ground	59	lady	37	although	26	wait	21	round	17	crowd	13
to	3,217	most	117	room	59	part	37	among	26	worth	21	shut	17	dash	13
I	2,387	such	117	thought	59	reply	37	association	26	beside	21	to-night	17	debate	13
a	1,911	to-day	117	under	59	spend	37	close	26	bought	20	total	17	decision	13
in	1,904	must	116	board	58	attend	36	club	26	built	20	trouble	17	degree	13
that	1,422	way	116	far	58	case	36	dollar	26	buy	20	aboard	16	department	13
you	1,306	first	115	nine	58	fall	36	evidence	26	carried	20	air	16	diamond	13
for	1,241	new	113	without	58	however	36	form	26	destroy	20	appear	16	difficulty	13
it	1,197	seem	113	arrest	57	July	36	himself	26	direction	20	beautiful	16	discussion	13
was	991	morning	112	trip	57	report	36	intend	26	fell	20	burn	16	district	13
is	931	school	112	cent	56	speak	36	June	26	fourth	20	capture	16	elaborate	13
will	873	great	111	right	56	vote	36	list	26	grand	20	career	16	emergency	13
as	854	wish	110	side	56	wife	36	public	26	hold	20	check	16	empire	13
have	846	home	109	Thursday	56	bring	35	station	26	inform	20	contain	16	engine	13
not	831	feel	106	friend	55	company	35	table	26	lay	20	deep	16	enjoy	13
with	822	glad	106	bad	54	cut	35	true	26	leave	20	direct	16	entertain	13
be	816	never	106	late	54	member	35	already	25	length	20	dozen	16	entitle	13
your	793	three	106	money	54	November	35	appreciate	25	loss	20	east	16	estimate	13
at	698	much	105	need	54	open	35	body	25	mine	20	elect	16	experience	13
we	695	how	103	still	54	reach	35	clear	25	ought	20	election	16	fight	13
on	667	until	103	book	53	regard	35	cover	25	outside	20	engage	16	figure	13
he	619	many	102	hand	53	woman	35	driven	25	pair	20	express	16	file	13
by	611	put	102	male	53	according	34	fair	25	probably	20	final	16	flight	13
but	572	get	101	paper	53	between	34	getting	25	ready	20	finally	16	flower	13
my	557	into	99	party	53	bill	34	got	25	real	20	gold	16	foreign	13
this	551	let	98	word	53	certain	34	instead	25	request	20	horse	16	guest	13
his	543	yesterday	98	madam	52	copy	34	pleasant	25	spring	20	motion	16	history	13
which	540	come	97	six	52	deal	34	price	25	stay	20	north	16	important	13
dear	523	ever	97	ten	52	director	34	relative	25	stole	20	occupy	16	imprison	13
from	488	girl	97	why	52	might	34	rule	25	themselves	20	preliminary	16	improvement	13
are	468	also	96	perhaps	51	move	34	son	25	third	20	principal	16	jail	13
all	448	where	96	answer	50	rain	34	song	25	top	20	proceed	16	newspaper	13
me	444	while	96	half	50	small	34	sudden	25	toward	20	provide	16	organization	13
so	432	did	95	keep	50	summer	34	throw	25	watch	20	refuse	16	personal	13
one	428	little	95	life	50	together	34	war	25	wrote	20	relief	16	piece	13
if	408	look	94	ago	49	against	33	west	25	account	19	retire	16	play	13
they	400	respectfully	94	business	49	clean	33	world	25	across	19	shed	16	primary	13
had	397	afternoon	93	does	49	decide	33	accept	24	around	19	sight	16	receipt	13
has	391	Miss	93	each	49	issue	33	alone	24	card	19	south	16	responsible	13
very	383	those	93	eight	49	Mrs.	33	arrive	24	cause	19	spent	16	restrain	13
were	368	too	93	knew	49	near	33	began	24	death	19	stopped	16	royal	13
been	370	man	92	picture	49	prompt	33	carry	24	divide	19	vacation	16	secretary	13
would	362	own	92	show	49	question	33	distribute	24	doubt	19	weigh	16	spell	13
she	359	receive	91	build	48	ring	33	earliest	24	drown	19	wind	16	stone	13
or	348	soon	91	care	48	sit	33	effort	24	easy	19	wonderful	16	summon	13
there	341	once	89	eye	48	stamp	33	hat	24	escape	19	add	15	testimony	13
her	311	street	88	gentleman	48	turn	33	justice	24	free	19	affair	15	track	13
an	298	ask	87	head	48	winter	33	lose	24	gone	19	attempt	15	travel	13
when	288	down	87	left	48	busy	32	lot	24	happen	19	black	15	victim	13
time	279	yet	87	whether	48	folks	32	material	24	hurt	19	claim	15	accident	12
go	277	see	86	interest	47	happy	32	nor	24	led	19	common	15	addition	12
some	273	since	86	January	47	lake	32	sometimes	24	low	19	convenient	15	adopt	12
any	257	cannot	85	present	47	maybe	32	struck	24	mention	19	convention	15	army	12
can	250	help	85	teacher	47	obtain	32	unable	24	promise	19	daughter	15	assist	12
what	244	away	83	tire	47	pass	32	various	24	result	19	declare	15	associate	12
send	242	course	83	upon	47	ran	32	anyway	23	select	19	estate	15	await	12
out	238	through	83	young	47	study	32	band	23	serve	19	event	15	beginning	12
them	238	call	82	done	46	become	31	boat	23	soap	19	factory	15	block	12
him	233	meet	82	high	46	December	31	dark	23	suggest	19	favor	15	blow	12
more	232	people	80	sorry	46	dress	31	difference	23	teach	19	God	15	blue	12
about	220	another	79	train	46	early	31	door	23	terrible	19	illustrate	15	born	12
no	220	number	78	whom	46	either	31	enter	23	therefore	19	injure	15	box	12
please	211	place	78	broke	45	end	31	face	23	uncle	19	lesson	15	bridge	12
week	211	Sunday	78	during	45	except	31	husband	23	absence	18	minute	15	celebration	12
night	206	use	78	feet	45	farther	31	importance	23	article	18	news	15	center	12
their	205	church	77	itself	45	heard	31	lead	23	became	18	political	15	century	12
other	203	nice	77	several	45	March	31	light	23	behind	18	prove	15	chain	12
up	201	sure	77	brought	44	person	31	offer	23	brother	18	rate	15	circumstance	12
our	200	anything	76	everything	44	rather	31	pleasure	23	dead	18	soft	15	citizen	12
good	198	hour	76	run	44	water	31	prepare	23	delay	18	suffer	15	connection	12
say	198	children	75	took	44	written	31	refer	23	drill	18	surprise	15	convict	12
could	193	don't	75	better	43	April	30	represent	23	effect	18	tree	15	develop	12
who	192	four	75	lost	43	Christmas	30	rest	23	employ	18	wear	15	examination	12
may	189	kind	75	possible	43	country	30	river	23	entire	18	within	15	famous	12
letter	188	oblige	75	September	43	fact	30	scene	23	entrance	18	yard	15	fortune	12
make	185	nothing	74	sick	43	herself	30	special	23	extreme	18	age	14	height	12
write	182	off	74	visit	43	immediate	30	stand	23	fix	18	athletic	14	honor	12
thing	181	believe	73	went	43	marriage	30	stop	23	forty	18	attention	14	ice	12
think	180	boy	73	act	42	May	30	trust	23	general	18	avenue	14	inspect	12
should	178	city	73	begin	42	provision	30	try	23	objection	18	bear	14	invitation	12
truly	178	found	72	desire	42	reason	30	walk	23	perfect	18	begun	14	judge	12
now	177	pay	72	eat	42	slide	30	warm	23	period	18	belong	14	land	12
its	175	to-morrow	71	guess	42	story	30	weather	23	rapid	18	camp	14	ledge	12
two	173	doctor	70	hard	42	unfortunate	30	condition	22	region	18	cast	14	local	12
take	172	five	70	line	42	arrange	29	different	22	remain	18	circular	14	machine	12
thank	170	o'clock	70	mind	42	awful	29	else	22	repair	18	class	14	majority	12
do	169	read	70	October	42	complete	29	especially	22	sail	18	clothing	14	mayor	12
after	168	back	69	poor	42	fire	29	game	22	search	18	collect	14	measure	12
than	167	enough	69	remember	42	forget	29	grant	22	short	18	colonies	14	mountain	12
sir	163	nine	69	Wednesday	42	gave	29	indeed	22	stood	18	combination	14	national	12
last	161	order	69	women	42	kill	29	liberty	22	suppose	18	comfort	14	official	12
house	160	bed	68	wonder	42	mere	29	necessary	22	view	18	complaint	14	organize	12
just	160	cold	68	conference	41	nearly	29	object	22	white	18	consideration	14	page	12
over	160	live	68	died	41	neither	29	paid	22	able	17	disappoint	14	particular	12
then	159	mail	68	glass	41	noon	29	plant	22	above	17	distinguish	14	point	12
work	158	few	67	held	41	past	29	popular	22	assure	17	due	14	population	12
day	157	hear	66	less	41	service	29	post	22	auto	17	feature	14	pound	12
here	157	child	65	understand	41	unless	29	pretty	22	baby	17	field	14	practical	12
said	153	mother	65	along	40	aunt	28	prison	22	catch	17	firm	14	president	12
only	151	return	65	August	40	ball	28	road	22	duty	17	human	14	print	12
well	151	same	65	evening	40	character	28	section	22	education	17	manner	14	private	12
am	147	almost	64	father	40	full	28	subject	22	extra	17	neighbor	14	property	12
these	146	because	64	forenoon	40	further	28	success	22	fail	17	progress	14	publication	12
tell	145	big	64	large	40	learn	28	supply	22	foot	17	recent	14	publish	12
even	144	Monday	64	meant	40	often	28	system	22	forward	17	sea	14	purpose	12
made	144	month	64	seven	40	principle	28	tax	22	goes	17	session	14	race	12
know	143	start	64	address	39	ride	28	allow	21	government	17	statement	14	railroad	12
year	143	always	63	charge	39	second	28	amount	21	impossible	17	suit	14	recommend	12
before	138	both	63	family	39	sister	28	appoint	21	include	17	theatre	14	recover	12
long	137	cordially	63	finish	39	size	28	expense	21	income	17	visitor	14	reference	12
sincerely	135	expect	63	hot	39	state	28	felt	21	increase	17	agreement	13	senate	12
shall	133	mean	63	known	39	thus	28	fifth	21	inside	17	alike	13	serious	12
sent	131	quite	63	least	39	yes	28	fill	21	investigate	17	allege	13	ship	12
us	131	Saturday	63	plan	39	afraid	27	front	21	judgment	17	application	13	steamer	12
give	130	again	62	saw	39	annual	27	information	21	navy	17	argument	13	support	12
Mr.	129	Friday	62	seen	39	automobile	27	miss	21	omit	17	arrangement	13	term	12
like	128	something	62	whole	39	coming	27	none	21	opinion	17	beg	13	town	12
enclose	126	talk	62	whose	39	date	27	press	21	police	17	chief	13	treasure	12
next	125	though	62	action	38	heart	27	red	21	position	17	cities	13	vessel	12
want	125	office	61	change	38	law	27	salary	21	power	17	clerk	13	volume	12
hope	122	Tuesday	61	court	38	name	27	secure	21	prefer	17	command	13	wire	12
love	121	best	60	follow	38	running	27	set	21	proper	17	committee	13	witness	12
men	121	came	60	matter	38	separate	27	tenth	21	push	17	concern	13	wreck	12

How Hard It is to Spell

WHEN the 1,000 words most frequently used in letter writing had cities. The result of these tests is shown here. All the words in at the left, "me" and "do" are the easiest. They become more difficult column. Can you spell all of these words correctly? If you can, you

me	and	a	the	he	of	by	day	nine	seven	became	catch	trust
do	go	it	in	you	be	have	eat	face	forget	brother	black	extra
	at	is	so	will	but	are	sit	miss	happy	rain	warm	dress
	on	she	no	we	this	had	lot	ride	noon	keep	unless	beside
		can	now	an	all	over	box	tree	think	start	clothing	teach
		see	man	my	your	must	belong	sick	sister	mail	began	happen
		run	ten	up	out	make	door	got	cast	eye	able	begun
			bed	last	time	school	yes	north	card	glass	gone	collect
			top	not	may	street	low	white	south	party	suit	file
				us	into	say	soft	spent	deep	upon	track	provide
				am	him	come	stand	foot	inside	two	watch	sight
				good	to-day	hand	yard	blow	blue	they	dash	stood
				little	look	ring	bring	block	post	would	fell	fix
				ago	did	live	tell	spring	town	any	fight	born
				old	like	kill	five	river	stay	could	buy	goes
				bad	six	late	ball	plant	grand	should	stop	hold
				red	boy	let	law	cut	outside	city	walk	drill
					book	big	ask	song	dark	only	grant	army
						mother	just	winter	band	where	soap	pretty
						three	way	stone	game	week	news	stole
						land	get	free	boat	first	small	income
						cold	home	lake	rest	sent	war	bought
						hot	much	page	east	mile	summer	paid
						hat	call	nice	son	seem	above	enter
						child	long	end	help	even	express	railroad
						ice	love	fall	hard	without	turn	unable
						play	then	feet	race	afternoon	lesson	ticket
						sea	house	went	cover	Friday	half	account
							year	back	fire	hour	father	driven
							to	away	age	wife	anything	real
							I	paper	gold	state	table	recover
							as	put	read	July	high	mountain
							send	each	fine	head	talk	steamer
							one	soon	cannot	story	June	speak
							has	came	May	open	right	past
							some	Sunday	line	short	date	might
							if	show	left	lady	road	begin
							how	Monday	ship	reach	March	contract
							her	yet	train	better	next	deal
							them	find	saw	water	indeed	almost
							other	give	pay	round	four	brought
							baby	new	large	cost	herself	less
							well	letter	near	price	power	event
							about	take	down	become	wish	off
							men	Mr.	why	class	because	true
							for	after	bill	horse	world	took
							ran	thing	want	care	country	again
							was	what	girl	try	meet	inform
							that	than	part	move	another	both
							his	its	still	delay	trip	heart
							led	very	place	pound	list	month
							lay	or	report	behind	people	children
								thank	never	around	ever	build
								dear	found	burn	held	understand
								west	side	camp	church	follow
								sold	kind	bear	once	charge
								told	life	clear	own	says
								best	here	clean	before	member
								form	car	spell	know	case
								far	word	poor	were	while
								gave	every	finish	dead	also
								alike	under	hurt	leave	return
								add	most	maybe	early	those
									made	across	close	office
									said	to-night	flower	great
									work	tenth	nothing	Miss
									our	sir	ground	who
									more	these	lead	died
									when	club	such	change
									from	seen	many	wire
									wind	felt	morning	few
									print	full	however	please
									air	fail	mind	picture
									fill	set	shall	money
									along	stamp	alone	ready
									lost	light	order	omit
									name	coming	third	anyway
									room	cent	push	
									hope	night	point	
									same	pass	within	
									glad	shut	done	
									with	easy	body	
									mine			

pocket dictionaries contain from 25,000 to 40,000. Spelling books used in the elementary grades include from 10,000 to 15,000 separate words."

Ayres did not confine himself to the investigation of letters just outlined, but combined the results with those of three similar studies made by other persons, and averaged them all up. In this way, the aggregate amount of written material analyzed was nearly 368,000 words. More than two thirds of the material consisted of personal and business letters.

It has long been known that there is a definite relation between any letter of the alphabet and a given number of words. E is the most used letter, T comes next, then A, O, I, N, etc. Ayres proved that the same thing is true of words. *The* is used oftenest; almost twice as often as the word *and*, which is second in order of frequency. These two words—*the* and *and*—furnish nearly ten per cent of all the words we write. Nine words—*the, and, of, to, I, a, in, that, you*—amount to one fourth of the words we write. Even more surprising, perhaps, is the fact that *half* of all we write is confined to fifty simple words only one of which has more than one syllable! Three hundred words make up three fourths of our writing, and 1,000 words constitute more than nine tenths of it.

In the accompanying list the 1,000 commonest words are arranged in the order of the frequency of their use. The figures opposite each word indicate the number of times it appears in 100,000 words written by an average person in letters, for example.

Ayres had intended to classify all the 2,000 words that seem to comprise an average person's entire writing vocabulary. But it was found that any word beyond the first 1,000 was used very infrequently. Most of the words in the list of 1,000 we would use, no matter what the subject under consideration.

THE relative frequency of certain of the words is not surprising. We might have known that *I* would appear nearly twice as often as *you*, and *we* much oftener than *they;* for the personal pronouns refer to a subject which is almost invariably more interesting to the average person than anything else.

He appears oftener than *she*, and *his* oftener than *her*, probably not because people generally are less interested in the indubitably popular feminine sex, but simply because men are more identified with active affairs of the world than women, and consequently must be referred to more frequently. *Miss* is written about three times as often as *Mrs.* We write *Sunday* 78 times in 100,000 words, and the other days in a descending scale, as follows: *Monday*, 64; *Saturday*, 63; *Friday*, 62; *Tuesday*, 61; *Thursday*, 56; *Wednesday*, 42.

Why should we write "Sunday" noticeably oftener than any other day? Probably because part of people's letter-writing refers to social activities, or, rather, non-business activities, and these occur more on Sunday than on week days. We write to a friend about what we did last Sunday or hope to do next Sunday, rather than about routine matters happening during the week at the office.

The almost equal use of the words, *Monday* and *Saturday*, also *Friday* and *Tuesday*, is not difficult of explanation. Monday is the most important working day, because it is the beginning of a new week. Saturday is next in importance because it is the end of the week. What is true of Monday and Saturday is true, in a modified degree, of Tuesday and Friday. On the one we are still starting new tasks, and on the other we are beginning to get up steam again to wind up things before we shut down our desk on Saturday night. Wednesday and Thursday, being the middle days, lack the inspirational effect that comes from either starting or finishing our week's work. Just why Wednesday should be referred to so much less than Thursday is a question. Nearly every business man is more inclined to let his office work slide on Wednesday than on any other day—maybe because he worked with especial diligence on Monday and Tuesday. He probably is disinclined to make appointments or any special plans for Wednesday, and therefore does not mention that day as often as the others in his letters.

OF THE months, January is written the most, though only 47 times in each 100,000 words. In this tabulation, mere dates at the head of the letters, were not considered. The other months rank in frequency, as follows: September, 43; October, 42; August, 40; February, 37; July, 36; November, 35; December, 31; March, 31; April, 30; May, 30; June, 26.

The fact that January is the first month of the year is probably enough explanation as to why it ranks first. But why should June, with its beautiful, balmy, oh-so-rare days, come last? To be perfectly frank, I do not know.

Consider now the six *W* words: *who, where, what, when, why*, and *how*—the latter with the W at the end instead of the

the 1,000 Commonest Words

been found, they were given in spelling tests in the schools of eighty-four any one column are about alike as to difficulty of spelling. Beginning as you go toward the right, the three hardest ones being those in the final are safe in ordinary correspondence.

except	eight	spend	sometimes	forenoon	often	guess	meant	principal	organization	immediate	decision	judgment
aunt	afraid	enjoy	declare	lose	stopped	circular	earliest	testimony	emergency	convenient	principle	recommend
capture	uncle	awful	engage	combination	motion	argument	whether	discussion	appreciate	receipt		allege
wrote	rather	usual	final	avenue	theatre	volume	distinguish	arrangement	sincerely	preliminary		
else	comfort	complaint	terrible	neighbor	improvement	organize	consideration	reference	athletic	disappoint		
bridge	elect	auto	surprise	weigh	century	summon	colonies	evidence	extreme	especially		
offer	aboard	vacation	period	wear	total	official	assure	experience	practical	annual		
suffer	jail	beautiful	addition	entertain	mention	victim	relief	session	proceed	committee		
built	shed	flight	employ	salary	arrive	estimate	occupy	secretary	cordially			
center	retire	travel	property	visitor	supply	accident	probably	association	character			
front	refuse	rapid	select	publication	assist	invitation	foreign	career	separate			
rule	district	repair	connection	machine	difference	accept	expense	height	February			
carry	restrain	trouble	firm	toward	examination	impossible	responsible					
chain	royal	entrance	region	success	particular	concern	beginning					
death	objection	importance	convict	drown	affair	associate	application					
learn	pleasure	carried	private	adopt	course	automobile	difficulty					
wonder	navy	loss	command	secure	neither	various	scene					
tire	fourth	fortune	debate	honor	local	decide	finally					
pair	population	empire	crowd	promise	marriage	entitle	develop					
check	proper	mayor	factory	wreck	further	political	circumstance					
prove	judge	wait	publish	prepare	serious	national	issue					
heard	weather	beg	represent	vessel	doubt	recent	material					
inspect	worth	degree	term	busy	condition	business	suggest					
itself	contain	prison	section	prefer	government	refer	mere					
always	figure	engine	relative	illustrate	opinion	minute	senate					
something	sudden	visit	progress	different	believe	ought	receive					
write	forty	guest	entire	object	system	absence	respectfully					
expect	instead	department	president	provision	possible	conference	agreement					
need	throw	obtain	measure	according	piece	Wednesday	unfortunate					
thus	personal	family	famous	already	certain	really	majority					
woman	everything	favor	serve	attention	witness	celebration	elaborate					
young	rate	Mrs.	estate	education	investigate	folks	citizen					
fair	chief	husband	remember	director	therefore		necessary					
dollar	perfect	amount	either	purpose	too		divide					
evening	second	human	effort	common	pleasant							
plan	slide	view	important	diamond								
broke	farther	election	due	together								
feel	duty	clerk	include	convention								
sure	intend	though	running	increase								
least	company	o'clock	allow	manner								
sorry	quite	support	position	feature								
press	none	does	field	article								
God	knew	regard	ledge	service								
teacher	remain	escape	claim	injure								
November	direct	since	primary	effect								
subject	appear	which	result	distribute								
April	liberty	length	Saturday	general								
history	enough	destroy	appoint	to-morrow								
cause	fact	newspaper	information	consider								
study	board	daughter	whom	against								
himself	September	answer	arrest	complete								
matter	station	reply	themselves	search								
use	attend	oblige	special	treasure								
thought	between	sail	women	popular								
person	public	cities	present	Christmas								
nor	friend	known	action	interest								
January	during	several	justice									
mean	through	desire	gentleman									
vote	police	nearly	enclose									
court	until		await									
copy	madam		suppose									
act	truly		wonderful									
been	whole		direction									
yesterday	address		forward									
among	request		although									
question	raise		prompt									
doctor	August		attempt									
hear	Tuesday		whose									
size	struck		statement									
December	getting		perhaps									
dozen	don't		their									
there	Thursday		imprison									
tax			written									
number			arrange									
October												
reason												
fifth												

beginning. Using these words as a kind of jimmy, we can find out nearly all that is to be learned about any subject. They are extremely important words. What happened? Who did it? Who knows most about it? Where did it happen? When was it? How did it happen? Why did it happen?

An account of any event, in which all the questions raised by those six words are answered, would be a pretty complete one.

In the frequency table, the six words come in this order: *When*, 288 times per one hundred thousand; *what*, 244 times; *who*, 192; *how*, 103; *where*, 96; *why*, 52.

One might do a lot of philosophizing about that brief list! In a sense, there is nothing so important as the *why* of a given proposition. If we knew exactly why there is so much industrial discontent, for instance, we would be in a better position to remedy the trouble than if we merely know *what* is happening. But *when* and *what* are the most used of these six inquisitorial words. They elicit comparatively superficial information—but that is just the point. Most of us *are* superficial. From the fact that *when* is the most used of all, we may judge how important is the element of time in human affairs. In ordinary conversation we ask more questions beginning with *when*, than any other kind. Stop and think of the six questions you would most like to have answered. I'll venture that they would be such questions as these: When will I be married? When will my salary be raised? When will my wandering boy come back?

One might go on indefinitely drawing deductions about human nature from the relative frequency of these one thousand commonest words. There was a time when the word *horse* would have appeared far oftener than *automobile*, but now the reverse is true—though by a very close margin. We write *son* oftener than *daughter;* partly, perhaps, because there are more sons than daughters, and also because the sons are more actively participating in affairs.

In connection with this study, Ayres has made a separate tabulation of the salutations and closing phrases of each of two thousand letters. The detailed data are as follows:

Salutation	Times Used
Dear ——	520
Dear sir	490
My dear ——	476
Gentlemen	207
Dear Madam	168
Miss	28
Dear Miss ——	17
Dear Friend	17
Dear sirs	14
12 others used less than 10 times each	63
	2,000

The tabulation of the endings showed that "Very truly yours" was the most common form, with "Yours truly" a close second. About five per cent of the letters had no formal ending at all, other than the names of the writers. Here are the details:

Closing	Times Used
Yours truly	728
Sincerely	535
Respectfully	269
Oblige	148
Cordially	59
Yours	39
Love	34
Your friend	22
Faithfully	20
12 miscellaneous	48
No ending	98
	2,000

So far, we have been considering words simply with reference to their frequency of use. But the real purpose of Ayres's investigation was to arrive at definite conclusions regarding spelling difficulty—to find which words are in most general use, and which of these are the hardest to spell. Up to the time Ayres made this word study, no spelling book, if I am correctly informed, had taken into consideration this item of frequency of usage of the various words. The National Educational Association conducted a series of big spelling matches and tests in 1908, with a handpicked list of 414 words. Only 125 of these words were found in the 2,000 business and personal letters analyzed by Ayres. Of the remaining 289 in the National Educational Association list, not one appeared in the letters even once. That is to say more than two thirds of the list propounded by the educators were words that do not occur in ordinary letter writing, and that the children will rarely, if ever, have occasion to spell.

MOST city schools have devoted something like six or seven per cent of the time of the elementary grades to the formal study of spelling—which means that of the eight years devoted to elementary schooling, half a year is consumed by spelling. Some school systems endeavor to teach the spelling of three thousand words in the first three grades. Many spelling books used in the intermediate and upper grades contain as many as 15,000 words. (*Continued on page 156*)

It ended in a kiss, a kiss straight from the heart of a man who loved

Mother Mason Gives Some Good Advice

Then she pitches in to practice what she has preached so well

By Bess Streeter Aldrich

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. GRAHAM COOTES

IT SEEMS almost cruel to take advantage of the fact that in the household of Bob and Mabel Mason domestic affairs were at their lowest ebb. But on this hot summer day, the sweltering sun at high noon, the tide had gone out. The magic waves that had made of the little house an enchanting fairy castle with towers and turrets of arabesque had felt the urge of some vagrant moon and receded. And behold! On the sands stood only a bungalow, very tiny, rather dirty, and wholly upset.

For the woman who does her own work, there is something about noon, high noon in summer, to try the patience of a saint. That particular time of day may mean nothing to the proportion of femininity that steps out of limousines and walks nonchalantly into palm-bordered, electric-cooled tea-rooms for luncheon. But for that vast proportion that does its own work there is no time so trying: the scorching sun, the warm kitchen, the cooking dinner, the crying baby, the hungry man coming home. It takes the courage of an Amazon and the sweetness of St. Cecilia to go unscathed through high noon of a hot summer day.

And Mabel Mason seemed to have lost both of these requisites. It was Thursday and she had been trying to finish an ironing that, having hung over from Tuesday, seemed endless. Betty had needed an unusual amount of attention. Dirty dishes stood gloomily in the sink. There were little rolling, feathery wisps of dust on the hard-wood floors. A bunch of faded sweet peas stood in a cut-glass vase like a withered old woman in a satin dress. The whole house had that forlorn, untidy look it cquires when the director drops her baton and all the instruments go wrong.

Mabel was tired, with a tiredness that seemed of the spirit as well as the body. The work that once she had so joyed in the doing, seemed, during the last few weeks, to have taken upon itself the form of a Machiavellian monster, a horn-and-claw nightmare that leered at her and would not give her peace.

It was time for Bob to come. She put her ironing-board away and listlessly set the table. She did not want anything to eat, but she laid a plate for herself.

Bob came in, glanced at the tumbled-looking house and, in silence, went out to take water to the chickens. When he returned, Mabel put on the boiled potatoes, unmashed, the stewed tomatoes, some inferior dried beef, and bread that seemed to say, "Darling, I am growing old." Then, hastily, she opened a can of cherries. To open canned fruit when there were fresh raspberries out on the bushes! But she had not had time to pick them.

It was not a nice meal. No one knew it better than Mabel.

It was not a successful affair from any standpoint—edible, artistic, or conversational. Bob was not unpleasant. Nor was he pleasant. He was merely a silent, stolid fixture, a human machine that sat and automatically worked its jaws.

Betty pounded her mug on the shelf of her high chair and, with that delicate choice of opportune moments displayed by our offspring, began to bawl vigorously for apparently no reason at all, stiffening and straining her fat little stomach against the shelf until it nearly gave way.

"What ails that kid?" Bob's speech broke quarantine. "Can't you do anything with her?" There is nothing so aggravating to tired nerves as the implication from a paternal parent that "a kid" belongs only to its mother.

Mabel rose stiffly and took the offending culprit, who lunged up and down in her arms with all the agility of an animated pump handle. Nor did she go back to the table. She stayed in the bedroom, trying to subdue the human hurricane. She heard Bob push back his chair. Then he called briefly, "Won't be home to supper. After the bank closes I'm going over to Greenwood with Jim Hartzell and Nicky Marston."

Mabel's answer was an indistinguishable monosyllable. Then the front door slammed.

There was a street fair at Greenwood, a horrid, common thing with merry-go-rounds and confetti and dancing girls. A wave of disgust went over her that Bob should care to go. Jim and Nicky were not married. If they chose to spend their time that way, no one was especially concerned. But Bob!

Mabel came out of the bedroom with Betty, who, with the changeableness of a summer squall, had turned into an angelic little creature, and was voluntarily bestowing damp kisses on her mother's cheek.

MABEL looked mechanically at the clock. It was only twelve-thirty-five, and Bob was not due at the bank until one-fifteen. He had gone because home was not pleasant. She did not blame him. She blamed only herself. But she was so fagged!

She started to clear off the table, but a nausea seized her, a sickening lassitude that seemed both mental and physical.

She went back into her bedroom and dropped down on the bed, the bed that was not made. So this was the way Destiny was going to treat them? Squeeze them mercilessly in the hollow of its hand? Make of their family life a flat, monotonous thing, unlovely and bitter?

Betty, who had pulled herself up by the cedar chest on fat, wobbly legs, sat back again so hard that she cried. Under like circumstances Mabel had always run to her with little endearing words of comfort. Now she only lay watching the little thing's tears in a curious, detached sort of way.

The hot sun shone in through the windows. From the bed she could see the dining-room table with the dirty dishes and the remains of the untempting meal. The room looked strange to her, and hostile, like an alienated friend with malice on his face. It was hard to realize that it was the same room that had sheltered Love, when Love was a throbbing, pulsing thing. Memories of old incidents, things Bob had said and done, came to her with poignant contrast to the dragging days of this miserable summer. It is the saddest thing of all when the tide goes out, that on the dreary beach lie the broken, bleaching bones of all the dear things-that-have-been.

IF THIS were a photoplay, there would now be flashed on the screen: "In the meantime—" and you would behold Mother Mason in a light afternoon dress with a parasol in her hand, coming down the front steps of the Mason home. A close-up would show the kind face that no one in the audience would call handsome, and the graying hair, and the dainty white surplice of her dress.

You would be told that she was on her way to attend a Foreign Missionary meeting, and very soon afterward you would see her going down the basement steps of a dignified but benignant-looking church.

What you would not be told, however, is the fact that the parasol was brand-new, for of course all movie parasols are new. On such a slight detail hung the change in Mother's afternoon plans, for she did not at any time go down the steps of the benignant-looking church: Which is the difference between a flesh-and-blood mother and a celluloid one.

On the corner she stopped, realizing that she was early, a very unusual circumstance, for she usually went rushing in breathless to everything. With as childish a reason for going around to Mabel's as the showing of her new black-and-white-silk parasol to her daughter-in-

law, Mother turned up the side street.

There were two ways to go to Mabel's. The morning way was up through the alley, across a street and down Mabel's alley. The afternoon way was up Washington Street one block and down Locust another block. Seeing it was afternoon and Mother had on her lavender pin-stripe and an amethyst brooch, to say nothing of the new parasol, she naturally took the way of the sidewalk.

Partly because she felt well dressed and partly because she was entirely at peace with the world, Mother's thoughts were very pleasant ones. They dwelt on nothing very long or very definitely, but jumped about like a little girl with a skipping-rope. She thought of her part in the missionary lesson, to report the recent high-caste conversions in Mesopotamia. Mother was a little vague as to where Mesopotamia was, but, as the other good ladies would be equally as vague, it did not worry her. She thought of the way a slight breeze had unexpectedly sprung up, and how pretty Mrs. Marston's geranium boxes were, and how nice it was that the chicken-pox sign was gone from the Thompson house, and how attractive Bob's and Mabel's bungalow looked down the street.

BEFORE Mother arrives there, it might be well to insert something of Bob's and Mabel's romance which, paradoxically, had not seemed romantic to anyone but themselves. It was only the outrageously frank Marcia, however, who had said it out loud: "Believe *me*, if I ever have a serious affair, I pray the gods it won't be with someone I've played 'run-sheep-run' and 'steal-sticks' with all my life." This, of course, had been several years before.

"Well, they certainly ought to know each other," Father had remarked cheerfully.

"I should say *so*," Marcia had agreed. "Bob was present when Mabel knocked out her first loose tooth, and Mabel has seen Bob with dirty rags tied on his stubbed toes, and *isn't* that romantic?"

No, there had been nothing highly exciting about Bob's courtship. Mabel had played "ante-over" in the neighborhood crowd, a quiet little girl with thick, ashy-light hair and a sprinkle of freckles across a nose that followed literally the motto "Look up—not down."

She was an only child, fatherless at ten. Her mother, with that tiger-like ferocity with which a delicate woman will sometimes get up and attack life for the sake of her offspring, had worked at sewing early and late that her daughter might have schooling.

Mabel had grown from a quiet little girl into a demure young lady, her ashy hair wound round her head in thick braids, her nose still uptilted, although the freckles, ashamed of their existence, had miraculously vanished into the background. No one could call her pretty, but she was gentle-mannered, sweet of face, and the possessor of a certain shy drollness that was very attractive to those who knew her well. "And she certainly does know how to keep house," Mother would always say.

Bob, finishing high school, had gone away to college. There had been great things expected of him in the Mason household, for he was the apple of

Earnest, businesslike, Bob went on. "He'll have to

have one, you know. He'll have to have a bed of his own"

Mother's eye. From the moment he was placed, red and colicky, in her arms, and she noted the wonderful shape of his head, Mother had had visions of him jauntily upholstering the Presidential chair.

Here's to the mothers who hang above cradles and foresee the wonderful destinies of the little mites of humanity who lie there sleeping! May they continue, down the ages, to believe with roseate confidence that they have given birth to the brilliant leaders of the world's thought, instead of blundering draymen, mediocre clerks, and grumbling icemen.

Yes, Bob was to do wonderful things. He was first to finish his collegiate work, and then, because there are many footprints made by lawyers' boots in the dust of the Presidential road, he was to study the late Mr. Blackstone. Mother used to dream how he would come back to Springtown, his every move noted by a group of anxious reporters, back to eat some of Mother's cooking. To be sure, it had turned out that he came back for Mother's cooking, but it was from only two blocks away.

During Bob's college course, Mabel's mother had died, quite unexpectedly, fighting to the last, but partially resigned because her girl was going to marry as good a boy as Bob Mason. Bob had come home and stated definitely that he was through school; that he was going in the bank with Father and earn a home for Mabel. Father and Mother had talked with him, attempting to dissuade him, and trying to think of some satisfactory arrangement for Mabel while he went on to school, but he had been obstinate. Mother had even gone so far as to suggest that he was young and perhaps there would sometime be another girl—? Bob had given her a penetrating look, and said quietly, "You know that isn't so, Mother!" And Mother, remembering the tenacity with which he had always clung to his boyhood decisions, had known it was not true.

So Bob had gone in the bank, and he and his only sweetheart were married. Mother had sighed and put away her dreams along with Bob's baby shoes, over which she shed a few sentimental tears every spring and fall when she cleaned the attic bureau. Then, mother-like, she had figuratively dusted the Presidential chair for Junior.

MOTHER arrived at the bungalow and went up the front steps, placing, as she passed, an investigating finger in the fern box. Dry as a bone, she thought!

The porch was dusty, the front door locked. Through the small-paned glass she could see Betty creeping hurriedly toward her like a little dog with its head in the air.

"Where's Mama?" Mother called.

"Da-ja-schpee!" Betty blubbered, putting a soiled little fist out to Grandma.

Mabel came to the front door and let Mother in. She smiled, but it was a soulless, shadowy ghost of a smile. "Come in, Mother. I'm ashamed of the way I look. I haven't even cleared off my— I ought to have swept the— I—" She was making futile little lunges toward spools and woolly animals on the floor.

With that instinct that would have made of her an able Pinkerton or Burns assistant, Mother (*Continued on page 110*)

PHOTO BY JOSEPH H. LANGER

CIRCUS PLAYMATES

All babies look alike to each other, when they are born under "the big top" of the circus. This kid lion is getting its hair pulled good and plenty. But what's a little thing like hair-pulling between friends?

"They're Just Like Us!"

Stories of how lions, chimpanzees, elephants, and other wild animals show love, hate, jealousy, grief, lonesomeness —and even join in playing jokes

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

BACK in my kidhood days when, as a runaway youngster, I was achieving a life ambition—and five dollars a week—as "the clowns" of a tatterdemalion little circus which clattered about through the Middle West, there was a magnet beneath the ragged old menagerie top which attracted me, day after day, to contemplative attention.

It was an old lion, blind and toothless, dragging out the final days of its existence as the "star" of a "collection of beasts of the plain and jungle," which appeared ferociously numerous on our billings but which consistently failed to appear when the crowd thronged to the big top and its moth-eaten, amateurish performance.

In fact, old Duke, with the exception of a few goats, a monkey cage, a cinnamon bear, and a couple of anæmic native deer, was about all the menagerie we had.

One day, as I stood in front of Duke's cage, staring at the black-maned, toothless creature, majestic even in its senility, an old animal man came beside me, and we began to talk, one with the romance of youth, the other with the wisdom of experience. And I said:

"Poor old thing! It must be awful."

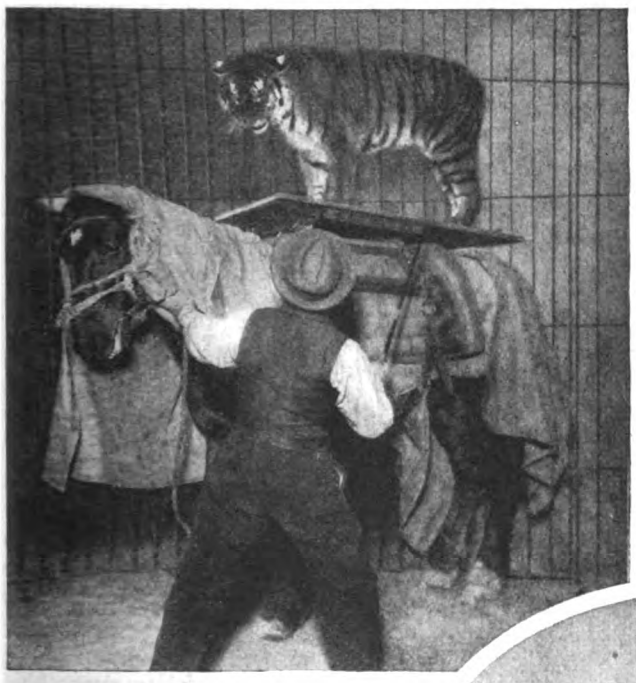
"How so?" The trainer looked up quizzically. "'Cause he's locked up? Don't you ever think it. Wouldn't get out if he could."

"I don't mean that. He's taken care of, all right. But everything's different for him; he doesn't understand anything that's going on, and—"

Then it was that Experience interrupted.

"Shucks! Listen, kid; when you've been around animals as long as I have, you'll find out that us humans ain't the only ones that can use their brains. I never saw a wild animal yet that didn't show some traits of the human being. The only trouble is that most of us don't have the chance, or the desire, to watch 'em long enough. But I know! I've nursed lions with the toothache, and carried baby tigers in my arms before their eyes were opened. And I'm saying that the dividing line between animals and humans is mighty thin. They're just like us!"

THAT was fifteen years ago. I've traveled with some big shows since then; I've known many trainers. Once I spent twenty years in as many minutes as the guest of three lions and three tigers in the arena during the performance of their act. Long ago I forgot what the old animal man looked like; but I've never forgotten his words. What's more, in the years that have gone, instance after instance has piled up to emphasize it all. Under the great spread of a circus menagerie top, from the heavy steel dens, the big tanks, the strong enclosures which house the various animals, have come examples of every human emotion—love, hate,

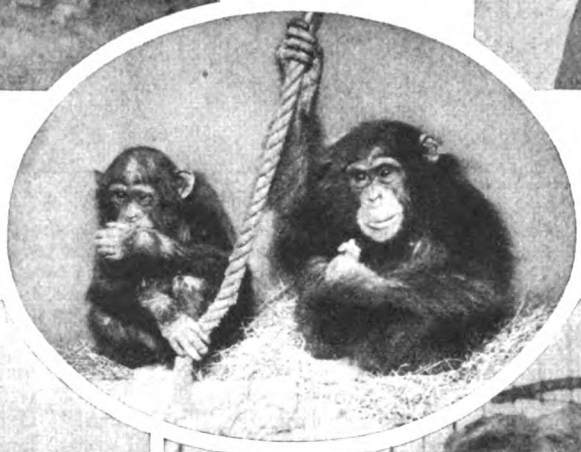


TROUBLE FOR THREE

This trainer has his work cut out for him. The tiger is cross, the horse is scared, and both feel a grudge against the human being who won't let them off

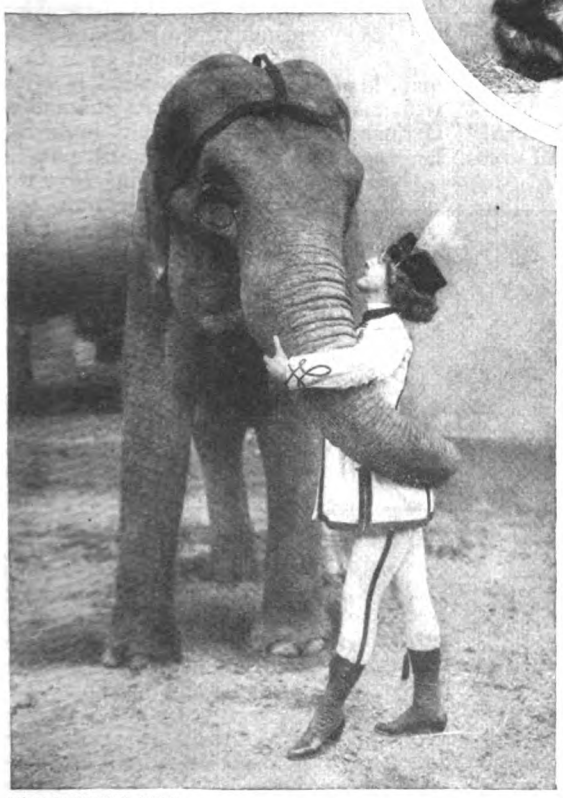
A MODEL HUSBAND AND WIFE

Introducing Barney, an orang - outang, and Estelle, his loving and beloved mate. When Barney died of tuberculosis, Estelle, a week later, succumbed to her grief over his loss. These animals love so deeply and faithfully that one of them rarely survives, for long, the death of its mate



A CHIMPANZEE COUPLE

Behold the clinging vine in chimpanzeedom! The lady takes her husband's arm, just as the bride from Podunk does. Divorce courts are not needed in the monkey world



PHOTOS BY JOSEPH H. LANGER

MAMA, FROM GERMANY

When Mama was brought to this country, the circus men vowed "She didn't know nothing!" They found that the only thing she did not know was the English language

OLD SOLOMON

In the side show, Old Solomon acts the rôle of a villain; growling and apparently thirsting for the blood of his trainer. Later, in the big arena, he plays another character—that of a benevolent old beast who lets the same trainer put his head in that ferocious-looking mouth

jealousy, fear, deceit, faith; and all the others which we humans possess—envy, malice, forgiveness, humor, self-sacrifice, gratitude. Why, among animals there's even nationality!

It all happened long before the war, so the fact that it was a "made in Germany" affair is permissible. We wanted a new elephant—and the order naturally was sent to Carl Hagenbeck, from whom most circus animals were then procured, and who reared and trained his beasts at his "Tierpark" on the outskirts of Hamburg. The answer to the order was an almost tearful letter from Hagenbeck, stating that, because of his friendship for the owner of the show, he was giving up his greatest prize, old Mama, his pet elephant.

She was more than just a mere trained beast, he wrote. Why, the children played with her, and she was all but a nursemaid to them. She did the work about the park, she was gentle and kind and understanding. It was as though Carl Hagenbeck were parting with some dearly beloved relative, or a faithful servant, instead of with a circus animal.

Finally Mama arrived!

The first report was brought by a sweating, cussing animal man who plodded wearily to the circus lot, disheveled, disturbed — in body and temper. He sought the owner.

"Of all the rotten, balky, no-good bulls I ever seen in my life," he growled, "that new Hagenbeck elephant's the worst! She won't do nothing!"

"BUT Hagenbeck wrote me—"

"I don't care what he wrote you; I'm talking about what he handed you! That elephant's a lemon! We can't get it to do nothing; it acts like it ain't even got good sense! Come on down and look for yourself."

Harry Tammen—he was the owner—went; and Harry Tammen looked. He retired to his circus car that night disappointed and disgusted. The wonderful elephant about which Carl Hagenbeck had written so enthusiastically either could not, or would not, do anything that indicated former training. Only by sheer tugging with "bull hooks" and pushing with two-by-fours had it been shunted from its car. Once on the ground, it trumpeted and squealed, and stared blankly at the shouting animal men—but obeyed not a single command. Such was Mama's arrival at the circus, and such was the daily program. She was literally pushed and pulled to the lot each day, and pulled and pushed back to the circus train at night, an aimless, useless old beast that was more of a liability to the circus than an asset. Then Hagenbeck came to America and Tammen met him in Saint Louis.

"A fine elephant you sold me!" he blurted. "It hasn't got a brain in its head!"

Hagenbeck almost wept.

"*Ach gott*, Harry!" came excitedly, "dot old Mama elephant—she iss human! All day long she played with the children, unt ven dey gif her a piece of cinnamon cake—*ach gott*, she'd get on her knees to thank them! I come along to her unt I say: '*Wie gehts*, Mama,' and—"

"Wait a minute!" A great light was beginning to break in on Harry Tammen. "What would you say?"

"'*Wie gehts!*' Or, '*Vas ist lohse?*' Or—"

"That's enough!" came from the circus owner. "You win! We've been trying to talk English to something that doesn't understand any language but German!"

The next day, Tammen returned to his circus, and seeking the picket line in the menagerie where the great elephants were tethered, he approached the supposedly imbecilic Hagenbeck importation.

"*Wie gehts*, Mama!" he exclaimed; "*vas ist lohse?*"

You've seen a dog welcome his master after long absence with a frenzy of joy, an unbounded happiness? Magnify that dog into a poor, lost, three-ton elephant in a strange land, among strange people, hearing only a strange tongue—then suddenly hearing a familiar speech—and you have old Mama when she caught that sentence in German. She trumpeted, she sank to her knees and rose again, she wrapped her trunk about the little circus owner and tried in her elephantine way to caress him. She squealed and jumped about and pulled at her picket pin. Then Tammen called one of the "bull-tenders."

"Dig up someone around this show that can talk German," he ordered. "We've got to translate everything for a while to this poor old bull. She's in a foreign country and we've got to teach her English!"

That was the explanation of old Mama's apparent imbecility. She had been captured by German-speaking members of a Hagenbeck expedition, trained by a German, kept on a German animal reservation, and received her every command in German. She never had heard any other language, and it was not until patient animal men, giving first the command in German and then repeating it in English, had taught her the language of her new home that she became of value. That was a good many years ago. To-day it is Mama who leads the elephant herd of the big circus, who tests the bridges before her followers step upon it, who trumpets her orders to the rest of the great pachyderms on parade, who is first to catch the trainer's command in the ring. She is the head of the herd. And she has become Americanized. What's more, she's forgotten German now, in spite of the fact that they say an elephant never forgets.

I'M AFRAID that story about elephants who never forget is one of the traditions of the circus which can be controverted. I personally once defied the old tradition by feeding an elephant a nice hunk of tobacco one afternoon and going back the next day, expecting to be killed, only to find that the chocolate and sweetening in the plug had been particularly pleasing, and that a second offering was gratefully accepted. I've seen elephants forget real injuries, cruel (*Continued on page 269*)

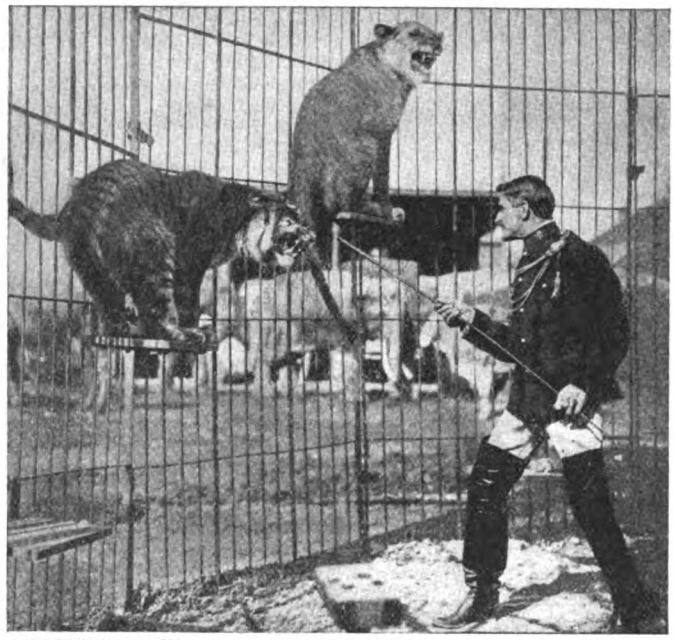


PHOTO BY JOSEPH H. LANGER

JUST FOOLING

Observe the eat-'em-alive expression of the snarling lion on the shelf. That's only his little joke. The trainer has taught him to pretend that he's a bold, bad guy. But look at his other picture, below, and get the correct dope about this tough lion

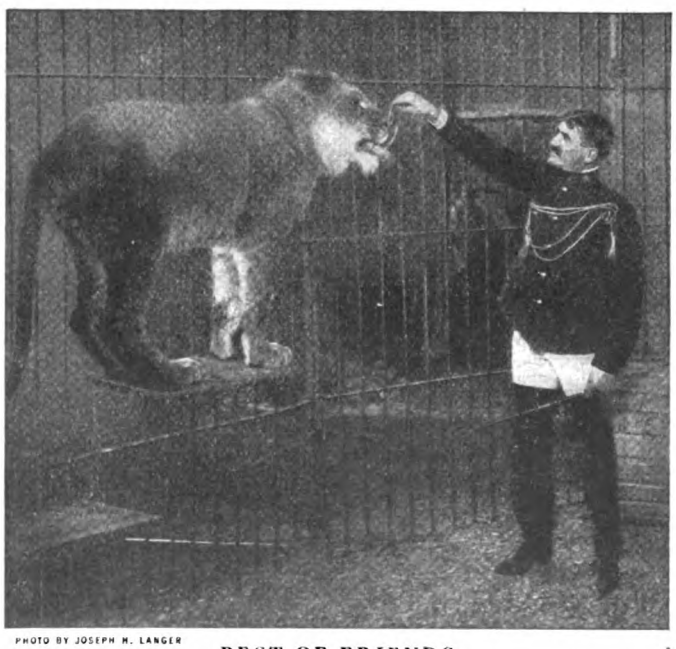


PHOTO BY JOSEPH H. LANGER

BEST OF FRIENDS

Instead of yearning to make a meal off his trainer, the supposedly bold, bad lion eats out of his hand. It's all understood between them. The public shivers at the beast's roars in the arena; but circus men can tell, by the tone, that he's faking

If You Want to Be Happy—Practice!

You wouldn't expect to become a great violin player without practicing on the violin. Neither can you achieve happiness except by trying to be happy

By Dr. Frank Crane

THE point to this piece of writing is that the way to get happiness is by practice.

And people turn every other way than that.

There are those who regard it as some sort of a strange, shy thing, like Maeterlinck's Blue Bird, to be caught only by the few and lucky. Some look on it as an endowment of youth, when we have limber legs and unspoiled livers; and others as an achievement of old age and philosophy. That is, according to one view it is an incident of that time of life when desires burn brightly; and according to another, of that time when they are burnt out.

So it is supposed to be a by-product of money, health, love, success, religion—what not.

But the fact is that happiness is not something handed down to you from heaven, nor something you can cozen yourself into by some fanciful cult, making yourself happy as the Irishman who tried to lift himself over the fence by his bootstraps; you can't get it by taking a pill nor a drink; you can't crawl into it through the convolutions of a syllogism, nor buy it with money, nor capture it by violence of the will.

It is simpler than all that. Hence so many miss it.

For you get so you can be happy precisely as you get so you can play the violin—by practice.

Therefore, try this: Spend thirty minutes every morning exercising in happiness. During this half hour think of all the agreeable things you can. Recall the pleasant events that have occurred. Look forward to those you expect. Enumerate the many things you like, from buckwheat cakes to Chopin's ballades.

If any fear, or premonition, or other disturber of the peace, intrudes into this practice hour, chase the thought away, as you would shoo away a fly, or drive out a rat.

Do this for thirty days and see what happens.

Let us meet the first and greatest objection right now.

It is: "I can't."

"How," you complain, "can I control my mood? If disaster looms before me, if the memory of unhappy occurrences pesters me, if my rheumatism twinges, or my wages have been cut, or my lady-love returns not my passion, how can I help being distressed?"

In all of which argument you assume that you are the football of your thoughts, that they control you and not you them, that you are a weather vane and your moods the winds blowing north or south, hot or cold, as the high gods ordain, and not as you decide.

And this is not true. You can direct your thoughts, even as you direct your speech. For thinking is merely talking to yourself. And if you don't want to talk to yourself of one thing—why, talk of another. Take a tip from Lewis Carroll's walrus:

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages—and kings—"

"But," you insist, "I can't!"

Of course you can't. Not at first. Not till you have learned how. Not until you have practiced. That is precisely what we are urging.

How do you know you can't? A man was asked if he could play the violin. "I don't know," he answered. "I never tried."

Are you not childish? What would you think of the little girl of six who refuses to go to her music lesson because she cannot play the piano? Instead of that being a reason for not practicing, it is the very reason why she should practice. And if you *cannot* control your thoughts and tempers, all the more need that you should go to work practicing, so that you *can* control them.

It is well to spend a little time on this point, for it is the gist of the whole matter.

It is the central idea of what is called New Thought. (Why "new," I cannot understand, since it is as old as Socrates or Buddha.)

And while this is emphasized by New Thought, it is also the core of whatever comfort and actual, practical, happiness-producing quality there is in any religion. For the power of religion to cheer you up, to give you new courage to act, or calmness to endure, lies in your ability to direct your thoughts as you will. In Christian Science and the Protestant denominations you turn your mind to certain doctrines or mental pictures; in the more ritualistic churches this effort is aided by symbols. But in any Church salvation is offered you only as you are able to "think on these things." Which implies an ability to quit thinking of other things.

Now I am not trying to convert you, nor to induce you to join my church (it has too many like you now), but to ask you why you cannot use your common sense and get an advantage for yourself out of this one thing that is the underlying, energizing law in all faiths.

For by the practice of happiness I mean the training of your mind to think as your will determines, the development of the ability to control your feelings by means of controlling your thoughts.

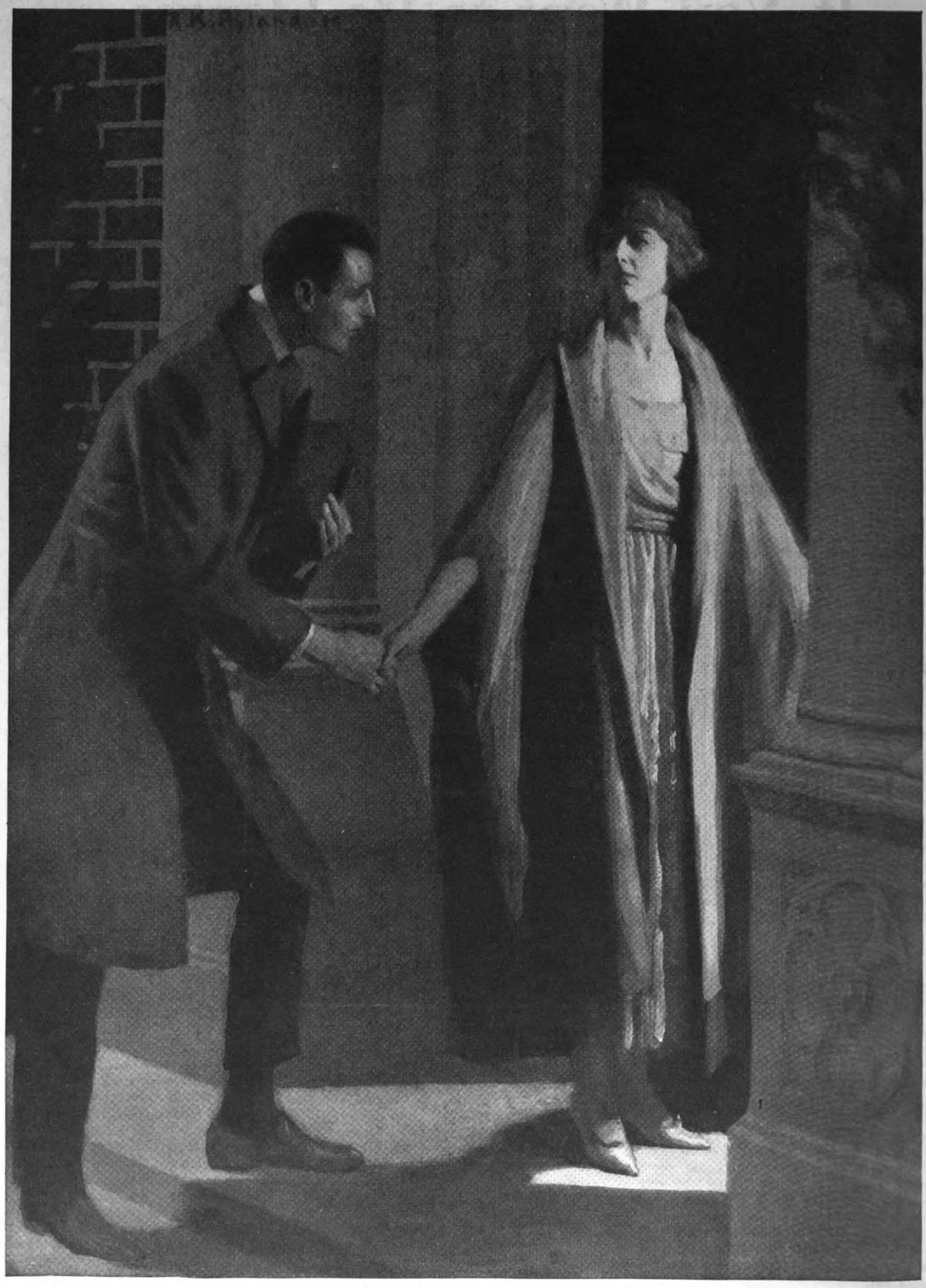
We need not go (*Continued on page 93*)

Doctor Crane's Prescription for Grouches

SPEND thirty minutes each morning exercising in happiness. During this half hour think of all the agreeable things you can. Recall the pleasant events that have occurred. Look forward to those you expect. Enumerate the many things you like, from buckwheat cakes to Chopin's ballades.

If any fear, or premonition, or other disturber of the peace, intrudes into this practice hour, chase the thought away, as you would shoo away a fly, or drive out a rat.

Do this for thirty days and see what happens.



"I don't mean that. I mean—ask something!"

Quick Work by Philip

You can do a lot of things in three weeks! A story of brains and nerve

By R. L. Lurie

ILLUSTRATIONS BY R. K. RYLAND

(*Letter to the Head of the Whitney Department Store at Oriole City from Mr. Philip Ware.*)

January 21, 1919
ANTLER HOTEL

MR. GEORGE WHITNEY,
Whitney Department Store,
Oriole City.

Sir: Here is the OPPORTUNITY for which you have waited so long!

A young man with (1) brains
(2) nerve
(3) ability
who lacks (1) money
(2) beauty
is giving you this unusual opportunity to become his EMPLOYER!

He can produce
an Excellent Education
an Optimistic Nature
an Eagerness to Learn.

All that he asks is an INTERVIEW!

Fill out the enclosed blank and mail it IMMEDIATELY!

Do it NOW!

To-morrow may be too LATE!

You are under NO obligation to employ him!

Respectfully yours,
PHILIP WARE.

(*Copy of the enclosed blank.*)

Place x after line indicating your particular sensation. All replies strictly confidential. Immediate attention given, and no expense attached to you.

MR. PHILIP WARE,
Antler Hotel.

MY DEAR MR. WARE:

(1) Come at once! ( )
(2) With pleasure! ( )
(3) At last! ( )
(4) My hours are ___ to ___ ( )

Yours truly,
(Signature)_____

(*Letter to Mr. Ware's parents.*)

YE ABODE ANTLER

From the future MILLIONAIRE, LITTLE PHIL,
To MA and PA and BROTHER BILL:

Greetings—Know ye, that I have arriven, and am preparing to lay siege at this very moment to a firm most dignified and haughty. I mapped out a letter on the train, and all I can say is that I hope whoever reads it has a sense of humor, or methinks this ambitious lad will search elsewhere.

However, why worry? I know I've got to get a job and, consequently, I will get one, although there does seem to be a goodly number of boys hanging around doing nothing, but perfectly willing to tell you all about it.

I am living at an old-fashioned place known officially as the Antler Hotel, because Cy Miller, the owner, picked up a thusly decorated sign at some auction sale. However, for a variety of exceptionally good reasons, it is more generally known as "Sighs." Mr. Miller is a curious man, with a knack at asking questions. He wears a long beard and he never has to polish his glasses, because he always looks over them. All that he does is to sit round and collect the bills. His daughter, a Mrs. Leonidas Spur, does the cooking; and her husband, the honorable Leonidas himself, performs twice a day as waiter and chief dishwasher. He is very agreeable—agreeing to everything his wife says. His spouse, judging from the two meals I have eaten, is gifted with culinary ability, for the food is really excellent, but not quite so good that a reminder from home, especially those cookies, would not be appreciated.

Well, how are things moving along in Cliftondale? There are about three times the number of people here that there are at home. From what I've seen of it, the Whitney Department Store is a good deal like Lothrops'—but on a larger scale. Whitney's is the place where I hope to get a job. Don't forget to forward the "Record" every week. I want to know all the news. Take care of yourselves. Lots of love, From PHIL.

(*Extracts from Mr. Ware's diary.*)

JAN. 22d

WAITED in the hope that the special delivery letter I enclosed with my note to Mr. Whitney would reach me, but not a sign of it for miles around. So another ultimatum from little Phil must need be written on the morrow. I'm positive that there's room for me in that store, especially higher up. Wrote home and took a walk. Ran into Charlie Little and recognized him almost before I saw him. He certainly did have the sweetest-looking girl with him. She came out of a store later. I couldn't get her name—Marion something or other. Left them and walked through Whitney's. Hope I meet Charlie again, but I'd rather see her alone.

JAN. 23d

Wrote and mailed my second instalment to Mr. Whitney and then took a tramp through his store for fresh material. The more I think of the bluff I'm putting over, the more certain I am that I'm due for a fall, but I can't quit now. Hoped to meet Charlie Little, but missed him, I guess. May visit him to-morrow evening. I wonder what that girl's last name was. I always did like Marion as a first name—but why should a girl's last name worry a fellow?

(*Letter to Mr. George Whitney from Mr. Ware.*)

January 23d, 1919
ANTLER HOTEL

MR. GEORGE WHITNEY,
Whitney Department Store,
Oriole City.

SIR: Your Teddy Bear display is
(1) unattractive
(2) useless
(3) wasteful

With some Small Chairs
some Large Dolls,
some Imagination,
the Story of the Three Little Bears could have been presented!

YOU have the chairs!
YOU have the dolls!
I have the IMAGINATION!
Opportunity seldom knocks TWICE!
This is the SECOND knock!

Respectfully yours,
PHILIP WARE.

(*Extracts from Mr. Ware's Diary.*)

JAN. 25th

THE continued silence of Mr. Whitney is positively chilling. Absolutely no word. Went into the store to-day, and bought me a necktie, and what do I see but that the chap at the counter has his cravat knotted in the neatest manner I ever gazed upon. Which same furnishes little Phil with a new idea! Still no word from Mr. Whitney. I'm beginning to think that the stamps I enclosed are wasted, but the advance must continue.

(*Telegram delivered to Mr. George Whitney on January 27th, 1919.*)

"Opportunity waiting in your anteroom. PHILIP WARE."

(*Letter to Mr. Ware's parents.*)

Well, FOLKS: The command for over the top was given, and promptly at zero yours truly started going, and advanced to headquarters of the enemy. At last reports, he was resting victoriously on the field of battle, occupying the strong position of Assistant Shipper in the hitherto invincible firm of George Whitney Company. The strategic value of the position is by no means unimportant, amounting to fifteen dollars a week. Further bulletins will be forwarded as announced. Love, PHIL.

(*Extracts from Mr. Ware's Diary.*)

JAN. 27th

WELL, old kid, the worst is over and, talking of the nerve, no one ever displayed more pure unadulterated gall this side of the Rubicon in many a year! For history's sake, let me record:

I hastened to the door, and there stood a young lady, with a peculiar teasing smile in her eyes, a smile on her lips, and a wonderfully serene face

This morning, I rose early, and pondered the devious ways of forcing myself upon the head of a large firm, and no sooner having thought than I set forth to do. I telephoned to his office, and having been told that he was busy—would I leave a message, etc., etc, hiked to the nearest telegraph station, dictated a telegram, and ordered the messenger boy to accompany me, which same the curious and inquisitive youth did. We arrived at the lion's lair, and I issued my orders. Whereupon I ran up against one perfectly good secretary, who hailed me with the words that "Mr. Whitney sees no one without an appointment!" Nevertheless, I courageously held my own, and clung fast to a chair, waiting impatiently for my reinforcements to arrive. He arrived, bustled in, looked at me, gazed balefully at the ceiling, tapped his head a few times, and was gone. So my message went in. After what seemed three years I was summoned into the Holy of Holies and stood before a tall thin man trying my best not to look foolish.

He sat at his desk, writing away, and then, all of a sudden, swung around, looked me up and down, and then, "Have a seat, Mr. Ware!" he said. But the *way* he said it sort of sent something up my back.

I sat me down.

"UNTIL your letters began to appear, Mr. Ware," he continued, without a smile or a twinkle, "I always believed that there were only seven wonders in the world; but your vivid description of yourself has showed me my mistake. I see, however, that, notwithstanding your numerous gifts, you admit a lack of two essentials—money and beauty!" He turned back to his desk. He was enjoying himself tremendously. I was trying to keep my knees still. He pushed a few papers about and then looked at me once more. "I regret to say," he continued, "that I can furnish you with only one of these missing attributes. If you will report to Mr. Norcross, he will tell you how to earn fifteen dollars every week."

I thanked him the best I could.

"And furthermore, Mr. Ware," he went on, "I shall always be glad to receive these interesting communications from you when you think of any special things you would like to see in the store."

And there you are!

Met Charlie Little at lunch, and he invited me to a theatre party he is giving for a girl to-morrow evening. The more I think of it, the sweeter that name Marion sounds to me.

JAN. 28th

I feel like writing a poem, but, believe me there's nothing harder in the English language than to find a rhyme for Marion. All I can think of is "carry on," "tarry on," "marry on" *and* fifteen dollars a week! What Charlie can see in that Sylvia Hartley, the other girl with us, is beyond me. She's very nice and all that, but when Marion is around—well, I'm sitting here, close to three in the morning, busy pining away, and I've only seen her twice!

Honestly, I was (*Continued on page 233*)

Are You Watching Your Blood Pressure?

At intervals you should find out what it is

By Edwin F. Bowers, M.D.

IF YOU become dizzy from stooping or straining, or if you suffer from apparently causeless headaches or insomnia; if you can feel a "wave" in the large artery in your wrist instead of a clean, soft impact; or if the veins on the forehead or over your temples are becoming unduly prominent and feel somewhat firm and "ropy," instead of being freely compressible to the touch, you had better see a doctor.

It may add a considerable number of years to your life if you do. And, incidentally, it may subtract an equal, or a greater, number if you do not.

The most interesting thing the doctor will do to you will be to test the degree of force with which the blood passes through your arteries, using, for this purpose, a little instrument called a manometer—or more generally a sphygmomanometer—for short.

Normally, if you are a full-grown adult and watching the doctor's manipulations from your seat without fear or apprehension of the outcome, you should show about 125 millimeters of pressure on the clocklike register attached to the instrument. If you happen to be "scared to death," or even appreciably nervous, you may show 10 or 20 millimeters more. If you do, try it over again a day or two later. Familiarity will give you a chance to be, and act, natural.

The pulse should be in the neighborhood of 70 to the minute. This is the average for a normal adult—seated comfortably.

Reclining, the pressure should go up to 135 and the pulse down to 64. Any change in this relation, tending toward an inversion of this ratio, points to a serious heart weakness, lack of nerve force, or both.

In children the pressure is lower—90 millimeters being considered about right for a child of eight to fourteen.

The youth up to twenty-one should show from 100 to 120. After this, for each year of life some experts compute an increase of one-half millimeter. Thus, at the age of sixty a man should show a blood pressure of 140.

Women have a slightly lower blood pressure than men, averaging about 10 millimeters less for the same age.

This is the average; but you may run 15 to 20 degrees away from normal in either direction, and still maintain a perfect condition of health—particularly as regards high pressure. Abnormally low pressure is a totally different breed of cats, and comes under a different classification and treatment.

However, if your blood pressure persists in staying up around 150 or over, it would be a mighty sensible idea for you to put yourself in the hands of a good doctor until such time as it does not. Otherwise, you may "come a cropper."

A FEW years ago one of the big insurance companies of the Middle West tested this thing out on three hundred and sixty-five applicants who had been rejected for no other reason than that their blood pressure was higher than it should have been. These men were perfectly sound in every other particular. In fact, most companies would have considered them splendid risks.

However, the wisdom of this course was demonstrated by the subsequent health histories of these rejected applicants. For within two years one hundred and twenty-three of them developed some condition thoroughly entitled to be called a disease. Eighty developed kidney trouble, seven developed disease of the arteries, ten developed heart murmurs, four developed enlargement of the heart, six developed various nervous diseases, while sixteen evolved various other organic afflictions.

It is no exaggeration to say that a man—apparently vigorous and in perfect health—will, if his blood pressure shows 185 millimeters or upward, stand a very good chance of dying of apoplexy, Bright's disease or diabetes, unless the cause of the condition be corrected. And for a man or woman to run around loose, ignoring a pressure of 220 or more, as frequently happens, is nothing short of fatuous suicide.

High blood pressure is generally merely a symptom of some toxic influence at work in the body. It may originate from the poisonous products of pyorrhea, generated in the gums and around the necks of the teeth. In this case vaccine, composed of a combination of the "bugs" found around the infected gums, well boiled, together with skilled dental treatment, will go far to cure it.

Or it may be a "hang-over" from one or more infectious diseases—measles, whooping cough, rheumatism, pneumonia—or anything that brings germs into the system.

Pressure may result from the nervous tension of eyestrain. Ophthalmologists who have made a special study of these conditions frequently reduce blood pressure from this cause twenty to forty millimeters inside of twenty-four hours, merely by correcting errors of refraction. Or they may make a slight operation upon one of the muscles which move the eyeball, thereby relieving muscle and nerve tension and blood pressure—all at the same time.

Excessive use of tobacco, or any use of alcohol, is responsible for many cases of hardening of the arteries and high blood tension. And right here it is significant to note that this form of tension is frequently associated with great and untiring energy and an omnivorous capacity for hard work. Successful business men, professional men achieving brilliantly, men everywhere whom the world can least well spare, are the victims. Good fellows, vigorously contending that they "never felt better in their lives!" And yet, within a few days, they might be dead from apoplexy, or paralyzed by a "stroke."

While overeating does not cause as many cases of arteriosclerosis as we formerly thought it did, yet it undoubtedly is a large factor in its development, particularly among those who are heavy eaters of meat and sugar.

This, however, does not mean that a fruit and vegetable diet, or that the "low protein" diet recommended by most physicians, is best calculated to reduce high blood pressure and arterial tension.

WHILE overeating and under-exercising are frequent causes of arteriosclerosis, it is rather discouraging to industry to know that overwork is the most common of all causes. For the highest percentage of cases occur among those engaged in prolonged and fatiguing muscular exertions, such as laborers, steel workers, lumbermen, stevedores, and others who work until they "are ready to drop."

This is because the heart and arteries are constantly subjected to heavy strains, which gradually waste away and wear out the elastic coating of the arteries, while the fatigue poisons, which are quite as toxic as any other infectious poisons, are generated in excess of the ability of the body either to neutralize or get rid of them.

The cruel and foolish strain put upon the heart and blood vessels by over-indulgence in athletics is another frequent cause of damaged heart and arteries. The physical inspection which college men undergo before being permitted to "make" their team prevents many from dropping dead during their college term. But it doesn't help them twenty years afterward, when they attempt a quick run up the subway stairs with a set of heart valves weakened by the strain of some athletic "stunt" or contest during the 'varsity course.

Sometime in the distant future it is to be hoped that some genius of physical efficiency will endow a Chair of Common Sense in every college. (*Continued on page 268*)

The Biggest Thing I Have Learned in Business

Maybe you will call it "old stuff," and of course it is, but it is the best I have found

By Robert A. Long

WHAT is the biggest thing you have learned from business?" a man asked me the other day.

"That the game of life isn't won by 'star plays'," I answered.

"Once in a while it is," he protested.

"Yes—about once in a thousand 'whiles'," I admitted.

"Well," he persisted, "what does the trick in the nine hundred and ninety-nine other cases?"

"Honesty and industry," I said.

He looked disappointed.

"Old stuff!" he remarked.

"Yes," I agreed; "so old that it has been tried and proved through years and generations and centuries. And yet most people don't believe it until they have proved it all over again in their own experience."

I know that I had to do this proving for myself. I never have been brilliant. I do not grasp new ideas quickly, and I lay absolutely no claim to being a business genius. Back of whatever achievement I have made are simply the two qualities of honesty and industry.

But perhaps my definitions of them are different from the commonly accepted ones. As I understand it, honesty is not merely refraining from stealing; and industry is something more than just doing the job set before you. Both must be positive and elastic—not bound to the dry letter of the law. They must be used as weapons that help one to conquer; not simply as shields that protect one from out and out defeat. It was industry that gave me my start. I came honestly by it, for I was born into a family where hard work was a habit. When I was a boy, we lived on a farm in Shelby County, Kentucky, about twenty-five miles from Louisville.

From the time I was a child, I had an example of industry before me. Often my father, when he had business in what, to us, was the "big city," would have traveled that twenty-five miles on horseback and have reached Louisville before the townspeople had finished breakfast.

It was always his idea that a day should be started early; and that has always been my idea, too. I am usually at my office even now before half-past seven o'clock in the morning.

That farm was hard work. I did not mind the work, but it did not seem to me to offer much of a chance for the future. I went through the district school, and then I had a few months in a boys' school at Shelbyville. On the side I made a little money gathering hickorynuts and walnuts, stripping blue grass, and the ordinary odd jobs that a restless farmer's boy can pick up, including a season of clerking in the country store. But I wanted to get away—I wanted to get out.

The great Southwest was then opening something of its possibilities. We were hearing a good deal about Kansas City, and I had an uncle there. I had seven hundred dollars when I reached Kansas City in 1873, and I was twenty-two years old. Every cent of my money had been made by working about the farm.

My uncle was cashier of the local bank at Kansas City and he was willing to help me—but there didn't seem to be anything to help me in. I lived with him and his wife, and it embarrassed me to be hanging around, for they would neither take money for my board nor permit me to go anywhere else. Idleness has always been very distasteful to me; so I more or less elected myself housemaid, although I had not, any more than would another healthy boy of twenty-two, any great fondness for impersonating a charwoman instead of setting out on a business career.

But I had to do something to make myself feel even approximately worth while, and I did my best to take charge of that house. I swept the rooms, made the beds, did the gardening, and anything else that I could put my hands on, excepting the cooking. I had no plans, but I had ambition—without direction. It never occurred to me that qualifying as a first-class houseman would put me on the road to fortune, and yet that is exactly what it did.

Don't Get Bored With the Truth—Simply Because It Is Old

MR. LONG tells a very simple, interesting story of how a plain American boy grew from small beginnings into a big business man. He does not call himself a big business man—but he *is* just the same, a very big one.

In the course of his story he talks about two old copy-book maxims—honesty and industry—telling exactly their relation to the progress he made. He rather apologizes for mentioning such "old stuff" as honesty and industry, but he goes on to show in a very sincere and direct way that those are, after all, the big things.

The human race is always trying to run away from the copy-book maxims, always trying to beat the game. But it can't be done. The old copy-book maxims are the truth. They are much better guides to action than some of the newfangled ideas that are always springing up in the world.

Read Rudyard Kipling's poem in the January "Harper's Magazine" entitled "The Gods of the Copy-book Maxims," if you want to see a wonderful expression of this idea. After showing with terrific power the consequences of forgetting various maxims, such for example as "The wages of sin is Death," Kipling goes on as follows:

> As it will be in "The Future," it was at the birth of Man—
> There are only four things certain since the Larger Primates began:
> That the Dog returns to his Vomit and the Sow returns to her Mire,
> And the burnt Fool's bandaged finger goes wabbling back to the fire.
>
> And after this is accomplished, and the brave new world begins
> Where all men insist on their merits and no one desists from his sins,
> As surely as Water will wet us, as surely as Fire will burn,
> The Gods of the Copy-book Maxims with terms and slaughters return!

In the language of the street one feels like saying "Give me the copy-book maxims, and you keep the change."—THE EDITOR.

My uncle recognized that I was doing this work not because I liked it, not from any desire to avoid harder work, but merely because I did not want to be idle. And this impressed him so much that one day, after I had been there about a year, he suggested that with his son Robert, and Victor Bell, the son of the president of the bank, I go down to Columbus, Kansas, where we could try our luck putting up hay. The grain crop was short that year, but the grass crop in Kansas was particularly good, and there seemed to be an opportunity to turn a dollar.

I put in all of my money, the other two boys, neither of whom was over twenty, put in a somewhat smaller amount; and the bank volunteered to look after the balance of the financing. We bought several carloads of lumber to build sheds to cover the hay, and started gayly off to make our fortunes.

THE hay crop was splendid—all that it had been said to be—but we got on the ground rather late, and the hay we bought turned brown and was all but unsalable. We got rid of it as best we could, and, curiously enough, the lumber which we had bought incidentally sold for more than the hay upon whch we had staked our all. When we had wound up our affairs, and paid the bank in full, we discovered ourselves perhaps a little bit wiser for our experience, but certainly a good deal poorer. My own personal funds, as well as the funds of my partners, were exhausted.

That sounds like a bad start. It was not. I had been given the chance only because my uncle liked the way I worked around the house; he knew I was willing to work. But now, having settled in full for every debt, and not having attempted to compromise anything simply because we had lost money, we convinced the bank that, as well as being industrious, we were also honest. They knew perfectly well that operating at a distance we might very easily have let the bank instead of ourselves bear the losses. Losing our money actually helped our credit!

I had been the active manager of the hay venture, and when I was leaving Columbus several of the citizens who had bought the lumber from our sheds asked me to come back and start a lumber yard. It appeared that the local dealer had a reputation for being a little too sharp; and, whatever may be said about business acumen, people do not like to trade with anyone who is continually trying to get an unduly long end of the bargain. They want to have confidence.

Back at my uncle's house in Kansas City I went over the situation with him, and before I had even finished the whole harrowing tale he cheerfully came out with:

"My boy, where you lost your money is the place to make it again!"

"But," I answered, "I have no money to start anything. I have not ten dollars to my name."

"Don't let that worry you," he said. "Come down to the bank and we will see what we can do."

I joined with Victor Bell once more and we journeyed to the bank somewhat skeptically to learn how we were going to start in any business without money. The bank officers treated our first venture as a joke. I know now that they acted that way in order to give us encouragement. They said that they would be very glad, indeed, to open up a credit for us of eight thousand dollars; and, to show just how much I knew about business, I will admit that I did not know what credit was. I couldn't understand why they did not have us sign notes; and when the time came around for the first check to be drawn against the account, I actually did not know how to make it out.

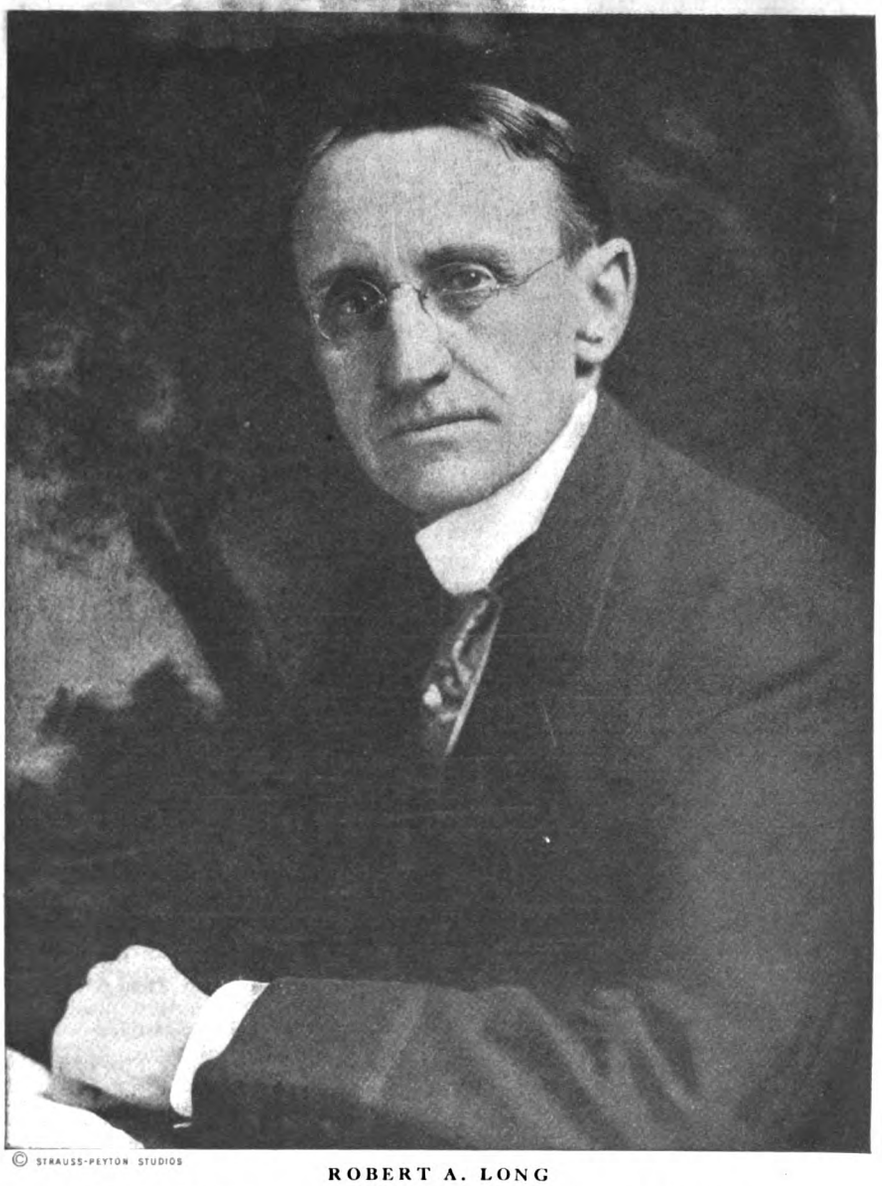
That bank did not loan money to us on our business skill. It loaned it because the officers knew that on our previous venture we had done everything that mortal could well do to make it a success, and that we had met our creditors in full. Our character was their first consideration.

WE OPENED our yard at Columbus, and immediately began to do a fair business. We paid for everything that we bought, and gave to every man who bought from us exactly no more and no less than we said we would sell to him. The railroads were then just branching out through Kansas. The log cabins of the pioneers were being replaced by frame dwellings, and we were on the spot to sell lumber.

Then and there I learned another point about honesty—the positive as against the negative side. No matter how much one may want to be honest, he cannot be really honest unless he first be accurate; this is the broader conception of honesty. You may think that you are honest; but if you are slipshod and keep your business accounts badly, you are inviting failure. And to fail through carelessness is not honest.

It does not help matters to have an intention of being honest, for pigeonholed good intentions do not accomplish much. I take it as an integral part of honesty that a business must not only be accurately and carefully accounted in every detail, but that every known method should be used to maintain those accounts at the human maximum of accuracy.

I soon learned in that little woodyard that money was not to be made unless we had a complete (*Continued on page 154*)



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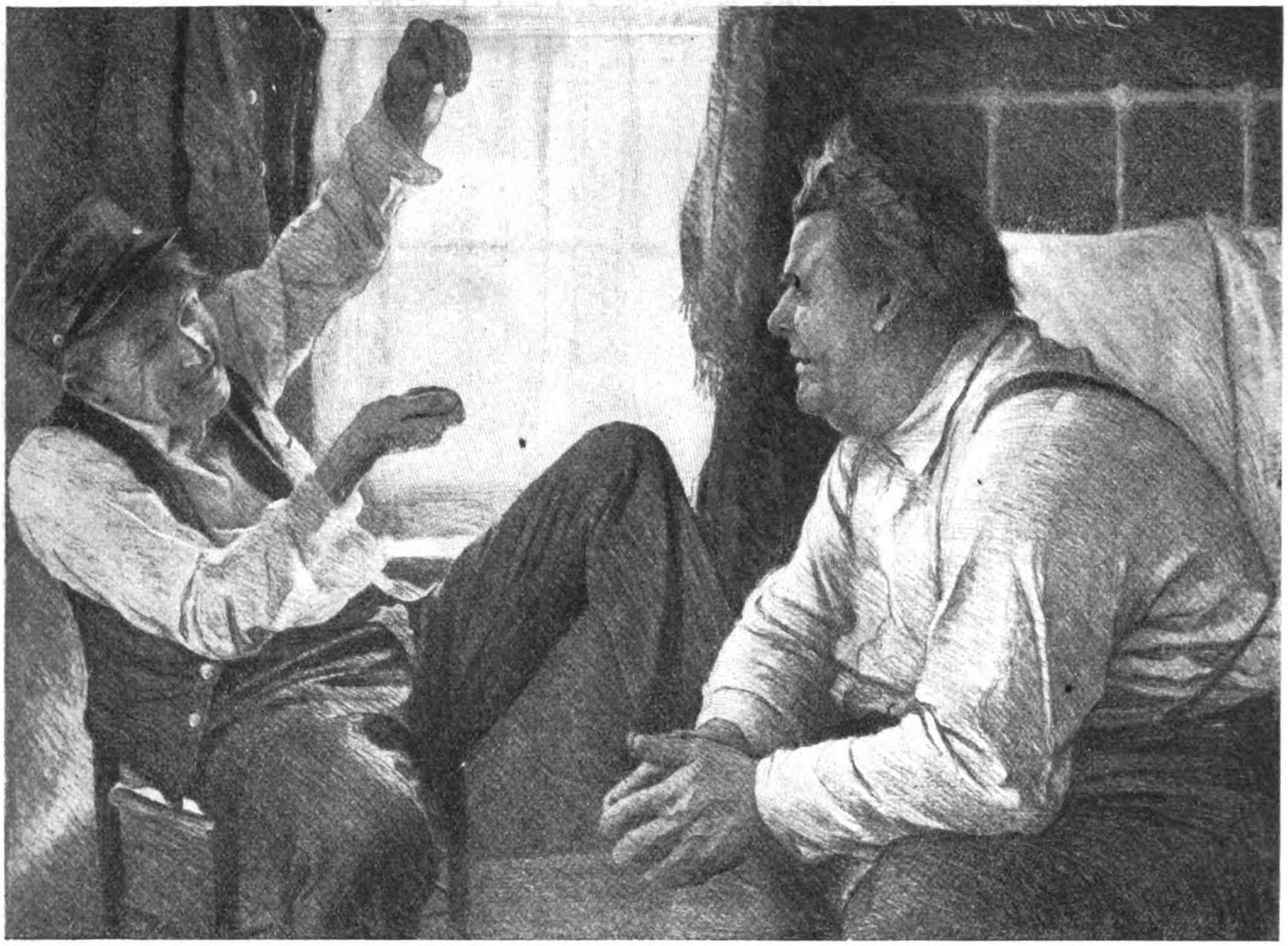
ROBERT A. LONG

A great lumberman—one of the biggest business men in the Southwest. President of the Long-Bell Lumber Company of Kansas City, and chairman of the boards of directors of 24 subsidiary companies owning 12 sawmills and 108 retail yards. Also president of the R. A. Long Real Estate and Investment Company. Mr. Long is in his seventieth year



Scattergood sat on the edge of his bed eying Pliny Pickett reflectively. "Clum a ladder," said Pliny proudly. "Jerked a big bag over the dum thing, and then cut it off. Was sort of uneasy all the way over for fear they might bust loose. They sounded kind of aggravated inside that bag"

Scattergood Moves to Adjourn

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL MEYLAN

IN THE yard at the rear of Scattergood Baines's hardware store were three huge trees, in whose shade Scattergood was sometimes to be found of hot summer days. It was his custom to sit there, his shoes and socks removed, refreshing his toes in the long, cool grass.

Many afternoons he spent flat on his back, gazing upward into the green depths of the trees, seeming to drowse. But at such times Scattergood was not drowsing. . . . It was in those moments, when he appeared to be the laziest of mortals, when he appeared merely to bask in his exuberant health, that he worked hardest. And it was invariably after a day so spent that some event occurred which increased his holdings of timber lands, or his balance at the bank, or his political prestige in the state.

Hanging from one of the lower branches of the tree under which Scattergood lay was a strange fruit for a maple to bear. It was gray in color, shaped very much like the ace of spades, and in size approaching a bushel basket. It was a hornet's nest, and Scattergood took enormous pride in it. He had watched it since it was little larger than his fist; and he had seen it grow and grow until all Coldriver could not produce another that was its equal.

Scattergood boasted of it as he boasted of none of his other possessions. It had more than a merely local fame. It was a distinct asset to Coldriver, as the Woolworth Building is to Manhattan, or Niagara Falls to Buffalo.

Scattergood was expecting a visitor, and before that visitor arrived Scattergood was determining what reception to give him. For years now he had been expanding his influence in the politics of the state, unti there was but one voice more commanding than his in party councils. That was the voice of Lafe Siggins, who, from a time so distant that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, had been political dictator of the commonwealth. Siggins was the expected visitor, and the matter Scattergood must determine was if the time were ripe to break with Siggins, challenge his power, and occupy his throne.

Scattergood was no second man. For a time he might appear willing to occupy a secondary place, but that was only a period of waiting and of preparation. He was never premature; never challenged any man's primacy until he felt himself in a position to accomplish the overthrow.

It was a year in which Scattergood must act, or postpone his action for years; for a new power had reared its head, a power with wealth and intricate ramifications, and it had purchased Lafe Siggins "body and britches," as the saying went.

This new force was none other than the Granite Hills Power Company, which was wishful of harnessing the mountain streams of the state and its neighbors, so that it might wrest privileges and franchises and consequent wealth from a resource which, to Scattergood's mind, had been placed there for the benefit of the people—and Scattergood regarded himself as one of the people who should principally benefit.

This Granite Hills Power Company might even wrest from Scattergood his control of Coldriver Valley, a section which he had discovered, into which he had trudged penniless, and which he, and he alone, had developed. It had given Scattergood wealth, but it had also brought the inhabitants such opportunities and prosperity as they had never dreamed of.

The power rights along Coldriver had been acquired by Scattergood at an early day. But let such an entity as the Granite Hills control the state and its legislation, and it could set its own price upon Scattergood's holdings. Without the word and the nod of the Granite Hills, Scattergood would be helpless to materialize his vision.

Scattergood, therefore, reviewed the state by counties and by towns. In his mental ledger he set this district down as a credit and that as a debit and, so to speak, charged this other off to profit and loss as being doubtful. The thing was close, too close for comfort, but Scattergood did not fail to credit his side with himself—no small asset. He wriggled his bare toes and closed his eyes. When he opened them again, his resolution was taken. He would challenge Lafe Siggins in the town meetings and in the state convention. Let that man who could nominate the governor rule the state.

THE incoming train had whistled. Siggins would be there presently, but he would have to come with extraordinary rapidity to arrive before Pliny Pickett, ex-stage driver and now conductor on Scattergood's railroad. Pliny would speed across lots to bring to Scattergood word of Siggins's arrival and to try to glean some hint of the meaning of the meeting. After which, he would swagger among his fellow townsmen, dropping hints and giving off an air of political wisdom.

Pliny arrived breathless.

"Lafe Siggins come in on the train. Calc'late he's come to see you."

"Calc'late he has," said Scattergood imperturbably.

"Regardin' politics?" said Pliny with a waggle of his head.

"Lafe deals in 'em *some*," said Scattergood.

"Come to tell you who's goin' to be governor, most likely," hazarded Pliny.

Scattergood regarded Pliny for a moment, as one might regard a hazardous leap across a stream, then he said: "He thinks he is, but he hain't, Pliny. I kind of figger Lafe's goin' to be s'prised about it, but him and me hain't goin' to agree on the choice of a governor this year."

Pliny's mouth opened. He stared. He smote his thighs. "By gum!" he said. "Be you rully a-goin' to do it, Scattergood? Be you goin' to bust with Lafe?"

"I be."

"Goin' to grab the state away from him?"

"Calc'late to."

"Kin you?"

"Calc'late I kin. Wouldn't try if I didn't."

Pliny was spellbound at the revelation; he was rejoiced at the importance which this foreknowledge of it would bestow upon him He shuffled excitedly. "Gosh-all-hemlocks!" he said with bated breath, "but this here'll be a fight!"

"Pass the word, Pliny. Pass the word. And, Pliny, if you happen by the station, you might send off this telegram to the list of names in this here book. You kin read it if you feel an ache that way."

Pliny did ache that way. The telegram was brief:

Set tight till you hear from me.
SCATTERGOOD BAINES.

LAFE SIGGINS, tall, angular, lantern-jawed—typical of his country and his mountain people—appeared almost on Pliny's heels. Lafe was well along in the sixties; but his leathery cheeks and twinkling gray eyes gave him an appearance of durability that his known age could not modify. Lafe had a look of permanence. . . . He chewed.

"Howdy, Scattergood," he said.

"Howdy, Lafe. Set, and rest your hands and feet."

"Light frost last night."

"Calc'late the boys'll be hick'ry nuttin' to-day."

"Business good?"

"Nothin' to complain out loud of."

"Hope you lugged home a punkin to Mandy. Them pies of hern is lingerin' in my mem'ry."

"Lafe," said Scattergood earnestly, "d'you calc'late a punkin's a fruit or a vegetable?"

"Nuther one, Scattergood, nuther one—it's pie in the shell. . . . Want to talk now or later?"

"Always ready to talk, Lafe."

"Election's comin' on."

"Heard talk of it."

"The boys is thinkin' of runnin' Myron Stringer f'r governor."

"Myron, eh? Myron's been kind of wallopin' the governorship under his tongue these ten year."

"Been an earnest candidate, Scattergood," said Lafe dryly. "Sich persistence ought to bear fruit."

"Lafe," Scattergood said slowly, "I don't figger this is a bearin' year for Myron."

"Eh?" Lafe was actually surprised, not at Scattergood's announcement but at the manner of it. Scattergood was not given to direct and positive statement, least of all in matters political.

"Myron's run into a drought," Scattergood said.

There was a minute's silence, then Lafe said unemotionally, "Figger you're strong enough, eh?"

"Calc'late to be."

"Knowed you'd figger it sooner or later. Hoped it 'ud be later. I hain't hungerin' for no fight with you, Scattergood, but I hain't ready to give up—yet. . . . Mind made up?"

"Harder'n granite."

"I figgered you'd take my place—when I quit." It was tentative, suggesting a promise.

"I hain't impatient," said Scattergood, equally tentatively.

"I'm listenin'."

"Power company," said Scattergood succinctly.

"U-m."

"When I come to run the politics of this state I don't calc'late to be no errand boy for the Power Company. Likewise, I figger the water-power of these here mountains belongs to the folks. Folks don't appreciate it—hain't got vision, Lafe. Folks hereabouts can't see mills and factories two hundred mile away bein' run by electricity got out of our rivers and falls. Best thing our people own is their water-power, Lafe, and I don't calc'late to set by and see 'em robbed out of it."

"Own some power sites yourself, Scattergood?"

"Some."

"U-m . . . If they was took care of—"

Scattergood shook his head. "Can't be done, Lafe. I hain't figgerin' my sites in this—especial. I'm a-thinkin' of the state. I'm a-thinkin' of what the people kin git out of their water-power if they hang onto it. . . . It's wuth money, Lafe."

"Wuth a deal of money," Lafe said, unruffled. "The company has took notice of what you control in this valley. It hain't to be beat. . . . Somewheres I heard talk of offerin' you half a million for Coldriver Valley—and a promise to develop. Put a big dam up the East Branch. . . . Uh-huh. Cost a couple of millions. Storage f'r the dry months. Great thing f'r the valley, Scattergood."

"Hear any talk about what would happen if I didn't hanker to sell?"

"Seems like there was talk of kind of shuttin' you in, Scattergood. . . . Sort of fixin' things so's you wouldn't have no outlet."

"U-m. . . . Half a million, eh? Sight of money, Lafe. I'm 'most as fond of punkin pie as you be, Lafe, but I don't calc'late Mandy'd bake me any more if I was to sell the folks out, so to speak. Guess we can't deal, Lafe, on sich a basis."

"Told 'em so," said Lafe calmly. "Got any suggestions?"

SCATTERGOOD considered. "Tied to the Power Company, Lafe?"

"Tight."

"Hain't got no suggestions, then."

"They kin spend a sight of money electioneerin', Scattergood."

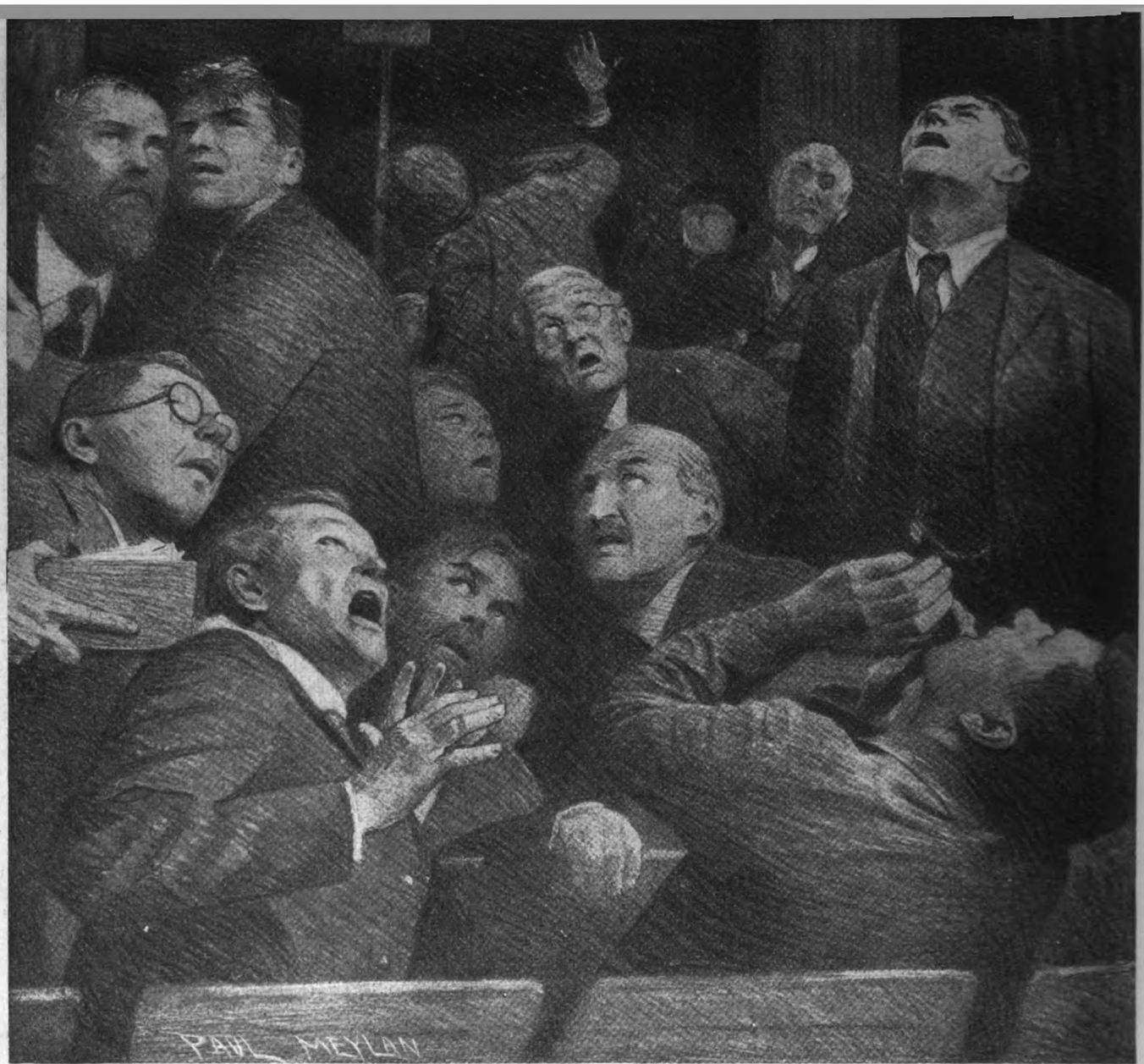
"They'll have to," Scattergood said grimly. "Lafe, I hain't hankerin' for your place—yet. I'm willin' you should hang on. If you see things my way I'm ready to hold off five year—or till you want to turn things over."

"Wisht I could see my way clear—but I'm bound."

"Calc'late dinner's about ready, Lafe."

"I'm fixed to eat."

Both men realized that the conference was ended and that bitter war had been declared. Each admitted that he faced the fight of his life. Each respected the



Delegates, chairman, gallery stared upward in astounded silence. There was no sound

other's ability, and Lafe knew that Scattergood was not ready, that his hand had been forced. The matter was not alluded to again, save once.

"Who you calc'late on runnin', Scattergood, if it's a fair question?"

Scattergood's eyes twinkled. "Lemuel P. Standish," he said, naming a citizen who could, at any election for a dozen years, have chosen any office he desired, but who had persistently refused to enter politics. There was no better-loved man in the state.

"You can't git him," said Lafe, off his guard for an instant.

"I *got* him," said Scattergood, and Lafe's appetite for pumpkin pie was spoiled for that day.

That was a Monday. On Thursday fifty local newspapers throughout the state printed articles upon the water-power of the state, explaining what water-power was, pointing out its value to the community and to the state at large, going exhaustively into the subject of development and of the folly of allowing control of its rivers to pass from the people.

Politics were not due to commence for two weeks yet, but Scattergood had struck the first blow. For weeks, Johnny Bones, Scattergood's lawyer and right-hand man, had been preparing these articles with the aid of a hydraulic engineer. Johnny in person had visited the newspapers, and, without mention of purposes or politics, had arranged for publication. Your country weekly is always glad of easy copy.

THE next week not so many papers printed the second article, but a great majority did so—and the state began to think in terms of water-power.

The word *propaganda* was not one that fell easily from the tongue in those days, nor did the ordinary citizen speak glibly of a campaign of education, but Scattergood was one of the earliest of our bosses to realize their value. Where other bosses depended for their power upon wire pulling and swapping, Scattergood went directly to the people. . . . It was a new thing in politics, and the hostile forces were at a loss how to meet it.

But the Power Company was not lacking in intelligence. It replied—three weeks late. It pointed out the cost of power development. It showed what an asset to the state would be the development of its power by an upright, honorable, paternal company which would conserve the interests of the people before it considered its own pocketbook.

By that time the state began to realize that something was happening. Gradually it was noised about that Scattergood Baines and Lafe Siggins were engaged in a fight for extermination. Then Lemuel P. Standish, in a speech at his own county fair, announced his candidacy for governorship, and uttered what was in his mind concerning the rushing waters of the commonwealth. The campaign was on.

Money had been spent in the state before at election time, but never with such lavishness. The Power Company apparently had given the keys to its treasury into Lafe Siggins's hands. No hamlet was neglected. Taking their cue from Scattergood's campaign of educa-

in the room save a keen, vibrating tone like a saw passing through splintered wood

tion, the enemy bought printer's ink in a deluge. They erected bill boards, and that barn which did not display the slogan of the Power Company was so rare as to deserve preservation in a museum. The barns worried Scattergood very little. He knew men did not vote at the bidding of their barns, though they might buy patent medicines as they adjured. Custom had associated patent medicine with barns, but not politics. . . . The county and town fairs became advertising media for the Power Company. The opposition of Scattergood seemed eliminated.

But it was not eliminated. Scattergood was an adept at buckboard politics. He believed in printer's type, but his dependance was on the spoken word, and from one end of the state to the other his lieutenants drove, stopping beside field or orchard to inquire after family crops . . . and to discuss water-power and Lemuel P. Standish.

Scattergood knew that every farmer in the state would be visited by his men, and he knew that every county fair, no matter how lavishly posted by the Power Company, would listen eagerly to whatever Lemuel P. Standish had to say. Lemuel spoke daily. As for Scattergood, he remained on the piazza of his hardware store, or lay on his back admiring his hornet's nest. . . .

THE date of the convention was set for October 14th. For a week before it arrived rain had fallen, steadily, drenchingly. Streams were swollen, meadows covered. Roads were hub deep with mud, which, to a state depending largely upon horseflesh for its locomotion, was no mean hardship. Yet on the eve of the convention roads leading to Hemmeter, the convention city, were being rutted deep by the wheels of laboring buckboards and buggies, as delegates struggled through the unseasonable weather to perform their high duty as selected citizens.

Scattergood packed his telescope bag and, abandoning hardware store and hornets, was driven by Pliny Pickett to Hemmeter. A lesser man occupied Pliny's conductor's cap during his absence. They took a room in common at the hotel—a hotel with iron hitching rail and wooden veranda, without elevators or steam heat, but with a dining-room in which was served real food three times a day. There Scattergood preëmpted a chair in the lobby and awaited events.

On the morning of the 14th the rival camps checked off their lists of delegates. Of one hundred and sixty-three elected, one hundred and thirty-six were present. Twenty-seven were road-bound, and of the twenty-seven it was whispered that seven would be twenty-four hours late. Hat Rock Creek bridge had been carried away, and the seven delegates from Rockham way would be compelled to make a detour that would consume the greater part of another day. . . . And the Rockham delegates were Scattergood's, bound hard and fast!

Pliny Pickett lost hope. "They know it as well's we do," he said lugubriously. "Watch 'em hustle business so's to git to a vote before Rockham kin git here. It's dummed clost, Scattergood, and them seven votes'll ditch us."

"Calc'late," (*Continued on page 127*)

Be Careful About Your Handwriting

Especially when you sign checks, wills, or other important documents

An interview with David N. Carvalho, famous handwriting expert

By Arthur S. Chapman

DO YOU purposely scrawl a well-nigh illegible signature on checks, thinking you are making forgery more difficult? If so, you are making a mistake which may prove costly, as the forger finds it much easier to "get away with" a signature of that sort than with one which is devoid of eccentricities.

Does your signature indicate your mental or physical condition? Better examine it closely, to see whether you are really physically fit. It may save a too-late hurry call for the doctor.

How much does your ordinary signature, at the bottom of a communication of no material consequence, differ from your signature as affixed to an important document? Is the difference great enough to lead to any doubt in a will contest?

Have you inherited any traits in handwriting? A peculiar twist to some letter may have been passed on to you by some immediate ancestor.

How many documents have you, as a business man or woman, signed recently without thought to the lasting quality of ink, or to the amount of ink you blotted off the paper? One of those documents may figure in a dispute in court in future years, and some handwriting expert may have little but inkless pen scratches to go on in giving an opinion which may determine the fate of your estate.

How much does your handwriting resemble that of someone else, especially some member of your family, or some intimate friend with whom you may have gone to school? Is it near enough to bring you to the shadow of the gallows—which has happened in real life—in case vital testimony hinges on a few words written on a scrap of paper?

Do you write another hand beside your own, apparently beyond your own control? Some individuals, especially women, can do so, and their strange gift is a psychic phenomenon which handwriting experts have not been able to explain.

The preceding queries are a few out of the many that have arisen from the fifty years' experience of David N. Carvalho of New York, recognized dean of American handwriting experts. Mr. Carvalho has been called in consultation in thousands of handwriting cases, both in and out of court. He has learned many peculiar and interesting things about the handwriting of men, women and children. Also he has learned much about the fallibility of ordinary ink and paper, and the little things which will trip up the anonymous letter writer who uses a typewriting machine.

He has figured in cases where millions of dollars have depended on his opinion as to the genuineness or falsity of a few pen strokes, and in other cases where human life has been at stake. Naturally, he has a lot of vital things to say with regard to handwriting and its relation to the great human family.

"Don't sign an important document, such as a will, without making sure you are using ink and paper that will defy time," is Mr. Carvalho's warning. "Also, if possible, sign when you are feeling well. Many persons who sign wills do so when they are ill, and because of this fact their signatures are not normal. This may result in a charge that the signature is not genuine.

"All signatures vary. No individual can write two signatures that are *exactly* alike. It is for that very reason that forgeries which are tracings of signatures are easiest to detect. Their very exactness proves that they are not genuine. If you sit down and write your name ten times in rapid succession, those ten signatures will be more nearly alike than are ten others written at different times under differing circumstances. But no two of them will be exactly the same.

"Forgers prefer a signature that is full of curves and extravagances in general, which are much easier to imitate than a plainly written name. Banks are beginning to recognize that fact now. In certifying a check, it used to be the custom of paying tellers to scrawl merely a few zigzag marks. But now a teller signs his name in as plain and straightforward a manner as possible. Just as an individual whose face has prominent characteristics, such as a big nose or pronounced chin, is easy to cartoon, so an odd signature lends itself more readily to forgery. By its little peculiarities the genuine signature is recognized at the bank. The forger emphasizes those peculiarities a trifle, just as the cartoonist emphasizes facial peculiarities, and thereby gets the spurious signature accepted without too close a scrutiny.

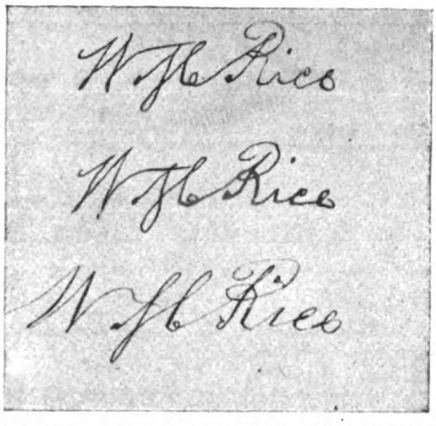
PHOTOGRAPH BY BLANK & STOLLER, N. Y.

Mr. Carvalho is a famous handwriting expert. During the past 44 years he has testified in over 1,700 cases which hinged on handwriting. One man was on the scaffold, about to be hung, when Carvalho's testimony saved his life. To prove that handwriting does not necessarily indicate character, Mr. Carvalho says that he sent a specimen of his penmanship to a man who claimed to read character from handwriting. In reply, he was informed that the sample submitted showed that the writer was "a schoolgirl of sixteen, with a peculiarly lovable disposition!"

"When a man is signing an important document—such as a will, for example—his signature is very likely not to be quite normal. He has settled himself for a vital task, and the importance of it makes him self-conscious. Because it is a special occasion, he involuntarily writes a special signature which differs from the one he dashes off casually every day. Possibly exception is to be made in the case of the farmer. Because his work is hard and rough, his hands are likely to be stiff, and he always writes more formally than the office man who is accustomed to writing. The farmer writes more with his fingers, while the trained writer approximates the Spencerian movement, using the ball of the forearm as a fulcrum.

"Handwriting is now at its lowest. It began to ebb with the advent of the typewriter. The business man not so many years ago required an applicant to submit a specimen of his handwriting. Now he rarely thinks of such a thing. Less attention is paid to teaching handwriting in the public schools. And as a result we are getting to be a nation of poor writers. Some years ago vertical handwriting was introduced in the schools, which made a great difference in favor of legibility, but it has been more or less discarded because it is slower than the Spencerian methods. Americans seem to write with more haste than any other nationality, just as they go in for greater hurry in everything.

"In my opinion, it is not possible to determine character from handwriting, although many books and articles have been written in support of such a theory. I am more impressed every day, however, with an analogy between handwriting and physiognomy, which is not always a mere matter of facial character. A man carries his personal 'trademark' not only in his face but also in his nervous organization and muscles, giving rise to characteristic movements and gait; in his larynx, producing an individual voice; and even in his mouth, as shown by individual peculiarities of speech and accent. The individual nervous system, by means of these characteristic movements, transfers its peculiarities to inanimate objects that are the products of such movements, as we see in pictures, in carving, in musical execution, and, most important of all, in handwriting. And so with handwriting; its expression in a particular specimen is the product of a set of motor centers in an individual brain, differentiating it always from that of every other human being. But it does not show his fundamental character.

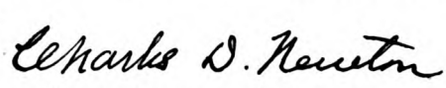


The upper two signatures are forged tracings which figured in the case against Albert T. Patrick for the murder of William M. Rice, a Texas multi-millionaire who was found dead in his apartments in New York, September 23d, 1900. They appeared on two checks which were presented for payment the day after Rice was murdered. Both were made out to the order of Albert T. Patrick, who claimed to be Rice's attorney. The checks were questioned, and this led to the discovery that Rice was dead. Later a will turned up, leaving the Texan's $8,000,000 estate to Patrick himself. He was arrested, charged with having induced Rice's valet, Charles F. Jones, to administer chloroform to the aged man, convicted, and sent to prison, after one of the longest and most sensational trials in our court history. He was afterward pardoned. Mr. Carvalho, as a handwriting expert in the case, testified that the signatures to these checks and to the Rice will were forgeries. Their exactness as tracings is apparent to any observer. A traced forgery can be absolutely established, because, as Mr. Carvalho points out in this article, no person can sign his name twice exactly alike. The signature below was Rice's own writing

Shut your eyes and guess the above name. You can do it just as well that way. Even with your eyes open you wouldn't think it was "Wentworth"—but it is. Lots of people cultivate these undecipherable signatures because they believe an eccentric signature is difficult to forge. That is a mistake

busy to correct. If one were to attempt to determine character in handwriting, which of these signatures might be taken as a starting point? It is impossible to set up a common standard or premise for guidance. Men who scrawl atrociously with the pen may be upright, useful citizens, while every penitentiary contains forgers who write beautifully. Most so-called handwriting 'analysis' is done backward, the analyst perhaps having some previous knowledge of the person who has done the writing. I have sent a sample of my own handwriting to one of these 'experts,' with a dollar enclosed, and have received an answer to the effect that my penmanship showed me to be a schoolgirl of sixteen, of peculiarly lovable disposition!

"A person's writing does not differ materially throughout his lifetime, unless it be by its failure in precision and boldness, as his physical powers decay. As to its showing our individual characteristics, the nearer our handwriting keeps to an ideal model, the less it betrays these personal characteristics of ours. And the further our handwriting is removed from the ideal or 'model' hand, the more it shows our personal characteristics. Acquired handwriting is, after all, more or less mechanical. If you wish an example of this, write your name as usual with your eyes open. Then close your eyes and write your signature again, and note the identifying marks appear in both signatures.



This is the autograph of the Attorney General of New York State. Mr. Carvalho picked it out as an example of a signature that is not easy to forge. You don't have to be an interpreter to read it, yet it has a distinct style of its own. Artificial flourishes are easily imitated. But the little personal and natural tricks in writing are the ones that are hard to copy

"HOW would character be determined, say, from the handwriting of two famous men like Grover Cleveland and Theodore Roosevelt? Each became President of the United States, yet there is no similarity in the handwriting of these two men. Mr. Cleveland was a large man, with broad, heavy hands, yet his writing was fine and almost feminine in appearance. Mr. Roosevelt's handwriting was very bad—a fact which I told him at one time and which he admitted but said he was too busy to correct. If one were to attempt to determine character in handwriting, which of these signatures might be taken as a starting point? It is impossible to set up a common standard or premise for guidance. Men who scrawl atrociously with the pen may be upright, useful citizens, while every penitentiary contains forgers who write beautifully. Most so-called handwriting 'analysis' is done backward, the analyst perhaps having some previous knowledge of the person who has done the writing. I have sent a sample of my own handwriting to one of these 'experts,' with a dollar enclosed, and have received an answer to the effect that my penmanship showed me to be a schoolgirl of sixteen, of peculiarly lovable disposition!

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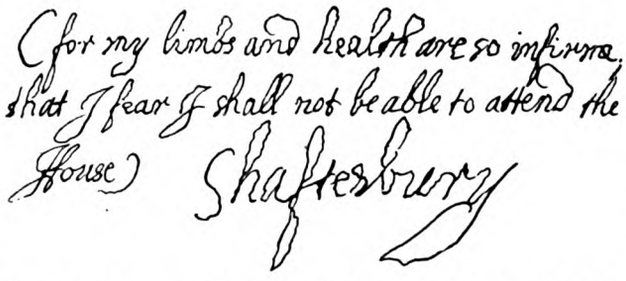
"A man's handwriting is best when he has reached about the age of twenty-eight, and a woman's at twenty-four. The difference is simply due to the fact that a woman develops faster than a man mentally. A smart schoolgirl at sixteen is smarter than a smart schoolboy of the same age. Her handwriting will be more mature than his. There is no such thing as over-instruction in handwriting. A person simply cannot write better than himself. No matter how closely he follows a copybook model, something of his own individuality will creep into his writing and make it distinctive from any other writing.



Lord Shaftesbury did not need to explain that his health was infirm. His trembling writing shows it. Your signature, when you are sick, is different from what it is when you are well. If you have an important document to sign, therefore, do it when you are feeling fit

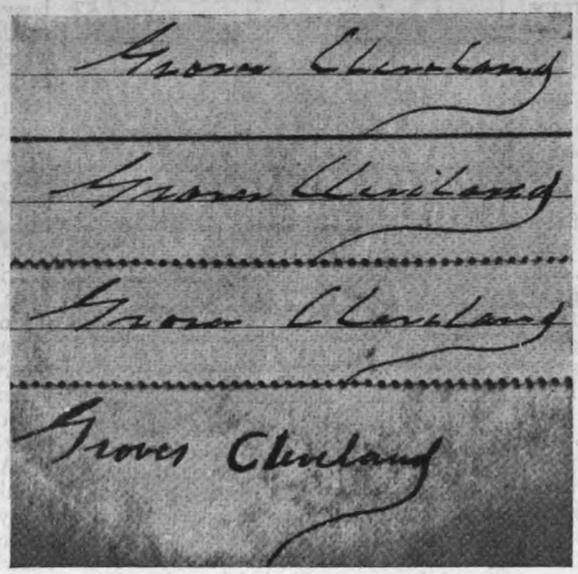
"This individuality, or personality, is not affected as much as one might suppose by mental, physical, and other forces, as it travels with the years through a sort of curious evolution. Our mental perceptions, as to types and forms, remain substantially the same until the very end of life. So, notwith-

standing possible and probable variations in one's handwriting, under them can always be traced a sort of indescribable quality which is observable by the trained eye.

"That there is such a quality which remains when the coarser characteristics materially vary, I know to be absolutely true. Just as a man may grow old, or fat, or bald, or may even take to drink and become quite changed in physical appearance, yet through it all he preserves a certain something which makes him recognizable if you study him closely.

"Still, it is a curious fact that it is possible for two persons who are much together—who may perhaps have attended the same school—to develop very similar handwriting."

As an illustration, showing how similarity in handwriting may lead to dramatic consequences, Mr. Carvalho brought up the case of the State of South Carolina vs. Hoyt Hayes. Mrs. Hayes was found dead, with a gun by her side. From the appearance of the body it looked as if she might have lain down and, putting the shotgun muzzle under her jaw, used her foot to discharge the weapon. But in searching the house, a note was found which directed suspicion toward her husband, a rather irresponsible sort of chap, who put in a good deal of his time hunting rabbits and other game.



The first three signatures above, are genuine. The lowest, which is a forged one, has a curious history. After Mr. Cleveland's death, an article, purporting to be by him and bearing his alleged signature, was sold to a New York newspaper. Investigation showed that the signature, the last of those shown here, was not genuine. When the case was tried in the courts, Mrs. Cleveland submitted the first three signatures shown above. Mr. Carvalho declared that they were genuine and the other, which had been signed to the article, was a forgery. The defendant's lawyers finally admitted that the signature, which had been detached from the article when it was shown in court, was not genuine. They claimed it was not the one originally signed to the manuscript, but had been substituted for the real one by someone connected with the newspaper. The three genuine signatures above show the slight variations in the way a man signs his name. He never does it twice exactly alike.

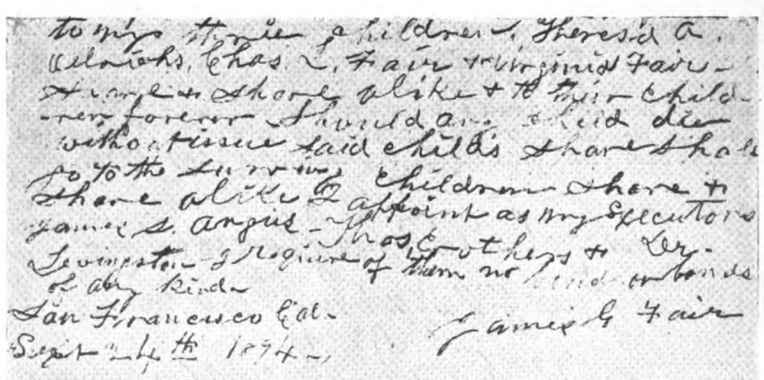
The note purported to be from Mrs. Hayes, and read as follows: "I am treated well by Hoyt, but I had rather die than to have the pain and sickness of motherhood, therefore I write to let you know that I did it. Lula."

THIS note was submitted to local handwriting experts, who pronounced it to be Hoyt Hayes' writing. Hayes was charged with murder, tried twice and condemned. Shortly before Hayes was to be hanged, Governor D. C. Heywood wrote to Mr. Carvalho saying he was not altogether satisfied of the man's guilt, and asking what would be the charge for re-examining the handwriting in the case. Mr. Carvalho replied that, inasmuch as a man's life was at stake, there would be no charge.

Later he examined the writing, comparing it with samples of the handwriting of Hayes and of Mrs. Hayes. This examination convinced him that the note was written by Mrs. Hayes and that her husband was innocent. There were only four days to get the documents back to South Carolina. Mr. Carvalho telegraphed his findings to the governor. He received a message in reply, saying that the governor was away, but that every means would be taken to communicate with him. Meantime Mr. Carvalho rushed the documents off by express, fearing a possible delay in mail delivery.

Governor Heywood, on being found, stated that he could not accept the telegram as official, and everything depended on the arrival of the documents, which were delivered at Columbia, the capital of the state, on schedule time. But a storm had interrupted communication with the town where the hanging was to take place. It was only a few hours before the execution when the secretary started out on a wild ride to cheat the hangman. When he arrived at the jail, where a great crowd had assembled to watch the hanging, Hoyt Hayes was on the scaffold. A few minutes later and he would have died for a crime which he did not commit. There was a great outcry when it was learned on what evidence the governor had stopped the hanging; but subsequently the handwriting was submitted to another national expert, who backed Mr. Carvalho in his opinion that Mrs. Hayes had written the note.

THE governor had commuted Hayes' sentence to life imprisonment. Mr. Carvalho wrote, demanding that Hayes be freed, but received a reply to the effect that public sentiment was so bitter against the man that serious consequences probably would follow if he were released. The governor promised, however, to pardon Hayes before leaving office, and his final act a short time later was to make good that pledge. The mistake of the local experts lay in not distinguishing the nice variations in the handwriting of Hayes and his wife. Their writing was very similar, owing to the fact that they had attended the same small school, and had learned the same tricks of penmanship. Also, one perhaps had unconsciously imitated the other in their years of life together. But the differences were distinguishable to experts of wider experience, and were sufficient to save an innocent man from the gallows.



The Fair will case was decided twenty years ago, but its echoes are still heard in California. It concerned the estate of James G. Fair, pioneer mining king. Fair's will, distributing his $17,000,000 estate, contained a trust clause to the effect that the property should be held intact until a young grandson should reach the age of 21. Suit was begun by some of the heirs-at-law to break the trust clause and secure immediate distribution of the property. Meantime another will was brought in by a woman who claimed Fair wrote it in lead pencil on the backs of sheets of music in her home. The reproduction printed herewith is from the last page of that so-called will, which Mr. Carvalho testified was a forgery, and in which he was sustained by the court's decision. In this forged will Mr. Carvalho pointed out that there were many tracings of words, evidently taken from some of Mr. Fair's personal letters. Words that are repeated frequently, such as "child" and "children," "Fair," "share," etc., were shown by Mr. Carvalho to be tracings from such words written by Mr. Fair in letters. The signature to this will was also pronounced to be a forgery. Meantime, the California Supreme Court finally knocked out the trust clause in the original Fair will

Important cases in which handwriting plays a part are sometimes decided on the most trivial points.

"A dot over an 'i'

(*Continued on page 135*)

The Joys of Single Blessedness

They don't look as good to me as they did years ago

By a Middle-Aged Man Who Never Married

TWENTY-FOUR years ago, when I had been five years out of college I spent a week-end with my college room-mate and his wife in their little house outside of Pittsburgh. A small, and unimportant incident in the career of a man, one might say; and so in one respect it was. I arrived late Friday afternoon, and I left on the earliest possible train Monday morning. Yet that period, brief as it was, exercised a very considerable influence on my life.

I doubt if any two men were ever closer chums than "Big Joe" Haskins and I. Our friendship began in preparatory school, where we formed a sort of offensive and defensive alliance, he fighting the boys who were too big for me to tackle, and I helping him through mathematics and Latin, which always gave him trouble. Joe's head work was never quite as rapid as his foot work. His mind worked slowly but inexorably; if he ever set out to accomplish a given task nothing could divert him from the goal, even though he did not arrive until everyone else had finished and gone home. It was easy to predict, even in those early days, that he would score a substantial success, as he has done; but it was perfectly evident, also, that success would come slowly, as a result of boring in rather than by any spectacular achievement.

Through the four years of college we roomed together, two years in the dormitory and two years in the fraternity house; and in all that time I can remember scarcely a moment of misunderstanding.

"By George!" he exclaimed one day, apropos of nothing, "you've sold me on the idea of marriage more than all the books I ever read. If two fellows as different as you and I are can live together four years without scrapping, it ought to be a cinch to live a lifetime with a pretty woman."

I laughed.

"It's just because we are different that we get on so well," I answered. "We haven't a single interest in common, not a single ambition that conflicts. I'm the manager of the football team, and you're the star player. Your whole interest is in winning games, and my chief delight is in the gate receipts. We are so busy, each with his own life, that we have no time to get on each other's nerves. If we were here in front of the fireplace every evening, with nothing to do but to sit and look at each other, the 'God Bless Our Home' sign would be tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees at the end of the first week."

"Besides," I added, "we have no children."

He threw a sofa pillow at my head, which was his method of concluding an argument; and that, so far as I can remember, was the only discussion on marriage that we ever had. Of course I knew that he had a girl back in the little town where his parents lived; he had showed me her picture early in our first year, and once he brought her up to Junior Prom. Some chance remark of his led me to conclude that they were engaged, and planning to be married immediately after his graduation; but I paid little attention.

Most of the fellows who came to college with their lives definitely mapped out in advance found a number of reasons for altering the outlines of the map before they were through. Joe's engagement, I supposed, would go the way of the average love affair of high-school age.

But I ought to have known Joe better. The process of arriving at a decision was, with him, too painful to be unnecessarily repeated. Having decided at eighteen that he would marry at twenty-two, he counted the matter definitely settled, and just before our Commencement, he announced to me the time and place at which I was to appear and perform the functions of best man.

It was a simple, attractive small-town wedding. I kissed the bride, and wished Joe all the happiness to which he was so richly entitled; and that was the last glimpse I had of them until my visit in their home, to which I have already referred.

Joe met me at the city depot and took me out by trolley into the crude little subdivision where he was paying for a home. His house was one of forty others on the street, all just alike, each with its tiny porch and prim little lawn in front; and its doll-like flower garden behind. I felt dirty from the trip on the train, and a little tired by the long trolley ride; and I could not help contrasting the convenience of my bachelor apartment with the isolation which a wife and babies had imposed on Joe.

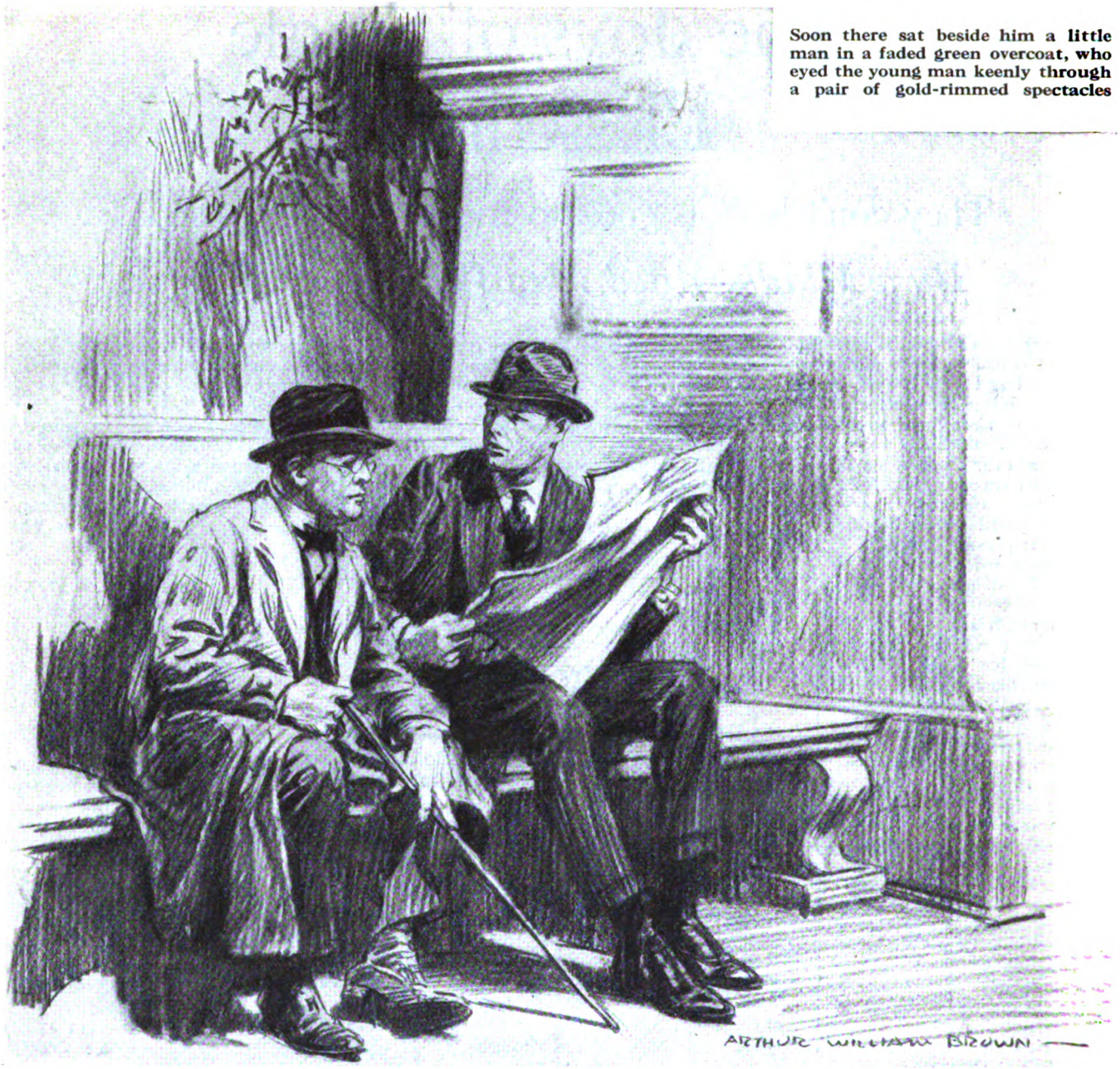
The babies came tumbling out of the front door to meet us—two husky boys and a girl, as good-looking youngsters as I have ever seen, and Mrs. Haskins appeared a minute later, having stopped to discard her apron, and to shut the kitchen door so that the smell of the cooking might not get out into the little parlor. I noticed that she seemed a good bit older, and rather tired; but it was evident enough that her (*Continued on page 84*)

The Bachelor's Eternal Problem

AFTER Joe had gone home, Tom (the author of this article) started back through the town to face again the bachelor's eternal problem. Tom goes on to say:

"What shall I do until bed time? I thought of dropping in at the vaudeville show; but I am sick of shows.

"I wandered into the club library, where the books looked even more stale and uninteresting than usual. I picked up a newspaper and tossed it onto the table again. Finally I put on my hat, and until long after midnight I walked alone. And it came over me again with fresh force—as it has been coming over me so often in these later days—that what I had thought was wisdom and shrewdness a quarter of a century ago was only a species of cowardice, after all. Life is a gamble, in which only the courageous win. At any point in the game a man may withdraw if he chooses; the decision rests entirely in his hands. But for every hesitation, for every sacrifice to security, the price is fixed. The biggest prizes go to those who play the cards straight through, who throw themselves whole-heartedly into every fresh phase of the game, having faith at every point to accept the common lot."



Soon there sat beside him a little man in a faded green overcoat, who eyed the young man keenly through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles

"Ain't This the Darnedest World!"

The strange adventure of Mark Patten and Alexander Hicks

By L. H. Robbins

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

LESTER LARRABEE is a lawyers' lawyer, a specialist renowned within his profession, though his name never appears in the newspaper accounts of court proceedings.

He has a few ordinary clients, white-haired old gentlemen and trembly old ladies, whose affairs he looks after for friendship's sake. But most of the week he reads in his dusty library, attended by one Brutus, a dignified negro servant, whose skill in finding and cooking choice food is exceeded only by his master's skill in seeking out and preparing tidbits of jurisprudence for celebrated firms of younger lawyers to use in their cases.

Mr. Larrabee's working existence is dry and dull. But at noon on Saturday he calls for his faded green overcoat and his gold-headed cane, warns Brutus that men-servants who put their masters' desks to rights in their masters' absence are liable to severe penalties, and sets forth for a walk.

You may have seen him in the populous avenues and squares, a stout little figure, always to be recognized by that peculiar topcoat of his, and by the gold-rimmed spectacles and the look of benign inquiry

on his face. What is quite as important, *you* may have been seen by *him*.

His hobby is the study of character. He likes to pick out some one person of the hundreds whom he meets in his rambles, and follows that person quietly and patiently until he has learned enough of his subject's history to satisfy him.

His motive is not curiosity, either idle or scientific. Rather it is interest—the natural interest a lonely old man takes in his fellow creatures, particularly those creatures who are still in the bloom and the hopefulness of youth.

The game is, moreover, a substitute with him for story reading, a recreation of which he was fond before his work began to exhaust his eyesight. No eye strain is involved in scraping an acquaintance with an interesting stranger and listening to a living story from the stranger's lips; and many such stories he hears, for people like to talk with him, especially people in trouble.

There are days when his fancy is so sensitized by the magic of the spring sunshine or of the Christmas spirit as to detect stories everywhere, a bewildering host of them. In any direction he beholds mystery and heart interest enough to fill all the fiction magazines in the world. On such days he resorts to the plan of closing his eyes, counting twenty, opening his eyes again, letting twelve persons pass him, and tagging the thirteenth. A pursuit of a few minutes tells him whether the thirteenth person is a story or a mere sketch.

At other times he may go out to hunt some definite quarry—a sportive tenor of whom he has read, an actress widely pictured in the press, a rabbi who has championed a worthy cause, or a financier fresh from a killing in the stock market. Again, he may have reason to seek a special subject who is not listed among the famous and the well-to-do.

A YOUNG man hurrying along in a street west of Columbus Circle halted at the door of a Chinese restaurant and took from his pocket a folded newspaper. Gloomily he read the news article that appeared uppermost, then stuffed the paper into his pocket and walked rapidly away.

But after a few paces he stopped again, this time in front of a French bakery, and read the article once more, with as melancholy a face as before. Hastening on, and reaching Broadway, he stood in his tracks, and read for the third time, heedless of the tide of pedestrians flowing around him.

Then he crossed the Circle and sat down on a stone bench near the Maine Monument, where he pushed back his hat and rested his head in his hands.

Soon there sat down beside him a little man in a faded green overcoat, who eyed the young man keenly through a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. If the young man had known, Mr. Larrabee had observed him for some time. He had witnessed the young man's conduct in front of the Chinese restaurant, and before that he had seen him behave in a like fashion four times in a walk of as many blocks. Seven times in all he had beheld the young man halt, read, and hurry on.

Presently the young man turned to him and, perceiving the good will in his face, remarked abruptly:

"Ain't this the darnedest world!"

"At least, it is the darnedest one we know anything about," Mr. Larrabee replied. "May I ask why a young man who looks healthy and hard-working and well-conducted should bear a grudge against Mother Earth on a pleasant day like this?"

The young man handed the newspaper to his chance-found companion. "Read that," he said, pointing to the article of his seven perusals. "Read that. Then I'll tell you why I'm sore."

Adjusting his spectacles, Mr. Larrabee read:

HASLAND LAUDED AS KINDLIEST OF CITIES

"Only Place That Ever Treated Me White," Says Mark Patten, Millionaire Tramp

Leaves $100,000 to Town in Will

HASLAND, N. J., May 20 (AP)—"I have ranged America from coast to coast in search of a community that lives by the Golden Rule. Hasland, N. J., is the only place where I ever found disinterested kindness."

So declared the late Mark Patten, the millionaire tramp, in his will filed for probate in New York City last week, news of which has just reached Mayor Pinney of this city.

Under the terms of the will the municipality of Hasland will receive the sum of $100,000 from the Patten estate as a token of the eccentric millionaire's gratitude for an unnamed favor done him while here.

The will stipulates that the money shall be spent for a public park to be known as the Mark Patten Memorial Park, where tramps and other unemployed persons may occupy the benches at any time of day or night unmolested by the police.

Throughout the city the news of the bequest has aroused keen interest. So far as can be learned, no one in Hasland was acquainted with Mark Patten, nor has anyone arisen to claim the credit for the charitable action that has redounded so substantially to the glory of the town.

"Well, young man," said Mr. Larrabee, returning the newspaper, "why does this piece of news discourage you? It only increases my faith in humanity. It proves to me that kindness pays, that virtue is rewarded, that bread cast upon the waters returns again, as the Scriptures tell us."

"While you are quoting Bible verses," the young man replied, "there is one that tells a guy not to rub it in on a stranger, because a guy was once a stranger in a strange land, himself. They don't have that verse in the Bibles they use in Hasland. They censored it out. Let me put you wise about that kind-hearted town that this millionaire has left his money to."

Dejectedly he began the following tale:

MY NAME [said the young man] is Alexander Hamilton Hicks. I belonged in Kansas till a stronger draft than any of our tornadoes lifted me into the army. The first I see of that benevolent town of Hasland was when I was there on a day's leave.

I had an uncle in the town by the name of Darius Hicks, and a bunch of girl cousins, that I wanted to call on. They were the kind that keep the blinds nailed down and never open the door without the chain on. I told 'em I was their cousin Aleck from Salina. They denied they had any such cousin, but I proved it on 'em at last, and they took me in for lunch.

It was one hilarious meal—not! You'd have thought we were a meeting of silent pardners in a deaf-and-dumb institute for mutes. When the girls had anything to communicate, like asking for the butter, they did it by wigwagging. As for the old man, he never opened his head except for his fork, and you didn't know the old lady was among those present only when she inhaled her tea.

After the festivities, I asked my uncle if I could have a word with him in private. When I said that, the old lady went screeching up-stairs like a hen that her nest has been stepped on, and the girls flew out after her. I could hear their hullabaloo going on overhead. Also I see that my uncle had turned five shades paler than the tablecloth.

I says to him, "*Was ist los*, Uncle?" using the dead language, like everybody did before the war. At that, he had a collapse in his chair and shot a scared look at the dining-room mantel, and there I see a full-length photo of Kaiser Will-hell in his tin soldier clothes. Then I remembered hearing my Aunt Jane in Wichita tell that my Uncle Darius in New Jersey was married to a lady from one of the oldest families in Munich, and I began to compronny why they were afraid of me.

Sure as you live, they had taken me in my khaki for a Secret Service operator. My uncle told me afterward how they'd shivered and shook ever since the day the lady from Munich had hung a red, white and black flag out the window to celebrate the "Lusitania." But I soon had Uncle Darius breathing again, for I says to him, "To prove my innocent intentions, so far as your particular Bavarian is concerned, I'm going to leave you my property to administer while I am gunning for her relations in the Fatherland."

I had a gold watch that I won in a raffle in Topeka, and a hundred-dollar Liberty bond, which I didn't like to lug over to France and Berlin, so I says to him if he would take care of them while I was gone I would give him a scrap of paper saying he could have them in case the Boches got me. He agreed to that quick enough, and I gave him the watch and the pretty paper with the eagle on it, and said good-by to him and beat it.

IN THE main street of their town I see a lady leaning up against the front of a flivver and holding her hand to her side. I says to her, "Let me help you, lady," and I took and span the crank for her, and the Henry backfired and got me three inches above the wrist joint. "That's too bad," says the lady, "perhaps I had the spark advanced too far," and she buzzed away in her tin boat while I sat down by a red fireplug and was seasick.

A cop told me to move on. But when I showed him my wrist, swelled tight in my sleeve, he called the ambulance. The doctor said I had broken all the bones in my forearm. Next week my buddy and the rest of the division sailed for France to fight the Y. M. C. A., and left me behind in Colonia fighting the nurses.

By and by, one day, I got leave and drifted up to that Hasland town again with my arm in a sling. The passengers on the train forced $18.35 on me, and four magazines and a knife. I still have the

"Mr. Tinsley, go call Papa. I'm going to have

knife. I didn't understand their generousness until I got to Hasland. Then, as I walked past the red fireplug where I got my bump, a pretty girl danced up to me and says, "Oh, are you a wounded soldier? You are the first one I've seen. Were you at San Meel?"

She was too nice a girl to disappoint, so I hedged. I told her I never quite reached France, on account of meeting a boat on the way. She says, "Oh! You poor boy, then you were torpedoed. How thrilling!" And she tipped me a quarter out of her mesh bag. I kept that quarter a long while. I used to take it out and look at it, and think of the girl it belonged to, and wish I belonged to the same little owner.

That was all the money I collected in Hasland, except a stout man ran out of his bank and called me a hero and gave me a twenty-dollar bill. But there were more free-will offerings on the train going back to camp. So I got to the hospital with enough pin-money to run a day nursery. I was so flush that I still had the Hasland banker's twenty-dollar bill when the Armistice and my arm were patched up.

THEY tested me for measles and paralysis, and let me go with an order on somebody in Kansas for two months' pay. But I had lost interest in Kansas. I made a bee-line for Hasland, where that nice girl lived, for I'd decided to get a job and become a millionaire and marry her.

I tried every store in the main street. They said there was a law against men in uniforms working. I called on my Uncle Darius—in his office, so as not to give the lady from Munich heart failure again. I told him I had come for my gold watch and my Liberty bond so I could go into business in his city.

The sight of me annoyed him, as I could see. By and by he confessed the truth. His frau had said there never would be an American come back alive from fighting the Imperious German army, and what was the use waiting to inherit my property? So he had sold my watch and my bond, and spent the money to paint his house.

I told him he was no uncle of mine, and I went and blew the twenty-dollar bill that I have mentioned for a suit of clothes, and became a citizen again. Three blocks away from the clothing store the detectives collared me.

They said that bank bill was counterfeit. They took away my new duds and gave me back my khaki, and the police judge let me choose between the rock pile and a job from the municipal employment bureau. I voted for the job, but when I went to get it they told me they were

this dead-beat arrested"

saving up their jobs for when their own fellow townsmen come home from putting Washington time in the Watch on the Rhine.

By then it was 'way past noon, and my stomach was yelling Kamerad; but all the money I had was the silver quarter the nice girl had decorated me with, and a man will go hollow a long time before he will disconnect with a trophy like that.

I looked for a saloon, having delusions about free lunch, until a cop told me the saloons were closed on account of so many soldiers loafing around town. So I asked him where the Red Cross was; and he said the Hasland chapter had gone out of business, having broke up in a row over a sweater the mayor's wife knit that the executive committee threw out for having a dropped stitch in it.

I met a one-eyed man who looked like he had a heart under his ribs, but before I could tell him what was on my mind regarding reinfreshments, he gave me a card and told me to call at his house at eight that night. So I loafed around their town park till dark, and thought of chicken pot-pie and apple dumplings and corn on the cob. I never see so many restaurants in any town I was ever in. I could count twelve from the bench where I was starving, and seven soda fountains.

AROUND eight o'clock I called at the one-eyed man's house, which was three miles south of a given point. He said his men's club was meeting in the church, and would I go round with him and give 'em a talk on the horrors of war. I was already going round like a gyroscope, being so full of emptiness, but I said I would, and we went.

A Chinaman was billed ahead of me to speak on the wickedness of Japan, and there was so much for him to say, and he had to stop so often to pick words suitable to use in a church, that it was eleven o'clock before he ran down. Then the audience went into executive session to discuss what to have to eat at a welcome-home banquet they were getting up for a lad that had been drafted from their neighborhood, and I passed out into the night and walked till I found a soldiers' club.

It was a colored soldiers' club, which was all the same in Dutch to me if the coffee and sandwiches were white. But when I pushed in, the canteen staff were using the legs of the dinner tables on a mulatto lieutenant and heaving the pies and other cutlery at the provost guard. So I faded out and dropped around the corner and went into a place where there was band music.

Inside the door a mob of fairies in pink dresses grabbed me and asked if I was for suffrage. I said I was for anything that sounded so near like supper.

"Then make us a speech," they said, and led me to a stage.

A thousand people on the floor of the hall stopped dancing and clapped their hands, and I lost the last thing I had left in me, which was my nerve. But I couldn't have made a better hit. They called it shell-shock and rushed me to the supper-room.

JUST as I laid my hands on a bunch of chocolate cake, along sails the nice girl that I had come to their town to marry. She was dressed like a French peasantess in the comic operas. I was awful glad to see her; it was like getting home.

Everybody had crowded around to see my shell-shock; but when she came up she gave me a look and says:

"Shell-shock nothing! This man is a fraud. The last time I saw him he had his arm in a sling and told me he was a U-boat victim." She turned to a Willie that was there. "Mr. Finsley," she says, "I mean to set an example in public spirit. Go call Papa. I'm going to have this dead-beat arrested."

I says to the Willie, "If you go for Papa, I'll split that swallow-tail of yours clear to your neck. As for the rest of you," I says, "I never cared a lot for suffrage, anyhow. Votes for we men," I says.

Then I went away from there and found a pile of gunnysacks behind the local market, and lay down among 'em and dreamt of roast turkey and corn fritters and squash pie.

In the morning, when I came to, I swore a vow that I would not let that town of Hasland beat me. I would stay and go into politics and become the mayor and show them. I thought I'd begin by blowing that nice girl's quarter for sausage and wheat cakes, but on the way I came to a car barn where a sign said, "Soldiers Wanted." I went in and looked the superintendent over. (*Continued on page 117*)

Queer Things People Get Insured For

One man even took out a policy that insured him against laying violent hands on his mother-in-law. He had a good reason, too, as you will see

By Merle Crowell

BURWELL M. CROSTHWAITE, who tells in this interview the human-interest side of dozens of strange insurance policies, is head of a big and busy New York agency. Through his corporation Crosthwaite handles a larger number of so-called "fancy risks"—those wagers with the vagaries of fate that lie outside the usual field of insurance—than any other man in America. Most of these contracts he places with Lloyd's, the famous London institution that originated the insurance business more than two centuries ago in a dock-district coffee house.

Lloyd's is not an insurance company, as so many people suppose. It is made up of groups of underwriters—each group independent of the others—who gather under the roof of the Royal Exchange, London. In principle, Lloyd's is more closely comparable to the New York Stock Exchange than to anything else in America.

One should remember that the great volume of Lloyd's transactions is made up of the insurance of ships and cargoes, a field in which it does the lion's share of the world's business. Public attention, however, has always been directed to the "fancy risks," on which a few groups of underwriters specialize.

YOU want to know what's the queerest insurance policy I have ever come up against? Why don't you ask me something easy?" laughed Burwell M. Crosthwaite, crossing his legs and leaning far back in his office chair.

"Well, I suppose that the answer to your question all depends on the point of view. Would you consider it stranger for a New Orleans banker to insure himself against being blown up by a Black Hand bomb or for a New York financier to insure his Fifth Avenue mansion against wreckage by earthquake—when we've never had enough of a shock here to shake the skeletons in the Museum of Natural History? These happen to be two policies I've been called on to handle.

"The operations of Lloyd's take in almost every conceivable risk. Here we find a man paying insurance premiums against the prospect of his wife presenting him with twins; and then along comes another man who takes out a $25,000 policy on the life of a trick baboon.

"Perhaps the funniest policy I know of—at least, it tickled my own sense of humor as much as any—was one I didn't write myself. I picked up the details of the story on a trip to the office of our London representatives. This particular policy was taken out by an Englishman to insure himself against laying violent hands on his mother-in-law. . . . Yes, I laughed, too, when I heard about it.

"It seems that the man in question had been named in his mother-in-law's will to receive a legacy of £25,000. But there was a 'nigger in the woodpile.' The bequest was contingent on the lady's immunity from physical injury at the hands of said son-in-law, who was somewhat subject to fits of anger.

"The Britisher was anxious to 'cash in' on the bequest ahead of time, but he had hard work finding a money lender who would take a chance that the bequest would not be vacated for cause. Finally one of them agreed to lend £20,000 of the amount if the son-in-law would furnish some suitable guarantee that he would retain his self-control.

"So he came to Lloyd's. A group of underwriters, who specialized on insurance against domestic calamity, agreed to take a chance on him. They figured there was enough extra reward in the will's provision to enable the man to hold himself in check. Just what premium was charged I have never heard, but I understand that the gamble proved a good one."

"WASN'T that a rather hazardous risk?" I asked.

"I don't think so. You see, it's the business of the underwriters to figure out what the hazard really is, and fix the premium accordingly. They'll take a chance on anything, from the outcome of a murder trial to the ending of a world war; but they carefully investigate the facts of every case that seems to demand it.

"Insurance against twins or triplets, for example, may mean an examination of both the family physician and the family tree. If records show several plural births in the geneological line of either prospective parent, the size of the premiums will be increased."

"How do such policies read?"

"Here's one. Look at it. You see it's just a paragraph stating that if the woman has more than one child who lives twenty-four hours a total loss will be paid. The premium is usually three or four per cent."

"Does three per cent mean they're betting 33⅓ to one against twins and four per cent represent a bet of 25 to one?" I asked.

"Not exactly," replied Crosthwaite. "You see, in an ordinary wager you get back your own stake, while the premium on a Lloyd policy is not returned to you. That makes a little variation in the cases you referred to."

"Before you can write a policy do you have to submit every case to Lloyd's and find out what premium the underwriters quote?"

"Not every policy. Naturally, there are certain more or less routine risks where a definite rate is fixed. But in all other business there are three steps: To find out if some of the underwriters at Lloyd's will handle it, to get their quotation on the premium, and then to find out if the prospective customer is willing to pay that rate.

"During the height of the German submarine campaigns I wrote a good many policies covering the death or dismemberment of men who were forced by urgent business to cross the Atlantic. Every three days my London representatives used to cable me a premium quatotion. The rate might be three per cent one week and four, five or six per cent the next week, depending on the activities of the U-boats. You remember there used to be periods when they were particularly active, followed by a let-up when they returned to their bases for supplies. Insurance rates used to fluctuate accordingly. Of course rates were always higher to Mediterranean ports than to Liverpool, for example.

"Many big firms, such as the American International Company, made it a practice to protect their agents and employees by policies, usually running from $10,000 to $15,000. Our only loss resulted from the sinking of the 'Laconia.' A theatrical man, for whom we had written a $12,500 policy, died in the arms of the woman to whom he was engaged, after both had been transferred to an open

boat. His death was apparently due to shock and exposure.

"A lot of Lloyd's policies might really be called 'life' insurance, but they are likely to jump a long way from the beaten path to which that term is usually applied. For instance, during the first trial of Harry Thaw for the murder of Stanford White, a certain individual in America took out a large policy, stipulating that a total loss would be paid if Thaw were ever executed. The premium was thirty per cent. The identity of the person who applied for the policy, and his reason for taking it out, have never been publicly revealed. It is understood, however, that it was to cover a wager.

"I don't like to handle contracts of this sort. There's no real, legitimate loss involved. It strikes me as a pure gamble rather than a business proposition.

"In the last Presidential election campaign the odds fluctuated continually. We received Lloyd's quotations on the chances of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes every three or four days.

"BUT, coming back to 'life' policies, here's one that may interest you: It was taken out by E. R. Thomas on his race horse Hermis for a term of six months. The sum, as you see, is $10,500 and the premium three per cent.

"I claim that's one of the shortest 'life insurance' contracts on record — at least, it's the shortest I ever wrote. Practically the whole thing is contained in one paragraph, which reads:

"We hereby agree to indemnify the said E. R. Thomas in the above sums against the death of the said horse from mortality by natural causes, fire, accidents and the act of God or man, as well as from the necessity of his destruction arising from any accident which may occur to him during that time."

"It's short," I admitted; "but I'll bet a good editorial pencil could strike out a dozen words without changing its meaning or weakening it."

The insurance man smiled. "I wonder what your editorial pencil would do," he asked, "with the phraseology of Lloyd's standard shipping policies, which run along verbal lines in vogue long before George III ever tacked his tea tax on the American Colonies. Listen to this:

"Touching on the adventures and perils which we, the said assurers, are contented to bear and take upon us, they are of the Seas, Men-of-War, Fire, Enemies, Pirates, Rovers, Thieves, Jettisons, Surprisals, Takings at Sea, Arrests, Restraints and Detainments of all Kings, Princes and People, of what nation, condition and quality soever, Barratry of the Master and Mariners, and all other perils, losses and misfortunes that have or shall come to the hurt, detriment or damage of the said ship. . . .

"Probably all that is verbose and rambling, but I like it. It seems to have a rounded, romantic swing." And for a minute Crosthwaite's alert blue eyes rested on the paper he held in his hand.

"Do you have many requests for insurance that Lloyd's refuses to handle?"

"Frequently. I remember one case of a young man who wanted to insure himself against getting married. He was heir to a $200,000 legacy, but there was some provision in the will—I've forgotten just what—that side-tracked the bequest if he were married within a certain time. We were never able to get this contract fixed up.

"Not so very long ago a young woman who was a store-window demonstrator for a hair tonic wanted to insure her blond tresses against possible injury by accident or disease. This wasn't as queer a case, though, as that of the fellow who had started to manufacture a new brand of face cream. He wanted to protect himself against any possible damage done to the faces of ladies who bought it. That man, it struck me, didn't have faith enough in his own preparation to deserve to succeed.

"Another application that fell through was that of a Jewish cantor who wanted to insure himself against the loss of his voice. Policies of this sort, however, have been written by Lloyd's very frequently—particularly in the case of grand opera singers.

"Mme. Patti carried for a long time a $40,000 policy against the total loss of her voice, and $5,000 against her inability to sing at any one performance. This was a profitable investment for the Lloyd's underwriters. Only twice in the singer's whole career were they forced to pay the $5,000 loss. Lillian Nordica, also, had her voice covered by a $50,000 policy.

"THE largest policy I have ever heard of any of the stage folk carrying was one for $100,000 taken out by Anna Held. This was against permanent injury. I understand that Josef Hofmann had $50,000 insurance against the loss of his right hand, $10,000 against the loss of his left hand and a substantial amount against injury to any finger. It is reported that Jan Kubelik has paid an annual premium of $1,500 for insurance on his bow-hand alone, and that Paderewski's premiums to protect his hands from injury used to amount to $4,000 a year. Only this morning I was approached about a $25,000 policy to cover the hands of an English magician who has just arrived here to go on the vaudeville stage.

"Professionals often make it a point to carry insurance on precious musical instruments. Many of them would not feel able to buy high-priced violins and violoncellos if it were not for this protection. I put through two $16,000 policies covering a pair of Stradivari belonging to an American concert artist.

"Stage people are particularly frequent customers, since the hazards of their profession are so great. During Queen Victoria's last illness a certain prima donna then appearing in London took out a policy covering the cost of her gowns—to be paid if the Queen died before the end of her concerts. I have often insured all the scenery and costumes of productions for theatrical managers. (*Continued on page 150*)

Insuring Against Presidential Elections

SINCE this is Presidential year, we asked Mr. Crosthwaite about remarkable insurance policies that have grown out of election possibilities. Here is his reply:

Back in the Roosevelt-Parker campaign, a certain ardent supporter of the Republican candidate bet eight thousand dollars that he would be elected. Figuring that there was not the slightest chance of losing the wager unless Roosevelt dropped dead, he insured himself against this possible calamity by a Lloyd's policy, in which he was charged only a nominal premium rate.

All sorts of general election contingencies have been covered in England for generations by Lloyd's policies. It's only within the last twenty years that anything of the sort has been attempted in America.

A certain type of policy, amounting practically to election betting, had its origin in an Eastern manufacturer's desire to protect his business from possible reverses. In the early stages of the Taft-Bryan campaign of 1908, this manufacturer became convinced that business would take a sharp spurt upward if Taft were elected. He was anxious to run his plant at full capacity during the summer and early autumn preceding the election—but he lacked complete confidence that Mr. Taft would win.

Caught on the horns of his dilemma, he sought a Lloyd's policy to protect his business against the possibility of Mr. Bryan's election. Lloyd's was asked by cable to quote a rate. Their offhand reply named 20 per cent—which amounted to odds of between 4 and 5 to 1 on Taft. The manufacturer contended that Mr. Taft's election was much closer to a "cinch" than the odds indicated. Finally, the London brokers agreed to write the policy at 10½ per cent. The manufacturer entered into a $100,000 contract on these terms.

As soon as this deal became noised around Wall Street, a great many brokers and stock market operators applied for policies. Some of them wanted to hedge on purchases of stocks—fearing that there would be a big break in the market if Mr. Bryan won. Others considered the odds so inviting that they took out policies purely as a speculation. It was estimated that half a million dollars were so placed.

INTERESTING PEOPLE

Wins Out in a New Line After 50

FRANK PYLE

Who gave up his work as a traveling salesman at the age of 50 and took up raising apples. He is now 62, and has made a "go" of his venture. He has one of the largest and most profitable apple farms in Kansas

WHEN Frank Pyle, traveling salesman, was fifty years old, he figured he was about ready to go into business for himself. He put by his sample case, borrowed five thousand dollars on his personal credit, added his slender savings to the sum, and bought a farm near Osawatomie, Kansas, furnished with considerable underbrush and a fine, large mortgage.

Then Frank Pyle became an orchardist. He planted the entire farm to apple trees. This was more of an act of faith than may appear to the reader who doesn't happen to be informed about orcharding in general, and orcharding in Kansas twelve years ago in particular.

It appeared that all the apple trees in Kansas were dying at that time. Thousands of small and large apple orchards were succumbing to strange diseases, and the average farmer was wont to cut his apple troubles off with an ax. If apples wouldn't grow, something else would. So the orchards were disappearing.

Frank Pyle had taught school, edited a country weekly, and sold silks out of a sample case. And he had raised apples—on paper. He had been studying orcharding in books, farm papers, by obse on, and in long conversations with r-chardists at the Kansas State Agricultural College. He had ideas, and never once a doubt of his ability to make orcharding go.

Mr. Pyle is now sixty-two. He has one of the largest and most profitable apple farms in Kansas. He is the leading shipper of apple juice in the Southwest. He is looked upon as the apple authority of the state, and has been a leader in the regeneration of apple orcharding in Kansas. He lectures on orcharding, and goes on long tours of inspection of apple orchards under the auspices of the agricultural college.

The Kansas State Horticultural Society, in its annual report, pays official tribute to Mr. Pyle's unselfish labors for the upbuilding of the apple industry in Kansas. For Mr. Pyle is not satisfied with mere possession of knowledge about apples, and the application of that knowledge for his own financial advancement. He always is trying to induce others to raise apples, and he makes many long trips at his own expense to give expert advice to someone who is having trouble with insects or diseases in his orchard.

"I didn't take a sudden notion to raise apples twelve years ago, as those who made fun of me at that time thought I did," says Mr. Pyle. "Thinking as they did, those folks were right in laughing at me. I would laugh at any man of fifty who would drop his business and go to fruit-growing upon a sudden impulse.

"But I had always intended to raise apples, ever since I was a kid, walking seven miles to school and stopping to flatten my nose against the village store window and admire the apples. Apples were scarce in those days in Kansas, and I determined to make them plentiful when I grew up. I never gave up the idea, and I always studied and planned for the day when I should be able to have a farm full of apple trees. I was quite grown up before I got it; but I was prepared to give it my very best. My time had not been wasted. As a small-town editor, I learned the value of advertising, and I used that knowledge just as soon as I started orcharding. As a traveling man, I learned to know folks, and my long train rides gave me more time to study than the average college student can manage to cram in between dances. As a traveling man, too, I managed to build up a business acquaintanceship which I drew upon for funds when I started my venture.

"Orcharding is a highly specialized business, and I advise no man to try it without much theoretical knowledge and some funds."

CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

Read What Lincoln Said to This Man

MAJOR GEORGE W. EVANS was appointed to a position in the Interior Department at Washington by Abraham Lincoln fifty-six years ago, and is still going strong.

Major Evans is seventy, looks fifty, feels forty, and will "cuss" the man who mentions the word "retire" in his presence. In his opinion, a man who retires from active work while still strong and healthy, no matter what his age may be, is as low-down as a "contemptible quitter." He is convinced that more unhappiness and deaths are caused through retirement than from disease.

Dancing, chopping wood before breakfast, and much walking, are given by this remarkable man as the chief reasons for keeping young, healthy, happy and useful.

"Just because I'm seventy," says Mr. Evans, "is no reason why I should not continue to enjoy the things I did when I was less than half that age. I make it a practice to learn all of the new dances, and I never miss an opportunity to dance, no matter whether it is a neighborhood affair or a swell society function. Dancing is good for both the body and mind. The reformers who preach to the contrary are whistling up the wrong tree. Those birds would have us do nothing but twiddle our thumbs, look solemn, grow moth-eaten and moldy, and eventually die of dry rot.

"None of that in mine!

"I want to get everything possible out of life every day that I am on earth.

"Dancing keeps my legs limbered and in good going order, and my mind on the good and worth-while things of to-day, instead of yesterday or to-morrow; wood chopping keeps my arms and body in fine fettle. I make it an invariable rule to chop up five or six sticks of cordwood every morning before breakfast. And when I push my legs beneath the table those present receive ocular proof that I am not there to torment such things as country sausage and buckwheat cakes. I do the right thing by them. I treat them rough, and thoroughly enjoy the procedure.

"If the street-car company depended on a daily dime from me to pay dividends they would go broke. I hoof it to my work, and I hoof it home each night. As fine a pair of lungs as there are in Washington is all the proof I need that walking is a gilt-edge investment.

"I consider it the duty of everybody to be happy and cheerful. This can easily be done by making it a practice always to look on the bright side of everything and everybody. Of course, it is just as important to speak cheerfully as it is to feel that way.

"A chronic grouch should be treated with as little respect as a flu germ or a Bolshevik."

This unusual man got busy at an early age, and has been mighty busy ever since. When only nine years old he commenced selling papers on the streets of Washington. So optimistic and cheerful was his manner that it was no time at all before he was on pleasant speaking terms with most of the senators and congressmen, and public men generally. He covered famous Pennsylvania Avenue every day from the White House to the Capitol. Upon the breaking out of the war between the states, he decided that the army ought to have a newsboy, and attached himself to the Army of the Potomac, keeping in constant touch with the Excelsior Brigade of New York, commanded by Gen. Daniel E. Sickles. During the three years he sold papers and magazines to the soldiers this stripling of a boy would frequently lay his merchandise aside, and during the battles assist in caring for the wounded and carrying them from the battlefield to the hospitals back of the lines.

When General Early made his raid on Washington in July, '64, young Evans thought it was time to become a full-fledged soldier, so that he might help protect the National Capital and his mother's home. He donned a uniform, despite the fact that he was only in his fourteenth year, and participated in the engagement at Fort Stevens just outside of Washington. It was shortly after this incident that he entered the Interior Department as a messenger boy, upon the recommendation of President Lincoln.

ERNST STUDIO, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MAJOR GEORGE W. EVANS

Who was appointed by Lincoln to a Federal job. He is still employed in the Department of the Interior at Washington. The story of his meeting with Lincoln is told here

In speaking of this phase of his life Major Evans says: "I went to Mr. Lincoln, seeking employment of some kind to enable me to support my widowed mother and younger brothers, and to make it possible for me to obtain an education for myself, my education at that time being limited to what a newsboy could pick up on the streets and in the army. I went to the White House, and was informed by the President's messenger that it was impossible to obtain an audience with Mr. Lincoln because he was too deeply engrossed with affairs of national importance. I asked if I might remain until it was time to close the office for the day, and was told that I could do so. So I sat down and waited my chances.

"Shortly thereafter the President crossed the hall to the room occupied by John Hay, afterward Secretary of State, who was then private secretary to Mr. Lincoln. Upon returning a few minutes later he observed me sitting in the anteroom in my soldier's uniform. He looked at me a few seconds, and said in kindly tones, 'My lad, what is it you want?' I replied, 'Mr. Lincoln, I would like to see you for a moment.' He invited me into his private office and asked me to sit down, and then wanted to know what he could do for me. I told him about my mother and my little brothers, and of my anxiety to attend night school.

"With a sad expression of countenance he said, 'So many of you young American boys are serving your country in this terrible struggle. It is awful and distressing, and I hope for an early and honorable ending of this severe strife. I will get you employment in the government service, my boy, on condition that you will promise me to do all that you said you wanted to do, and that you will report to me monthly as to your progress at night school, and how you are caring for your mother.' I promised him, and so reported every month until his untimely death.

"Mr. Lincoln gave me a small card for the Secretary of the Interior, on which he had written, '*If possible, give this lad a job*, A. LINCOLN.' I presented the card in person to the secretary, who immediately complied with the President's wish and made me a messenger. Thus began my career as a government official, and that very day I resolved to study and work with the idea in mind of some day becoming the head of the Division.

"With intense loyalty to President Lincoln, in its true sense, I always had a feeling of fear that something might happen to him, consequently, and unknown to him, I followed him wherever he went. I was close behind him upon his entry into Richmond after its surrender. I was in Ford's Theatre the night of his assassination, and witnessed that awful tragedy. I knew John Wilkes Booth very well, and I was among those who identified his remains when his body was brought back to Washington after his capture. I attended the trial of the conspirators and witnessed their execution.

"Through constant study after working hours, and strict attention to business during working hours, I was able to pass various examinations until I reached the top rung of the ladder of success in being appointed in 1883 as Chief of the Financial and Disbursing Division, which position I still hold.

"My night schooling enabled me to graduate from Columbian College (now George Washington University) when twenty-four. That was the proudest day of my life."

During the tenure of his present office, the major has disbursed $500,000,000, two thirds of which was in cash. The auditing department claims his record is unique in that his accounts invariably balance.

As Chief of the Financial Division, his services are confined to the supervision and adjustment of all financial affairs under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of the Interior, including the annual appropriations made by Congress; preparation of estimates for appropriations, and the settlement of financial matters of all kinds, amounting approximately to $200,000,000 per annum, or a total of $7,000,000,000 during the years of his service.

So successfully has he handled these immense sums of money that every secretary of the interior has written him a letter of thanks and congratulation. Upon the completion of a half-century of service President Wilson sent him this letter:

MY DEAR MR. EVANS: My attention has been called to the fact that you have just completed fifty years of faithful and efficient service in the Department of the Interior. This is indeed a most admirable record, and I desire to join in congratulating you on this anniversary. I wish for you many happy returns of the day. Sincerely yours,
WOODROW WILSON.

Major Evans has met and shaken hands with every President since Buchanan. Among the many interesting people encountered during his long public career, he refers most frequently to Walt Whitman, America's great poet. Whitman served for a time as clerk in the Indian Bureau, but, according to Evans, was fired by the then secretary of the interior, a prudish sort of a gentleman, who charged Whitman with having written an immoral book—"Leaves of Grass." Evans chucklingly remarks that everybody has forgotten the name of that secretary of the interior, while Whitman has become world-famous. H. O. BISHOP

The Story of a Novel Bakery Shop

HAS a faint whiff of an aroma of baking bread ever suddenly transported you from a busy city's street back to the time when you were a barefoot youngster peeking in at the kitchen door to see if Mother had finished the Saturday's baking? If you are ever in the vicinity of Monument Circle and East Washington Street, Indianapolis, it is a pretty safe bet that such an opportunity will be wafted your way. Then the only satisfactory thing to do is to follow your nose.

A few steps down Washington Street, and you have tracked the suggestive aroma to its lair. There, above the large window in which three immaculate bakers are tossing and kneading dough, is the ventilator fan which carries the aroma of gloriously baked good things into the street. The proprietors of the Porterfield Baking Company, Homer Porterfield and his son David, have been termed "The folks who made Washington Street smell good," and it might be truthfully added "look good, too." They have successfully dramatized the baking business by use of sight and scent.

"We felt," said David Porterfield, "that to 'dramatize' a bakery would be good advertising. We knew that novelty would wear off quickly—but felt that human interest would not wane, and that women would be pleased to *see* that the bakery preparing the food they were to eat was *clean* (and we proposed to keep it really clean). We were also counting pretty heavily upon the enticing aroma of baking bread to 'make folk's mouths water'."

The story of this successful display bakery really began nearly forty years ago, when Homer Porterfield, [illegible]en a seventeen-year-old boy, left a hill [illegible]m in Preble County, Ohio, for Richmo[illegible] Indiana, and started to work as a b[illegible]r's apprentice at a "salary" of fifty cents a week—plus a loaf of bread a day.

Because he loved his work—made it an art—he succeeded to the extent that he and his brother soon became proprietors of a small bakery. For several years the business prospered, and it was only when an opportunity to enter the manufacturing field was offered shortly after his marriage that he reluctantly sold his interest in the bakery.

From the time David Porterfield was a little chap his father told him that "some day" they would be partners in business. And during his entire youth the son planned with his father for the time when they would own a bakery—for the father's heart was ever with his first love.

After the son finished his schooling, he entered a large canning company near Indianapolis, and for a time it seemed that father and son were getting further away from their original plan. David Porterfield soon became purchasing agent for this company, and later was made secretary-manager of the Better Business Bureau, an organization formed by the business men of Indianapolis to promote integrity and create confidence in advertising and selling.

It was not until four years ago that they struck upon the idea which brought about the realization of their dream.

There was a little bakery, Joe's Place, for sale. It was in an outskirts location of Indianapolis that occupied two adjoining storerooms—one used for the store and the other for the shop or bakery. The shop window was painted black. David Porterfield accompanied his father when he went to inspect Joe's bakery—and remarked, "If that were my bakery I'd do just two things to it the first day: I'd clean up the shop, and then I'd scrape the paint off the window so people could *see* that the bakery was *clean*."

Homer Porterfield replied, "Son, you're right about that. The only trouble would be that out here there aren't enough people to see it."

"Then why can't we do it down-town where there are plenty of people to see it," said the son.

And then and there it was decided to work toward that end. That was the inspiration—the birth—of the Porterfield plan of baking "so people can see that the bakery is *clean*."

It was more than a year later, however, before they decided that the time was right to make the plunge into the baking business. So great was their confidence in their analysis of the business, that, after some consideration of available rooms in various locations, they decided on the best located—and incidentally, one of the highest-priced rooms in Indianapolis. And without knowing just what sort of company they would organize, or where the money for equipping and stocking the plant was to come from, but with the sincere belief that the plan was *right*, they signed the lease.

When asked how the company was financed the younger member of the firm replied, "You know, cautious business men, when undertaking to market a new product, or adopt new policies, put on 'try-out' campaigns in order that what others think about may be ascertained—instead of surmised.

"So I installed Father at home, baking bread. He could make eight loaves in our kitchen at a time. Each day, when his eight loaves were finished, he would bring them down-town to me, and I would take them to men or women of my acquaintance whom I felt would give me their *honest* opinion of this proposed product. *I* was convinced the product was superior—but I might be prejudiced. I wanted a disinterested and composite opinion

PHOTO BY GREIZMAN, INDIANAPOLIS
HOMER PORTERFIELD

PHOTO BY GREIZMAN, INDIANAPOLIS
DAVID PORTERFIELD

A father and son who run an Indianapolis bakery along up-to-date lines. One feature is this—all the baking is done where customers can look through the window and see it

It was not difficult to get a number of good people to do me the 'favor' of serving on the Porterfield diet squad."

Out of more than forty reports, nearly all were so enthusiastically favorable, with only a few minor suggestions arising out of personal preferences as to saltiness, sweetness, brownness, and hardness of crust, that the Porterfields felt the product was right in the opinion of the public.

That was to be the foundation of the business—obvious excellence of product.

The younger Porterfield had a double purpose in asking some of his friends to serve on the "diet squad." Some of them were business men of such high standing in the community, men in whom he had such great confidence, that he wanted to interest them in the stock company which had been incorporated. He felt that if these men of successful experiences in retailing saw that the plan was sound, and had faith in the Porterfields' ability to administer that plan, that alone would commend it. The father and son did not have to "sell" stock. Those men who had eaten of the product *bought* stock in the company when the plan was explained.

And so they put their bakery right up in the front of the store, and built a glass partition along one side to provide a salesroom. This glass partition enables anyone in the salesroom to see everything in the bakery; it keeps heat and flour dust away from the public; and it keeps possible crowd contamination and street dust away from the baking food—a sanitary precaution.

This display bakery plan has a happy influence on the bakers. They see the public while doing their work, and find that interesting as contrasted to the dark alley or basement shop too common to the baking business. They are conscious they are being observed, and it has been noticed that they throw off old habits which were common to the unobserved shop. They keep clean; work clean; and they produce a clean, wholesome product.

When David Porterfield was secretary of the Better Business Bureau he was brought into confidential relationship with the heads of hundreds of firms in many lines of business. It was a splendid business laboratory, for he found the behind-the-scenes reasons for merchandising successes and failures, and he discovered at first-hand the public's attitude toward advertisers and advertising. He learned the value of candor in advertising, of naturalness, of persistence, of obvious truthfulness.

This specialized knowledge applied in a practical way to their bakery has proved most valuable in solving the merchandising problems.

For example, take the old system of baking and distribution of bread, which involves the maintenance of two expensive delivery systems: that of the wholesale baker and that of the retail grocer. The Census Bureau has recently published figures showing "that for bakery products the percentage of delivery costs to gross sales averaged 19.8 per cent" in the city of Washington. The Porterfields estimated, and the estimates have proved conservative, that they could do a sufficient volume of business by being well located and by working efficiently and rapidly, and that their rent for the combined purposes of manufacturing and retailing would be considerably less than delivery costs. In fact, after the first year of operation their rent, advertising, salaries and sales-girls wages totaled only about 19 per cent.

These men have devoted their energies to cheapening their methods rather than their products. Speaking on this point David Porterfield said, "We have merely capitalized our knowledge of human beings in making our business a success. Every one of us wants better things and we will go to no little trouble to get them. The mistake most business failures make is that in trying to cut down the cost of production they take a whack at the quality of their product, instead of going to the root of the trouble—their methods."

The Porterfields are forging ahead. Already plans have been made to open similar display bakeries in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York.

TRELL W. YOCUM

A Woman Coal Miner

MISS RICKA OTT

A Pittsburgh girl who operates a coal mine on her father's farm near Pittsburgh

HOW far can a woman invade man's domain and still be feminine? Miss Ricka Ott, of St. Clair district, Pittsburgh, answers the question. Probably one should apply the term mineress to her, inasmuch as she is the only woman coal miner in this country, so far as known. At the same time, she expresses the feminine in both manner and speech, being the direct antithesis of what one would expect a woman coal miner to be like.

In her khaki overalls and coat, with a miner's lamp stuck in her hat, she has labored daily for two years, in the depths of a coal mine, only a few miles from Pittsburgh, happy and content in her work. To add that she owns the mine dispels any notion that she is seeking notoriety. In fact, she dislikes all publicity that would tend to advertise her as unusual, or different from other girls of twenty-one years old.

Ricka, as she is known throughout St. Clair, Carrick, and Mount Oliver districts, is so very much like other girls, with all their feminine traits, that her chosen profession is the more astonishing. When asked to pose for her photograph, in her overalls at the mouth of the mine, she objected, insisting, at first, on running home and changing to her Sunday raiment.

"People, no doubt, think me strange and foolish to do such hard work," she said; "but, do you know, I am happier in my work than I can describe? The active life, the independence, and the ability to conduct my own affairs, all are satisfactory to me, and I would not change with any girl working in an office, who has to sit in tight-fitting garments, all day, between four walls.

"Of course," she added, "I have help in the work, both my younger brothers being with me. Besides, I hire a miner, but the management of the business, the direction of the work, even to hauling of coal to customers, devolves upon me in person.

"It is an inspiring life," she continued, "and, perhaps more than the financial return, I enjoy the feeling of independence. The problems I have to meet are severe trials on my patience, and I sometimes get almost discouraged; but when I overcome them I am better prepared for future obstacles. I had to go before the borough councilmen twice before I could persuade them that I was determined they should repair the road over which I deliver my coal. They thought, probably, that, being a woman, I could be cajoled, but I asked them to overlook my sex and consider me in the light of a mine manager."

Anxious to see what sort of a mine could be dug by, and under the direction of, a girl, permission was requested to visit the inside of the hill. With her miner's lamp lighting the way, Ricka plunged boldly and familiarly into the bowels of the earth. Keeping up a continuous talk, as she zigzagged through the tunnel, about hanging walls, dips, variations, angles, veins, stoppings and timbering, she led the way to the back wall of the main drift, four hundred feet from the entrance. Fondly turning over in her gloved hand a chunk of bituminous coal, pulled from the side wall, Ricka described the particular quality of the vein at this point, showing rare understanding of coal formation.

"You see," she explained, as the open air was regained, "we have a large farm. My father always has worked in one of the mills, so I helped about the home, and know as much about farming as 'most any man in this district. I can kill and dress a hog or heifer as well as many butchers."

Not so much from the strong sunburned arms and capable hands, as from the cut of her chin and the expression of her eyes does one gather confidence in her. You naturally feel that she is capable, but you never lose sight of the feminine in her.

"I suppose my occupation and pastimes do not go well together," she said, "but I love to dance and skate, I go to the best plays in Pittsburgh, and I like pretty clothes. But my work is my chief pleasure, and I have neither the time nor the inclination for any serious thoughts about the boys."

Ricka has mined out over fifteen thousand bushels of coal since working her property, nine thousand this season, and claims she always has a ready market for her fuel. The mine is modern in construction; the timbering has been carefully and substantially erected, and the interior workings are well defined and true. The main tunnel is cut by half a dozen drifts which extend, as branches, from thirty to one hundred feet.

ROY JANSEN

WILLIAMS PRODUCTS

The waste of wear and weather

WE have long been told that decay destroys more property than fire or flood, but it took a world war to bring home the effects of neglect to us.

When weather assails exteriors, we see its surface effects, but we are apt to forget that decay is at work beneath the surface. We are even more likely to forget that when wear mars inside surfaces, it lets in rot to ruin them.

Sherwin-Williams are surface specialists, studying the wear each surface gets and prescribing a protection to offset that wear.

As SWP is made to meet external wear on sidings and trim, S-W Preservative Shingle Stain is made to protect roofs and shingle sidings. Its creosote base penetrates and preserves the wood, while protecting the surface.

S-W Porch and Deck Paint meets the conditions of hard footwear, exposure to weather and constant scrubbing and cleaning, on porch floors and steps. It is a full linseed oil paint made to give a maximum service.

S-W Rexpar is ideal for porch ceilings and for doors. It will meet any test to which a varnish would be subjected.

So for every use, according to the wear the surface gets, there is a Sherwin-Williams Product made especially. Send for "The A B C of Home Painting" to know what to use in every circumstance.

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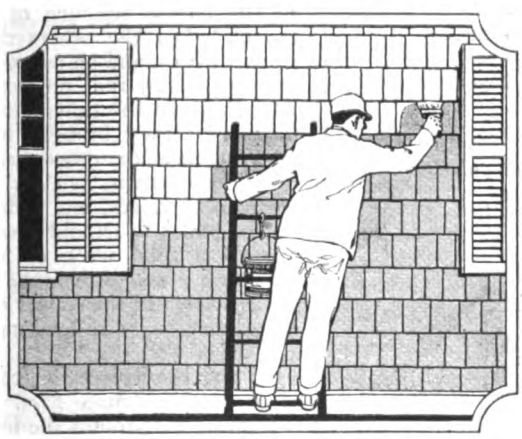
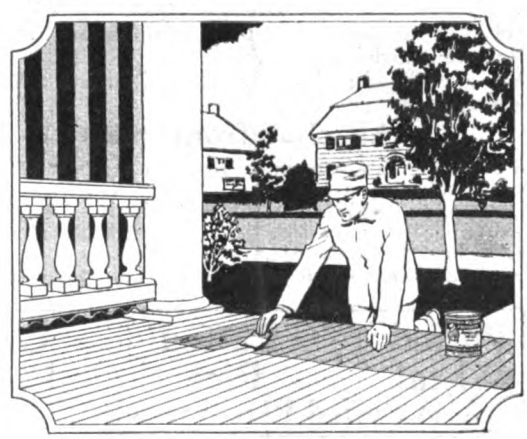


S-W Shingle Stain—A protective creosote stain for shingled roofs and sidings. Preserves the wood, brings out the grain



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Lucky Boy

to have a food confection waiting after school. And to have it Puffed Wheat, which is whole wheat, steam exploded and made easy to digest.

Millions Now Enjoy Them

There are millions of lucky children now who revel in Puffed Grains.

American homes are now enjoying some 750 million dishes of Puffed Grains in a year. And this is why:

These bubble grains have made whole grains enticing.

Prof. Anderson's process—steam explosion—has made digestion easy and complete.

Once they were breakfast dainties. Now they are all-day foods. Millions of dishes are served in milk for suppers and between meals.

Millions are mixed with fruit.

Millions are crisped and lightly buttered for hungry children to eat like peanuts—dry.

All shot from guns

Puffed Grains are shot from guns. By steam explosion they are puffed to eight times normal size.

Every food cell is thus blasted and fitted to digest. Every atom feeds.

These scientific foods are also the most delightful grain foods known. They are airy, flimsy, nut-like—flavory food confections.

In every home such foods are needed several times a day.

Puffed Wheat — Puffed Rice — Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Pancakes with Nut Flavor

Now we have added Puffed Rice flour to a perfect pancake mixture. The Puffed Rice makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nutty taste. You have never tasted pancakes so delicious. When you order Puffed Grains order Puffed Rice Pancake Flour as well. Simply add milk or water—the flour is self-raising—and hear what your people say.

The Joys of Single Blessedness

(*Continued from page 69*)

affection for Joe, and his for her, had undergone no change. They kissed each other warmly, and then, while she busied herself with the supper, Joe and I undressed the youngsters and romped with them up-stairs.

The next day being Saturday, I spent the morning with Joe down-town. Saturday afternoon we bundled the youngsters up and, with Mrs. Haskins, took a long walk through the country around Joe's home. The babies got pretty tired before it was over, and had to be carried back. One of them fell asleep in Joe's arms; and the one I was carrying, either because I was a stranger or because of my lack of adeptness as a baby carriage, cried most of the way home. I was glad enough when we had them safely in bed; and glad, also, that the next day was Sunday, which meant a good long morning nap.

BUT there were no long morning naps in the Haskins household, as I might have suspected. The first loud shout from the nursery broke forth at six-thirty exactly; and was followed by a patter of little feet along the hallway to Daddy's and Mama's room. From that moment sleep became an utter impossibility. The house rocked with alternating waves of laughter and grief, as the babies piled themselves onto Joe, and then rolled off onto the floor. I got up and dressed, hearing Mrs. Haskins already busy in the kitchen, and descended to spend the hardest Sunday of my bachelor experience.

"I take care of the youngsters on Sunday," Joe explained, "so that Sadie can get a little rest." And take care of them he—with my inexpert help—proceeded to do. With the exception of a single hour, during which the eldest one was committed to the blessed oblivion of the Sunday-school, while the others slept, we had them with us, and on us, every minute of the day. They rode on our backs, while we performed the functions of bears and moo-cows; they brought us a hundred hurt fingers and stubbed toes to be kissed. We dragged them in carts, and wheeled them in carriages, and rolled with them on the parlor floor; and when, after what seemed a solid week of hard physical labor, we presided over the final tempestuous session at the supper table, I felt as if someone ought to feed me and put me to bed, as well.

In the heavenly calm that succeeded their disappearance, Mrs. Haskins and Joe and I sat around the little open fire, while he told me cute stories about the children, and attempted to console me for the misfortune of my bachelorhood. I took his words with a proper show of humility and regret; but inwardly I gave thanks for the revelation that this visit had brought. This was marriage, I said to myself; this was love in a cottage, concerning which all the celibate poets of history had grown so eloquent. Poets might rave, and song writers continue to

THE POLICY OF

General Cigar Co., INC.

ON

Robt. Burns

CIGAR

ROBT. BURNS
Invincible
Actual size
13c
2 for 25c
Box of 50—$5.75

CIGAR Smokers should know these facts. They throw important light upon the policy of the General Cigar Co., Inc., in manufacturing Robt. Burns cigars.

(1) The Havana tobacco used in Robt. Burns sells in Cuba today for at least 50% more than pre-war prices.

(2) Sumatra leaf used for the wrapper of Robt. Burns which formerly sold at around $2.00 a pound, now brings in the neighborhood of $4.00.

(3) The Internal Revenue Tax on Robt. Burns Cigars has risen during the same period from $3.00 to $9.00 per thousand cigars.

(4) Wages have increased from 70% to 100%.

(5) Cigar boxes which formerly cost 6½ cents now cost 14¼ cents.

(6) Freight rates have increased from 35% to 50%.

* * * *

In face of all these problems, the maintenance of Robt. Burns quality is recognized in tobacco circles as a remarkable achievement.

Robt. Burns is given today the same *full Havana filler*—regardless of price—as that he had five years ago. The same grade of Sumatra wrapper is used. The cigar is fashioned with the same skilled workmanship.

The price is higher—but only slightly so as compared to advanced cost of production. *It is a fact that the manufacturer's and the dealer's profits on Robt. Burns are proportionately less than they were before the war.*

Throughout the years to come, friends of Robt. Burns may always count upon the absolute maintenance of his fine quality—full Havana filler, imported Sumatra wrapper and skilled hand workmanship.

General Cigar Co., Inc.
DEPENDABLE CIGARS
119 West 40th St., New York City

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY*?

ROBT. BURNS
Longfellow
Actual size
15c
Box of 25—$3.50

collect their royalties, but with the knowledge I then possessed there was small danger of my being swept into matrimony. I was content to go on, a bachelor—at least until such time as I had income enough to marry and live in some degree of comfort and convenience.

THAT, as I have said, was twenty-four years ago, when I had just passed my twenty-sixth birthday. Last week Joe Haskins came to lunch with me at the Club which has been my home for the past ten years, bringing with him a big strapping young chap of twenty-two.

"This is my son, Joe, Junior, Tom," he said. "He's just finishing up at the old college. Maybe you've seen his picture on the sporting pages; he's the best pitcher we've had up there for a dog's age."

I looked at Joe, Junior, and at the pictures of the other four who make up the tribe of Haskins; and at Mrs. Haskins, who is even handsomer as a middle-aged woman than she was as a girl. And then I looked at Joe. His hair was gray around the temples, but his face had the same boyish look that was there in his college days.

He rambled on about college sports, and a dozen other subjects that dropped out of my life a couple of decades ago.

"You know, Tom, the best part of parenthood is right now," he said. "I couldn't possibly have imagined it twenty years ago. I thought then, when I was tumbling around with the kids in the nursery that I was happier than I ever could be again. But each year that's passed has brought its own special and unexpected joys; and now here I am, fifty years old, at a time when business has become a sort of old story with me, when there isn't much more in the way of excitement scheduled to come my way at the office—and right away Tom comes along to start his business life, and I'm as much thrilled as if I were going to live my own life over. It's great stuff, I tell you, something you bachelors just don't know anything about."

We took young Joe to the station, for he was going back to college to pack up his things; and after that Joe, Senior, and I sat in the Club until dinner time, while he told me about his success in business; and his summer home, where he fishes and swims with the kids; and about the boy who died, while the tears filled his eyes and his voice choked up.

"It was very bitter," he said, "and yet it was wonderful, too. You and I used to have great old discussions in philosophy class, Tom, about death, and immortality, and all that; and thought we were pretty smart to have got rid of the old superstitions. Immortality was all right for women, and for chaps who weren't strong enough to make good. But for regular men, who were masters of their careers, this one old world was enough. We'd take our success and our rewards here and now.

"What fools we were!" he exclaimed. "Do you suppose I don't know differently to-day? Do you think for one minute that I'm not going to see that little fellow again? I tell you, I don't have to believe: I know it. He's somewhere this minute, learning the ropes, and getting things fixed up for his mother and his dad right now."

Presently he, too, had to leave. And when I had seen him to the train I started back through the town to face again the bachelor's eternal problem. What should I do until bedtime? I thought of dropping in at the vaudeville show; but I am sick of shows.

I wandered into the club library, where the books looked even more stale and uninteresting than usual. I picked up a newspaper and tossed it onto the table again. Finally I put on my hat, and until long after midnight I walked alone. And it came over me again with fresh force—as it has been coming over me so often in these later days—that what I had thought was wisdom and shrewdness a quarter of a century ago was only a species of cowardice, after all. Life is a gamble, in which only the courageous win. At any point in the game a man may withdraw if he chooses; the decision rests entirely in his hands. But for every hesitation, for every sacrifice to security, the price is fixed. The biggest prizes go to those who play the cards straight through, who throw themselves wholeheartedly into every fresh phase of the game, having faith at every point to accept the common lot.

MY FATHER and mother were model parents to the extent of providing a well-ordered, cultured home, and a first-class education for my two sisters and myself. In all outward aspects their life was singularly happy; yet, even as a boy, I understood that they were not truly mates. Father was a dreamer who loved music, and would have liked nothing better than to study and teach the violin. The necessity for providing for his family put him into business; and gradually business absorbed him more and more, partly because he came to enjoy the game, and partly because there was nothing to absorb him at home. My mother was a natural executive, and sometimes I suspected that she never quite became reconciled to the fate that had caused her to be born a woman. At least, she refused to let that fate circumscribe her activities. She fulfilled the duties of a faithful wife by bringing three children into the world; and having seen them safely started she turned them over to a governess, and threw herself into the larger business of saving the race at large through clubs and movements of various sorts.

At ten, I was sent away to a select boys' school, where I spent seven years; at seventeen I entered college; and at twenty-one. I crowded my boyhood treasures into a hall bedroom in New York, and proceeded to find a job. So the memories of home, that mean so much to the average man, were never an important factor in my case. Home, to me, was principally a place where one reported for meals at certain stated intervals, and from which one was firmly ejected when Mother had a meeting of an important committee in the parlor. Most of the good times that came to me in those first seven years, and in the subsequent holiday periods, were had in company of my father, who would take me down to the athletic club for a swim, or slip away from the office to dissipate at a matinée.

It would be interesting to chart the curve of a man's affections, as they are related to the other sex. (I can almost hear the sniff of contempt which that statement will evoke from my feminine readers. Chart the affections, indeed! What is the man thinking about. Is nothing sacred to him? Nothing safe from his cold business analysis? It's lucky he never did marry; a fine, warm-blooded husband he would have made!) Yet, in spite of this well-merited rebuke, I still contend that a curve showing the rise and fall in the feelings of the average man—or of a hundred average men—toward the opposite sex would well repay the time and study invested in it. It would prove, I think, that there is nothing very new or startling in our experience as individuals. Through the first eight or ten years of our lives the curve is not a curve at all, but a straight line, running along at the zero point, indicating no special interest in girls as girls. Somewhere between ten and thirteen years it drops below zero. That is the period when girls are a nuisance; when they can't climb trees for fear of tearing their dresses; when they insist on tagging along on all the Indian hunts, but aren't strong enough to help carry the canoe, and always get tired and want to go home too soon. At that period of proud male independence every boy determines resolutely upon bachelorhood, and looks with pity and contempt upon the older boys who allow themselves to be ensnared by women's wiles.

Then comes the glorious age of the teens, when every month brings a new divinity, and the curve shoots up and drops back again with alarming frequency. Later, the rises are fewer and better sustained, eventuating in the final upward trend that indicates engagement and marriage. Whether the curve reaches its highest level on the wedding day, or continues mounting upward, as the love of the earlier years mellows into the substantial affection and mutual respect of middle life, depends, of course, upon a multitude of circumstances that have no special bearing on this personal recital. My experience with the curve of affection ended long ago, but, so far as it went, it was entirely normal.

I HAD three violent love affairs, and was engaged once to be married, before I had passed my twenty-third birthday. But all of these were of little permanent effect as compared with a brief and poignant affair that came later on.

At a summer house party I was introduced to a young woman whom I may be permitted to call Elsie Andrews. We were all of us under twenty-five, at that time in life when the discrepancies that money and fame make between men had not yet begun to be obtrusive. All of us expected to be rich and celebrated, as a matter of course. Some had well-to-do fathers, which gave them a slight initial advantage; but that mattered little. The rest of us would overtake them quickly, and probably leave them far behind. No position in the world was so high that we might not aspire to it; and only princesses could be our wives.

It is necessary to paint in this background, because, had we been five years older, the thing that happened could not have happened; the man who introduced me then to Elsie Andrews—assuming that she still was Elsie Andrews—would have

IF there's any one thing, more than another, that the average American family likes in a motor car, it is reliability.

We sometimes think that this is the real secret of the tremendous hold which the Hupmobile has on the American people.

That seems to be the thing they settle on in summing up why they so much admire the car.

taken care to explain to me beforehand that she was *the* Miss Andrews whose family had owned large sections of New York since the days when it ceased to be an Indian reservation; and I should probably have had more sense than to fall in love with her. Those social distinctions have their influence on our emotions at thirty, but not at twenty-four.

I danced with her that evening; we played tennis together the next morning, and swam in the afternoon. And that night I could not sleep because the music of her laugh was still in my ears. On the day when the party ended, I hardly let her out of my sight. Surely such a heavenly three days could not be allowed to pass out as though they were just three days, and nothing more. I must see her again, and soon. I waited, hoping up to the very end that she would invite me to call on her in the city; and when she did not I plucked up courage to ask her if I might come. In fact, as I remember, it was not so much a request as an announcement that I delivered. I was going to see her again, I said; I must know when and how.

HER answer made me feel suddenly as if I were an awkward boy in the presence of a princess. She did not actually refuse; and yet her voice and manner made it clear that New York and that farmhouse in Connecticut were two different worlds. The little hour of informality was over; already the city was casting its invidious shadows over the last minutes of the party. She would be glad to have me call, she said; but I knew she did not mean it, *could* not mean it, however much she might want to. She was the daughter of Fairfax Andrews, and her career was already fashioned for her.

So we went back to New York—she to her round of parties and dinners and I to the office, where my job had never looked so small or my salary so utterly insignificant. Twenty-eight dollars a week—I had thought it a pretty good salary for a chap my age; many men married and raised families on twenty-eight dollars a week. But now I knew it for what it was—the price of a pair of slippers for Elsie Andrews; or a seat at the opera, or a bunch of flowers. In only one way could I ever hope to lift my eyes to the level of such a girl, and that was by building that twenty-eight dollars a week into a platform that would raise me high above the crowd.

So with grim determination I set to work. My three days with Elsie Andrews were all that I ever had with her, but they changed my whole habit of thought. Henceforth, I looked on business through the eyes of a matured and hardened man. Money was the one thing that counted, I told myself. With it, a man was king; it was the price of comfort, and distinction, and even of wonderful women such as Elsie Andrews. Without it, one was simply lost in the common mass.

Two things happened in quick succession to fix me in that mode of thought: The first was the announcement of her engagement to a gilded young man, and later the account of the wedding, which filled the society columns and carried her picture into every Sunday newspaper in the country. The second was the visit to Joe Haskins, concerning which I have already written.

I did not by any means surrender the thought of marriage. Some day, I assumed, love would come to me; and I should take my place with the great majority of my college class-mates in the ranks of married men. But I meant to take care that it should not come too soon, not until I had my fortune securely within reach, and could be sure that marriage meant more comfort and success, not merely added obligations that would hinder the upward swing of my career.

So for twenty years I almost lived in my office, and in the various branch offices of our company scattered across the continent. I came up from a clerk's to a salesman's job; then to the position of sales manager, later to the vice presidency, and at length to the presidency of the company, with a substantial share in the ownership.

We do a business to-day in excess of seven million dollars a year; we have representatives in every country in the world, most of which I have visited. There are few men in any line of endeavor who have had more opportunity for foreign travel than I; few who have had more interesting relations with important men in different countries—for often our business is with Governments as well as with individuals. All this has come to me partly by good fortune, of course—for there is a considerable element of luck in every career, whatever the books may say to the contrary. But largely it has come because my business has been both wife and children to me: I have given it *all* of myself for *all* of my life.

IT WAS not until after thirty-five that I began to think of myself as a bachelor. Then I awoke suddenly to an appreciation of two important facts: First, I was conscious that my habits of life had become pretty definitely fixed; the business was a jealous mistress; each year it promised to give me more freedom, and each year—though its pecuniary rewards increased—it managed to present a whole crop of new problems that could not be brushed aside. In the second place, I had reached a financial status that made me "eligible" in the eyes of mothers properly ambitious for their daughters. One or two experiences gave me an undue amount of caution. I made up my mind that if I ever did marry I should do the marrying on my own initiative; I did not mean to be married to satisfy the plans or ambitions of someone else.

I gave up the bachelor apartments where I had been living and moved to a good club. There were no servant problems in a club, and it was not so lonesome. Here I have stayed ever since, occupying several rooms, so that I can have my books and bric-à-brac around me, and growing each year a little more settled in the rut that leads from the club to the office and back to the club again. Here I shall remain, according to my present plans, for the remainder of my life; which means, I presume, that marriage as a possibility in my experience is pretty well eliminated. A very successful friend of mine who is likewise a bachelor of about my own age, said: "Old chaps like you and me are pretty nearly immune, except that we sometimes get frightened for fear our cooks will leave, and marry *them*." But the cook in this club is a Jap, and a man, so even that contingency is eliminated.

The personnel of the club changes gradually, a fact which I notice most after I have been away on a trip. One or two of the younger men have dropped out to be married; one or two of the older ones have left on a longer journey, even more shrouded in mystery; and an equal number of newcomers have moved in to take their rooms. Only a half-dozen of us go on indefinitely. We are a staid old set, neither particularly fond of one another, nor particularly antagonistic: all good bridge and pool players; all well enough fixed so that we need not borrow of one another; all liking to be together occasionally, but each finding many occasions when he would prefer his own company. A settled, rather passionless group, being carried tranquilly on to the end. And except for the relatives, who will fight about our wills, no one of us will cause a single ripple in another human heart when our time finally arrives.

MY CAREER has nothing in it that makes it worthy of mention with even the least of these great names, of course; yet I have remembered that a bachelor tends naturally to grow selfish, and have tried to keep alive whatever generous faculties I have by regular exercise. I have put half a dozen young people through college and have as many more on the way. I have contributed freely to pretty nearly every good cause that comes along; and when I die my fortune will go partly to a lot of relatives who may find some happiness in it, but chiefly to a list of charities where it will be sure to do good.

Looked at in this way, it is perhaps debatable whether my life as a bachelor has not been as useful as it would have been had I married and raised a family. Certainly I have made far more money than would probably have come to me had my energies been divided between business and a home. I have seen more of the world; and have enjoyed entire freedom from those concerns and sorrows that are a part of even the happiest married life. No sickness of those I love has caused me weeks and months of anxiety; I have never had to bow my head beside an open grave.

These may perhaps be numbered among the advantages that have come to me, as a result of my celibacy. What stands on the other side of the ledger?

Obviously a thousand lonesome hours, to start with. No man except a bachelor, or one whose wife has died, knows how many hours there are in a week or a month or a year for which some occupation must be found if one has no home. The days when married men are happiest are those that fill the bachelor's soul with deepest gloom. He has no glad anniversaries; each birthday adds a little to his habit of painful introspection; Sundays are a long distress; and if he ever commits suicide it is sure to be on Christmas Eve. There is a verse somewhere in the Bible, I believe, to the effect that it is not good for men to be alone. Whoever wrote that had a pretty accurate knowledge of the human animal. Living alone is a dreary business; and even those of us whose lives are cushioned about with every possible substitute for home, know how hollow and

What Would Happen If Food Distribution Ceased for a Week?

HALF a century ago nearly every cellar had its stock of smoked and cured meats, vegetables and other foods—sufficient for several months' needs. Today it is doubtful if the city-dweller's pantry carries even a three days' supply. Should distribution cease for a week, half the country's population would suffer hunger.

Nothing could more vividly emphasize the value of efficient distributing methods, such as developed by Armour and Company.

Meeting a Nation's Needs

The Armour system embraces far more than its preparation plants, its refrigerator cars, its branch distributing and ware-houses. These are simply the visible and physical aspects of the Armour plan. Back of them must be a directing organization, able to comprehend a nation's needs; constantly studying market conditions from the standpoint of both supply and demand; buying here—delivering there; adjusting shipments so that one community does not suffer scarcity and another a glut; conserving during seasons of flush production to equalize periods of scant production; paying the producer cash for his livestock and selling to retailers on credits; devising ways to handle over-plus production in certain sections at certain seasons; supplying each part of the country with the cuts and kinds of meat most popular there; keeping refrigerator cars traveling on schedule; collecting on a large scale and redistributing in small units through independent retailers—these are some of the outstanding ways in which the Armour distributing machinery functions.

Based on Long Experience

Complex and difficult as this system necessarily must be, it operates with surprising smoothness and efficiency. It is the outgrowth of long experience, of testing all conceivable methods, of eliminating non-essentials and adopting proved means.

The Armour system goes back to the source of supply. Packing plants are located at strategic points, with due consideration to the livestock supply, labor conditions, fuel and water and transportation. Thus freight hauls are shortened for producers, preventing excess shrinkages: and consumers get their meat cheaper through not having to pay long transportation on the inedible portions.

To provide outlets for products of the farm and to meet the country's growing needs, systems like Armour's are vital. It is to the public's best welfare that they be given opportunity to operate unhampered, at highest efficiency.

Armour's QUALITY PRODUCTS

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

5222

Try this easy, inexpensive way of "doing over" your floors

Perhaps you have hesitated to rejuvenate your dull, lustreless floors because of the work and the expense. But just try this Old English method.

With a soft cloth, or the Waxer and Polisher shown above, apply a thin coat of Old English Wax, rub gently for a few minutes—and you will be amazed at the transformation. Old English covers the surface with a thin, tough, translucent film that produces a beautifully soft, mellow lustre, and brings out the natural beauty in the grain. And it protects the floor from water, heel marks and hard knocks. Does not collect dust nor darken wood.

What it costs

Take as an example a room 14 x 18 or 252 square feet

Varnished, shellaced or waxed floor in fair condition

1 pint Old English Wax.....$0.75
1 pint Old English Brightener .70
$1.45

(While only the Wax is necessary, better results are obtained if the floor is first cleaned and polished with Brightener.)

Varnished, shellaced or waxed floor in bad condition

1 gallon Var-ni-go Varnish Remover $2.50
6 pounds Boyle's Paste Wood Filler..... 2.10
1 quart old English Wax..... 1.50
$6.10

(These prices for U. S. only)

You can easily do the work yourself or have your servant or "handy man" do it. The old English method requires no high priced labor. It is the quick, easy, economical way, and gives excellent results.

Write for free book on floor finishes, or buy a can of Old English Wax and read complete instructions on every can. THE A. S. BOYLE CO., 1622 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Old English Wax

for

Hardwood floors
Softwood floors
Furniture
Woodwork
Linoleum
Table Tops
Leather Goods
Pianos
Victrolas
Automobile Finish

How to clean your floors

OLD ENGLISH BRIGHTENER cleans, polishes, brightens, and protects floors against wear. Will not remove wax. Makes one waxing last twice as long.

unsatisfactory the substitutes all are.

Next to the lonesomeness, I count the loss of children the chief item in the price we pay. In the twenties and perhaps in the thirties one is too much occupied to feel the full measure of that lack; the business is all-engrossing; children, if one had them, would merely interfere with the essential duty of making good. But the time comes, I think, with most men, when we begin to doubt whether the things for which we have worked so hard are, after all, quite as important as they seemed when we were working for them. We have our money—and we awake to the fact that the years left us in which to enjoy it are very few, and the capacity for enjoyment considerably less than once it was. We have leisure—and more leisure means merely more lonesome hours. We have comfort—and without someone to share it no life is really comfortable.

It is then, I think, that we miss the children most. He who has them coming along has cheated fate; he has doubled his life for he may live a second life in the careers of his boys. He has achieved immortality before his death: his name will be carried for generations in the persons of his descendants, and whatever of good he has impressed upon the characters of his sons and daughters will go on making itself felt in their posterity so long as the race continues.

The final thing that we bachelors miss, according to my estimate, is a subtle, spiritual something which I may perhaps call *growth*. We escape a lot of the trials and suffering that have their place in the lives of married men; but I have wondered in the last few years whether somewhere in those very burdens the secret of real greatness may not be concealed. Certainly I have seen men soften and increase in understanding and in tolerance under the fine education of parenthood, until one would never have known them for the same human beings. And in the same fashion I have seen men of fine promise shrivel and die amid the comforts of a bachelor life.

CERTAINLY I have paid a price for the security and the material comforts that have come to me as a result of my failure to marry. There are days when I think the benefits are fair value for the price; and there are other days—such as that afternoon when I sat in the club with Joe Haskins while he told me of his boys and girls—other lonesome, hopeless days, when I am fully convinced that the price was extortionate and the benefits received all spurious.

On such days, and they seem to come more frequently as life wears on, I wonder whether any bachelor who ever reached the age of fifty, if he had his life to live over again, would dare to choose to live it the second time alone.

EDMUND D. HULBERT began as "runner" in a country bank. To-day he is head of a great banking corporation in Chicago. His story will appear in the magazine next month, and will include some of the things Mr. Hulbert has learned about boys and young men in business.

If You Want to Be Happy—Practice!

(*Continued from page 55*)

to extremes and absurdities. Thought-power cannot put back again an amputated leg, restore an eye that has been destroyed, keep you from dying if you swallow a dose of poison, nor "call spirits from the vasty deep." These, and similar enthusiastic claims, are the extravagance of minds that have become intoxicated with the possibilities which they have discovered in thought-control.

But the solid fact remains that thought-power has done, and can do, more than we commonly suppose. Its results sometimes seem miraculous.

It can make a timid woman strong as a lion, turn the coward soldier in battle into a brave hero, rally the vital forces to repel disease, and bring the soul through stress and anguish to peace and poise. All this has been done millions of times in extraordinary crises. Why cannot you develop in yourself this power as a steady source of daily strength?

HOW? Let us see. Let us begin at the bottom, begin with the body.

Be a good animal.

Your body is the source of a vast number of satisfactions which you have overlooked, or taken too much for granted, or perhaps affected to despise.

Appreciate more the material pleasures. There's eating, for instance. Do you give it enough attention, enough to make it a considerable factor in your daily contentment? You need not be a glutton to realize that the Creator intended the taking of food and drink to be one of the unfailing springs of delight to feed the river of daily existence. Instead of being very "superior" and "spiritual," it is very foolish to despise the pleasures of the table.

At the Last Supper, Jesus broke the bread and poured the wine, and said; "Do this, as oft as ye shall drink it, in memory of me;" thus elevating a common necessity into a sacrament. And I have read of at least one of the old saints who claimed that this was not a custom to be observed occasionally at church, but day by day, so that he made a sacrament of every meal.

And do you sleep well? If so, do you take it as a matter of course? Why not get into the habit of realizing the value of sleep every night, and of thankfully appreciating it every morning? At least, every minute employed in such pleasurable reflection is a minute saved from thinking of unhappy things.

And exercise. Do you not know that the majority of the human race, the children, get most of their enjoyment from bodily activity? Do you play tennis, or golf? Do you ride horseback, or take long walks, or go swimming? Do you hunt or fish? Or have you let your bodily machine rust and stiffen up? Have you neglected it, until now you rarely think of it unless it hurts?

The surest way to prevent any part of your body from becoming a source of

HEINZ APPLE BUTTER

Something especially fine for children

HERE it is once more, Heinz Apple Butter, the same old-fashioned apple butter, made from choice apples, cooked in cider, with the same rich, appetite-provoking spiciness, made the way your mother used to make it. It is just as good for your children as that old-time apple butter was for you. They will like it better than dairy butter—just as you did. And you will have found a new dainty for the children's table, which you will also insist on for your own supper.

Some of the

57

Vinegars
Spaghetti
Baked Beans
Tomato Ketchup

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC
REVOLVER

The Sign of Positive Safety

IVER JOHNSON means Safety, and Safety means Iver Johnson—the two are inseparable.

Drop it, kick it, knock it, thump it, "Hammer the Hammer"—it can't go off accidentally. And its safety is automatic—nothing to remember to do to make it safe. That's why women are not timid about having an Iver Johnson in the home.

Choice of three grips: Regular, Perfect Rubber, Western Walnut.

Three Booklets, one or all FREE on request
"A"—Arms;"B"—Bicycles;"C"—Motorcycles

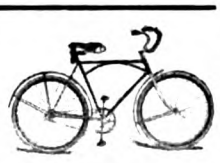
If your dealer hasn't in stock the particular model you want, send us his name and address. We'll supply you through him.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS AND CYCLE WORKS
130 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

99 Chambers Street, New York
717 Market Street, San Francisco

Iver Johnson Single and Double Barrel Shotguns combine accuracy and dependability.

Iver Johnson "Superior" Roadster Bicycle, $55. Other Models $37.50 to $65. (No extra charge for CoasterBrake.)



pain is regularly to make it an intelligent source of pleasure.

In the sum of every day's contentment the body may be made a very considerable element; but that takes practice.

You have a mind also, as well as a body, and the problem is to increase the resources of happiness here.

And your mind is given you not only to study and scheme with, not only that you may store its memory and improve its reasoning power, but also to enjoy. It is not only a workshop, it may be a garden of delight.

But properly to enjoy one's mind requires practice.

What we need is cities of refuge, whither we can flee when pestering cares pursue. Have you any such? The field here is so wide, retreats you might lose yourself in are so multitudinous, that it is hard to specify.

Nothing is to be despised if it can absorb the attention. Certain thoughts, suggestions, memories, or anticipations, distress and unman you; the only way to avoid them is by having on hand other thoughts and interests which are just as fascinating and which give you pleasure and tone you up.

The forces of destruction are ever at us. They are gloom, worry, anxiety, remorse, apprehension, and the like. What you need is a trained army of joy-thoughts which at a moment's notice you can summon to the rescue.

OF COURSE there are times when we ought to be sad. As Hood says in his Ode to Melancholy,

> Oh, give her, then, her tribute just,
> Her sighs and tears and musings holy!
> There is no music in the life
> That sounds with idiot laughter solely....

Very well. If it is time to weep, weep. We cannot evade our share of sorrows. Let us meet our troubles bravely, and play the man.

But the difficulty is that expressed by the old man who was dying, and declared, "I have seen many calamities in my life. And most of them never happened."

We climb hills before we get to them, and are continually crossing bridges before we reach the river.

Don't worry. If a thing can be helped, help it. If not, forget it.

Face the future. Face the sun. Do not let ugly and septic thoughts ferment. Do not lie awake all night turning some agonizing incident over in your mind. Call on your resources. Woe to you, if you have none! Find some happy thing that can absorb you, and by it crowd out the unhappy.

If you have an unpleasant thing that you must think over, set a time. Say, "At 6 P. M. I will take this matter up and think hard upon it for an hour." Then quit. Go away from the subject. You will think all the more clearly and effectively if you can lay it aside and return to it again, with perhaps a fresh point of view and a better inspiration than if you allow it to wear you out.

For happiness is essential. It is the best guaranty of good health. It is an asset in business. It makes you an agreeable person in society. Nobody wants a gloomface around.

QUICK GET-AWAY
The efficiency of the Clark Axle is exceptionally high at the "take off"—it is built on the internal gear drive principle.
This high efficiency (92%) at low speed is a valuable consideration in truck construction—equally so in crowded city traffic and on heavy rural roads.
Clark Steel Disc Wheels make good motor trucks better—for solid or pneumatic tires
Clark Equipment Company
Buchanan, Michigan
Atalanta, daughter of Schoeneus, was the swiftest of mortals; quick of mind and strong of limb she leaped to the fore at the "take off" of every race, holding the lead to the goal because she wisely utilized every ounce of her strength—SHE WAS BUILT RIGHT.
James Cady Ewell
CLARK
Rear Axles · Steel Wheels · Locking Differentials
For Motor Trucks
EQUIPMENT

IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC
REVOLVER

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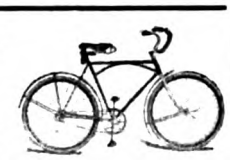

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James
Cady
Ewell

It hasn't been very long ago when the old wash bench and tub were in vogue. In those days they heated their water in copper kettles on top of the wood range.

How do you heat water on wash-day?

SOME women still use the old method of heating water on the gas range dripping it from stove to tubs. Most of their day is spent in heating and handling water.

Their more fortunate neighbor, with a Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater in the cellar, does her wash in half the time, with half the worry and work, and at half the expense.

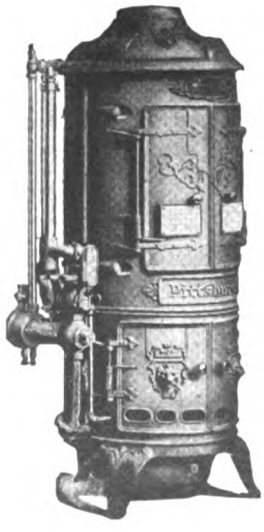
Nothing cheers up washday like the Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater. You can begin early and get through early. A turn of the faucet and it delivers fresh, rust-free hot water — as much as you want and right where you want it.

And the beauty of it is, the Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater doesn't profiteer. It charges only ONE CENT *for ten gallons* of this hot water convenience. For your own or baby's bath, for washing a big day's dishes, for the sick room, day or night this hot water boon is yours at only ONE CENT for every ten gallons.

This is only possible because the gas meter is forever being watched. Not a penny goes in but you get its equivalent in hot water.

We have made arrangements so that no one need be deprived of hot water comforts any longer. Your gas company or plumber will install a Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater in short order, and you may pay for it in ten easy monthly payments. Write us and we'll tell you all about it.

Architects see Sweet's Architectural Edition, Pages 1294 to 1297



PITTSBURG WATER HEATER CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Offices and Display Rooms in Principal Cities

Pittsburg
Automatic Gas Water Heaters

With your mind full of tormenting thoughts you cannot do your work well, you cannot digest your food, your whole vitality is lowered.

There are three weeds of error that ought to be pulled here; three plausible untruths that continually deceive people and lead them into the bogs of misery.

First, there is the idea that Conditions, or Circumstances, make happiness. We need not argue this. It has been disproved by every philosopher since Confucius.

Instead of arguing, look around you. You will find that there are quite as many cheerful souls among the poor as among the rich, there are sunny people in the sanitarium and grouches in the gymnasium,

Happiness is from within. It depends upon you, upon your resources, and upon the habits of thought you have formed.

Second, it is often assumed that happiness is a matter of natural disposition, of temperament. This may have something to do with it, but there is no person who cannot cultivate a happy disposition if he determines to do so and persistently practices.

"I have noticed," said Abraham Lincoln, "that a man is usually about as happy as he has made up his mind to be."

A third delusion is that happiness is some kind of a thing someone else can give you.

You imagine you can pray for it, and get it from heaven. But while you may obtain the ingredients of it from heaven, you cannot have a permanent and usable happiness unless you handle those ingredients properly, and unless you perfect yourself in their use by practice.

Or you may imagine that happiness can be found in some philosophic discovery, or in some creed or faith. This, too, may have an element of truth; but it still remains that no matter how beautiful and wonderful the violin may be which is presented to you, you cannot make good music on it unless you can play it, and the only way to learn is to play, and to keep playing.

FOR happiness is an Art, not a Science. You can learn a science from a book. The only way you can master an art is by practice.

Botany is a science, for instance. At school I learned from Grey's textbook all about endogens and exogens, and lanceolate leaves, and what glabrous and scabrous mean. It was mostly words. But when I went as a boy to work on Jake Foster's farm I had to get up at four A. M. and harness the mules and plow corn till dark, and there was no union to hinder my working twenty-five hours a day. Farming you learn by farming.

And being happy is like running a farm, or laying brick, or weaving cloth; the way to master it is to work at it.

It implies a continual, set attitude of mind. It means mastering the trick of turning every event so that you see its bright side. It is agility in always stepping around to the cheerful and hopeful aspect of people and things.

The little girl in the play, "Pollyanna," understood; she became an expert in "the glad game."

And why not? You can't change the things that happen to you, nor the people you meet. But you can, if you try, learn

General Motors Trucks

ON rural motor express lines, in the heaviest city traffic, on the farm—wherever General Motors Trucks operate, their performance brings forth expressions of unqualified approval from thousands of satisfied owners.

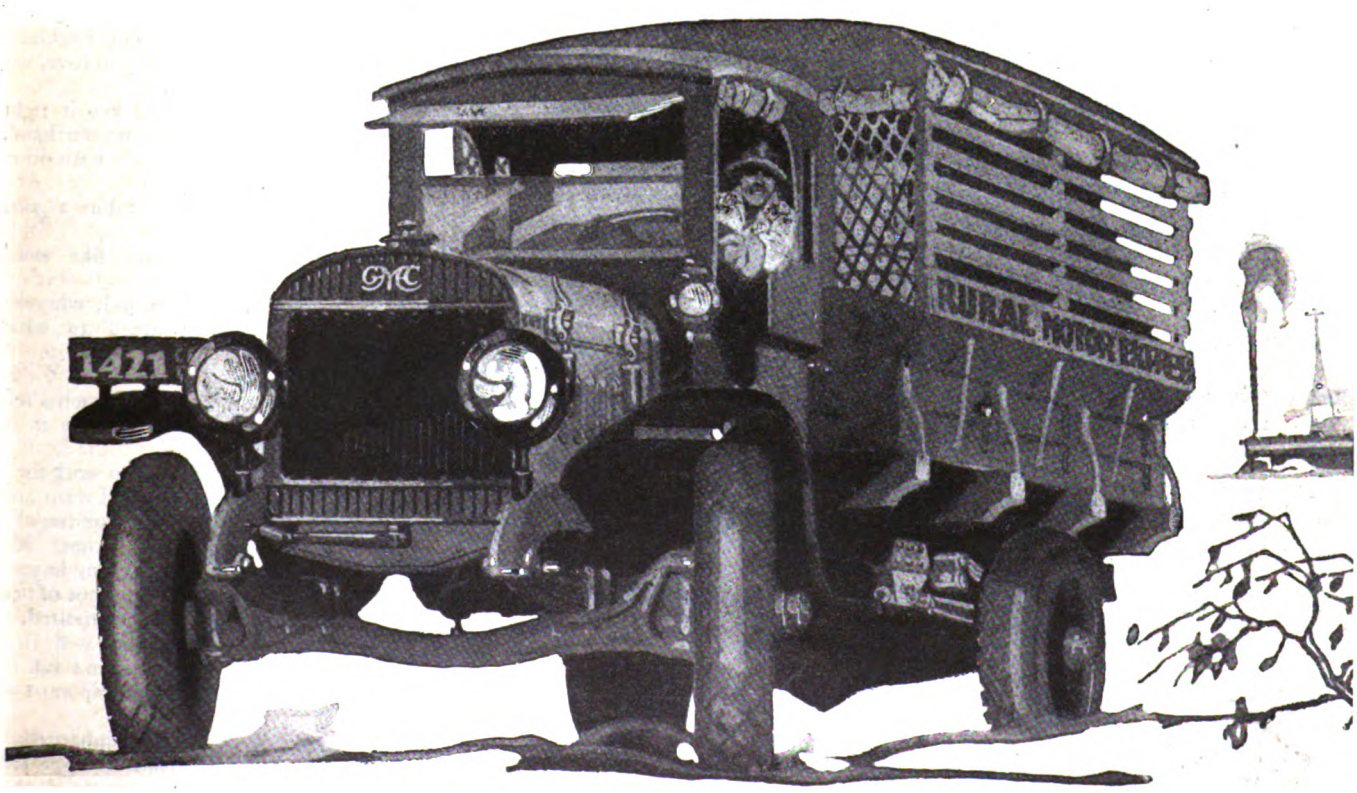
GMC Trucks are built and backed by the exclusive truck building unit of the General Motors Corporation.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK COMPANY

One of the Units of the General Motors Corporation

PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

(615)



The Final Word in Record Keeping

MODERN business demands more than complete records of activities and transactions. It has come to recognize that records must be *readily accessible and absolutely accurate* if they are to be of value in planning and deciding—if they are to be the basis for control in business. And so, over 40,000 business concerns, representing over 300 different lines of business have accepted Kardex as the final word in record keeping.

Kardex makes records instantly accessible. It puts the important data on each and every record card in plain sight. It eliminates the time-wasting, "hunt and search"-card-in-box-method that requires the handling of many cards to find the one you want.

With records in Kardex you can locate the card you want at a glance. A flip of a finger brings the entire card in full view. Entry on or reference to either front or back of the card is made without removing it. That feature eliminates the possibility of mis-filed and lost cards.

The experiences of the thousands of Kardex users has served to show that Kardex saves from 50% to 75% of time in the maintenance of records—that it makes records from 200% to 300% more efficient—that it enforces accuracy—that it encourages the use of recorded facts and figures in planning and deciding.

In justice to yourself and your business, write for complete information about Kardex. Send some of the record cards you are now using.

AMERICAN KARDEX COMPANY

Main Offices and Factory: Tonawanda, N. Y.

Branch Offices:

ALBANY	DALLAS	LOS ANGELES	PITTSBURGH
BOSTON	DENVER	MINNEAPOLIS	SALT LAKE CITY
BUFFALO	DETROIT	NEW YORK	ST. LOUIS
CHICAGO	HOUSTON	PEORIA	SYRACUSE
CLEVELAND	KANSAS CITY	PHILADELPHIA	WASHINGTON, D. C.

to find something amusing or bright in every one of them.

It's a good deal a matter of dodging. The experts in happiness, when they see a storm coming, know of sheltered coves into which they can run their boat till the tempest is over. They can always escape.

The practical value of religion is that it is a way of escape. That is why religion has always had such a powerful hold upon men's minds. It is really "a shelter in the time of storm," or "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land," as the phrases go.

How many millions of tired and baffled souls, wretched women with shattered dreams, discouraged men facing failure, in hovel and in palace, have escaped out of the cold and wind of depression into the sunshine of a peaceful hour, by singing,

> Jesus, Lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly!

or

> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee!

Who can measure the immense contribution to contentment that has been brought to human beings by a sincere faith?

HAPPINESS is a good thing. And, like every other good thing, if you want it you have to work for it.

Just as there are intelligent workmen who expect to gain a competence by faithful work, economy and thrift, and other workmen who think they can get rich by a change in the laws or by a revolution, so there are people who are always complaining of injustice and bad fortune and a wicked world, and there are others who go about their task of being happy, and faithfully practice it every day.

Happiness is yours, if you want it.

It is not at the end of the rainbow.

It is not over in the next county.

You cannot find it by getting new furniture, nor another diamond necklace; no, nor by marrying the girl you love, nor by succeeding in business.

Unless you know how to get it right where you are, with what is in your hand, you cannot get it elsewhere nor with other equipment.

It is nothing in the world but a good habit. Cultivate it.

It is an accomplishment, like wood carving. Learn it.

It is a certain skill of mind, whereby you adroitly adjust yourself to what destiny gives you.

And you get it by practice.

If the reader will pardon a personal reference, I will adduce my own case as an example.

I am in the fifties. I have to work for a living. There are many things I want and can't get. There are surroundings I would like to change, but cannot. My health is not robust. Yet I am happy. Every day, from the time I get out of bed until I return thereto, I am contented.

Yet I can remember very well that when I was in my twenties, and full of vigor and youth, I was miserable most of the time.

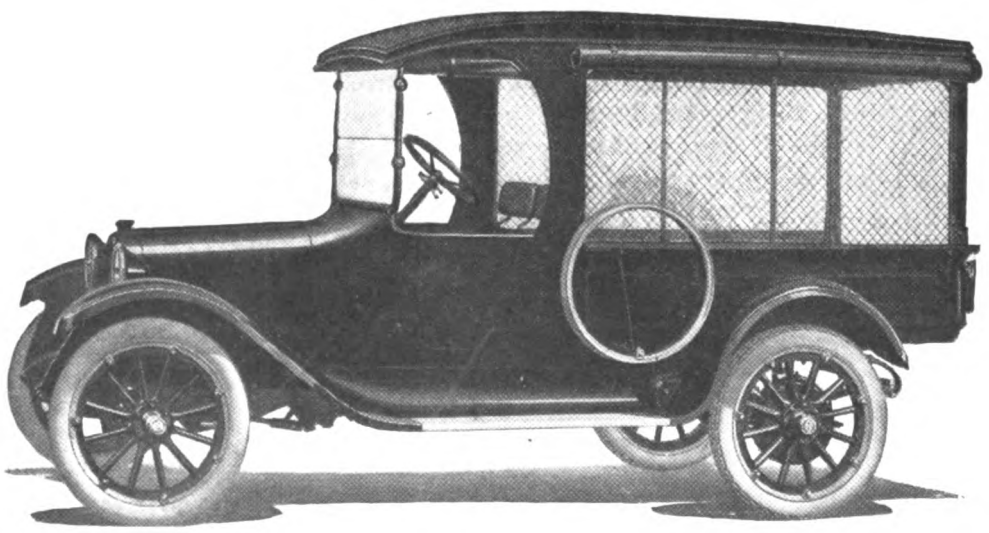
I was naturally morbid. I inherited it from my grandmother, who thought she

DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS CAR

That the lightness of the Business Car is united to great strength is proven by the splendid service it is rendering everywhere under widely varying conditions

The lightness of the car keeps the gas and oil costs down, and its sound construction renders repairs infrequent

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Safety stamps— do you know what they are?

One rarely hears of an electrical fire nowadays.

Thank the safety stamps for this condition, remarkable when thousands of horsepower in electric current is carried over wires, through motors, lights and countless devices of all sorts.

But then, for a long time now electrical materials have passed before a wise censorship —the National Board of Fire Underwriters.

Originally a joint committee of insurance companies, they have outreached their first reason for being and have become a sort of inspirational bureau of standards for all manufactured electrical goods and for electrical construction practice.

They must approve every specialty device and circuit in your home or business property.

They personally inspect all installations so that your electrical work shall be safe from fire risk, and that insurance rates may be minimized.

The Underwriters' safety stamp or written approval is a basis for confidence in things electrical.

Twenty years ago electricity was a mysterious, untrusted, fearsome thing.

But who fears it today?

Not mother manipulating the morning toaster. Not the lineman on the pole. Not even the children around the Christmas tree with their electrical train.

The Underwriters have preached electrical safety—worked to make it practical and, as you will admit, have succeeded.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 6 *Visualize a catalog seven inches by ten, with each of its 1100 pages devoted to listings and information on electrical devices and materials. This will give you some idea of the many-sided activity of this Company in serving the public's electrical needs.*

had committed "the unpardonable sin," and from a mother who always expected she would go to the poorhouse.

I brooded habitually. I was subject to long fits of depression. I was sensitive and suspicious. I was always having premonitions. Altogether, I was gloomy and unhappy.

Gradually, I do not know why or how, I grew out of this. I had common sense enough left to see the folly of it all. I made up my mind I would be happy. I persistently resisted the upsetting and annoying thoughts, which I had always assumed I could not prevent. I began to practice happiness. I succeeded, and you are welcome to take the example for what it is worth.

I have failed, I have been deceived, betrayed, and attacked, as often as the average man. But it all bothers me no more. I am a contented and happy person.

And I don't lay it to religion, nor to luck, nor to the people around me, nor to fate. I simply practiced until I got so that the happy thoughts came to me and the unhappy suggestions stayed away.

When my hands become dirty I wash them; and when I have an unpleasant thing to do I do it, and then put it aside and think of something pleasant.

It may not be a very wonderful and lofty and noble idea. But it works. I commend it to you.

Men Are Not Vain— They Want to be Comfortable

(*Continued from page 33*)

uniform; and that the ones left, the undersized ones, had changed their way of wearing their hats.

More men have round heads than long, narrow ones. But of recent years we have been less conscious of differences in the shape of heads, because of the vogue for soft hats, which adjust themselves to any head.

While most men are pretty particular about their hats, there is one other detail of their dress in which I think they take a great deal of pleasure, and that is their hosiery. Even the most hard-headed business men seem to have a lot of pride in wearing attractive socks. Years ago, only a few men wore silk socks. Most men wore plain black cotton or lisle ones. Now they want silk ones, and they like them to be in pleasing colors. I have often seen men sitting with one foot crossed over the other knee, and regarding with evident satisfaction the five or six inches of silk ankle exposed. They like these pretty hose; there's no question about it.

A few years ago, it was something of a fad to have one's socks and tie match in color. But to-day a man is more likely to have his socks match his shoes; or, if his shoes are black, the socks will match his suit, if it is a colored one.

Men have very decided preferences in color, by the way; but, at least in regard

The joy of succeeding while you are still young

TWO men work equally hard, and both succeed. But to one man position and independence come at thirty-five; to the other not until sixty.

Success is sweet whenever it comes; but at sixty the capacity for enjoyment is less keen.

The travel that seems so alluring at thirty-five has lost a little of its charms; the distance to the end of the road of life is shorter and many a man finds fortune in his hands so late that there is time only to arrange to pass it on to some one else.

Happy is the man who finds a way to save somehow the intervening years; there is joy in succeeding while you are still young. The reason why success comes so late for most men is that there is so much to learn.

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Comparatively few men have learned how to save the wasted years

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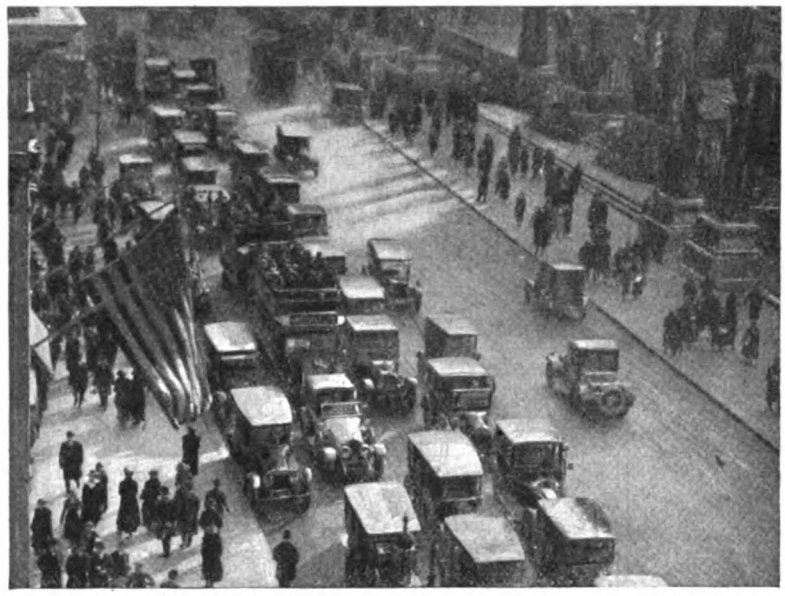

In New York City: Fifth Avenue at 5 o'clock, filled with automobiles carrying successful men from their offices to their homes. An observer watching the cars pass, cannot fail to be impressed with the number of their occupants who are young or middle-aged men. It is pre-eminently th day of success in youth.

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Any man who is sincerely interested in his future will clip the coupon at the bottom of this page. It is placed there for a purpose—to separate from the mass of drifters the few men who are asking themselves: "Where am I going to be ten years from now?"

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to their clothes, these preferences are not what many people suppose them to be. It is an old joke that a man likes "any color, so it's red." But look at a man's dress, and see how much red you find in it.

Years ago I had a hand in upsetting what was a very general prejudice among men against red in neckwear. At that time you could scarcely sell a red tie of any description to a well-dressed man. I was working then for an employer who bought about six dozen ties one year of an English weave, known as "jasper," which had fine lines containing about forty per cent red and sixty per cent black. It was a pleasing combination and sold readily; but he was conservative and bought only the same amount the next season.

Just at that time, I went to another store—not a large one—where they made me buyer of neckwear. I had a hunch that those jasper ties would take well, so I ordered one hundred and twenty-five dozen of them! The proprietors almost had heart failure when the consignment arrived. The place was simply full of jasper ties. One of my employers said to me, "Why, John, we can't sell those ties in ten years!"

But he was a poor prophet. It seemed as if every man in Chicago wanted one of those red and black neckties. And the craze spread so that the other silks carried by the manufacturers were simply nailed to the shelves. That furor for jasper ties lasted for six or seven years; and, since then, red in combination with other colors has retained its popularity.

BUT the good old standby among colors has always been blue. It is the hardy perennial. Other colors have a passing appeal. For instance, years ago, if you tried to sell a man a green tie, he would ask you if you took him for an Irishman. But for the last few years, men have bought green mixtures—very decidedly green ones sometimes—and liked them. Brown has been popular, too. Various shades of purple are especially liked by certain men—myself among them. But blue is *always* a favorite.

And this is true in other articles beside ties. Striped shirts have been almost universally worn the past few years, and blue stripes are most in demand. The same is true about pajamas. A good many men buy pajamas in plain colors; and almost always this color is blue. It is hard to sell anything pink to a man, he thinks it is effeminate. You can sometimes get him to take a pink stripe, but not a shirt, or pajamas, in solid pink. Another thing he rebels at—in shirts and ties, for example—is checks. Women like checks, but men won't have them.

Speaking of pajamas, I can remember when we had to persuade men to buy them. They wore nightshirts then and they looked askance at the newfangled contrivance. To-day I doubt if we have a nightshirt in the store. Ninety-nine per cent of the men—and then some—wear pajamas. And they are chiefly stripes, blue or lavender. When they buy plain effects, they take white, blue, or lavender.

Another decided change that has come in recent years is the substitution of belts for suspenders. I am so constituted that I prefer to put my trust in suspenders, but I am in a small minority, I find. Certainly, among our customers, it is hard to sell suspenders. Everybody, tall and short, fat and lean, has taken to belts.

Shirts have changed, too. The old-fashioned stiff-bosomed shirt has given way to the tucked or plaited one, and to the soft shirt. Years ago, the man who wore "attached cuffs" was the exception. To-day it is just the reverse. And the vogue of the soft shirt has brought another change! Soft cuffs are uncomfortable, and also untidy, if they come down onto the hand as stiff cuffs did; so shirt sleeves are made shorter and this has necessitated shortening coat sleeves also. It is interesting to see how one change brings others in its train.

Another interesting thing is to trace the origin of certain fashions. For example, five or six years ago young college men took a notion to wear low shoes the year 'round. But they found that this was a chilly performance with their ankles encased in silk hose, so they began asking for woolen socks. They could get them in the sporting goods stores, and gradually the demand increased. It sometimes seems as if the public picks out the very worst possible time to start a fashion. Certainly, when the world was at war, and wool was vitally needed for the armies, it was an inopportune occasion to create a demand for woolen socks. But the demand came; and the past two winters we have sold an extraordinary number of cashmere and other kinds of woolen hosiery. Many men bought it to wear even with high shoes. And the prices, under the circumstances, had to be high, too. But apparently that made no difference. The public wants what it wants, when it wants it! Even the women fell victims to the craze!

IT IS only in the details of men's dress that there are many changes. Fundamentally, their raiment remains the same, year after year. It undergoes none of the violent variations which come in women's clothes. A man's trousers may vary in length an inch or two at the most while his wife's skirt is going from the ground half way to her knees and back again.

The size and shape of certain pockets may change slightly; but they are practically the same to-day that they were fifty years ago. In my regular business suit I have thirteen pockets. My overcoat furnishes four more. That is probably the number every man has. And most of us use our pockets for the very same purposes.

In the right trousers pocket, I keep my keys; in the left my small pocketbook. In the right hip pocket a handkerchief; in the left, a larger pocketbook. The watch always goes in the lower left waistcoat pocket. In the lower right one, a match case, or a knife, or cigar cutter, attached to the other end of the watch chain, if a man wears that kind of chain. In the upper left waistcoat pocket, he carries his cigars, or cigarette case, if he is a smoker. Or he uses it for a fountain pen and a pencil, or for his glasses, if he wears them. I always have several notebooks in that pocket. What a man carries in the upper right vest pocket depends on what he puts in the opposite one. The rule is to carry in the *left* one the article he uses oftenest, because it is then easier to take it out with his right hand.

In the breast pocket on the left side of his coat, he carries a handkerchief. The side pockets—well, they are sometimes a sort of a catch-all for odds and ends; but they ought not to be used at all, as a matter of fact, for it spoils the appearance of a coat to have them stuffed with things, or even to put the hands into them. Many men crowd a handkerchief into a side pocket. Others carry papers in them. But this is a bad practice if a man is particular about his appearance. A man can always have an inside breast pocket in his coat, and many use this to carry letters and note books. If there is such a pocket, that raises the number in the suit to fourteen. For there is still the small outside coat pocket, on the right side, for loose change.

How women get along without *any* pockets at all is a marvel to the much bepocketed man. He would never submit to any fashion which would curtail his equipment in this line. I am certain of that. The most you can do to vary his outfit is to change from patch pockets to the set-in variety, and then change back to patch pockets again.

The stage has a considerable influence in setting the fashion for men. Certain actors are more or less leaders in style. But, as a rule, the man in the street wants something that follows these stage styles —yet keeps a good bit behind them.

Still, the effect is felt. For instance, in certain plays an actor has a chance to vary his costume by appearing in a dressing gown; sometimes a very handsome and striking one. These plays have been rather frequent for a number of years, and I think they have been the direct cause of a much increased demand for such gowns among men in general. We used to sell many more smoking jackets than dressing gowns. Lately, we have sold more of the gowns.

BUT all such innovations make their way slowly. Men have to overcome a sort of diffidence before they accept them. And that is why I say that I don't think they have much personal vanity. If they had, they would be eager to adopt some fashion which would give them a chance to put on a little adornment.

A few years ago there was a passing fashion for fancy waistcoats. A very welcome fashion, so far as the haberdasher was concerned, for it was a profitable one to him. But, even then, the men who bought the richer and more elaborate patterns and fabrics were in the minority.

I have heard women chuckle indulgently over some evidence of our foibles, and declare that men have a childike delight in any chance to adorn themselves. It is perfectly true that many men like pretty things. When they put on the regalia of some society or other, they have a temporary pleasure in their fine feathers. But if it were a deep-seated personal vanity they would have been wearing brass buttons and ruffles and velvets and silks. Plenty of attempts have been made to bring back the old styles, when men did wear these things. But they have not succeeded. Because men care more about comfort and utility than they do about strutting like peacocks in gorgeous plumage.

Within a few years, an effort was made to introduce the old-fashioned stock, which our grandfathers, or great-grandfathers wore. No one will deny that the stock was more ornamental than the modern collar. But men would not have it.

OF COURSE, we do submit to a certain amount of discomfort for the sake of appearance. We wear a stiff collar because we think it looks better; and we sometimes wear it of such an altitude as to threaten us with decapitation. But on the whole, even our collars are conservative and fairly comfortable. And, by the way, the present predominating size is larger than it used to be. The commonest collar sizes, six or seven years ago, were 14 and 14½; now they are 15 and 15½. The largest size we carry in our stores is 17½; but there are men who take a 22-inch collar! The average height is about 2½ inches.

The size of collars is not the only thing that has increased. We used to sell mostly 9, 10, and 10½ in socks. Now we sell 10, 10½, and 11—with the 11 in the lead. We sell larger sizes in shirts and underwear, too. And it is not because men want their clothes more roomy. On the contrary, the tendency now is to have things close-fitting.

The English style has been followed of late years in making coats much softer, with no padding on the shoulders, and none of the "buckboard" stiffness of interlining which used to characterize American-made clothes. And of course practically all men now have their clothes pressed regularly, with the trousers creased. Some men also have the sleeves creased, but this is more common among the young fellows.

By the way, it is the youngsters who lead in the fashions. We don't have to persuade them to take up a new fad! They make us hustle to keep up with their demand for the novelties.

We do it, too; for it is extremely important to have the custom of young men. The reason is that men are different from women in that they like to stick to one store in buying wearing apparel. Men don't enjoy "shopping around" as women seem to. If a man finds a place that suits him, he will keep on going there all his life—if it continues to give him what he wants. So it is important to get his custom as early as possible.

And to do that you must have young salesmen; for youth likes to be served by youth. A young fellow of twenty-one would not go to a shop where all the clerks were middle-aged or elderly men. He would be afraid they would sell him middle-age or elderly *styles*. For that reason, we make it a point to get young blood into our selling force; and that is one reason for constantly expanding the business, so as to have room for both young and old salesmen.

Except for the difference due to age, practically all men dress pretty much alike nowadays. I mean that you cannot tell a man's calling by his clothes. There was a time when you could guess pretty accurately whether a man was a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher, or a business man, by some detail of his apparel. But you cannot do it now. I have a preacher friend to whom I send a necktie every Christmas, and I always select one of a rather quiet pattern and color. But I

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Mt. Vernon is a monument to the gospel of long preservation through surface protection. The country is dotted with similar great examples. Your home can look forward to belonging to the same illustrious company through the same means—surface protection. The care you devote to it now, while you are here, you can control. The care which those who survive you will *habitually* take after you are gone, will largely be determined by the example you set them. At Mt. Vernon the care is habitual; a standing order exists for painting the house at periodical intervals.

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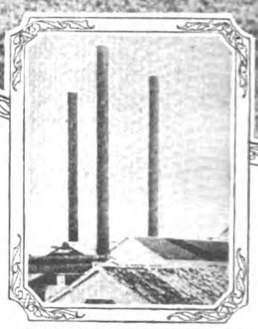
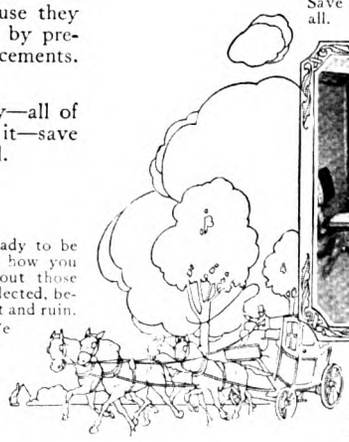


(Illustration) © Underwood & Underwood

Every storm beats upon the iron mill stack and leaves it streaming with moisture. No harm if the stack is kept properly protected with a surface coating; much harm if it is not. Save the surface and you save all.



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Busy men in busy offices use their furniture roughly. It has to stand hard service. Keep it well protected. A coat of varnish now and then means long life as well as fine appearance. It pays.

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is issued by the Save the Surface Committee, representing the Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests, whose products, taken as a whole, serve the primary purposes of preserving, protecting and beautifying the innumerable products of the lumber, cement and manufacturing industries, and their divisions.

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imagine *he* would rather have something more striking. The preachers of to-day dress just like bankers or merchants. Doctors used to wear cutaway coats; and lawyers affected long frock coats. But except in rare cases they dress in regular "business suits" now. Gamblers are supposed to wear conspicuous clothes; striking checks, bright-colored ties, and so on. But all the gamblers I ever knew wore very quiet, unobtrusive clothes.

The place where a man's suit first begins to show wear depends somewhat on the habits of the man himself. If he has a trick of thrusting his hands into his coat pockets, this is likely to wear the edge of the pocket and even to tear it at the corners. But as a rule the first place to show wear is on the trouser legs above the knee. Probably this is due to his crossing one leg over the other. When a man does this a couple of hundred times a day, he rubs the surface of the cloth so that it becomes shiny or threadbare.

Men who are always fastening and unfastening their coat will find the wear coming around the buttonholes. Overcoats wear first along the edges of the front and, if a man puts his hands in the outside pockets, along their edges and those of his overcoat sleeves. A Sherlock Holmes could guess a man's habits by looking for the signs of wear in his clothes. A man who writes a good deal will betray that fact by the under side of his right coat sleeve. The seat of the trousers will show whether he spends his time sitting in an office chair. The edge of his watch pocket would probably show whether he was punctual in the keeping of his appointments.

IT IS a curious thing that the men who are hardest to suit in the matter of clothes are fat men. I believe every dealer will agree with me on that point. Of course, it is impossible to have as large an assortment for the fat man to choose from as for the man of average size; and he seems to resent this. But even aside from this, fat men are generally harder to please. I do not know whether this is true of women, but it certainly is true of men.

There are seasons for men's clothes, just as there are for women's, but they are not so arbitrary. Women begin buying straw hats in February, and fall hats in August, in spite of the absurdity of it. Men don't do that. The great rush in men's hats is during the week before Easter, when they buy their spring headwear. But a good many men do not bother to have anything different for spring and autumn, but confine themselves to the one change between felt and straw. They buy their straw hats about the second warm day, which usually comes the latter part of May. If it doesn't come then, they wait until it does. The rule is to discard the straw hat the first of September. But while a woman likes to be the first to wear a straw hat in the spring—or the winter!—a man hates to be caught setting the pace. He likes to be certain of plenty of others to keep him in countenance.

The best way I can sum it all up is to say that a man wants three things: To be comfortable, to be sure that what he gets is correct, and then to forget all about his clothes while he is wearing them.

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OVEN BAKED BEANS

DID you ever see a boy eat Heinz Oven Baked Beans? No better endorsement was ever made than his grin of appreciation as he passes his plate for more.

You can't fool a boy. He knows what is good. He recognizes that *baked* taste which makes Heinz Baked Beans so delicious.

His instincts are right. The food value is there, as well as the flavor. *Baking* does it.

Heinz Baked Beans with Pork and Tomato Sauce
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Some of the
57

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Did You Ever Whip Cream?

I guess, if the truth were known, we would find that a lot of men are on intimate terms with kitchen aprons and machinery. 'Ever notice how cream acts? You crank the egg beater about 1,000 r.p.m. and nothing seems to happen. Then, just as you are about to advise the boss that the cream is no good, it suddenly stiffens.

Mennen lather works the same way. About one man in a hundred fails to get best results because he won't take the time to build up a firm lather.

These friends of yours who rave about the marvelous results they get with Mennen's, devote about three minutes to brisk brushing, using a lot of water—three times as much water as ordinary lather will hold.

The meanest beard that ever sprouted, curls up and quits after three minutes' exposure to Mennen lather.

The reason I am trying to get men to use Mennen's rightly is that experience has taught me that all the printed advertising in the world doesn't equal the selling power of satisfied users. Once a man really knows Mennen's, he is a better advertisement than I ever wrote.

In our giant size 50 cent tube are the makings of shaves so gorgeous that words fail me when I try to describe them, but you must do your part.

Remember—the proper amount of Cream—plenty of water—hot or cold—no rubbing with fingers—and three minutes of brush action.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Mother Mason Gives Some Good Advice

(*Continued from page 51*)

knew that something was radically wrong. It was in the atmosphere. Almost she could smell it.

But she only said cheerfully, "Oh, don't mind *me!* I guess you can't tell *me* how hard it is to keep things up with a baby."

Mabel sat down on the davenport, the dusty davenport, a taut little figure with clenched fists. "I was ironing—and things piled up so—and Betty seemed to take so much care—and—" It went swiftly through her mind that she couldn't even *talk* about anything but that work.

"Then just sit still and rest a few minutes before I go on," Mother said comfortably. She unearthed from somewhere about her ample person a crochet needle and thread, and settled back in her chair.

"It's awful hot weather to do all your work and take care of the baby. I know just how you feel." Mother had meant to say something soothing, but it had the effect of bringing swift tears to Mabel's eyes.

"I'd get along better if I could ever catch up," she said in a quavery voice. "I'm not well—I—I'll be all right after a while—" She turned her head from Mother. She was not crying but her voice was at the breaking point.

Mother looked keenly at her for a moment, and then asked her a gentle question, to which Mabel nodded her head and burst weakly into a flood of tears.

"Why, Mabel dear, you should have told me before."

"I didn't want to—I— Oh, Mother, Betty is *so* little yet, but even then I wouldn't care if—if Bob was all right about it."

"Bob?" Mother questioned.

"Yes." The little figure on the big davenport was trying to control its sobs. "He's never even mentioned it . . . since the day I told him . . . and all he said that time was just— 'Oh, my g-good gosh!'"

MOTHER'S sense of humor, like the poor, she always had with her. It did sound funny, but she would as soon have thought of laughing at a blind man's affliction as at Mabel.

"I think about it so much," the younger mother went on. "I can't tell you how I feel that he doesn't like it . . . sort of *degraded!* And the worst part of it is I'll make the little thing moody and cross by my attitude."

"Oh, *shoot!*" Mother was definitely concise. "There's not the slightest thing in *that*. If ever I was gloomy and down-at-the-mouth in my life, it was before Marcia was born. Just think, Mabel, she was my third, all mere babies, and I supposed of course Marcia would be a cross, moody child, and, instead, you know yourself that if Marcia were lost in an African jungle, she'd manage to have fun with the parrots and orang-outangs."

Mabel gave a faint, wan smile. Mother Mason was certainly a comforting confessor.

"I've tried to keep pleasant," Mabel went on. "You don't know *how* I've tried. I have that verse pinned up on my dresser, about

"The man worth while is the man who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

"Take it down," Mother said cheerfully. "If there's a verse in the world that has been worked overtime, it's that one. I can't think of anything more inane than to smile when everything goes dead wrong, unless it is to snivel when everything is passably right. That verse always seemed to me to be a surface sort of affair. Take it down and substitute 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.' *That* goes to the heart of things—when you feel *that* strength, then the dead-wrong things begin to miraculously right themselves."

MOTHER paused to pick out a crochet stitch and then went on: "About Bob, I must say that doesn't seem real nice of him, but he's like his father. He's all Mason. And Henry can keep still about things the longest of anyone I ever knew. *I* want to say everything right out and get it over. Marcia is like me, and so's Junior. Katherine and Eleanor are partially like their father, but Bob's just *all* Mason. Henry used to worry me terribly when we were first married. I've had him come home to dinner and sit and eat—and say nothing much—until I wanted to scream. I thought he was brooding about something, or that the dinner was disgusting him, or that he was wishing he had married his old girl." Mother gave a chuckle. "And I had spells of being downright miserable, until I came to the conclusion that he would never change, and that I couldn't make him talk freely about things any more than he could stop my continual chatter."

Mother looked up with a deprecatory smile. "Far be it from me, Mabel, to preach. I never could stand some old woman coming in and handing out free advice. We all have to work out our own salvation. As my Scotch mother used to say, 'Every Jennie has a-muckle to do wi' her own Jockie.' But I want you to know that I've been through all this. We're all inclined to think we have a monopoly on each new sensation that comes to us, that it's our own particular little grievance. But every feeling and every thought you may have now have probably been felt and thought by mothers from the time the world began. Fundamentally, you and Bob are no different from Isaac and Rebekah, or Abraham and Sarah. Just keep as cheerful as you consistently can, and hang onto your faith that these minor ups and downs make not a whit of difference with the great love you bear each other."

Mother rolled up her crochet work. "There! I usually charge fifty cents for this lecture, but seeing it's *you* it will only be a quarter." She went off into such a gay little laugh that Mabel gave a watery imitation of it.

Mother turned up the sheer lavender skirt around her waist and pinned it with a capable-looking safety-pin. So far as Mother was concerned, every member of the Springtown missionary auxiliary could die in total ignorance of there ever having been a high-caste convert in Mesopotamia.

"Now, I have a little plan. It popped into my head ready to spring out full-sized, like Minerva or Diana, or whoever it was that did that little acrobatic stunt." Having raised a houseful of young folks, Mother sometimes used shocking language. "Anyway, it's a good plan. What *you* need is a change. You're coming to my house to visit me, until—let's see—next Tuesday evening. That will be five days in which you are not to turn your hand, either to work or look after Betty. You pack everything you need, for if you forget anything you can't come back after it any more than if you were a hundred miles from here."

"Oh, Mother, there are the chickens!" Mabel protested.

"We'll tell the little McCabe boy he can have the eggs for looking after them."

"And eggs are *so* high!"

"Not as high as nerves," Mother retorted. She was pinning one of Mabel's bungalow aprons around her ample waist, using the sleeves for strings.

Mabel protested vehemently, but Mother was firm. "You go take a hot bath," she told her. "There's nothing like a bath for troubles."

"But I can't leave the house like this."

"Oh, yes, you can." Mother was pleasantly certain of that. "I'll wash the dishes, and then we'll just close the door on everything; and next Wednesday morning you can go to work again to your heart's content."

Mother picked up Betty and put her in the high chair, and from three potatoes and some toothpicks made her a fat horse and a crooked-necked cow.

IN THE late afternoon Mother and Mabel strolled toward the Mason home with Betty in the cab, a clean Betty, hugging a crooked-necked potato cow to her bosom.

When Father came home from the bank Mother told him to take the car and go after Betty's crib. Father went off as he was told. He was one of those men who have learned to have implicit faith in their wives' management. If Mother had said, "Henry, take this pail and bring me some milk from the Milky Way," he would have unthinkingly reached for the bucket.

It seemed nice to be with Bob's fun-loving family. And better still, it seemed heavenly not to have anything to do. They were all out on the big porch when Bob came from Greenwood, came with the information that he had had a bum supper and been to a punk show. When the five-day visit was explained to him, he said, "Good enough! We've been living on short rations for three weeks."

Mabel, who would have had to fight to keep back the tears at such a statement earlier in the day, fortified now by Mother's talk, laughed surprisingly with the others when Mother said, "It has probably been a heap sight better than you deserved, son."

After all, there are only about seventy waking hours in five days, so the time was not long. Under Mother's stern edict, Mabel did not so much as see the kitchen. With shameless regularity Mother surreptitiously hired Eleanor and Junior to take turns in caring for Betty. There were good meals, of which Mabel partook with growing appetite, and there was company and music, and a great deal of nonsensical conversation.

ON TUESDAY afternoon, just before the supper hour, Bob and Mabel went home, accompanied by a market basket in which Mother had packed some things for their supper.

Mabel got out of the car and carried Betty up the front walk. The fern boxes dripped cool moisture. The porch was clean. The windows were shining. Bob unlocked the door, and he and his father carried Betty's little white enameled bed into the house.

Mabel stepped into the living-room and looked about her. There was not a flicker of dust in sight. Everything shone. "Tillie!" she thought. Mother had sent Tillie to help her "catch up." She recalled Mother's vague, "Oh, Tillie went away for the day."

She could not know, of course, that when Mother explained matters to Tillie, and asked her to go over and do up the work for Mabel, Tillie had sniffed and remarked in her usual agreeable manner, "Huh! I guess this gettin' married ain't what it's cracked up to be. There's thorns a-plenty in it, I'm thinkin'."

"Yes, Tillie," Mother had said placidly, "there are." And then she had smiled a little as she finished the quotation to herself, "'But ain't the roses sweet?'"

Mabel passed on to the dining-room. Yes, there was the ultimate proof that Tillie had been there. The cut-glass wedding vase stood on the table. In it was one of Tillie's hodge-podge bouquets, consisting of a large yellow marigold, two scarlet poppies, some stiff zinnias of a dull magenta color and a handful of variegated verbenas. A more inartistic combination could scarcely be conceived, but to Mabel it was the gift *with* the giver, and it was not bare.

Father, with a final tousling of Betty, went away.

Now is the time, if this were a model story and not just the simple, unadorned chronicles of an ordinary American family, that Bob would take Mabel in his arms and say, "Home again, dear heart."

He did nothing of the kind. He said, "I'll bet there are enough raspberries to make a mess for supper."

So he took a pan and went whistling out to the back yard and Mabel took off her hat and hung it in the closet. Then she went into the kitchen, her shining, sweet-smelling, fascinating kitchen, and unpacked the basket that Mother had sent. She got out fresh linen and set the dining-table. She was glad to be home again in her sweet, clean home, where everything was her own. She touched the dishes lovingly as she placed the buns and the cold sliced meat and the sponge cake on the table. Betty, who had found an

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old battered doll, was sitting quietly in the corner and industriously endeavoring to pick its one eye out.

After a while Bob came in with the berries. "There's enough for a pie, too, Mabel," he called to her.

"Good! I'll make one to-morrow. I'm just *aching* to bake something again. I believe I'll make cookies, too, cream ones or oatmeal."

They ate supper. The late afternoon sun flickered in through the small-paned windows. The white ruffled curtains swayed in and out. Betty pounded her mug and spoon on the shelf of her high-chair and said, "Der-scher-scher," and a great many other moist, blubbery things. There was peace in the little dining-room like the tranquillity of still waters, like the calm of the forest primeval, like the dulcet, melting tones of the voice that breathed o'er Eden.

Betty grew quiet, and her head rolled and jerked about from side to side. The two watched her in amused silence until she slept. Then they waited a few minutes to make sure she was all gone. It was Bob who picked her up. "Poor little tad!" he murmured in tender tones. "Papa's own little tired girl!" There is nothing so soothing to rested nerves as the implication from a paternal parent that the dear baby belongs only to its father.

Together they peeled off her clothes, stopping suddenly at the slightest show of animation on her part. By dint of much twisting and turning of plump little arms and legs they succeeded in getting her into her nightgown. Bob carried her into the bedroom and Mabel tiptoed behind him. Together they pulled the sheet over her and adjusted the shades. Together they hung over her bed and looked at each other rapturously as she gave one of those sudden fleeting smiles in her sleep that sentimental parents say are caused by the kisses of the guardian angel in its vigil, and practical physicians say are caused by kinks from a slight inflammation in the intestines.

Mabel went out to clear off the table. She had an exquisite, warm sensation that everything in the universe was right. A poet has called it "the lift of the heart."

She washed the few dishes. Never again, she thought, would she let the work get so far behind. She would, of course; but housekeepers' resolutions, like hope, spring eternal in the human heart.

WHEN the dishes were finished, it occurred to her that Bob had not come out of the bedroom. So she went to the door and looked in. He had a yard-stick in his hand with which he seemed to be measuring. Mabel watched him curiously. He cautiously moved the big bed out and then Betty's bed, measuring them both and the wall space between.

"*What* are you doing?" she whispered.

Bob wrote something down, then stuck his pencil behind his ear and said, "By George! I'm going to make the new little bed myself. I've been examining Betty's—twelve dollars for it is a frost. I'll bet I can make one and enamel it, and you can't tell the two apart."

A glow like sunshine on opals came into Mabel's face. There is a look like it on the face of Maillart's "Madonna of the Waves."

Earnest, businesslike, Bob went on. "He'll have to have one, you know. He'll have to have a bed of his own."

The Madonna-glow gave place to a roguishly mischievous expression: "That's so. She can't sleep with Betty, can she?"

Bob caught the inference immediately and sent back, "I should say he won't want to sleep with his sister."

Being a woman, Mabel had the last of the dialogue, "Well, she'll like her new bed, anyway, Daddy."

Bob tossed the yardstick on the bed, came up to Mabel and put his arm around her. "Gee, Mabel! It's nice to be home again alone—just you and I and Betty." He cupped his hand under the girl's chin and turned her sweet face up to him. His own dark head bent to her. "I kind of enjoyed being at the folks' again for a day or two—but after that I sure wanted to come back home. They're the *noisiest* bunch!" Bob was saying this, Bob who was "all Mason." "Marcia clatters like the bell at a railroad crossing, and Eleanor —did you ever see such a whirling dervish in your life? I like my sisters all right, but, for everyday living, I'd rather have you . . . and this cozy home . . . and Betty . . . and—" he grinned boyishly down at her, he was only a grown-up boy after all— "and Betty's little *brother*." It ended in a kiss, a kiss straight from the heart of a man who loved.

The tide had come in, the magic tide that made of the little home an enchanted castle with towers and turrets of arabesque. Ah, well! Because of dreary winter, the robin's song seems more blithe and gay and lilting. And it is worth years of exile just to have the blissful rapture of coming home again.

Two blocks away, a plump lady with graying hair was saying to a tall man, apropos of nothing, "Henry, to be real honest with ourselves, don't you think, in these twenty-seven years, you and I have managed to get along remarkably well?"

Henry, who was used to being disturbed when he was reading, did not even look up. He only said, "Well, I *have* got an unusually good disposition."

At which the plump lady made a face and said, "*Oh, you get out!*"

"Ain't This the Darnedest World!"

(Continued from page 73)

He said he wanted motormen. I told him I could run a car or anything, but I would have to eat first. He seemed to think a lot of me, for he kept me in the barn while he sent out for my chow. Then he put me on the front end of a car with a fat corporal in the marines for conductor, and wished us the best of luck, which I didn't understand, and we started out. He said Fatty would show me the route if I lost my bearings.

Maybe you've read about the trolley strike they had in Hasland? Well, Fatty and I were in it. We were in it for just long enough to be struck out. We had been put in as pinch-hitters, you might

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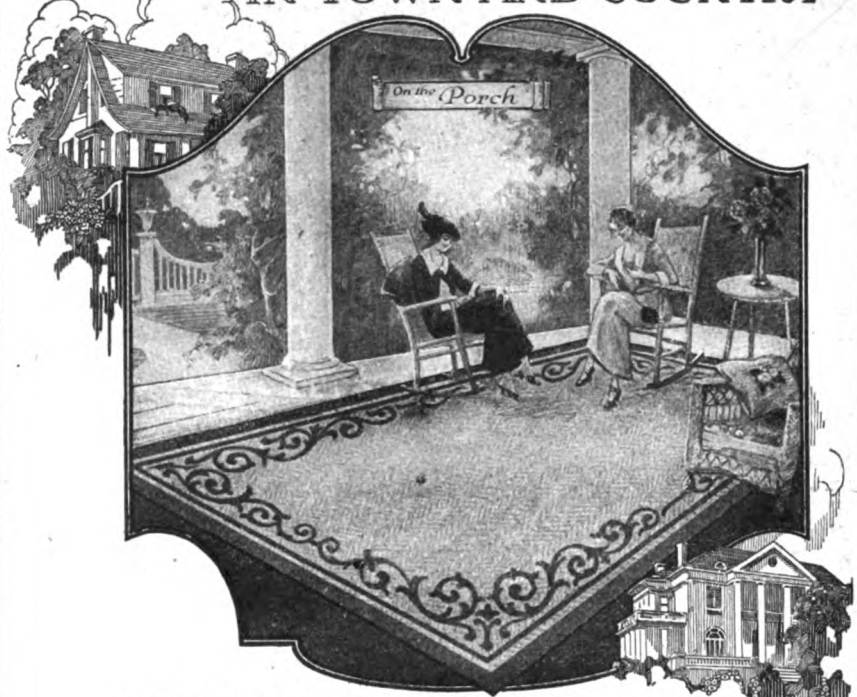

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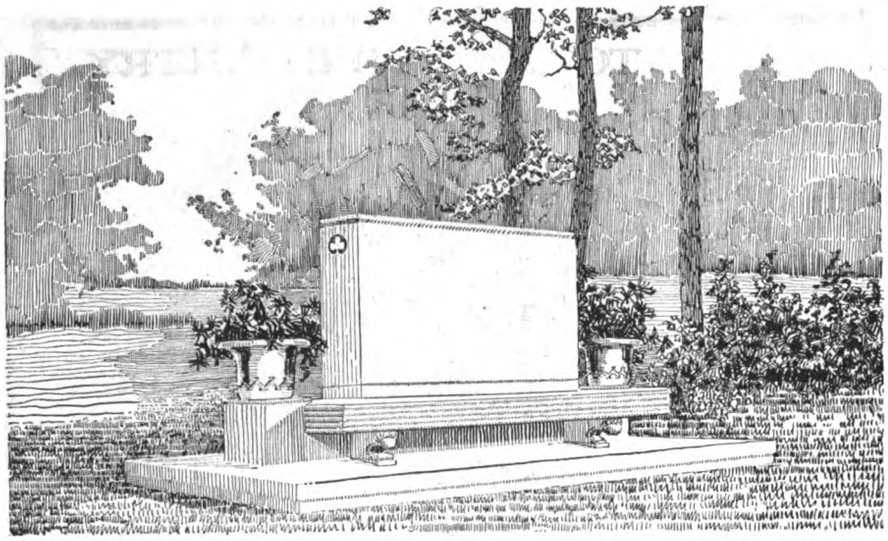

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say. We navigated safely down the main street and into the nice part of town, when I heard a yell from Fatty, and the power went off, and seven thousand paving-stones bashed through the windows, and the trolley men's army in uniform came following their barrage, and I had a sudden homesickness for the quiet old Western Front.

"Shall we stick?" I shouts to Fatty.

"What else can we do?" says Fatty. "Keep down behind your dashboard and give 'em your switch-iron."

I could see him squatting on the rear platform out of the way of the flying glass, and swinging a gas pipe like a baseball bat. When they yanked my door open and swarmed up the steps I let 'em have the iron, and I beaned one big brute good and proper before they enfiladed me and knocked me under the seats.

By then the police reserves were there, and they rescued Fatty and me and rushed us off to court and lined us up before my old friend the judge. A committee of strikers accused us of atrocities and frightfulness. The chap I beaned was there to show his head where I scalped him. Friend judge gave us thirty days, and the newspaper called us thugs and professional strike breakers, and my Uncle Darius mailed a marked copy of the paper to my aunt Jane in Wichita.

When my time was up at last in their stone jail, I hit for the railway station to try to work my uniform for a free ride out of their genial city. In a show window I see myself, and my hair was long enough to braid; so I went into a barber shop to swap my suffragette's silver quarter for a hair cut. When the barber was half done, I read a sign on the wall that said, "Hair-Cut 35 cents." You see, I'd been getting my hair cut free in the army for a year and I was behind the times.

I says to the barber, "Do you give reduced rates to soldiers?" He says, "We don't give nothing to soldiers." I told him I only had a quarter. He put away his scissors and says, "Do you see them cuspidors? Well, if you want your hair-cut finished, you climb down out of that chair and clean 'em."

And that's the kind of kind town their town of Hasland is that this tramp millionaire left his hundred thousand to. That's the town that is bragging here in the newspaper on being the kindest city in America. Wouldn't it rasp you? Do you blame me for feeling all lacerated and cut up?

THE young man had finished his tale. The little old gentleman beside him on the bench had watched his face and listened to his words with an interest that was almost eager. Now he asked:

"Have you told me all, Mr. Hicks, that happened to you in Hasland?"

"There wasn't much more," the young man replied. "I didn't get out of their town that day, after all. I had to lie up overnight in a place they called the Good Samaritan Rescue Home and Wood Yard, and saw wood an hour next morning to pay for my bed and breakfast. After that I got a lift to Hoboken in a motor truck, and I haven't been back since. But think of a millionaire leaving all that good money to a town like that!"

Mr. Larrabee's eyes twinkled as he put another question: "Did anything odd

happen to you on the night you spent in the Rescue Home?"

"Why, no," the young man answered, thoughtfully. "There was a sick old hobo I sat up with a while, but that was all."

"Will you tell me about him?"

"It wasn't anything. I went to this place and picked out a cot and fell asleep; but pretty soon something woke me up. The room was dark, except for one gas jet burning low; there was snoring and heavy breathing and the air was kind of rancid. Then a hand came clawing at my blanket and the snoozer in the cot next to mine let out a groan, and I sat up and looked at him. He was an old-timer and he was sick, so I gave him a little first aid and went back to sleep."

"Tell me more."

"Well, he was an old man, as I say; he had a mussy gray mustache, and a chin that needed a shave, and he was fighting for breath and making motions to me with his hand. I says to him, 'What's wrong, Bill?' He says, 'Will you rub my arms? I think I'm dying. Maybe you can stop me.' I says to him, 'You'd better let me go for a doctor.' He says a doctor couldn't do any more for him than I, and it wasn't safe to waste a minute.

"So I pulled my cot up to his and sat on the edge and gave his arms a rub-down. They were clammy and cold, and he moaned a lot and talked about his heart. I don't understand philosophy and hygiene, but I reckon his circulation must have gone back on him, like when you freeze your heel. I rubbed those old arms of his till he quit his moaning. I could see him better by then. What hair he had was white, the top of his head was shiny bald, and his eyes were set so deep in his face under his eyebrows you wondered how he could see out without a periscope. He made me think of a poor old dog I knew on a farm in the Kaw Valley that had to have his meals took to him.

"He asked me what my name was; and I told him, and he kept saying it over, 'Alexander Hicks, Alexander Hicks,' like that. He was sort of dippy from the pain, I guess. To kid him along I says, 'You didn't tell me your name yet, Old-Timer,' and he says, 'They call me Easy-Mark, son; that's all you need to know—old Easy-Mark that might have been a great man if he hadn't been an easy mark. Don't you ever be an easy mark, son,' says he. 'They'll spoil your life if you do.' After that I got him a drink and he went to sleep."

THE young man paused, and Mr. Larrabee, after waiting for further words, spoke impatiently:

"You don't finish your story, young man. You don't say that in the morning, when it came time for Easy-Mark to saw his wood, you remembered how ill he had been in the night, and you sawed his wood for him."

"But I didn't. When I told the woodyard manager how it was, he let Easy-Mark off. It was the only kind act I see any Hasland native do in all my time there."

"Just the same, you offered to saw the wood, didn't you?"

"What if I did?"

Mr. Larrabee had risen now. He seemed excited. Taking a card from his pocket, he said:

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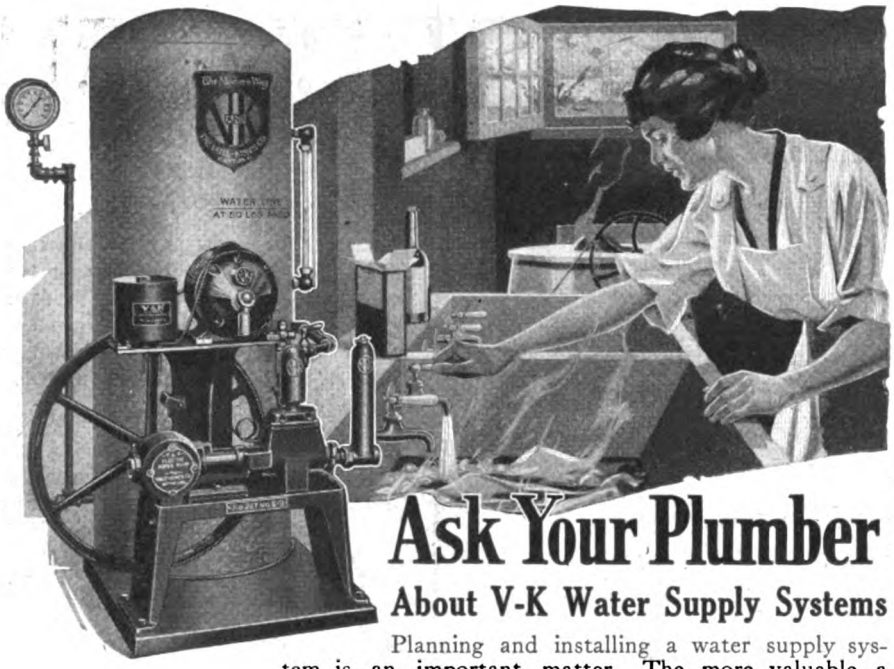

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"Alexander Hicks, you told me a short while ago that you had lost faith in the goodness of the world. Are you sure that you have?"

"Maybe I put it a little strong," the young man conceded. "The world has treated me fine since I got loose from Hasland. I've found me a job as good as I want, rustling business on commission for a steam laundry. And there's a girl at the place where I board, that she and me think a lot of each other, so I can't kick. But when I see in the paper about that town of Hasland—"

"You are a newspaper reader. Don't you ever read the want ads?"

"Me? No. Why should I?"

"Open your newspaper and look at the personals."

The young man did as directed. Half way down the indicated column he saw this paragraph:

ALEXANDER HICKS. Communicate at once with Lester Larrabee, Atty.-at-law, Atlas Apts., W. 59th St.

"Now examine this," said Mr. Larrabee, handing over the card from his pocket.

THE young man eyed the card blankly. "Why," said he, "you're the guy that put this ad in the paper."

"I am, sir. I have kept the ad in the papers for three weeks. Why haven't I heard from you? Isn't your name Alexander Hicks in New York?"

"Sure it is; but nobody uses it on me. Everybody here calls me Kansas."

"That explains," said the old gentleman, "why it was necessary for me to go to Hasland before I was able to run you down. I inquired for you there among all the people named Hicks. I saw your Uncle Darius. He was cautious, but admitted at last that he knew you. He wired for me to your Aunt Jane in Wichita and secured from her your address here in New York. I called at your steam laundry this afternoon. You had just gone out, but I overtook you."

He laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder.

"No, you don't!" cried Alexander Hicks, and sprang up bristling. "If you think you can drag me back to Hasland for what I did to that barber shop, you fool yourself. I've had all the punishment I'm going to take off that cordial town. I tell you I'm through."

"My boy," returned Lester Larrabee, beaming like the spring-time sun, "I don't know what you did to the barber shop, and I don't ask. All I wish is to give you the quarter-million of dollars that my poor old client, Mark Patten, left to you in his will."

The young man sank upon the bench and held his head between his hands. By and by he looked up, shaken and solemn.

"Ain't this the darnedest world!" said he.

DR. MARTIN EDWARDS of Boston has written one of the most helpful health articles this magazine has ever published. It deals especially with how to *keep* well rather than how to *get* well. Dr. Edwards specializes in preventing diseases.

Scattergood Moves to Adjourn

(*Continued from page 65*)

said Scattergood reflectively, "that we'll jest have to stand off that vote."

"As I figger it, they got enough to carry the convention—us lackin' Rockham."

"Seems so," said Scattergood, unperturbed. He reflected some minutes. "How fur's it to Coldriver, Pliny?"

"Sixteen mile."

"Roads bad?"

"You jest come over 'em, didn't you?"

"Um. . . . If a man was to start now with a two-hoss team, and was to git a fresh two-hoss team back, how long'd it take to make it?"

Pliny looked at his bulging silver watch. It was ten minutes before eight. "Ought to git back by four," he said, "pervidin' you didn't spare horseflesh."

"Figger on drivin', Pliny? Figger on startin' right off?"

Pliny looked crestfallen. "I was settin' store by seein' this here convention, Scattergood."

"Want to see our side win, don't you? Ruther see our side win?"

"Natural."

"Int'rested in seein' credentials verified?"

"Not special."

"Um. . . . Guess you won't be disapp'inted none if you start out brisk. If you *don't* start, all of us is goin' to be consid'able disapp'inted."

CONSEQUENTLY, Pliny started for Coldriver behind the best team obtainable, with instructions in his ear which he considered absurd, not to say insane. However, he knew Scattergood, and well knew that when the fat hardware merchant seemed wholly lost to reason was the moment he was most greatly to be feared. So he obeyed without question, and hoped for the best.

The convention assembled in the "Rink" and proceeded to work out its destiny. Matters looked black for Scattergood, but on the matter of temporary chairmanship he stole a march on the enemy by nominating for the place Senator Newton. Senator Newton, being who he was, was above petty matters such as a warfare between Siggins and Scattergood. He was elected. An unofficial poll of delegates showed in the Siggins column, seventy; to Scattergood's credit, sixty-six.

Routine business carried the convention through the morning, it being the task of Scattergood to obstruct and delay and of Siggins to expedite. Twenty of the missing delegates arrived, but did not change the face of matters save by increasing the totals. The new alignment stood seventy-nine for Siggins; Seventy-seven for Scattergood. . . . And it was two o'clock.

The convention settled down grimly to business. One thing Scattergood knew, and that was that his opponents would not dare skimp on their nominating speeches. Nominating speeches were a necessity; if the delegates did not demand

Your breakfast dish of Krumbles is part of your day's energy

You do a half-day's work on your breakfast. All the energy-building, vitality-sustaining nourishment of whole wheat, with the full value of its bran, is in Krumbles.

Because of its pleasing flavor you do not need sugar with it; just use full milk or cream. Try it and see what it does for you.

OUR GUARANTEE

Buy a package of Krumbles of your grocer. Eat all you want. If you are not pleased with it, you can have your money back.

Krumbles is made in the same, big, modern kitchens as Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, Kellogg's Krumbled Bran, Kellogg's Drinket, and other Kellogg Products.

KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
Battle Creek, Michigan and Toronto, Canada

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BEEMAN'S
ORIGINAL PEPSIN CHEWING GUM

Restful Sleep Essential

Insufficient sleep caused by an impaired digestion sooner or later produces a state of irritability that will handicap the most efficient and capable men and women and decrease the efficiency of those about them.

Mild forms of indigestion are often corrected by the adoption of a rational diet, care in mastication, and the routine use of Beeman's Original Pepsin Gum ten minutes after each meal and just before retiring.

CHICLE

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them the gallery did. It was there to hear speeches, and speeches it must have.

The Honorable Lucius Jenkins arose to nominate Lemuel P. Standish, and continued to nominate him for upward of forty minutes, after which Scattergood's delegates, well trained to that end, cheered tumultuously for twenty minutes, making the transaction of business impossible. . . . And it was three o'clock.

The seconding speech by the Honorable Jerusha Pinney lasted a full twenty minutes. Scattergood sat near the door, outwardly serene, but inwardly praying for the arrival of Pliny Pickett.

At four-fifteen Myron Skinner had been nominated, cheered and seconded. Tellers had been appointed, and the convention was ready to complete its highest function. . . . Deacon Pettybone arose and moved to adjourn. The vote was a babel and the deacon demanded a count, which Senator Newton conceded. . . . The motion was lost.

"You will now proceed with the voting," said the senator pompously. . . . And the hour was thirty minutes past four.

The seven delegates from Rockham were struggling toward the convention city, but they were still hours distant. Seven steadfast votes for Scattergood! . . . But they would arrive too late. A broken bridge stood between Scattergood and the control of the state; a broken bridge turned over the ownership of the greatest natural resource of the state to a corporation which would exploit it to the detriment of the people! Water was the cause of war, and water seemed to be deciding the battle. If the vote were consummated Lemuel P. Standish would lose the nomination by two votes, the Power Company would be supreme in the state—and Scattergood would be the loser by hundreds of thousands of dollars in the potential value of his power sites.

TELLERS were passing among the delegates. . . . If anybody had been interested he might have seen Scattergood stand erect, might have seen Scattergood heave a sigh of relief. A moment later, Scattergood nudged his neighbor and pointed upward toward the huge skylight over the middle of the hall. A section had been opened and something dangled below it!

It descended slowly, slowly. . . . The convention became aware of it and the business of voting stopped. Delegates, chairman, gallery stared upward in astounded silence. There was no sound in the room save a keen, vibrating tone like a saw passing through splintered wood. Lower and lower the thing dangled, a grayish shape, somewhat like the ace of spades. It was Scattergood's hornet's nest.

Movement manifested itself among the delegates. Those immediately below the skylight betrayed a desire to seek some other spot. Shouts arose. . . . And then the slow downward progress of the hornet's nest became a tumble. It dropped, encountered the floor, and burst.

It seemed to explode—like a shrapnel shell—but each flying particle was alive and burning with malice and a desire for vengeance. Mere particles of steel fly at random, but hornets, endowed with a special kind of intelligence, seek their mark. It was as if a stone had been dropped into a pool of humanity. A wave

rolled away from the spot in an ever-widening circle. It was not a gentle wave. It was a shouting, clawing, panic-stricken wave. In ten seconds the hornets had a wide circle to themselves, but they were unsatisfied. They yearned to widen their sphere of influence.

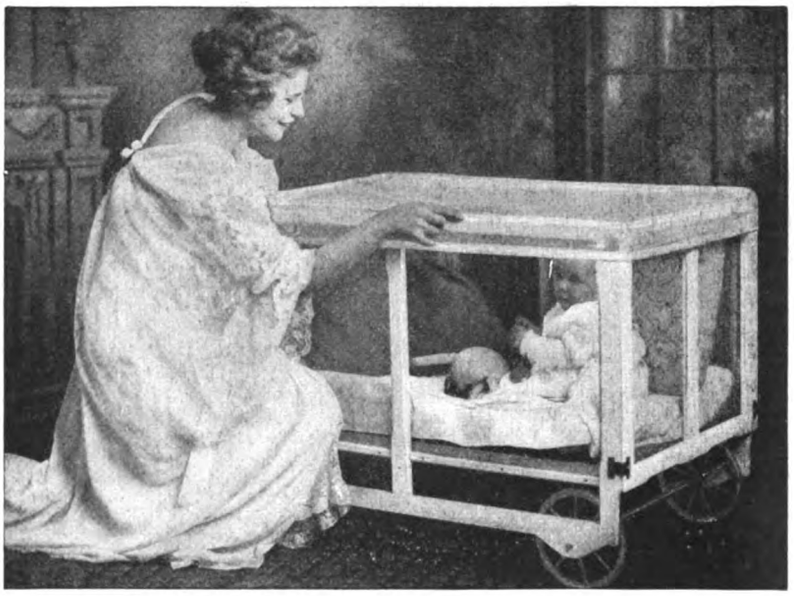
Man presents his fairest mark to a hornet when he is in retreat. It may almost be said that a hornet revels in a rear elevation, more especially if the individual be bent forward eagerly in flight. Certain phenomena occur. Foremost of these is the tightening of nether garments across that portion of the human anatomy made tender by nature for the paternal slipper, and the sting of the angry insect. Startled shouts became howls of pain.

SCATTERGOOD had mounted a chair—very near the door—and was looking on with mirthless face, but with a twinkle in his eye. He saw the Honorable Lucius Jenkins on all fours, trying to crawl between the legs of an individual who could not be identified because his head was lost in the mass. He saw a delegate from Bingham climb onto a chair and fling himself outward upon the heads of his confrères, howling as he flew. Old Jed Hankinson, possessor of the longest and most tangled beard in the convention, found a clear spot, on which he executed a clog dance to his own music while he clawed at his whiskers for a concealed insect with one hand, and waved a red bandana with the other.

The mass of delegates worked without cohesion or set purpose. Each man did what seemed to him best. The hornets, on the contrary, worked with system and thoroughness. Their starting place was their exploded nest. They had emerged from it in a dense cloud, which thinned and spread and permeated. The air was alive with hornets. They penetrated, as sudden howls from the middle of the densest mass indicated. They sought out stragglers; they attacked kicking legs and descended upon butting heads. . . .

The windows of the rink were closed tight, as were the doors. Intent groups of men might be seen tampering vainly with window fastenings, pausing in their labors to fan the air or to dance grotesquely. Luther Jimson, bald as a pumpkin, had swathed his tender head in his coat, careless how he exposed other but less precious portions of his person. The ring of delegates split, and the hornets, occupying the strategic central position, proceeded to drive one body toward the rear as it drove the other toward the front.

Scattergood had put on his cap with lappets tied under his chin, and overcoat collar turned up. Little of him was exposed save his eyes, and with these he watched a section of delegates, which split off, herded toward the front, and began to climb the stage and to encroach upon the pompous chairman, who pounded with his gavel and demanded order. He grew apoplectic, but, strangely enough, no hornet present was familiar with Roberts' Rules of Order. . . . His desk was overturned and he found himself in a sitting posture—a situation more undignified than had been occupied by him this thirty years. As yet he had been untouched by the inhabitants of Scattergood's nest. But as he sat, a hornet found the bridge of his prominent nose and



THE BABY CARIOLE

The Baby Cariole is a practical necessity—not a luxury. It saves money, because it makes unnecessary the purchase of basket, bassinet, and crib. It cares for the baby asleep and awake, and will serve as a crib until he is old enough to sleep in a bed.

A play-place and a slumber-chamber for baby with plenty of room to romp, play, kick, stretch, and grow in perfect freedom, happiness, and safety. The smooth-running, rubber-tired wheels make it easy to roll the Cariole outdoors to porch or lawn in the health-giving fresh air.

Framework is of light, thoroughly seasoned wood (enameled in white) which will not swell or warp—sides covered with strong, fine mesh, rust-proof wire screen—luxuriously soft, thick, first-class mattress (spring and mattress can be raised to different heights)—strong, easy-running, rubber-tired wheels—and a close-fitting mosquito netting which covers the top. Outfit comes folded.

When set up, The Baby Cariole is 42 inches long, 26¾ inches wide, and 29¾ inches from floor to top of frame.

The precious little tenant is protected from flies, mosquitos, and neighborhood animals by rust-proof, finely woven wire screening on all sides and by a snugly fitting mosquito net over the top.

In the early days of the baby's life the mattress and spring are raised to bassinet height.

When the creeping stage comes, mattress and spring are dropped to the lower rest. Baby cannot possibly fall out. Nor can he climb out until he is two years old. After that, The Baby Cariole will serve as a roomy, comfortable bed.

30 Days' Trial

Easy Monthly Payments

The Baby Cariole is far superior to a crib; healthier and more comfortable than the cramped, stuffy confines of a perambulator. It is a boon to the mother, because it reduces lifting and handling of the child to a minimum, and because while in the Cariole the baby does not require constant watching.

We want The Baby Cariole to prove its worth right in your own home and will send you at our risk a Baby Cariole (complete outfit), transportation prepaid by us. Use it every day and every night for a month. Then, if you don't like it, or Baby doesn't like it, or if for any reason you wish to return it, do so at our expense. Your first payment will be refunded. If you decide to keep The Baby Cariole, you can pay in little monthly installments. Only perfectly new and unused Cariole outfits are sold.

Wind-Shield Attached

Free Wind-Shield and Travel-Bag

To those who respond promptly to this advertisement we will send with the outfit, Absolutely Free, a Combination Wind-Shield and Sunshade and Travel-Bag. Made to fit over all, or any part, of the Cariole. Shields the child from rain, sun-glare or drafts. Also serves as a Travel-Bag.

Packed for Travel

Our Offer On receipt of $1.00 (personal checks accepted) The Baby Cariole, complete with **Free Wind-Shield and Travel-Bag,** will be sent you, transportation prepaid by us. Let Baby use it 30 days and 30 nights at our risk.

If you wish to return the outfit, you may do so at our expense, and your first payment will be refunded without quibble or question; the trial will not have cost you a penny. If you decide to keep The Baby Cariole, send us $2.00 a month for only eleven (11) months, total price, $23.00.

If you prefer to settle at once rather than pay monthly, send us $21.50. The 30 days' approval offer and return privilege apply to cash purchasers also. If you do not need the Cariole now, send for literature anyway.

Write for terms on Canadian and Foreign orders

THE BABY CARIOLE CO.
14 Pruyn Street Albany, N. Y.

Use This Coupon

THE BABY CARIOLE COMPANY
14 Pruyn Street Albany, N. Y.

Enclosed is $1.00. Send me, transportation prepaid, The Baby Cariole Complete Outfit and the Wind-Shield and Travel-Bag. If satisfied, I will send you $2.00 a month for eleven (11) months. If not satisfied, I will return the Cariole within 30 days at your expense, and you will refund first payment.

Name .....

Address .....

"Two Things"

says the Luxeberry Painter, "are essential to real success. One is the making of a good reputation, and the other the ability to keep it good after you've made it. The world is full of one-timers who couldn't stand the strain."

In all varnish products Berry Brothers' label means constant, uniform quality—the same in the thousandth can as in the first. That's because Berry Brothers have devoted the same skill and effort to maintaining their reputation as they did to making it over sixty years ago.

BERRY BROTHERS INC.
World's Largest Makers
Varnishes and Paint Specialties

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For every varnish need—industrial or home—there's a Berry Brothers' product. Write for handsomely illustrated booklet "Beautiful Homes" sent free.

nestled there. The senator ceased bawling for order, and made use of certain words and phrases which are not usually transcribed upon the Congressional Record....

There were jams at all the doors. The whole floor of the rink was cleared and in possession of the enemy. None disputed with them. High above, Pliny Pickett leaned, at peril to life and limb, through the skylight and yelled, "Sic 'em! Sic 'em!"

The senator's head was barely visible above a pile of delegates, who had fallen over his prostrate form. His arms were imprisoned and his head defenseless. He uttered despairing cries. . . . Deacon Pettybone leaned over him and bellowed, "Move we adjourn! Move we adjourn! Move we adjourn!" until the words reached the great man's intelligence.

"Entertain the motion and I'll kiver your head," shouted the deacon.

"Second the motion," shouted Pliny from the skylight.

"Put the motion, and I'll kiver your head," repeated the deacon.

The senator choked. Such parliamentary proceedings were wholly outside his easy and smooth-running experience. He spluttered. The deacon held a coat before his eyes and waited. "Put the motion!" he roared.

"Moved . . . *ouch!* . . . and seconded . . . *wow!* . . . that we adjourn! . . . *ow* . . . All in favor. . . oo-ouchhh! . . . signify by saying aye. . . . Wow! Quick with that coat! . . . They're killing me!"

"Aye," voted the deacon, and Pliny and others of Scattergood's faction who preserved any semblance of sanity.

"Cont'rary-minded," prompted the deacon, shaking the coat.

"Contrary-minded," sobbed the senator.

There was no response.

"The meetin' stands adjourned till ten o'clock to-morrer," prompted the deacon, and the senator repeated after him docilely, after which his senatorial head was muffled in the coat. . . .

The hall was beginning to clear. Swarms of angry hornets hovered about the rear of each jam of delegates at each of the exits and did what they saw fit to expedite their progress outward. In twenty minutes the hall was empty of human beings, but the curious-minded, by laying ears against the doors, could hear an angry buzzing from within. . . . Scattergood's hornets were in clear possession of the field.

THERE is a current belief in the state that mud extracts the burn from hornet stings. If one were unaware of the immediate past he would have wondered to see a hundred and fifty full-grown and otherwise normal-appearing men apparently making mud pies and applying them to various parts of their anatomy. . . . There were faces there that would have passed unrecognized by closest friends. Queer bumps were making their appearance on bald heads, and the language uttered by certain ultra-orthodox individuals, deacons and elders of their flocks, had best be forgotten, or never reported to church sessions at home. But the convention stood effectively adjourned.

Scattergood sat on the edge of his bed eying Pliny Pickett reflectively.

"Clumb a ladder," said Pliny proudly. "Jerked a big bag over the dum thing, and then cut it off. Was sort of uneasy all the way over for fear they might bust loose. They sounded kind of aggravated inside that bag."

"Um. . . . " said Scattergood.

At midnight the Rockham delegates arrived, weary and muddy, to be greeted by the story of that day's doings.

In the morning the convention reconvened in a rink whose windows had been left open during the night, and which, save for a very few cold and weary hornets, was cleared of danger. . . . The senator, almost invisible behind bandages, and smelling of drugs and unguents, caused the vote to be taken. It stood: Standish, eighty-four; Skinner, seventy-nine!

Crestfallen Lafe Siggins approached Scattergood, but he was too old a hand and too good a man to harbor rancor. He extended his hand.

"You licked us," he said, "but it took a dum mean trick to do it. Fust time I ever heard tell of hornets enterin' politics."

"Lafe," said Scattergood, "I never knowed till yestiddy what hornets was put into the world fur. I ree-garded 'em as pests and menaces. But I come to see that everything in natur' has got its use—fer them that knows how to use 'em."

"As a movement to adjourn," said Lafe with a wry grin, "they can't be beat."

Be Careful About Your Handwriting

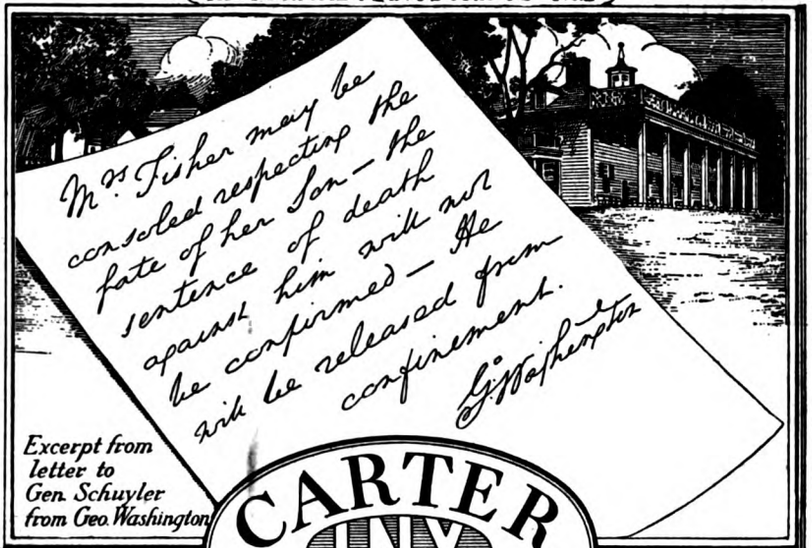
(*Continued from page 68*)

once decided a case in which $20,000 was involved," said Mr. Carvalho. "One side contended that the dot over the disputed letter was in lead pencil. The other side said it was in ink. In open court I borrowed the judge's pencil, with an eraser at the tip, and handed it and the document to an attaché, with the explanatory remark that if the dot were in lead pencil, a very slight rub would erase it, while if it were in ink it would stay in spite of rubbing. It came off at the first rub, settling the case right there.

"There have been many cases, with millions involved, depending on the one circumstance of whether a signature was genuine or not. One of the most important was the Fair will case, in California, in which the authenticity of a signature was questioned and a forgery proved. There is no set rule by which one can determine every kind of forgery. In my case experience has proved the best guide. I wish I could give some simple formula by which a man could be his own handwriting expert, but it cannot be done.

"Individual forgers seem to work in different ways. The old gangs have been broken up. Instead of forging signatures, a change is made in the amount, or the name of the payee, on a check, or a note. Perhaps the check is secured by rifling mail boxes, a practice quite common and not infrequently successful. By means of chemicals, the name of the payee can be removed from the check, and another name substituted, making

HISTORICAL MANUSCRIPTS—No.2



Excerpt from letter to Gen. Schuyler from Geo. Washington

CARTER INX PRODUCTS

WHEN letters were written by hand, it was a matter of pride that they should look well. They were unquestionably personal representatives of the writer.

Now all that remains that is truly personal is the signature. For this choose an ink worthy of the responsibility. Carter's Writing Fluid makes writing a pleasure. Its clear, rich blue is easy on the eyes, and satisfying to the eye. It never fades. It flows evenly. There is no sediment.

THE CARTER'S INK COMPANY
Manufacturing Chemists
New York Boston Chicago Montreal

CARTER INX PRODUCTS
Writing Fluid, Fountain Pen Inks, Red Ink (Carmine), Realblack Ink, Ink Eraser, Cico Paste, Photolibrary Paste, Cement, Glue Pencils, Great Stickist Mucilage, Copying Inks, Drawing Inks, Indelible Inks, Stamping Inks, VelVet Showcard Colors, White and Gold Inks, Violet, Green and Blue Inks, Typewriter Ribbons, Numbering Machine Inks, Carbon Papers

Your signature represents you
Do it in CARTER'S

Insuring Comfort in Summer Footwear

Shoes for outing, tennis and everyday use

All over the country men will be wearing Keds this season. You will find them in town or at the seashore—wherever you go for work or play.

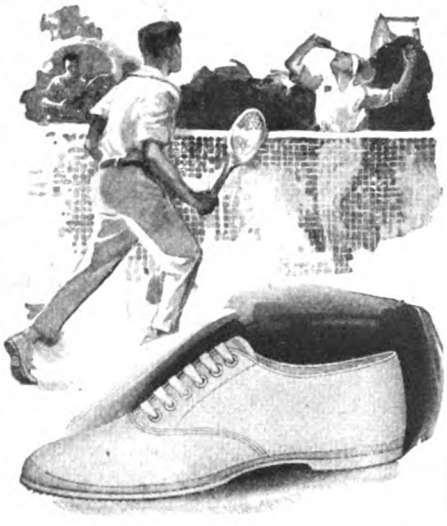
Keds are the ideal footwear for warm weather. Their elastic rubber soles put new life in your step. Their soft, pliable fabric makes them always cool and comfortable.

Keds now include models made with regular welt soles and firmly boxed toes—just like leather shoes. This means a shoe of style and distinction—the very shoe you have needed to wear with your white flannels or Palm Beach suit.

With these additions, Keds are *a complete line* of canvas summer shoes. Last year millions of pairs were worn by men, women and children.

Good dealers everywhere carry Keds. Look for the name Keds on the sole.

For men and women, $1.50—$6.00
For children, . . . 1.15— 4.50



The standard shoes for vacation wear. Made of light canvas, in high or low models—white or brown—with black, grey or red rubber soles.

One of the smart special types for summer wear. Made of the finest white canvas—in high or Oxford models—with all the style of leather shoes.

Sturdy shoes for sport and everyday wear—for boys and grownups—with or without heels. Made of heavy white or brown duck. Brown leather trimmings with ankle patch—red rubber soles and toe cap.

Keds

United States Rubber Company

it easy to collect the money. There is danger that such a plan will be successfully worked out in Liberty bond cases in the future. Even if a stolen Liberty bond is registered, a forger can change the name of the payee and thus secure identification and get the money before the fraud is found out.

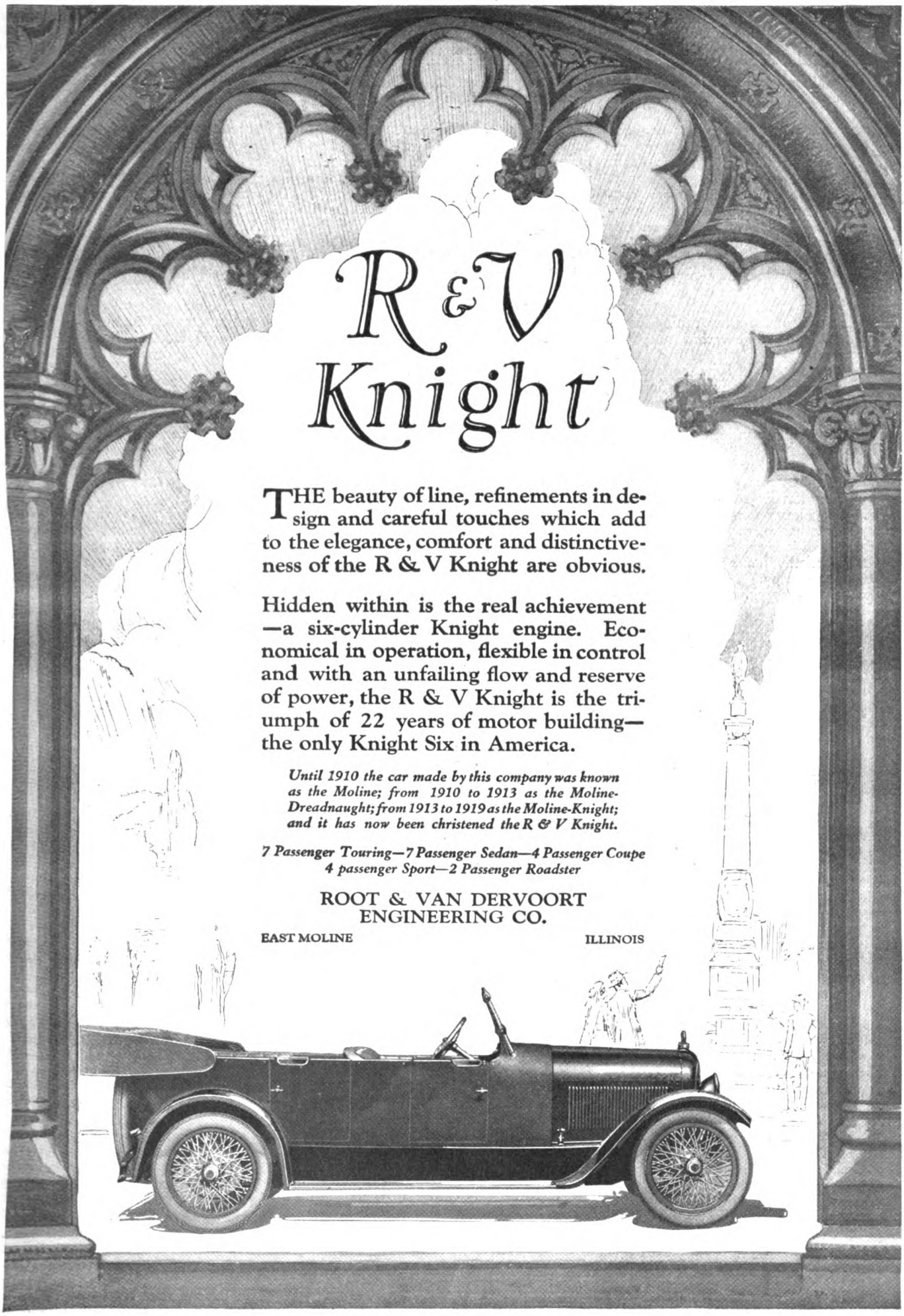
Vanity, I think, is very often the underlying motive in the case of the average forger. One of the chief experts of the craft once told me that a good forger needed three things—a world of patience, a heap of time, and good ink. But forgers have plenty to contend with before they set a pen to paper. The best of them can imitate water or printed lines in, or on, paper, but official documents nowadays are often keyed—that is, somewhere in the printing will be numerals or letters telling the year of publication. This will be perfectly clear to an expert in a case where the authenticity of a document is in question. And if a will, for example, which is supposed to have been executed twenty years before, is on paper that was printed or watermarked only ten years before, it is plain that the document is spurious.

"I had one case in which a secretary had made interlineations in the copy of a will. Those interlineations, I assisted in proving, were made in a red ink which was not even discovered till many years after the date on which it was claimed the will was executed. In another case I helped to prove that a will, purporting to have been drawn in 1908, was written in 'war ink'—that is, an inferior ink with which this country was flooded during the first two years of the world war."

Mr. Carvalho has written a book entitled "Forty Centuries of Ink," based on his long study of the subject. He says that most states and municipalities, and also business men in general, are not paying enough attention to this vital subject.

"MILLIONS are and have been jeopardized *through the use of poor inks*," said Mr. Carvalho. "We have spent and are still spending millions for buildings to house records which are rapidly fading. No document or record of great importance should be written or signed except in what may be generally termed 'forefathers' ink,' that is to say, a genuine tanno-gallate of iron ink, which was first heard of before the twelfth century. This ink is heavier than some modern commercial inks, which flow freely and are really little more than stains. Consequently there is no great demand for it, except—peculiarly enough—as hair dye. This class of ink owes its color and its lasting qualities to its chemical affinity for the oxygen of the atmosphere, instead of to the pigments within itself. Without a provisional color, such as the familiar blue of commercial ink, it is a dirty brown when written; but it turns black in a short time, and centuries cannot fade it. Some of the signatures to the Declaration of Independence were written in inks so fugitive in character that many of them would have been utterly faded by now had they not been restored some time ago.

"If the heads of great banking and other business institutions were not so careless about the inks they use in writing and signing important documents, there would be fewer questions in court calling for the


R & V
Knight
THE beauty of line, refinements in design and careful touches which add to the elegance, comfort and distinctiveness of the R & V Knight are obvious.
Hidden within is the real achievement —a six-cylinder Knight engine. Economical in operation, flexible in control and with an unfailing flow and reserve of power, the R & V Knight is the triumph of 22 years of motor building—the only Knight Six in America.
Until 1910 the car made by this company was known as the Moline; from 1910 to 1913 as the Moline-Dreadnaught; from 1913 to 1919 as the Moline-Knight; and it has now been christened the R & V Knight.
7 Passenger Touring—7 Passenger Sedan—4 Passenger Coupe
4 passenger Sport—2 Passenger Roadster
ROOT & VAN DERVOORT
ENGINEERING CO.
EAST MOLINE
ILLINOIS

services of handwriting experts. Years ago, I asked one of the country's captains of industry if he took any thought of such matters in signing documents, perhaps involving millions. He replied that he did not. Yet if he had insisted on more enduring inks being used in important transactions in his tremendous financial institution, banking and commercial interests generally might have followed suit.

"This indifference of business men is directly responsible for the chaotic condition of many records to-day. The average man is inexcusably careless on this point, when it comes to documents employed in designating how property is to be disposed of after the owner's death. This is proved by a long list of disputed will and other cases. Massachusetts was the first state to pass a law calling for an official ink for public record purposes. Connecticut followed suit. I had a similar bill introduced in New York State, but it was defeated on the ground of 'class legislation.' It is difficult to understand why; for any good chemist could have made the ink as specified."

There are a great many anonymous letter writers, and they are an extremely busy class. In fact, anonymous letter writing partakes of the nature of a disease. When such a letter seems to call for something more than mere dumping into the waste basket, it is generally a case where the skill of the handwriting expert is brought into play. It is obvious, of course, that a specimen of the author's handwriting must be found. When that is done, the work becomes a matter of comparison and study, backed by the judgment and skill of the expert.

Many anonymous letters are written on typewriting machines, the authors thinking that such a course offers the surest means of safety. Mr. Carvalho has made an exhaustive study of typewriters and typewriting, and says detection where machines are used is almost certain, though the investigation may take much time and patient study.

"THERE are no two typewriters, as turned out by any factory, that are exactly alike," said Mr. Carvalho. "And if there are differences in machines as they come from the factory, how much more pronounced are the differences in typewriters that have been in use. Each company uses distinctive types (letters), which narrows a case down to one make of machine at the outset. Then, if you search patiently enough for minor differences, you can run down your individual machine. It becomes largely a question of exhaustive research. Someone asked me what was the safest plan to follow to escape detection after sending out an anonymous communication in typewriting. I replied that the best way—in New York, at least—would be to take the typewriter on a ferryboat and drop it into the North River. In Chicago, dump it into the Chicago River. Differences in touch in writing are also observable.

"Tracing the authorship of some anonymous letters, by analyzing the handwriting, calls for the application of different methods. I had one case in a certain factory where important war work was being done. Efforts were constantly being made to spread dissension among the employees, or to cast suspicion on certain ones, largely through anonymous letters. There were several hundred girls employed in the establishment. Finally, an anonymous letter came to the management, making serious charges concerning a department head. The letter was in a woman's handwriting. The problem was to find the writer, among all of the girls that were there.

"THE first thing I did was to have a sample of each girl's writing submitted to me. I took what might be termed the schoolmaster's, or perfect, hand as one hundred per cent; and I figured that the anonymous letter was in a hand which was about sixty per cent that type and quality. I threw out all writings below sixty per cent. Then I worked to get the shades of variation in those above sixty per cent. Eventually I had it narrowed down to one young woman, who was called in and questioned by one of the company's lawyers. In half an hour, she had made a confession, jealousy having been her motive for making the charges, which were groundless."

Black hand and other kinds of threatening letters are frequently brought to Mr. Carvalho by excited individuals upon whom demands for money and other things have been made. Frequently it turns out that the letters have been written by someone in the family—perhaps a scapegrace son who needs money, and who has the crime brought home to him when his handwriting and that on the threatening missive come under the eye of the expert.

"A handwriting expert's opinion is not always pleasant to those who employ him," said Mr. Carvalho. "Getting the truth is the only aim, so I always warn clients that I may not be able to help them. As a matter of fact, a great majority of handwriting cases never get into court. I have testified in seventeen hundred cases in open court, and have had perhaps ten thousand cases that have never gone that far.

"Many divorce cases hinge on handwriting testimony. Also, not infrequently cases arise affecting international politics. It is surprising how many individuals approach one with propositions for an ink which will last only a month or so and then fade entirely away. Perhaps some overly shrewd individuals will want to use such ink in signing notes, or in writing love letters which they intend to repudiate on the ground that they were never signed. But such people are only incidental annoyances in the handwriting expert's profession. His great idea should be the unearthing of the truth."

Mr. Carvalho, out of his wide experience, believes there are certain phenomena coming under the head of "controlled" handwriting, which cannot be explained.

"Of late years," he said, "I have inclined to the opinion that mysticism often appears in handwriting. Some persons—usually women of a certain mental type—in the course of writing, especially in corresponding, are frequently confronted with the strange fact that the hand has been writing entirely independent of the writer's conscious attention. From what has come under my own observation, I would have to designate such phenomena as a sort of automatic writing, because of the words and even whole sentences which interpolate themselves, and about which the writer possesses no knowledge except the fact that she actually writes the words and sentences. What is still more remarkable, the handwriting is not her own, so far as she is able to distinguish it. Such writers assert that they were totally oblivious when such manifestations took place. Of course mind can and does largely control the muscles and motor nerves of the arm and hand, but there is evidently some period when the conscious mind becomes a blank and is subjective to suggestion, with the consequent results of strange matter and strange handwriting."

Mr. Carvalho began his work as a handwriting expert in an involuntary manner, when he was a photographer in New York City fifty years ago. Someone brought in a number of signatures for him to photograph. When the person who had ordered the pictures came to get them, he asked Mr. Carvalho his opinion of the genuineness of certain specimens among the signatures. The photographer gave his opinion offhand and was surprised when he was subpœnaed as a witness in the case. He gave his opinion in court, and his views were sustained. Afterward the same judge sent for him, saying he had been impressed with Mr. Carvalho's testimony in the first case, and that he wanted his opinion in a forgery case then being tried.

THE judge had about one hundred and fifty checks given to Mr. Carvalho, who requested that nothing of the case be told to him before he went through the checks and sifted out those which failed to agree with the others—if there were any such. He selected three of the checks as forgeries. The clerk read the numbers of the checks which had previously been questioned, and these numbers corresponded with the three checks Mr. Carvalho had picked out.

Mr. Carvalho believes there should be a revival of handwriting instruction, and that individuals should pay more attention not only to what they write, but to how they write it. And he also considers it vitally important for us to give more than a passing thought to the writing materials we use. In the course of his study of the subject of ink he has gathered one of the most interesting private collections of manuscripts in this country. His experiences as an expert in court cases have brought into this collection many specimens of the handwriting of expert criminals. Yet his running down of forgers, anonymous letter writers, and other wrongdoers has been incidental to his main object in life—the restoration of handwriting as an art and the establishment of more permanent public records.

"THE Experiences of an Auctioneer" is the subject of an unusual article soon. A man who sold over $30,000,000 worth of goods in the last forty-two years describes the different angles of human nature that he has seen.

The Kind of Friends Who Have Helped Me Most in Business

AFTER ten years of business experience, as I look back over my friends I find that those who have been, in the long run, of most value to me were men whom I befriended when they were what is termed "under dogs."

When I first started out, I had the common idea that I should try to make an impression on the big fellows, to get on good terms with them, and then expect them to help me climb to lofty industrial pinnacles.

I did my part sincerely and earnestly. And I worked hard, too! But did they help? Not at all. They would say, "He's a fine chap!" and such things, but I never cashed in on any of their help.

On the other hand, I made friends of several young fellows who hadn't "shown" yet, and those men have since been helping me at every opportunity.

My befriending of "under dogs" was not a deliberate plan. I am naturally kind-hearted, I believe, and I have always studied human nature intensely. Whenever I saw a fellow who looked good to me, no matter if he did have only a small job, I warmed up to him and tried to help him, because I thought he deserved something better. Strange as it may seem, these chaps have since come through to the tune of about ninety-nine per cent.

Three years ago, a young fellow whom I knew by name came into my office and asked me timidly if I knew where he could get a job. He had been a salesman for a concern of which I bought some goods. I knew that he had been fired from his connection previous to this one, but I liked him and had taken a little interest in his career, even though I had never said more than a dozen words to him about his personal affairs. This time I asked him to sit down and handed him a cigar.

"Did you get fired again?" I asked. He looked astonished and rather crestfallen.

"Yes, sir. Guess I deserved it, though. I didn't seem to produce for them. But I am still actively interested in making a living and am looking for another chance."

I told him of two or three places where I thought he might fit in. He went to all of them, but did not connect. They didn't want a man who had been fired! After a month or so, he became rather downhearted. He would come into my office every day or so, and I never failed to take the time to go over his prospects with him, simply because I sincerely wanted to help him get on his feet.

One day, however, I heard that he had landed a splendid place. He had gone to the president of a large manufacturing concern and told his story plainly and frankly. He was made sales manager. To-day he is one of my best customers; and the other night at a dinner—for which he paid—he said:

"Do you know why I like you, why I'm sticking to you and giving you this business?"

I had to admit that I did not.

Then he told me that my office was one of the very few places where he was asked to take a chair when he was an "under dog."

Seven years ago I was working at a place where conditions were not at all pleasant for me or any of my associates. Although I was making the largest salary in the bunch, yet I wanted to get out, and secretly was planning to do so as soon as the chance came.

But there was one man in the office, a fellow about forty years of age, with a family, who was making hardly enough to support his household. He was not given an opportunity, and no one around the office paid much attention to him.

The manager would "bawl" him out for what seemed to be no cause at all. The poor fellow became discouraged, and one day he told me that he was having the hardest time of his life. He said they were sapping his energy and his future didn't look any too bright.

I had never talked with him before about his personal matters, but I at once became interested and told him he was all right. An evening or two later, I called around at his home and took him and his family for a drive and to an entertainment. It cost me ten dollars, which brought quite a wail from my wife, but I never in my life had as much pleasure in spending money on someone. In another month he left the office and I lost track of him for several weeks. I knew he had a good position, but didn't know just how good.

ONE day my telephone rang, and it was this man. He had just had a letter from an acquaintance of his asking him to recommend a man to fill a very important position. The last time I had seen him he would have given his right eye for that place. But now he was not at all interested in it for himself, but knowing I might be dissatisfied, he asked if I was interested. The result was that I got the place and doubled my salary, a move which started all of my success. I figure that that "under dog"—and he certainly was the most typical of under dogs—helped me to the tune of at least twenty thousand dollars!

Another salesman who used to call on me asked me if I could get him a job. He was representing a firm which was very weak financially and had no chance for success. The reason he wanted to leave was that his firm had decided to quit. They were publishing a little magazine. This young fellow I knew to be a hustler, and yet people didn't take to him because he had a very freakish appearance. He didn't look success, and had never been successful, even in his little job. As he told me his story I got an idea. I suggested that he take the paper himself. He could get it for nothing, and he knew all about it.

He held up his hands in horror. Why, he never could do anything like that! But I talked with him until seven-thirty that evening and when I left for my cold dinner he had made up his mind to take the thing and make a try at it. He didn't have a dollar, and I told him how he could get credit sufficient to give him a month of leeway.

He seemed to be a new man, once he found himself to be an executive, and has made money right from the start. From that day, as long as I was in the business with which he was associated, he never lost an opportunity to boost for me.

I would get a telephone call once or twice a week from him, saying that he had just seen So-and-so, and for me to hustle out there and "close 'em up." I did close up a bunch of them, too; absolutely through his efforts in my behalf. It was almost uncanny the way this chap boosted for me—and I never even bought him a lunch! I had spent four hours talking to him, and I figure that he paid me at least seven thousand dollars.

WHEN I was just starting to work, on leaving college, I had an assistant, a boy who received a salary of twenty-five dollars a month. I received forty-four. Somehow or other it didn't seem right for me to be bossing someone else around, and I tried to be as courteous and friendly with him as I could. He became my worshiper, or whatever you would call such a fellow, and never lost an opportunity to stand up for me.

One day a man from another department came into my little office and started as if he were very angry, bawling me with great vigor, although it was only in fun. My "assistant" didn't see the joke and immediately jumped over the table and went at him. The caller was on the floor before I could call a foul! Two years later I had a big deal on with the old firm. I was in for myself then, but the boy was still in their employ. One evening he came to my home and told me to avoid doing a certain thing. He had something startling to say:

"There is a trap for you, and they are going to try to trim you! I know I have no business to tell you this, but you are my best friend and they are crooks."

Just being kind to what was undoubtedly the most insignificant little fellow in the whole organization saved me four thousand dollars in that case.

I could tell of five or six other cases just as interesting as these. In every one the fellow has proved a lasting friend. I know they will do everything they can for me. They feel that I am a real friend, that I saw the worth in their characters when they had no other friends.

On the other hand, I can tell of several instances where I made friends with "big guns" and not only never made anything by it, but actually lost money.

One case is interesting and worth telling: I met the president of a large public service corporation, a millionaire who had the reputation of being quite a liberal philanthropist. He seemed to take a liking to me and I pictured myself

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some day being called into his conference room for the purpose of being made his general manager, or of being appointed to a high and lofty place which he controlled. He did call me in and made a proposition to finance a business venture of mine. He said he didn't care any more about ten thousand dollars than a hair from his head, and that he would see me through. I gave him fifty-one per cent of the stock and went to it. He didn't say a word until the business was paying a handsome profit, and then he wiped me out, taking every dollar I had. He bragged about the lesson he had taught me, and to-day he is the one man whom I would like to shovel coal on in the future to come, if there is such an opportunity available.

Another time I was working for a concern the president of which took a great personal liking to me. I was making three hundred dollars a month, a good salary for a boy of twenty-three. I was the head of my department. Suddenly my health broke and I had to leave. I was out of the state for two years. But before going I had a talk with him which I well remember. He gave a farewell dinner for me and went with me to the station. On the way down in his car he said in a broken voice that never before had he hated so badly to see anyone leave and that if I could have stayed with him he would gladly have paid me a salary of five thousand dollars.

Naturally, at the end of the two years I came back to him. He spoke about salary. I told him that I thought I could do better work, but that I wanted him to set the salary to suit himself. I was to go to work, and then at the end of two months if the salary was not right I would tell him so. I went to work. The first pay check showed fifty dollars a week. That lasted for two months, and I spoke to him about it. After much wrangling he made it seventy dollars. Four months later I spoke to him about it again and he said that he couldn't pay more. And he let me leave the organization, which I did to take a position paying me one hundred and twenty-five dollars a week. The fact that I held the new position proves that he simply was double-crossing me.

I ONCE knew a prominent lawyer, a man with political aspirations. He was running for an office at one time and I happened to be in a position to help him. He came to my city and invited me to his hotel. I went, and I never saw such a display of friendship; dinners, theatres, and so on. I did the favor. He won and went his way. A short time afterward I moved to his city, and naturally I went to his office to call on him. I didn't want any favors, because I had a position that was very good; in fact, I was unusually comfortable in business and finances. But I did think that he might introduce me to a few of his friends and help me to avoid the long lonesome period before I could make friends through my business.

He didn't even remember my name. Oh, yes, he was glad to see me, and wouldn't I sit down for a moment. So glad to see me, but he was awfully busy just now. He must do something for me, just simply must help me get acquainted. And if I would leave my address with him he

would look me up right away; oh, within the next day or two.

Well, he never showed up. And to this day, although I meet him often on the street, he never shows any signs of friendship other than to pass the time of day. I helped him to achieve his first political ambition, but he gave me nothing, not even a respectful friendship.

I know another big man who is very similar and the story about him is so nearly funny that I must tell it. He is in a business where he depends upon clever salesmanship. He makes friends where it will do him good. As a young man I knew him; and so far as I knew he was a close friend of mine.

Then, in business, I at first was situated so that I could buy of him. Of course, I bought all that I could. I was at his home a good deal, and his family and mine seemed to be mutually friendly. Then, in a year or two, I changed my business so that I was not buying of him. There were no more invitations to his home! We went around once or twice, but the old spark of friendship didn't flicker.

Then I again was situated so that I could buy of him. And immediately there came invitations to his home. I thought that perhaps something unknown to us had prevented cordiality on their part during the interval. But later another change stopped the invitations again. Shortly afterward still another change brought me around so that I again was a "prospect" of his; and, lo, and behold! there was the invitation to a party! We didn't go and there were no orders for him. He came breezing into my office one day, looking and acting the part of a sincere and lifelong friend.

"What must I do to get some business from you, old top?" he asked laughingly.

"You've got to do a darned sight more than invite me to your home to dinner," I replied.

He looked rather sheepish as he turned away. I was glad that he realized I had learned thoroughly the lesson he taught me by his wobbly course of conduct.

And so, from my own experience, I say to young men: Make your friends among the "under dogs." It will certainly help them—and it may mean, for you, the kind of real friends every man needs.

The Employer Who Wasn't Afraid to Tell the Truth

MY BOSS has just done what I consider is a really brave and constructive thing in business. He has told the truth about a discharged stenographer of his who is looking for employment in a big, busy office where only capable and loyal workers could possibly be tolerated.

He hated to do it, for he is the kindest man in the world; and, as he put it, "It's hard to knife a girl when she's looking for a job."

But the fact is that this girl was lazy and impudent; she was selfish in the office

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about hours, and she was disloyal to the boss. For these reasons she was dismissed. And yesterday, when she came cheerfully back to get the recommendation a prospective new employer demanded, the boss told her he didn't believe in the system of recommending inefficient people, but that he'd "ease off the curse of his message" as much as he could.

To-day the employer called up; and my boss did what I claim was the square thing. He told the man the truth about the girl's qualities, both bad and *good*. He "eased off" her faults by emphasizing her good points. He said that she was accurate and quick on the machine; but he stuck to his guns—though he squirmed in his chair as he did it—and confessed that her laziness and selfishness made her thoroughly inadequate to the needs of a big, progressive office.

Now that it is done he's worried because he has perhaps prevented her from getting a job, and he came over to my desk and asked me if I thought he had been fair.

I THINK he was! The position she was after was a big one. She didn't deserve it and really could not have met its responsibilities, with her habits of time-grabbing, gossiping, and evading hard work. But my boss is the first man I've ever seen who had the courage and honesty to do anything except write flattering letters of recommendation for discharged, unworthy employees—except those vindictive ones who refuse help just for revenge's bitter sake.

It seems to me that he is exactly right when he deplores the "system" of recommending inefficient workers. For thus the standards of workmanship are kept lower: girls who do poor work are given the same opportunity for a big job as girls who do good work—all because of the false notion that it is the kind thing to protect the weak in business.

If a girl has the right spirit, and tries hard, much leniency can be shown, and kindness should be her portion. But for the lazy, unambitious girls who slide along, doing just as little work as they can, with no care or thought, except for the money, this system is a boon. They can always get a new job—at somebody else's expense—because they have a letter full of falsehoods with which to land that job. This is bad for the offices in which they work; but it's equally bad for the girls, because they are learning to bluff, to trade on false values.

It may seem unkind, but, after all, unwilling, disinterested workers do not have a right to get on in the business world; and this is one way by which employers could help to eliminate the unfit and to raise the standards of employees. If girls were sure that nobody would employ them unless they were cheerful, energetic workers, they would probably rustle around and acquire some cheerfulness and some energy, and keep them as stock in trade.

Don't employers owe something to one another and to the efficient and willing among the employed? Is there not a real need for truth-telling and courage among employers in this regard? From the point of view of the worker who tries to give good service, I think there is.

S. A.

The Most Wonderful Thing I Ever Knew an Animal to Do

FIRST PRIZE

A True Story of a Faithful Dog

UNCLE BEN NICHOLS during childhood was of a retiring nature. In manhood he had sought seclusion. During the Civil War I knew him well as a hunter and trapper, in northwestern Pennsylvania.

Two miles from the nearest resident, on a log road winding its way between the mountains, close by a spring of sparkling water, beneath the shade of great pines and hemlocks, Uncle Ben had built a log cabin; here close to nature, lived Uncle Ben and Billy.

I do not know that Billy had any special rank among the classified breeds of dogs. We called him a "black and tan." He weighed about thirty pounds, had short hair, mostly black, some tan-colored spots, one small spot over each eye.

Often have I met Uncle Ben wandering through the woods, with gun or traps on his shoulder; but never without seeing Billy, close behind.

Nearly always the dog would be carrying a small covered tin pail. During the forenoon the pail would contain their noonday lunch, and during the afternoon it might contain a squirrel or partridge, for their supper.

Uncle Ben had also taught the dog to accompany him to the spring with the pail, and carry it home filled with water.

A fireplace in the cabin, served them for both cooking and heating. Billy was taught to help by bringing in small sticks of wood for fuel. Uncle Ben's rude bed was near the outside door, so that he could pull the latch string without rising. On the foot of this primtive couch the dog always slept.

Following a long trip one day, Uncle Ben retired, feeling very tired and ill; toward morning he awoke, finding that his right side was paralyzed. As he was unable to dress himself, barely able to sit up, and with very little food, their condition seemed extremely critical.

Their drink gave out first. Uncle Ben's thirst seemed almost unbearable. After several attempts he succeeded in getting Billy to take the little tin pail to the spring. There, in some unknown way, probably by setting the pail under the wooden trough that conducted the water from the spring, the dog succeeded in partly filling the pail with water to carry to the sick man to quench his thirst.

Several days elapsed; they were both suffering with hunger. Starvation seemed inevitable to Uncle Ben.

After examining the empty food dishes many times, Billy finally seemed to comprehend their needs and whined for his master to pull the latch string and let him out. He was gone nearly a half-day. He returned, bringing a rabbit, which he laid by the side of Uncle Ben's bed.

With much difficulty Uncle Ben pre-

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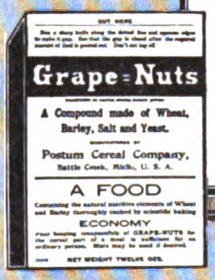
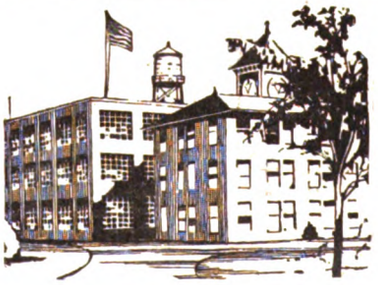


Put America Into Their Hearts



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pared the rabbit for cooking. With Billy's help, bringing in small sticks of wood, he started a fire, and they were soon able to appease their hunger.

It was nearly a month before some hunters passing that way discovered their condition. In the meantime, the dog had furnished food and drink sufficient to sustain life.

Uncle Ben lived about a year, when another stroke ended his life. Relatives and friends provided a very decent burial. But Billy was chief mourner. As they lowered the casket into the ground, he whined pitifully, then gave a long weird howl, so sad and touching, that many eyes were filled with tears.

For weeks, night or day, the faithful animal could be found close by the grave. There they found poor Billy dead, and there kind friends buried him. All that was left of these inseparable companions were laid side by side. C. E. H.

SECOND PRIZE

A Clever Trick Played by a Pig

WHEN anyone thinks of a pig his impressions generally convey to him the form of a dirty, lazy, stupid animal. One look at Grunter, however, would soon dispel that impression. Small, bright eyes peeped out from behind an inquisitive nose: yes, there seemed to be something intelligent in that alert little creature. Grunter lived on shipboard—perhaps that he might furnish the sailors with salt pork in the future, who knows? At any rate, he was very lonely in spite of the bountiful meals which his kind master gave him. One day a dog came on board the ship—a homely, shaggy street dog, a nondescript; but many were the grateful thanks—expressed in those soft brown eyes—which he gave the sailors who took him in. From thenceforth Grunter was never alone. Wherever the dog was, the pig could be seen waddling along back of him. They were constant companions. They ate out of the same pan. They slept together, too, until the sailors built a kennel—supposedly for the dog. I say supposedly, because it soon became a race between the two animals, after the evening's play, to see who could get to the kennel first. The strange thing about this lay in the fact that after one had succeeded in occupying it, the other calmly stretched out and went to sleep outside the kennel. All went well for a few months, each delighting in beating the other to the select sleeping place, until one evening a storm arose. Now the dog had gotten to the kennel first that night, and had peacefully lain down, sheltered from the pelting rain outside, of which poor piggy was receiving more than his share. "And thereby hangs a tale."

Grunter stood it as long as he could, striving in every possible way to protect himself against the downpour, but in vain. Suddenly he was struck with an idea! Scampering over the slippery deck to the pan (at which, a little while before, he had lingered just long enough to insure his remaining outside of the kennel), he began to squeal and grunt, and to push the pan around the deck, making as much

noise as possible! The nondescript inside the kennel was, by this time, beginning to drop off to sleep; then the familiar sound of the clattering pan reached his ears. In an instant he was wide-awake. Grunter was getting some food, and he was missing it! Like a shot he bounded out of his kennel, and raced toward the pan. In the twinkling of an eye, Grunter scampered past him and shot into the kennel, where he calmly proceeded to prepare for a quiet sleep! And the nondescript? In shame at having been so easily tricked, he sheepishly slunk to the side of the kennel and crouched there with the pelting rain beating against him. Grunter had won! "To the victor belongs the spoils!" H. N. A.

THIRD PRIZE

A Bird That Seemed to be Grateful

THE most wonderful thing I ever knew an animal to do happened several years ago when we were living on the southern slope of the Ozarks.

A wren had built her nest on the plate railing of our front porch and had reared, or partially reared, a very hungry bunch of youngsters. She, with her mate, was kept busy hunting worms for her always ravenous brood.

One day, when I was sitting on the porch, she flew, through an open screen, across the living-room, and banged into the glass of the back window. The impact stunned her and she fell fluttering to the floor.

Old Towse, our spotted cat, was dozing in a chair. The noise woke her and she saw the wren on the floor. Now, old Towse was not a wicked cat, but she shared, in common with all others of the species feline, a fondness for birds in the hand. So in a twinkling she pounced upon the wren.

The mistress of the house happened to be sitting near the window, so she reached the wren almost as quickly as the cat did and succeeded in rescuing Jenny before any harm was done.

Besides being stunned the wren was terribly frightened, and lay panting with outspread wings in milady's hand. The mistress took the wren into the kitchen, moistened her head with cool water and dropped a little into her bill. As soon as the wren seemed sufficiently recovered she was carried out and placed on the grass.

Then happened the most amazing thing I ever saw. The wren hopped up and caught milady's dress, and by a series of short hops reached her shoulder. Then the bird began to sing. She sang madly, joyously, hopping to the top of milady's head, to her shoulders, to her arms, back to her head, singing all the time, while milady stood as one in a trance.

Presently the wren flew to a nearby shrub, still singing, then back again and perched once more upon milady's head. After a minute or two, seeming to conclude that she had sufficiently expressed her gratitude, she flew over into the garden and began busily hunting for worms.

F. R. B.

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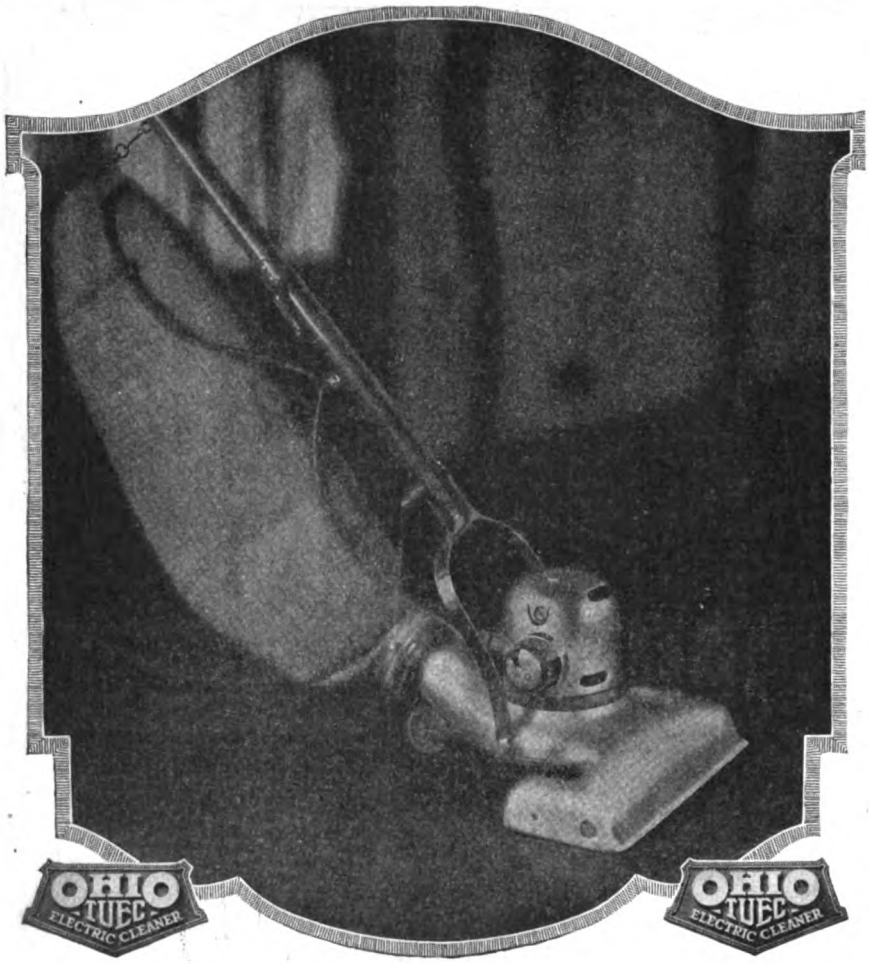

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Queer Things People Get Insured For

(*Continued from page 75*)

"The motion picture field also furnishes plenty of custom. Several months ago I arranged a $750,000 policy, with a 5 per cent premium, on a large bunch of films that were being transported to Central Africa, where they were to be used in photographing wild animals. The contract called for the films being brought safely to the interior of the Dark Continent and the negatives being returned intact to the United States.

"I was requested recently to put through a policy covering the continued good health of a well-known "movie" star. About half the filming had already been done on a spectacular and very costly picture. If the star fell ill the whole thing would have to be done over.

"Of a slightly different nature was a peculiar request we received a few months after the signing of the Armistice. One of the motion picture companies wanted to insure the life of the German Kaiser. The company was preparing a feature film in which an actor impersonating the Kaiser was to play the leading part. The producer felt that if the deposed monarch should die in Holland the value of the picture would be depreciated by a loss in public interest. I cabled to London, but Lloyd's refused to handle the business.

"THE public seldom stops to think how great a financial disaster may be entailed in the death or sickness of some famous person. I understand that Lloyd's underwriters lost more than $1,000,000 on account of the sudden illness of Edward VII, just before his coronation was first scheduled to take place.

"Prior to the date originally set, millions of pounds had been invested in holiday features for the great national event, by merchants, stand owners, speculators, florists, decorators, and other individuals. Most of them took out insurance in Lloyd's. A thirty per cent premium was charged on a policy calling for the payment of a total loss if the King was unable to go to Westminster Abbey. The fact that the monarch speedily recovered from his illness meant nothing to the underwriters, who had to stand the gaff.

"Although this coronation risk was perhaps the largest liability of its kind ever assumed at Lloyd's, it is a common practice to take out insurance against the postponement of big outdoor entertainments or sporting events, on account of the weather. Most of the world's series baseball games are thus insured. I remember handling the contracts for the series several years ago between the Boston Red Sox and the New York Giants. Each game was covered by $25,000, and the policy stated the exact amount of rain which must fall on any day to produce a total loss.

"On one occasion, in San Francisco, an open-air production of "Aida" was staged by Lloyd's in an effort to get back $25,000 that had been paid out when a regularly scheduled production had been prevented

by rain. The big English cricket matches are usually protected by "rain policies."

"'Tex' Ricard, promoter of the last world's heavyweight championship boxing bout, was heavily insured against illness or accident preventing either Willard or Dempsey from appearing in the Toledo ring. A policy of a similar nature was arranged a few years ago for an English sporting man, who had bet heavily on Cambridge University to win the annual boat race with Oxford. He was to be reimbursed to the amount of his bet if any member of the Cambridge 'eight' fell ill before the day of the race. The sad part of it was that he lost both his premium and his bet—for Oxford won.

"Natural disasters, such as cyclones, tornadoes or earthquakes, are continually subjects of speculation. Lloyd's will write policies against anything from tea crops in India being ruined by hail, to the destruction of a Kansas farmer's dwelling by cyclone. Every winter a number of houses at Far Rockaway, Long Island, and along the New Jersey coast are insured against damage by the rise of water. A typical policy of this sort is one I wrote for a New York restaurateur, insuring his house for $20,000 and the furniture for an extra $5,000.

"Following the San Francisco disaster we had several applications for earthquake insurance here in New York. I have already referred to one of the policies, which was taken out by the president of a large New York bank.

"Strike and riot insurance are becoming more common all the time. During the Boston police strike a few months ago more than $3,000,000 worth of insurance was taken out in a single day. Riot insurance has always been more popular in Ulster County, Ireland, than anywhere else. Also, for evident reasons, the protection of Ulster property against damage has carried a higher rate.

"ON MY trips to London I've noticed that the average Englishman looks on Lloyd's as a national institution. He has a personal pride in it, handed down, perhaps, from his great-great-great-grandfather."

"How long has Lloyd's been operating?" I asked.

"I've heard its whole history several times," replied Crosthwaite," but I can't give you the exact date it was founded. I don't know that anyone can. It was started by a retired sea captain named Edward Lloyd, who ran a small tavern or coffee house in Tower street, London, late in the seventeenth century.

"Lloyd's tavern used to be a great rendezvous for seafaring folks. As they sat through the long evenings over their coffee or ale, they indulged in much speculation and many arguments over their own safe return from perilous voyages, or else the safe return of ships already at sea. Sometimes wagers were made—and it was really out of this friendly betting that the insurance business was born.

"Some of Lloyd's wealthier patrons began in a small way to underwrite insurance on ships and cargoes about to put out to sea. Lloyd had an uncanny faculty for collecting shipping news, and he used to distribute this information to people who came to his coffee house. The information always proved so trustworthy

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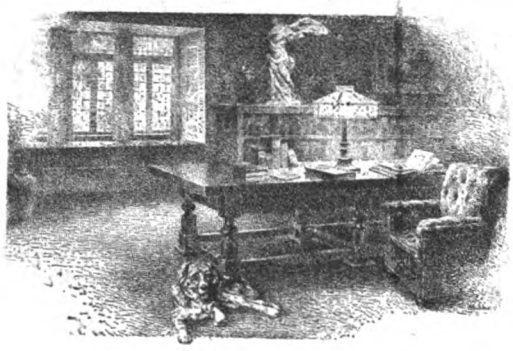

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that the underwriters got to rely on it in fixing their premiums.

"About 1690, I believe, Lloyd moved his coffee house to Lombard Street, and a few years later he began the publication of Lloyd's 'News'—later known as 'Lloyd's List,' and now as 'Lloyd's Register of Shipping.' Next to the London 'Gazette' this is the oldest publication in England. Just before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, the brokers and underwriters, calling themselves 'The New Lloyd's,' settled down in the Royal Exchange, where they and their successors have been located ever since.

"The Lloyd's of to-day is a whopping big institution. It does hundreds of millions of pounds of business, and reaches out to every corner of the globe. It has its own signal stations and you can find its appraisers, surveyors, and inspectors in every important port of the seven seas. It inspects ships while they are being built, surveys them every four years, and publishes in its list full information about every vessel afloat—that is, every vessel of any size.

REMEMBER that Lloyd's, first of all, is an institution for the insurance of ships and cargoes—not for the handling of these unusual contracts about which I have been telling you."

"But the unusual things are the ones we like to hear about," I suggested.

"I realize there's more human interest," smiled Crosthwaite, "in knowing that a policy has been taken out on a glass bed, packed in twenty cases and shipped to an Eastern potentate, than there is in learning that Lloyd's has insured a whole fleet of merchant ships. And that glass bed policy is a real one, too.

"Oriental monarchs, by the way, have been responsible for more than one interesting insurance deal. When the Shah of Persia visited London a few years before the war he bought half a million dollars' worth of expensive jewelry, and gave the dealer a one-year note for that amount. Although afraid to offend his royal customer by refusing the note, the jeweler became very much worried over what would happen if the Shah were to die within a year or be deposed in one of those sudden shifts of Oriental Governments. So he brought his worries to Lloyd's, where a policy was written which protected him against the monarch's death or deposition.

"Policies covering jewelry, precious stones, expensive rugs, vases and pictures, either in transit or on exhibition, are everyday happenings. I have handled scores of them, and the losses have been practically negligible. Another common type of policy is the 'theatrical floater,' which protects the scenery of traveling shows for a two per cent premium.

"Lots of policies have been written to cover animals—particularly wild animals held in captivity—while they are on sea voyages or after they have been taken to a new climate. The owners of 'Jumbo,' the famous circus elephant of a few years ago, carried heavy protection against his death on the voyage to America. 'Major Kelly,' the trained baboon, had his life insured for $25,000. His trainer paid a ten per cent premium.

"Some animals stand sea voyages better than others. Lloyd's will insure a dog,

a bear or a hog for a two per cent premium, while the rate on a giraffe or an orang-outang is likely to be as high as six per cent.

Domestic animals, such as horses and cattle, are usually insured at about a three per cent risk. That was the rate at which I arranged, not long ago, a $25,000 policy on a Holstein bull kept by a wealthy New Yorker on his Kentucky stock farm. Insurance of domestic animals, however, is by no means confined to Lloyd's. Many American companies do the same thing.

"Another interesting practice is the insurance of orchids. These precious and fragile plants, to obtain rare specimens of which men have often sacrificed their lives, are quite frequently covered by policies ranging all the way from $5,000 to $50,000.

"Lloyd's seems to take a shot at about everything in human experience. Perhaps I'll get a request to insure a lot of rare old prints of New York, made when Broadway was a pasture, and then my next customer may want protection against the explosion of oil tanks. While they were digging the subways I wrote contracts against buildings caving in as the result of the excavations. Somewhat along the same line was a policy that Lloyd's carried for a good many years in favor of a merchant in Trafalgar Square, London. This tradesman had a psychic 'hunch' that the Nelson Monument was going to collapse some day and destroy his place of business.

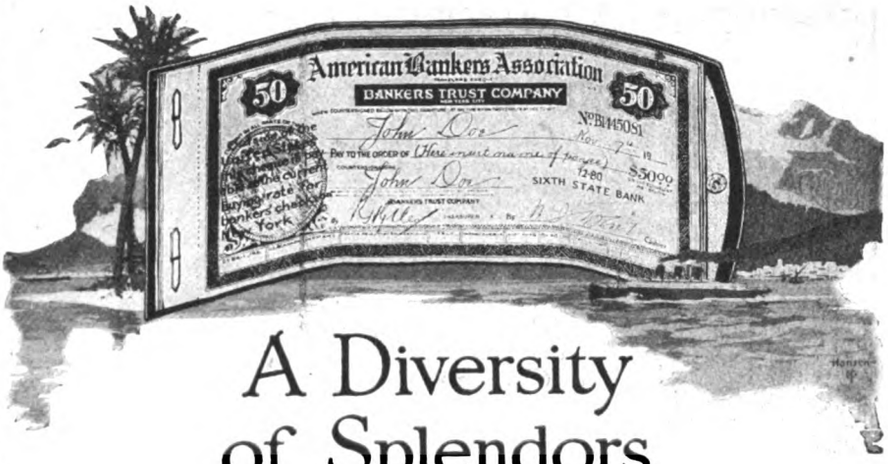
"SEVERAL years ago American newspapers gave more or less space to a Lloyd's policy taken out against the kidnapping of the McLean 'Millionaire baby'—the grandson of both John R. McLean and Thomas F. Walsh. The insurance was arranged, as I remember the case, after Black Hand threats to abduct the child had been made.

"Fear of Black Hand activities was also back of a $5,000 policy I wrote for a New Orleans banker, who lived in the Italian section of the city and had many Italian depositors. The banker was afraid that an attempt would be made to blow him up by a bomb. After he had carried the policy for five years, he died a natural death.

"Here's a funny one I just happened to remember. The last time I was in London I heard the story of an undertaker out in the East End who asked Lloyd's to cover the risk of shock to folks at whose homes his coffins might be delivered by mistake at night. Underwriters agreed to quote a rate if he would give them his annual turnover of coffins and some definite information about the number of shocks that usually developed in the year's run from erroneous deliveries.

"The subject of coffins reminds me of another Lloyd's policy, which was written to insure against damage the marble figure of an angel in a graveyard. When I remarked that Lloyd's touched about every phase of human activity, I should have gone a little further, and added angels to my list.

"Yet it is rather sad to think that angels—even when done in marble—should be just as much in need of protection as a promoter or a pianist."



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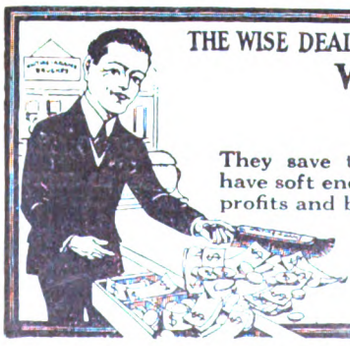

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JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U. S. A.

Brush Manufacturers for Over 109 Years and the Largest in the World

The Biggest Thing I Have Learned in Business

(*Continued from page 61*)

account of everything that went in and out; and, although I began the active work in the yard anywhere from four to five o'clock in the morning, I spent the end of the day—that is, anywhere from eight until ten o'clock in the evening—making up the accounts. You see, I was not only general manager, but I was also the whole lumber-handling force, the selling staff, the office force, and everything else. It was hard work, but it was fun. Anything that is worth while *is* hard work. Nothing in this world is handed out on a platter—except possibly bankruptcy.

It was fun because we were growing. It was fun because the big country was opening up around us. And it was fun because, in one corner of the woodyard, I ran up a little three-room house, married the girl I wanted to marry, and set up housekeeping.

Of course, we did all the work ourselves, and we had a jolly time of it. I helped with the housework and she helped with the business. It was *our* work. I well remember how fearful we were that the bringing in of a hired girl, after our first baby came and my work so grew that I could not help about the house, might perhaps break up the aloneness that we loved so much.

THOSE days, of hard but joyous work with little money and great hopes, were, I think, the happiest I have ever known; and sometimes my wife and I become wistful of them. We would almost be willing to give up everything that we now have if we could turn back the clock and get again into that little three-room house with its farthing's worth of furnishing. But that is another story.

Our business grew. We branched out into many parts of Kansas and into Missouri. Whenever a section opened we were there, right on the heels of the pioneers, ready with the lumber. We were in Oklahoma when it was opened to settlers. We were down in the Indian Territory. We were ready when the panhandle of Texas was being divided up into farms. And we were able to go so far and so quickly largely because of our reputation for honesty.

The banks knew us; they knew that we never asked for money for speculating purposes, but only for legitimate business ventures; and that, before asking for the money, we would already have arranged for its repayment. If they wanted to know exactly how we intended to repay them they had only to ask. At any time that they wanted to discover how we stood, our books were open to them. So many young men do not seem to understand that it is this sort of reputation which gives the means of taking advantage of the really first-class opportunities that present themselves.

The right sort of man does not want to go out and borrow money as a personal

favor. He does not want his business money as an act of charity from anyone. He wants it solely on a business basis, advanced by an institution which is engaged in lending money for profit. That is the clean way of doing business, and it is founded on honesty. Just the other day I wanted some additional credit. I went into a bank in a distant city where we had kept a small and not very active deposit for some years, with a line of credit of, I think, about one hundred thousand dollars, and I said to the president:

"I should like to do more business with this bank, but as a consideration for that I will want a credit limit of one million dollars."

"Anything you like!" answered the president instantly. "We want all of the business you will give us."

And that is all there was to borrowing a million dollars! Back in 1907, when the money panic came on, we owed about seven hundred thousand dollars, and if we had been forced to pay it all, we should not only have gone down but a number of banks would have gone down with us. All kinds of pressure were brought from the outside to force the banks, but we were never bothered.

When my partner, Mr. Bell, died we were still a partnership, and it would have been extremely inconvenient to have had all of his interest taken out at once. But while I was making ready to meet that situation, his widow announced that she did not want the money out, that she did not know of any place that it would be as safe as where it was, and she paid me a compliment that I have always cherished:

"I know Mr. Long. He is honest. If he lives he will pay, and if he dies he will pay from the other side of the grave."

These things seem intimately personal, but I am telling them only to show that a reputation for absolute, on-the-dot honesty is more than genius, or brilliancy, or extraordinary skill, for it fetches money in whatever quantity the truly honest and accurate man needs it.

IN ALL my business life, extending back now through forty-six years, I have never been really pinched for money to carry on operations; and it has been because my credit has always expanded with my needs.

Now as to industry, which should be as inseparable from honesty as is accuracy. The remark, "That fellow is lazy," will kill credit about as quickly as the remark, "That fellow is not straight."

No one can truly make good unless he works unremittingly, and no matter how stupid he may be at the beginning, that stupidity can be overcome by unflagging application in everything that concerns the business in which he is engaged.

In the first lumber yard I always worked from before daylight until after dark; and for many years I kept up the practice. I kept it up until the business branched out into yards all over the Southwest—into lumber mills, great tracts of forests, reclamation projects, coal mines, and a multitude of other interests. I kept it up until, even if there had been fifty hours in a day, I could not have known all that was going on.

Then I began to delegate, to give the charge of this to a man whom I knew to be honest and industrious by test, and that to another, similarly qualified. I sat

HOW THE MID-WEST IS HELPING THE WORLD

The Mid-Western Empire of Production, whose center and business capital in Chicago, is the greatest *grain* market of the world. It has the *cattle*, *hogs* and *sheep* to supply meat to America and a large part of the world besides. Vast supplies of *ores*, easily accessible and the *fuels* to smelt them are here. Colossal *iron* and *steel* and *cement* plants pour out of the district millions of tons of structural materials. *Timber* grown here is converted here by huge mills into billions of feet of *lumber*. *Furniture*, *clothing* and *all other household and personal necessities* are produced here and exported in enormous quantities.

Banking facilities for financing the production and distribution of these products to the ends of the earth are *here in Chicago!*

Our business banking service, foreign and domestic, has kept pace with the ever increasing productive activity of the Great Mid-West.

The CONTINENTAL *and* COMMERCIAL BANKS

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RESOURCES MORE THAN 500 MILLION DOLLARS

Non-speculative Properties Protect Miller Investors

Miller First Mortgage Bonds are always secured by properties of a non-speculative character, that is properties well located for their purpose, of established earning power,—properties fulfilling a genuine economic demand.

The class of properties securing Miller First Mortgage Bonds include apartments, apartment-hotels, stores, offices, warehouses, etc.

Miller First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds yielding 7%, are available in denominations of $100, $500 and $1000, maturities 2 to 10 years.

Write for current offerings and booklet entitled "Creating Good Investments," which explains why and how Miller First Mortgage Bonds are sound investments.

G. L. MILLER & COMPANY, INC.
85 HURT BUILDING, ATLANTA, GA.

"Old Town Canoes"

Form a canoe club. We will furnish constitutions and by-laws. You can pick a fleet of "Old Town Canoes" from the new 1920 catalog. Thirteen graceful models pictured in natural colors. Complete list of accessories. All prices given. First cost is the last—there is no upkeep to an "Old Town." Write for free, postpaid catalog today.

OLD TOWN CANOE COMPANY
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The small investor can purchase stocks and bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange on the monthly payment plan, owning the securities and receiving the cash dividends while paying for same.

These securities convertible into cash whenever you desire.

For interesting particulars and worth-while literature address Dept. AM.

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549 Fifth Ave. New York City

Correspondents:
Posner & Co., Members New York Stock Exchange

in the center, read the accounts, and directed from them with a personal trip about now and again.

Instead of casting the accounts myself, they are cast for me. Each month I read nearly three thousand pages of accountants' reports. I read them in my office, on the train, wherever I happen to be; simply because I believe the chief executive who holds himself as the head of a business cannot, in honesty, delegate the final "O. K." to anyone.

For honesty, as well as industry, is personal. You have it or you do not have it. There is no half-way ground, no twilight zone. But the big point is that he who has and cherishes these qualities—and they are open to all—needs nothing more to attain success. A man may attain a reputation as a business genius simply by taking infinite pains to be honest and industrious.

THE president of the largest wholesale grocery firm in the world will tell next month what he has learned about people's tastes in food. He is Charles W. Patterson, only thirty-nine years old, but with a wonderful record of achievement. His remarks on business are full of sound and helpful wisdom.

Which Words Do You Use Most?

(*Continued from page 47*)

In order to ascertain the relative spelling difficulty of the 1,000 commonest words, Ayres arranged with superintendents of schools in various cities throughout the United States, to have the words spelled in the elementary grades. The words were first sent out in 50 different lists of 20 words each; then the words were rearranged and new lists sent out. The information finally derived from these tests was based on 1,400,000 spellings from 70,000 children in 84 cities.

By this plan, it was learned not only which words of those in general use are the easiest and most difficult to spell, but just *how* difficult the different words are for pupils of any particular grade in our schools.

For example, the easiest word to spell—of all those in common daily use is *me*. And the most difficult is *judgment*, with *recommend* and *allege* close to it.

In the accompanying spelling table the words are placed in 26 columns—one for each letter of the alphabet—and those in each column are about equally hard to spell. It will be noted that the easiest words in the list are not exactly the same as those that children ordinarily are first taught in the primary grades. Words like *cat* and *rat* are not particularly difficult to spell, but it is not often that one has occasion to spell them. A person might conceivably write a dozen letters on business or social topics and never once mention a cat or a rat. In fact, these words are used so seldom that they did not even win themselves a place in Ayres's 1,000 commonest words.

The Chance of a Lifetime

An unusual combination of circumstances today presents the most remarkable opportunity in fifty years for making money conservatively.

Babson's

Special Investment Bulletin "*The Chance of a Lifetime*" shows how $10,000 rightly invested *now* is worth $15,000 invested under ordinary circumstances. The return on your invested capital can be safely increased by about 50%. This is a matter of vital importance to every investor.

REPORT ON REQUEST

This Special Bulletin and our Booklet, "*Getting the Most from Your Money*" will be sent to interested investors, gratis.

Merely ask for Bulletin CW-21

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The Largest Organization of its Character in the World

California Bungalows

"Home Kraft" and Draughtsman" each contain Bungalows and Two Stories. "Plan Kraft" Two Stories. "Kozy Homes" Bungalows. 50c each. Distinctive designs, complete.

De Luxe Building Co.
522 Union League Building, Los Angeles, California

"The Vacation Land of Perfect Climate."

HIGHLANDS of ONTARIO

HAY FEVER unknown. One thousand to two thousand feet above the sea. Air scented with pine and balsam. Modern hotels in Algonquin Park, Muskoka Lakes, Georgian Bay, Lake of Bays, Kawartha Lakes and Timagami. A short pleasant ride from Toronto, and you are in the midst of a charming summer playground. Fishing, boating, bathing, golf, and the great out-of-doors. ***Write for free illustrated literature.***

C. G. ORTTENBURGER, Desk "K"
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Chicago, Ill.
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1270 Broadway New York, N. Y.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Wanted: A Fool

(*Continued from page 13*)

seized it as his cue. "What regiment?" he demanded gruffly.

"The 401st Infantry."

"How many companies were there in your regiment?"

"Twelve," answered O'Mara promptly, "besides the headquarters, supply and machine-gun companies."

The man at the table quietly put an end to this cross-examination.

"You will excuse our asking such trivial questions," he said, "but the last man who was here had been in a regiment which had four colonels, four captains, four lieutenants and fifty men. What was your own rank?"

"I was a first lieutenant," replied O'Mara.

The man in black threw the letter impulsively to the table and laughed outright. "Oh, come now!" he exclaimed. "We've got to put an end to this masquerade. I don't want to make it uncomfortable for you, but you must admit that there is something funny about a man of your—your position applying for a servant's job."

"There is nothing funny about it to me," answered O'Mara.

His interrogator's face lost its bantering look.

"But can't you find anything else to do?" he asked, sympathetically enough.

"Have you ever tried it?" asked O'Mara bitterly.

The man at the table looked down.

"No," he said; "but there must be something. What is your regular—your regular occupation?"

O'Mara hesitated, and the fat man looked at him sharply. At his long delay the man in black looked up as well, but with less hostility. O'Mara saw that he must confess it.

"I am an actor," he said quietly.

The big man gave a start of surprise, and the man in black a quick look of interest. He smiled slowly. "Was that what you meant by being a servant figuratively but not literally?"

The question needed no reply and O'Mara made none. The man in black sat thinking and then he turned to the man at his side: "What do you think, Jake?"

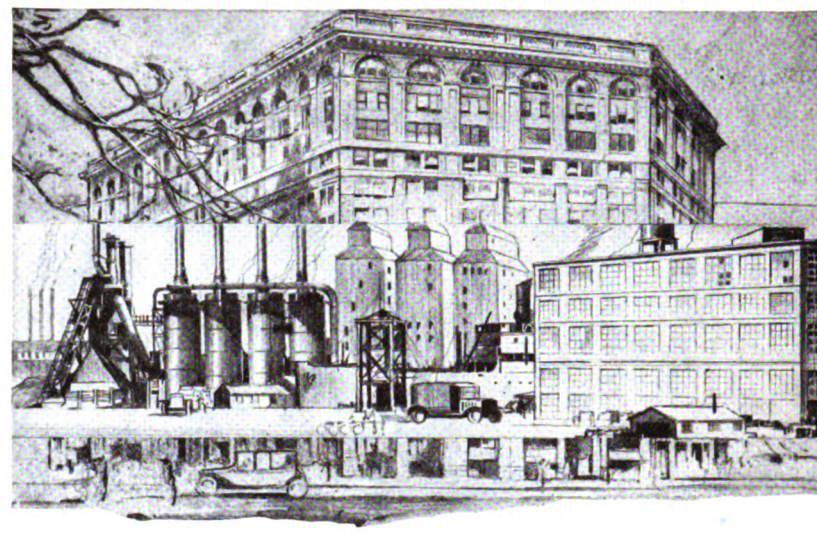
The big man shrugged his shoulders. He would voice no opinion, but obviously his opinion was negative on every question. He suspected everybody.

O'MARA stood and the other two sat in one of those puzzled silences which seemed to be the dominant feature of the whole interview. The man in black looked up at last:

"Well, anyway, I should be glad to talk with you." He turned to his companion. "Thank you ever so much, Jake."

The mastership was well proved by that one sentence. The fat man took it as a dismissal. He rose and picked up his brown derby.

"Jake," added the man in black, "there's a little present for you, that package on the mantel."



A City in a Building

Imagine a city fostering all the arts and crafts of industry—a city of trade and commerce, where all are buying and selling—imagine the points of contact with all these industries centered under one roof—*then* you have some idea of the Fifth Avenue Building.

Broadway and Fifth Avenue is the Mecca of Merchants. *For there* is the Fifth Avenue Building. There they find what they seek—the commodities they would buy, or a market for their wares.

Convenient ferries, tunnels, elevated and surface lines, subways and bus lines bring thousands daily to this center of the uptown business district. It is approximately twenty minutes from anywhere.

If you are thinking of opening New York headquarters and want them light, spacious and airy; if, in addition, you desire a service that meets promptly your every need, you will find it all in the Fifth Avenue Building. Write for more information.

THE FIFTH AVENUE BUILDING

Broadway and Fifth Avenue at Madison Square, New York

Complete Musical Outfits On Trial

YOU may have your choice of instruments and a complete musical outfit for a week's free trial in your own home. Outfit includes case, music rack, all accessories, instruction book, etc., at factory prices. **A tremendous saving.**

Convenient Monthly Payments

After trial return outfit at our expense if you wish. If you decide to buy you may pay the low direct price in small monthly amounts. Wurlitzer for 60 years has meant highest quality.

Send this Coupon

We'll send you free and without obligation the Wurlitzer 160-page illustrated catalog. Mail the coupon.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co. Dept. 1055
E. 4th St., Cincinnati — S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Dept. 1055
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio
329 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send free your 160-page catalog with full details of complete musical outfit on easy terms.

Name.....

Address.....

Instrument I am Specially Interested In.....

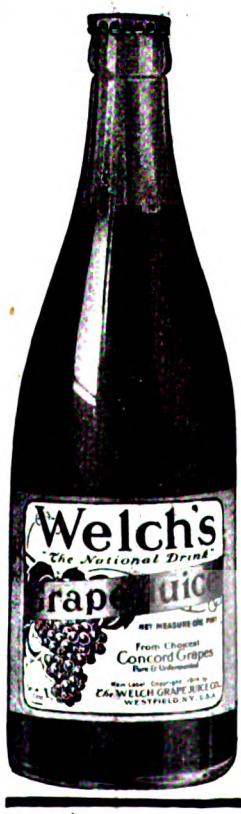
WURLITZER

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"

The drink of health—



WELCH'S is bottled in October. It has the sparkle of crisp, keen air. It brings you the richness of purple-ripe, premium Concord grapes, pressed out at the fullness of perfection.

Drink WELCH'S for its healthfulness. Drink it for the joy of its fresh-grape flavor, its tart-sweet taste, its invigorating, satisfying, thirst-quenching goodness.

WELCH'S is just the pure juice of the fruit—nothing added, nothing taken away. It may be diluted with plain or charged water or blended with lemonade, punch or other beverages. Many such recipes are given in our booklet "WELCH Ways." Write for a copy.

Order WELCH'S from your grocer or druggist by the bottle or by the case. Ask for WELCH'S at the Soda Fountain.

Welch's Grapelade

the pure grape spread

Delightful on bread, muffins, toast, pancakes; for making pastry. Just grapes and pure sugar without seeds or skins. Acid crystals removed by patented process. In 15 ounce glass jars and 8 ounce tumblers from your grocer.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

The package was very obviously a box of cigars, and the big man took it humbly enough. "Thank you, Mr. Pickering."

The other man winced. He looked furtively at O'Mara and O'Mara's ears had not been deaf. He smiled at the slip, and there was nothing for the man in black to do but smile also. As the fat man went out the door, the pale man turned to O'Mara.

"Do you know who that was?"

"The house detective?"

The man in black nodded, and O'Mara turned, dryly:

"I don't want to disappoint you, but I may as well inform you at once that I am not a criminal of any sort."

Pickering, if that really was his name, was not apologetic.

"I have no doubt of it," he said; "but you can't blame me for being careful."

He put his hands together and sat in one of those periods of thought or of moody abstraction to which he had already given way several times. As he watched him, O'Mara could now see how such a man could have written such an advertisement as that which he had answered. He had thought, until he had entered the room, that it had been the whimsical effusion of some helpless, genial, humorous old philosopher. Now he saw that it had been the sneer of a bitter, cynical, burnt-out man jeering at the whole world. When he was apparently speaking for effect, Pickering's voice sounded as the advertisement had done. Left alone with O'Mara, he seemed to throw off that mood and speak naturally.

"Did you think my advertisement insane?" he asked suddenly.

"I came to find out," replied O'Mara boldly.

ANOTHER characteristic of Pickering's speech was to shoot without introduction from one topic to another. He seemed wholly satisfied with the reply and gave no further explanation. Instead, he stared, half humorously, at O'Mara.

"I must tell you frankly that this is too good to be true," he went on, smiling. "Unless—excuse my saying it—unless you are an awful liar, and, even if you are, you seem to be just the man I hoped to get and didn't think that I could."

Apparently he still could not believe his own good fortune.

"You really mean," he insisted, "that you would take a menial job at menial pay?"

"I do," replied O'Mara.

"Excuse me for asking questions," went on the man in black, "but why can't you get a job in your own profession?"

O'Mara was getting tired of that point.

"I suppose the reason is," he replied, "that I am too good an actor for the rotten shows, and too poor an actor for the good shows."

The man in black showed increasing interest.

"That sounds reasonable," he said; "but couldn't you get a job in a bank or an office, or something of that kind?"

O'Mara stared at the room before replying.

"It may be a weakness," he answered at last, "but with me it's all or nothing. I can't take any second best. Unless I can do the job I set out to do I want to

clear out entirely, crawl into a hole and hide."

"You'll have a chance to do that," replied Pickering, "—in this place. I understand what you mean. If I ever—if I ever had to work for my living I think I should be a chauffeur. I've often thought of it, anyway."

He gathered together the pile of letters which lay on the table and swept them into a waste basket.

"Well, now, Mr. O'Mara—I suppose I ought to call you just 'O'Mara,' I *will* call you just 'O'Mara'—the situation is this:

"I have a cabin up in the mountains. Sometimes I will be there for months at a time, and then I may not go near the place for a year; but any moment, winter or summer, that I feel like darting up there I want to find someone there and everything ready. Can you cook?"

"I can learn."

"All right," answered Pickering. "I'm not particular. The place is off in the woods, two miles from a neighbor—or was the last time I saw it. Frankly, that is the whole trouble. Eight different men in two years I have had there. The country boys were even worse than the regular city servants. Apparently the whole human race, these days, has to be pampered and babied. Apparently, Americans can't live to-day without a sidewalk and a horde of equally silly people around them. I can't imagine a finer life in the world than being off there in the woods with nothing to do except fish and smoke, but people nowadays—" He held up his hands expressively.

"But how do you get in food?" asked O'Mara.

PICKERING laughed. "Oh, it's not as bad as that. There is a farmhouse across the lake. Can you row a boat?"

"That is one thing I can do," replied O'Mara.

As he sat there giving his questions and answers, it suddenly struck him how strangely plausible it all seemed, how ridiculously as if he had planned to do this thing all his life. The weariness and the worry and the depression under which he had labored only a few hours before now seemed as far away, as unreal, as the noisy streets of New York now seemed in this quiet, luxurious room. The little lake, the cabin in the woods which Pickering outlined, invited him as if he were going there as a guest. He was impatient to be there.

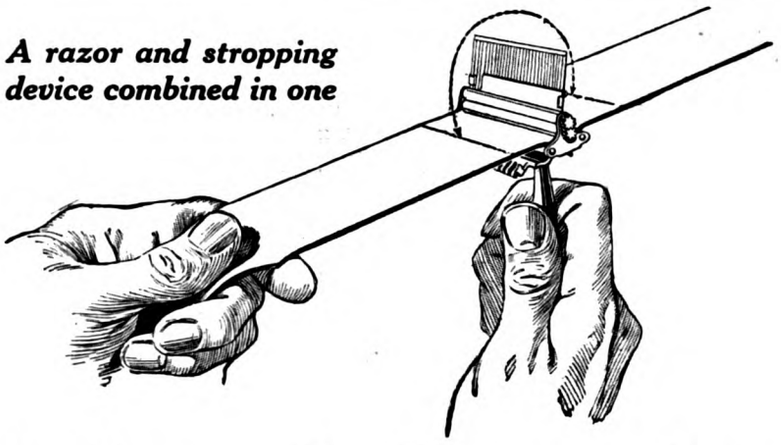
To Pickering, too, it seemed to be the most natural thing in the world to ask in an utter stranger and send him off into the wilds in charge of his goods and chattels.

"Well, that's about all," he said at last. "You will have to go up and find your way around, anyway. I will telegraph the farmer to have his boy meet you. In case he misses you, hire a wagon and tell them to drive you to Pickering's cabin on Saddle Mountain. When can you go? The last of the week?"

O'Mara's face fell: "I had hoped I could go right away."

Pickering smiled. "Is it as bad as that? Well, nothing could suit me better. There is a train at three-one from Grand Central. Go home and pack. Call here, and I will have your tickets left at the

A razor and stropping device combined in one



A "new" sharp edge every day

No "pull," no "scrape" with this unique razor

DOES your safety razor blade grow duller and duller with each shave until you cannot stand it any longer? Do you have endless bother and expense with new blades? If so, you are paying the penalty of shaving with an ***unstropped*** edge.

Look at an ***unstropped*** razor blade under a microscope and you will see small "saw-teeth," ***bent out of alignment.*** These ***irregular*** teeth "catch" in the beard, "scrape" the skin and "pull" the tiny hair follicles.

You don't need to put up with this discomfort—nor with the bother and expense of using a new blade every so often.

You can avoid all the drawbacks of the ordinary safety razor if you use the AutoStrop Razor.

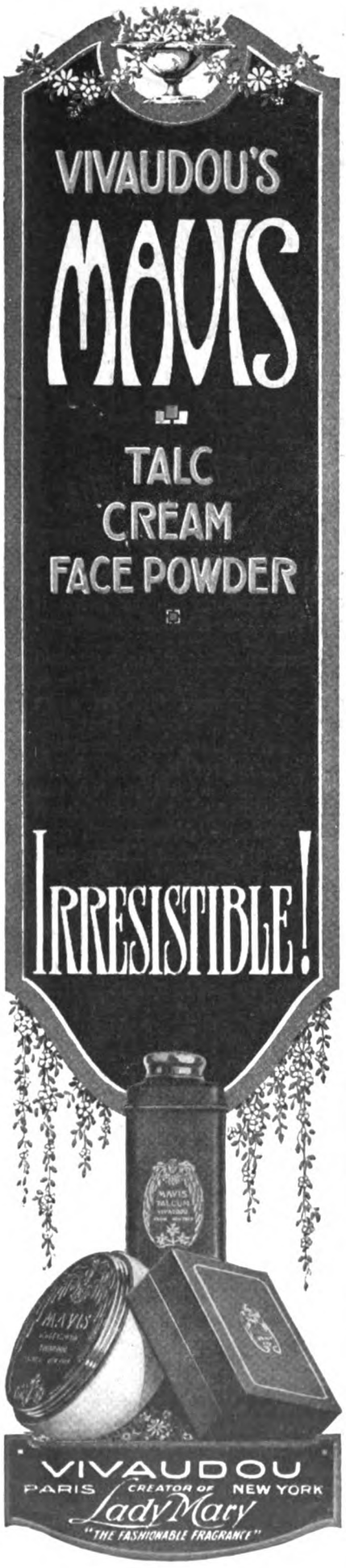
Because of its unique, patented design, the AutoStrop Razor can be stropped ***without even removing the blade.*** Just slip the strop through the razor head. Give the razor a dozen quick passes over the strop. In ten seconds you have a "new" sharp shaving edge! 500 smooth cool shaves are ***guaranteed*** from each package of blades.

Get an AutoStrop Razor today and know the joy of a "new" sharp edge ***every*** morning!

Ask your dealer about the free trial plan.

AutoStrop Razor

—sharpens itself



desk. I shall not be here this afternoon."

It seemed so foolishly simple that when Pickering rose to his feet, O'Mara felt, as Pickering seemed to feel himself, that nothing remained to be said. Not until he was in the hall did he realize that not a suggestion had been made about pay. Not that he really cared. A roof over his head and a change from the hot city streets were all that seemed important to him now. Nevertheless, he hesitated a moment and, as he did so, the door behind him opened suddenly.

"O'Mara!"

O'Mara turned and walked back.

"By the way, O'Mara," said Pickering, "I think that it would be simpler if you got your tickets at Grand Central. I will have them left in your name at the information bureau." He dropped his voice, which had been rather loud. "I will leave a little money there too—for incidental expenses."

In view of this statement, O'Mara decided that the matter of wages need play no part for the present. He turned to go, but as he walked down the corridor he saw a thing that gave him a little start. A dozen feet from where they had been standing he had already seen—without really noting the fact—that the door of a room was open about a foot. Now he noticed that, as he approached, the door was quietly closed. It was not shut quickly, as if someone had walked across the room to do it. It was shut slowly and silently as if a hand had been holding it all the while.

It was curious, but nothing now could have frightened O'Mara from seeing the adventure through; yet, in the elevator, he decided that he could do a little sleuthing himself. As he walked out of the clanging door he glanced at the desk and saw that the big detective was not in sight. One word with the clerk would tell him whether the latter had heard the story as yet. One word told him that the clerk had not. He greeted O'Mara with positive effusion and, in an easy, familiar way, the latter leaned over the desk.

"By the way," he asked casually, "how long has Pickering been in the house?"

"Who?" asked the clerk.

"Pickering," repeated O'Mara.

"Pickering?" said the clerk. "Who is he? I have never heard of him."

O'Mara saw that that conversation was at an end. The fat man had been a better detective than he had given him credit for being.

"Oh, haven't you?" he asked, with a smile of worldly wisdom, and walked calmly out, leaving the clerk to puzzle over the matter for the rest of his clerkly life.

III

O'MARA passed out into busy Fifth Avenue, rather surprised to find it still there. For a moment he paused on the hotel steps, mentally rubbing his eyes and trying to realize that the world had not changed. His friend, the carriage starter, saw him, and raised his hand with a smile. For a moment O'Mara was seized with a wild impulse to spend his last dollar and ride to his lodgings in state, but, just because he was now free to do it, he no longer cared to. He shook his head and descended to the pavement.

He looked at his watch. It was barely noon and, from sheer force of habit, he wandered up into the theatre district. For the first time in weeks he was not afraid to meet faces that he knew but, the whole length of Forty-second Street, as far as Broadway he saw none.

At Times Square he had no excuse whatsoever for wandering farther west but, possibly from a sense of regret, possibly from a sense of bravado, he crossed the busy triangle and wandered farther into the theatre district, trying to make himself believe that it meant nothing to him now. Here at last he began to see types that were familiar to him. In front of the Palladium, where a musical show was about to open, was lounging a group of chorus men with sensual, dissatisfied faces and, as he recognized them by type, so did they recognize the signs of the trade in him. They watched him curiously as he passed. At the lobby entrance stood three chorus girls, one of them, a tawdry middle-aged woman with artificially yellow hair, holding by the hand a pathetic, over-dressed little boy.

TWO doors beyond, however, he came to a theatre, the Zanski, which, even on the street front, stood apart from the others by its quiet, classic distinction. No gold-toothed chorus men stood leering in front of this. The unprofessional eye might have thought it closed, but O'Mara looked at its calm self-sufficiency with a little jealous tug at his heart. He had never played in the perfect, jewel-like, high-bred dramas which made the Zanski theatre the Mecca of the really serious side of his profession, but that classic façade had always been his secret goal. Eight years before, when he had signed his first contract with the now dead and almost forgotten George Fordham, second at that time only to Zanski, he had thought of this house as his next logical step, but in the succeeding years he had merely hovered around it, still unable to cross the last mystic boundary.

Musing, O'Mara had stopped at the doors, when he was started out of his reverie by seeing a man who was sweeping the front of the lobby stand suddenly at attention. Following his glance, O'Mara saw that an electric brougham had stopped at the curb, and a wrinkled little man with snow-white hair was getting fussily out of it. One or two passers turned to look at him curiously and, in spite of himself, O'Mara stared too. It was Adam Zanski himself, the czar, the imperator, the all-powerful of his own world. Living in a sort of fabled seclusion, really known only by the small, elite group of stars with which he had surrounded himself, even O'Mara had never before seen this king of his world at such close quarters. It would have been impossible for him to move on without blocking the great man's way, so he simply stood in his tracks, trying to look impassive.

As he crossed the pavement to the door of the theatre Zanski, too, could not escape seeing him. For a second, a half-light of almost startled recognition seemed to flicker in his penetrating eyes. He seemed on the point of pausing, and O'Mara's heart went into his throat; but the great producer, like the chorus men, was probably only recognizing the earmarks of the trade. Without a second

glance he passed on and disappeared into the lobby, but O'Mara turned and walked back down Broadway in a troubled and tumultuous state of mind.

Like all actors, he was possibly not superstitious but at least strongly swayed by incidents. Could that meeting, that half-recognition, have been an omen, a grim jest of fate? Had he, from cowardice, quit the fight just a moment too soon? Could it have been that, by holding on for just one day more, his luck would have turned?

Well, it was done now. He had quit. He could at least be sporting about it. He turned at Thirty-fourth Street and walked resolutely to his lodgings, but his sense of shame and cowardice did not leave him as easily as that. The sight of that snow-white head still haunted him. In the crowds at the station that afternoon he believed for a moment that again he caught sight of it. Even as he sat in the smoking car in the gloom of the train sheds he thought, with a sudden start, that he saw those stooping shoulders making their way to the Pullmans up at the front of the train, but at last he dismissed the idea as illusion, and settled himself for his new adventure.

IV

A FROST like the nip of October was in the night air as O'Mara, true to instructions, left the Berkshire express at the little flag station of Cantabury. A half-grown boy with the smell of the barnyard and the perpetual languor of the yokel slouched across the five feet of open platform and accosted him.

"You going to Pickering's?"

O'Mara nodded, and the boy looked up toward the baggage car.

"That your trunk?"

"Yes."

"Got your check?"

O'Mara smiled. "I think so."

The boy held out his hand, took the check and walked off into the darkness. A lantern waved, a voice shouted up ahead, and the train pulled out in a whirl of cinders. O'Mara whimsically watched the red light on the last car melt off into the darkness.

As it disappeared, a sweet scent of fir trees seemed to settle down around him and a biting tonic of crisp mountain air. He looked up and saw that the curtain of brilliant autumn stars seemed, too, to have settled closer with the resumption of the forest silence.

Apparently he was alone until, with a series of shouts of "*Back, girl!*" and "*You, Ned!*" he saw the boy backing a spring wagon, with a lantern tied under it, up to the platform. O'Mara walked up to help him with the trunk, but the boy disdained any assistance. With a professional air, he stripped off the check strap, slipped the duplicate check on it and threw the whole on the platform. That, apparently, was all the formality required at that station. The trunk was thrown into the wagon with a slam that rocked the springs and, climbing over it, the boy took up his reins.

O'Mara clambered to the seat beside him and off they went, the horses falling into a heavy trot. Thick woods surrounded the little station, but after a few minutes' drive through the sweet-

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scented pines, they came into a country road with scattered farms, fields, and occasional haystacks showing vague mounds in the starlight. O'Mara had always supposed that rural youth was insatiate with curiosity, but this boy seemed to be an exception. He said nothing at all until O'Mara himself asked:

"How far is it to the cabin?"

"Abaout six moile," responded the boy in the mountain accent. "It's six to aour place and then two across the lake. You can droive all the way from another road, but the footing's poor."

"What's your name?" suggested O'Mara.

"What, moine? Moy name's Fitzhugh."

"Mine's O'Mara."

The boy seemed to respond to friendliness.

"You working for Mr. Pickering," he asked after a moment, "or you just going to stay thar?"

It was not pride which made O'Mara evasive. He merely thought it unwise to be too confidential all at once: "I'm going to look around there a bit."

The boy did not seem to take offense. "You, *Ned!*" he called to his nigh horse, who was apparently a chronic offender but who, at the warning, quickened his pace and caught up with his mate.

A moment later the horses turned off the main road and climbed a slope. At the top, they broke into a trot and then began climbing again straight into a black opening in the forest. Again, with the suddenness of a wave, the sweet scent of pines and birches swept over them and, like a curtain, the darkness closed down around them. Only the dull glow of the lantern, throwing vague shadows around the horses' legs, and occasional glimpses of starlight through the tops of the trees broke the pitch-blackness. From time to time a bush or a branch swept along the box of the wagon. Once they heard the swish of a waterfall off in the forest, and once a shooting star swept across the patch of sky between the tree tops. The air kept growing rarer and crisper. They were climbing all the time now, and the horses were going at a straining walk.

"You're in Massachusetts naow," said the boy. "We just crossed the loine."

"And out of New York?" asked O'Mara.

"No," responded the boy. "We was just in Connecticut. The station is in New York, and the taown's in Connecticut, and the lake is part in New York and part in Massachusetts and part in Connecticut. We come from New York into Connecticut, and naow we're in Massachusetts, and pretty soon we'll be in New York, and then we go back into Massachusetts again."

"I see," said O'Mara, rather helplessly.

FOR an hour they drove, swaying and bumping, ever higher and higher, once splashing through a ford and then, for a mile or more, following the course of the plunging stream. Once they came into a clearing and, in the starlight, O'Mara saw a gaunt chimney standing over the ruins of a house.

They plunged back into the forest, but almost immediately O'Mara began to see glimmerings of lighter sky through the trees while a scent almost like that of salt water came to his nostrils.

"Thar's the lake," said the boy.

The wagon rounded a curve, and they saw the lights of a house and, beyond it, a figure with a lantern moving back and forth. The light approached them as they drove into the yard, and a tall, bearded man, holding the lantern beside his face, greeted them as soon as they stopped.

"Good evening," he said; then, wasting no formality, he commanded, "Alec, you unhitch them horses and go git your supper; I'll row this gentleman over to the camp. I put some milk and eggs in the flatbottom boat."

Three minutes later, with Fitzhugh, Senior, at the oars, O'Mara found himself on a damp seat in the bow of a boat gliding out over the black, glassy surface of the lake. His trunk was in the stern, and the lantern between his feet, but he found it pleasanter to look away from it out into the darkness. Only once did the man at the oars break the silence:

"It was lucky I was daown in the taown to-day for a load of scrotch-feed. Otherwise I wouldn't have gawt Mr. Pickering's telegram."

O'Mara noted the name. "Pickering" the man in black might not be to the hotel clerk, but "Pickering" he was, apparently, for all of O'Mara's purposes. The use of a pseudonym did not upset O'Mara to any extent. The compliance of the hotel detective set his mind at rest on that point. The only thing over which he really puzzled was whether the name under which the hotel clerk knew the man in black or that by which the detective called him was his real one—or neither.

They were drawing nearer to the shore. The mountaineer looked over his shoulder and deftly beached the boat between two rocks. O'Mara leaped out and pulled it up on the gravel. The mountaineer helped him to draw it higher; then, taking the lantern, led the way up a path through the bushes.

THE cabin which stood just back from the shore amazed O'Mara by its size. It was built of logs, with rustic piazzas, and the fact that it was perched over their heads on the side of a hill made it seem larger than it really was; but, even at that, it was a pretentious affair. The mountaineer led the way up a rustic spiral staircase to the piazza and opened the door with a key from his pocket. O'Mara followed him into a huge main living-room. A combined smell of dead air and pine boards came rushing forward to meet them. Even the guide seemed to notice it.

"There ain't be'n no one here for four months," he explained. "Me and my boy screwed all the shutters on toit. Upstairs they close with hooks."

He lifted his lantern for explanation and, outside the glass, O'Mara saw that the windows were boarded. The mountaineer crossed the room into the kitchen and reappeared with a lamp, which he put on a center table. By the added light, O'Mara looked around and saw a really majestic apartment, but one in what might have been called a state of storage. The rugs were rolled up and the furniture was covered with sheeting. Even in that state of disarray, the elegance of the place and of its new manager seemed embarrassing to the rough mountain farmer. On his

own lean shoulders he brought up O'Mara's trunk and then, wishing him good night, pushed his boat off into the darkness.

O'Mara was not uncontent to be left alone. He made a supper of milk and stale biscuits, and laid out some blankets on a cot bed in the room to which the guide had carried his trunk. The shutters of that one window he unhooked, but the rest he left until morning. That evening he was too tired even to explore. A great deal had occurred that incredible day. Even now it was hard for him to realize how much. He could not make himself believe that only that morning he had walked from his dingy lodgings to fill his fantastic appointment.

HE DID not feel any nervousness in his new surroundings. That was the absurd part of it—they seemed so perfectly natural. All that he did feel was a sudden languor, the fatigue which, hitherto, excitement had kept away and, over that, the beautiful luxury of being at last in a place where he could rest in peace. A last cigar, which he had bought on the train, was in his pocket and, taking a steamer chair out on the piazza, he sat down to smoke it in comfort. It was colder, however, than he had thought. He was about to get up when he heard a boat drawing in to the shore. He heard steps up the path.

"Hello!" called a voice. "It's me, Alec. I saw your cigar."

The youngster came running up the spiral stairway and his head appeared over the piazza flooring.

"Maw sent you some butter," he said. "She forgawt to put it in the flatbottom boat with the rest."

"That was very kind of your mother," replied O'Mara. "Won't you sit down?"

"No, I gawt to git back," said the boy. "Paw'd give me hell if I was late." Nevertheless, he stood there uncertainly.

"Mr. O'Mara," he said awkwardly, at last, "they's guns in the house, but they's only for hunting."

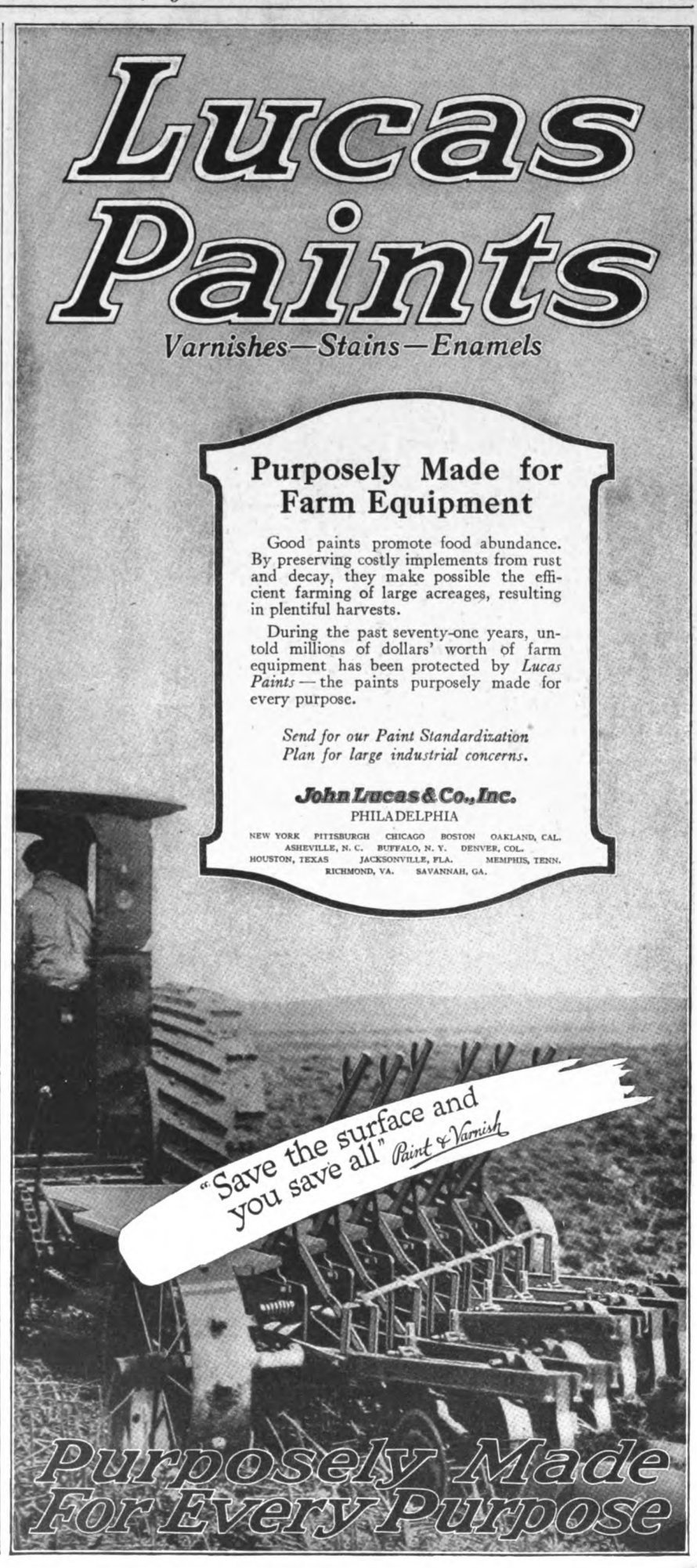
"That so?" asked O'Mara.

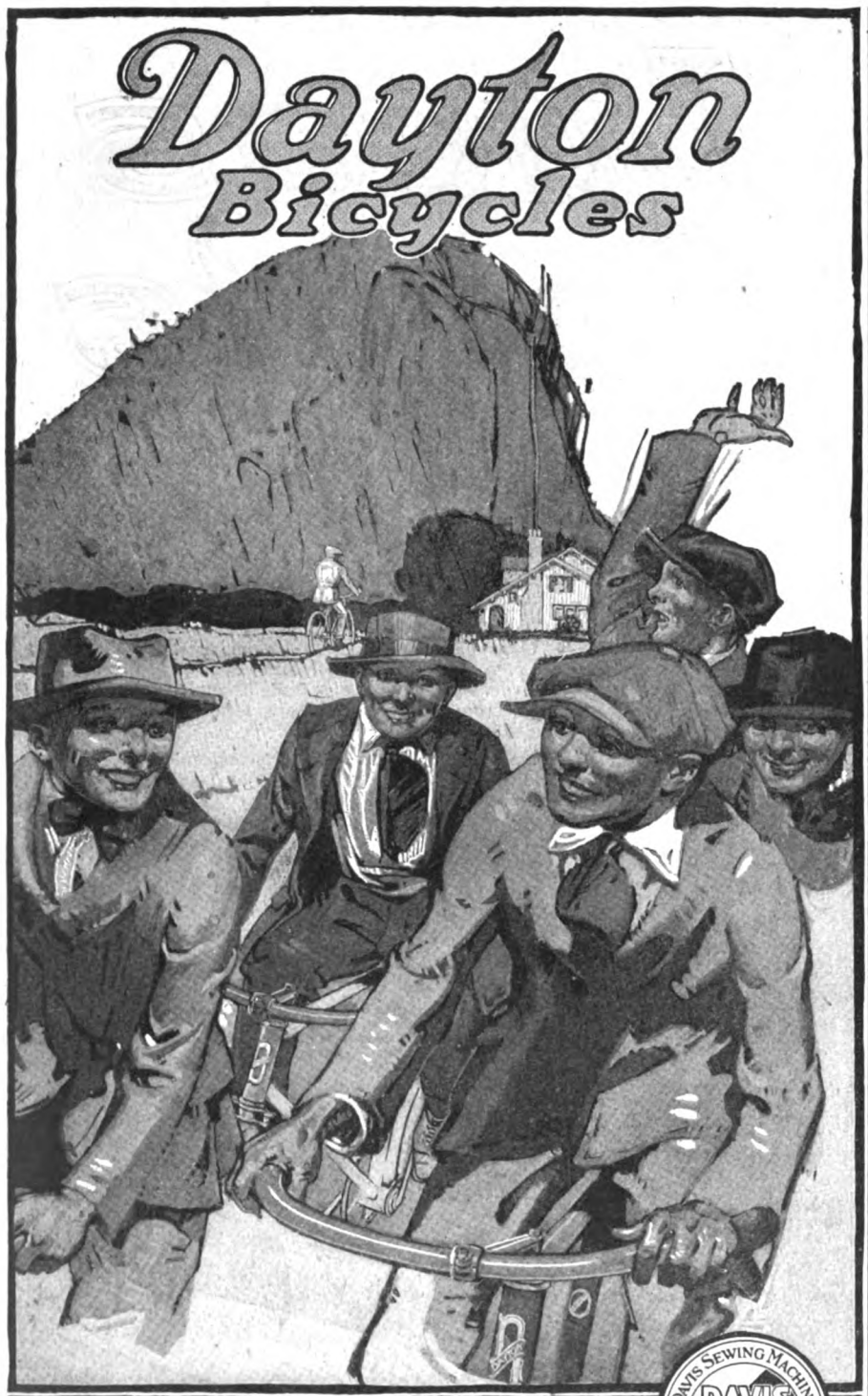
"Yes," said the boy. "I thought I'd tell you, I happened to forget. If you hear anybody raound at noit don't shoot. It ain't nobody."

Before there was time for a question about this singular statement, the boy had disappeared down the spiral staircase, and before O'Mara could decide whether or not to call after him his boat had pushed out from the shore. Puzzled, the new man-of-all-work, slowly finished his cigar, then went in and locked the door. If there were guns there he did not know where to find them. After a half-hearted search he went up to bed.

For a long time, in his pine-boarded room above, he lay restless, half amused, half puzzled. He did not think that he had slept at all, although he really had slept for an hour when he awoke, uncertain and dazed, to hear a scratching below.

Fully awake, he raised himself on his elbow and listened. It might be an animal of some kind, but then he thought that he heard a door open and steps, steps which made no attempt at concealment. Carefully he slipped out of bed and opened his door. In spite of himself his flesh began to tingle, for there was no





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doubt about it. The steps were walking cheerfully back and forth in the room below. Then a light sprang up, the yellow glow showing through the cracks in the frail partitions.

Moving cautiously, O'Mara slipped on his shirt and trousers and, barefooted, crept along the hall. The staircase descended from a balcony into the big living-room itself, so, lying flat on the floor O'Mara worked inch by inch out on the balcony until he could see below. The room was brilliantly lighted from a great stand-lamp which he had not noticed before. The steps had ceased. For a moment he saw nobody, but an instant later he was staring in unbelief.

One side of the room was lined with bookshelves. A sheet had been over them when he had arrived, but now it was removed, showing the lines and lines of variegated covers. Before them was kneeling a girl in evening dress!

(To be Continued)

The Bold Adventure of Jimmie the Watchmaker

(Continued from page 42)

away a year of such piker savings with a breath. Here's the trouble over on my side. Not what we pay out, but what we take in. You've worked on your side of the ledger until it's a model, but I've let mine become a regular Rip Van Winkle. It's time to wake the old boy up."

Jimmie searched through his smoking jacket pockets for a match, found one and relighted his pipe, waiting for Bessie Lee's opinion. But she wasn't ready to give it, and looked at him as if she expected him to go on. Jimmie went on:

"Expenses will go on climbing right along. We can't tie 'em down, if we expect to do our duty by John Roger. The only answer I can see is to earn more. What we call the good old forty-five has to take a bulge, and get to moving upward regularly." Jimmie blew a smoke cloud toward the open window and rested his case.

Bessie Lee smiled at him much as she did at John Roger sometimes, rested her head on his shoulder and gave him a surprising jolt. "I've known it for a long time," she said softly. "That is, where the trouble was. But how can you do it, Jimmie? I know how things are at the store. There's nothing higher in town in your line. I can't see how you can earn more."

Jimmie patted her shining brown hair encouragingly. "You leave that to me, Chief," he said bravely.

But come to think of it, how *was* he going to pry more money from the firm when he already had their best paying place? And it was like Bessie Lee to beat him to the discovery by a long margin.

Nevertheless, Jimmie Warren's mind was out of its set groove, and looking eagerly about for some place to start from there, when he went to work the next morning. He had made up his mind

first of all to ask for a raise, and with some of his old freedom followed Perry Gaylord into the back room where he was opening his mail.

Perry Gaylord was to the firm very much what a mainspring is to a watch. There was the same resilience and push, and from his bristling gray hair to his broad square shoes something of the steel's fine drawn temper, ready to uncoil with a snap if tampered with. He had taste in his line, and kept himself looking the part of the town's best jeweler. He had the knack of picking men. His partner Higgins, now away on a trip West, was one, and Jimmie Warren another. Higgins had put in his money, left the impression that he did the jewelry business a favor to bother with it, and let Perry Gaylord run things.

Jimmie felt as if his boss knew beforehand what he wanted, and it did not take him long to state his case. Without painful details he asked for a ten-dollar raise. Gaylord admired his simple directness, and if he had followed any other gods except straight business methods in his store he might have given Jimmie what he wanted.

"No," he said, putting one plump leg over the other as he sat in his swivel chair and speaking positively, "we can't do it. Forty-five a week is as much as the store can pay even its head watchmaker. You are making good on the job, and we want to keep you. But following the policy of the store, we can promote the foreman of the workshop to outside man just as we did you, move everybody up the line, and fill the vacancy at the lower end."

Gaylord eyed Jimmie shrewdly, wondering what sort of a comeback he had with him. Comebacks, if intelligent, came close to the measure of a man.

"You mean, then, that my position with the pay it carries is the very best thing that the store has to offer?" Jimmie was looking for a weak spot in Gaylord's manner, but found none.

"Why, yes," he was saying; "it's a good place. The man before you stayed with it ten years."

Gaylord made a motion toward his neglected mail, and Jimmie went on back to his work. His last question had not been with the sole disposition to argue the point, but to make solid in his own mind what he already knew to be true. He had reached the end with Gaylord & Higgins.

"Turned down cold," he reported to Bessie Lee, as she met him on the vine-covered porch.

She straightened his tie, which the shouldering of John Roger at the gate had pushed under his ear. "Hot biscuit for supper," she announced cheerfully. "There'll be a way by and by."

A MONTH passed with Jimmie still looking, not desperately and hit or miss, but with pains and earnestness, for he and Bessie Lee found it increasingly hard to drag resisting ends together. They still owed the doctor half his bill, and the savings-account book had no new entries.

Jimmie didn't know it, but the month had made a big change in his mental attitude. He knew where he was, and if he had marched blindly into a walled-up alley, he was no longer pleasantly asleep

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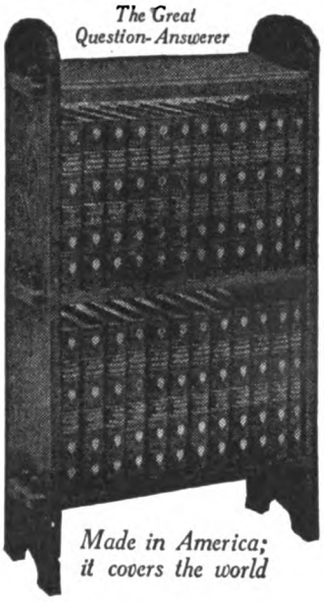

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there, but constantly building mental scaling ladders, considering underground tunnels, charges to the rear, and frontal assaults. His mind was firmly set on escape. Buckling down to his problem had a reflex action in the way that Jimmie buckled down to his job. Perry Gaylord went out of his way to make things pleasant for him. Jimmie had always made the firm a good man, and now he was better than ever.

Gaylord even hinted at a raise, if the sales records kept up. But Jimmie grew less and less disposed to sign a truce and settle down comfortably in his good job. Even when he did get five dollars more near the end of the second month he wasn't satisfied to sit tight and drift.

"It's like this, Chief," he told Bessie Lee on the date of the first increased pay envelope. He was expertly drying the supper dishes while she washed and rinsed them. "We've got steam up in the old machine again, and she's able to move ahead; but we mustn't let it stop. Right now I'm at my best, and the job is worth fifty a week. A few years from now it will drop back to forty, and then to thirty. If you ever stop, you go backward."

"Anyhow, the extra five is mighty nice," Bessie Lee told him. "It's going to make it lots easier, but—"

"But what?" Jimmie challenged.

"Well, the real solution is 'most as far off as ever."

"Just about. But in looking for it, we found this. It's somewhere about, if we can ever get our fingers on it."

AFTER all, John Roger held the unlocking device in his chubby two-year-old fist, for one of his wants was a watch with wheels to go round, like Daddy's. From a discarded watch movement Jimmie contrived a device open to inspection from both sides, which with one twist of a key would send hands and wheels spinning madly. John Roger was delighted and the tinkering brought Jimmie an idea, which he had passed over unnoticed for five years.

Jimmie sorted out a dozen old watch movements at random, bought the lot from the firm for almost nothing, and took them home to work on at night. They were unpopular sizes, key winders, those thought too hopelessly broken to bear the cost of repairs, and had been thrown in a box to gather dust and be forgotten. Gaylord & Higgins had a hundred or more, and so had every other jewelry firm that had been in business any length of time.

It wasn't long before Jimmie found out many things, one being that the undamaged parts in a badly damaged machine would often fit in another and make it whole, that old-fashioned key-wind watches, carefully made of best material, could be speedily converted into stem winders, and that if typewriters and automobiles could profitably be rebuilt, the same could be done with watches.

Bessie Lee was disappointed. She had hoped for something bigger, and when Jimmie had a couple of watches fixed up, she told him that the idea savored too much of pawn shops and second-hand stores.

"It could be like that," Jimmie acknowledged; "but it needn't be. Watches are scarce. We have to wait and wait to have our orders filled. Every day we have customers for good cheap grades, and have nothing worth-while to offer. These would fill the gap. There are a lot of them, too. I could take a week's trip to the jewelers in a hundred-mile radius, and get a thousand good ones, at my own price practically. The profit for one when it's rebuilt would pay me a day's salary, even at sixty dollars a week. I'd hire a good watchmaker to help me at first. Advertise. Sell them direct to customers, and in quantities to jewelers, so that they could make a good profit on reselling. It won't be a second-hand store, it will be a factory."

"But it will take money," suggested the practical Bessie Lee, and Jimmie had to agree that it would.

"And where are we to get it? Even with the raise we are barely keeping even. We could start a store of our own, couldn't we, Jimmie, if we had the capital?"

"But this would take less," countered the enthusiast. "It could be done with a thousand."

And Bessie Lee was half convinced, only offering a warning: "Don't give up, Jimmie. Keep thinking. This may lead somewhere, but if it doesn't be ready to let go."

JIMMIE put four of his rebuilt watches in tin movement boxes and took them to Perry Gaylord. "I want you to look these over, and tell me what you think of them," said Jimmie.

"Old watches, but in excellent condition," was Gaylord's verdict. "Their balances are true and they take a good motion. Where did you get them?"

"Out of the back room," answered Jimmie. "You remember I bought a dozen from you at twenty-five cents apiece ten days ago. I told you I wished to try an experiment. This is the result. We miss sales every day for medium-grade watches. They won't hurt the firm's reputation, because they are all good grades and will run."

"I can see that," said Gaylord; "but as a business proposition how do you expect to get paid for your work? Also, if a demand is created how do you expect to fill it?"

"First, I want half the profits," said Jimmie boldly; "then, if the demand gets heavy, we could put an extra helper in the shop. To begin, I will do the work at home at night, keeping a stock of three or four on hand and replacing them as they sell."

Jimmie's boss smiled at him tolerantly, leveled the pencil with which he had been figuring an invoice of diamonds, and shot in some cold facts. "The firm has just strained a point to pay you more money, Warren. I'll grant you earned it by working the watch sales and repairs to a better figure than we have ever had. Now if you go to burning the candle at both ends, it's going to show up down here. It's possible that before long you wouldn't be worth as much to us as you are now."

Gaylord prided himself on leaving no part of a business conversation to imagination, and Jimmie knew that some of his boss's success had been founded on this directness. But if Perry Gaylord thought he had stumped his head watchmaker, he was mistaken, for Jimmie had a practical answer ready.

"Perhaps I couldn't keep it up indefinitely, Mr. Gaylord, but you know exactly what my department has been doing. Any time it slumps, I will be as ready to give it up as you will be to have me. The way I see it, these watches can't help but increase the sales. All I want is a fair chance to try out the idea."

"All right," said Gaylord, "nobody has ever accused me of being unopen to conviction."

That day Jimmie sold one of the watches, and during the week another. He opened up a small ledger with Gaylord & Higgins, and at the end of the month had earned fifty dollars, while his department kept up to its high average.

EARLY in the next month Jimmie found that he had only been able to lay hold of a larger life preserver instead of getting solid ground beneath his feet. He knew he was overworking, for every minute was busy, and the relaxation of getting home to a restful evening with Bessie Lee was gone, while the thousand-dollar stake to start his rebuilt factory on a proper scale seemed a couple of years in the future.

Jimmie knew he couldn't keep up the pace that long. He was already sanding the track and getting nervous and jumpy. Gaylord noticed, but did not have to mention it, for Jimmie gave up as promised and voluntarily cut out the night work.

"Working too hard," he announced to his boss. "I'll have to let the rebuilt scheme go for a while."

Gaylord shook his head. "Not enough in it, Warren. Glad you had the good sense to let it go."

Jimmie could see that Gaylord was hopeful that he would settle down now and let well enough alone. "But I'll be darned if I will," said Jimmie to himself, and to Bessie Lee that night, "there's a way if a fellow had brains enough to find it. Any ideas for a new start after that stake?"

Bessie Lee was always ringing in surprises on Jimmie. She was so demure, so apt to get noiselessly beside a difficult situation armed with a can opener that Jimmie had a feeling that she was holding back so he could catch up.

"What would you do if you didn't have John Roger and me?" she asked now, dropping what had once been a badly torn stocking, belonging to John Roger, into her workbasket, and feeling for its mate, while she looked up sidewise to see the effect of this opener.

"Why, I'd plod on," said Jimmie, "and after a while get a shiny spot that I couldn't hide by combing; and try all the boarding-houses, and grumble; maybe play pool evenings and join about fifteen lodges, and wonder why I wasn't enjoying myself. But what's the idea? I haven't even got a map of that country, and don't want to see it. See any signs?" He lowered his head so that Bessie Lee could see the top of his thick mop of hair.

Jimmie boasted that if he didn't go to the barber twice a month he would look like a Russian painter, and it was so. But Bessie Lee did not propose to let a leading question fail to lead.

"You'd take a chance, wouldn't you, Jimmie?" she asked.

"Pretty apt to," he told her; "but I'd take a bigger one for you two."

"Well," said Bessie Lee, head bowed over the darning, "if you would take a chance for yourself and you would take a chance for us, why not for all three together?"

And then, her dark eyes serious, she proceeded to outline a scheme which at first astonished Jimmie, then placed him on the defensive, but which, with certain mild reservations, finally won his consent to try.

JIMMIE didn't wait for a good chance to talk with Perry Gaylord. The back part of the long store had been partitioned off into workrooms and office. Off to one side Perry Gaylord had a little den all his own, where he took an occasional customer for a big diamond when he wanted to be safe from interruption. Once a month Gaylord went in for an hour with a little black bound book, with the reports from the bookkeeper, and figured out exactly what the business had been doing.

The bookkeeper tried to head Jimmie off as he started inside. The store had just opened, and there wasn't much chance of a really big watch sale showing up for an hour at least.

"Bad time," whispered the bookkeeper. "He's opening his mail. Two of 'em addressed 'Percy'! You know how raw that makes him."

Jimmie did know, but now was the chance, and there might not be another as good that day. Besides, he could not forever go around smoothing down the nap when the boss got ruffled.

"Well?" said Gaylord gruffly, looking up, with a well-manicured finger holding the place in the report book. "What do you want now?"

He sat half turned, as if impatient to shoo his head watchmaker out with a curt decision, and get back to his interrupted work.

"I want you to give me ten minutes," said Jimmie. "More, if you are interested. Now, or when you finish the books."

"Now," said the boss, letting the book go and wheeling the swivel chair so that he faced the intruder squarely.

Jimmie noticed how knifelike his trouser creases were, and that the tone was likewise sharp. He got the correct impression that Gaylord had already made up his mind to answer anything he proposed with a firm negative. Jimmie sat down. Anyhow, he had broken the ice, and was in the water. Cold water, too, the kind he had to swim in or drown.

"That rebuilt watch idea, Mr. Gaylord," he commenced. "It's too good an idea to give up."

And then, not for ten minutes, but for only five full hard-working ones, Jimmie outlined what he wanted. Gaylord summed him up in a few crisp sentences:

"You want to enlarge the shop. Put in more watchmakers. Turn out this rebuilt product, advertise and market it. You want to go into it stronger. Let somebody else do the actual work and the firm the managing. Fifty-fifty proposition again, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Jimmie, "I think that would be fair. I'll write all the ads, do all the book work, arrange for getting the material. All the firm has to do is to match the amount of capital I put in, and make space for the workroom."

"No!" said Gaylord. "No! A thousand

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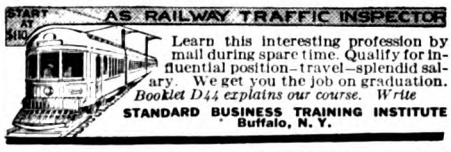

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times. Listen, Warren." He jumped erect in the swivel chair, and brought the shoes that Jimmie had seen priced at twenty-two dollars in Wellman & Londy's window to the floor with a thump. "I'm tired of these rattlebrain schemes of yours, this two-by-four factory project. I'm a busy man. Keep out of here and attend to selling watches. You're a wonder at that, and that's what we pay you fifty dollars a week for."

PERRY GAYLORD had every reason to believe that he had thrust the lance into Jimmie so far that he could not make another wiggle. He was really annoyed, and enough things had gone wrong that morning to make him feel he would enjoy seeing somebody walk out of his office well shot up. But the two days of careful thought and Bessie Lee's advice had armed Jimmie for even this development.

Jimmie gulped. Very likely if he hadn't already promised Bessie Lee he would have given up then. He wasn't angry, or out of patience, or anything, except plain scared.

"Then," said Jimmie, with the sort of panicky emphasis that goes with a bad, helpless smash-up, "I will quit whenever you say, Mr. Gaylord."

"All right," said Perry Gaylord. "All right," as if Jimmie and his job were trifles to be dismissed with a simple hand wave. "But this is sudden notice, too sudden."

"I am willing to stay on and break in a new man," said Jimmie hopefully.

"Couldn't think of putting you out that way, Warren. Whirlwind big business waiting on you. Help us out the rest of the day, and we'll manage."

Jimmie couldn't think of a fitting answer which would preserve the fragment of dignity he had left, and at the same time keep his job for a week or ten days longer. He nodded. Perry Gaylord grunted, swung about to his neglected work, and Jimmie went out the door very softly and forward to his mahogany grille.

Only nine of the ten minutes he had asked for were gone, and so was his good, comfortable job at fifty dollars a week. But, strangely, he began to feel light-hearted and free and unhampered. Customers began to come in, and he grew absorbed in attending their wants and thinking of additional details of the Rebuilt Watch Company.

"Thinks the plan no good. Tried to bluff me out," Jimmie decided as he went back over the interview with Perry Gaylord. "It's up to me to show him I know my own business better than anybody."

Nevertheless, he had more than one panicky moment when he thought of how long it was going to be before he would get another pay envelope. Then he saw Perry Gaylord watching him, and he concentrated on the business at hand, pulling almost hopeless prospects into actual sales, and finishing with a day's record which totaled up like a Christmas rush.

"It didn't turn out like I thought it would, Chief," Jimmie told Bessie Lee that night. "I talked to the boss at the wrong time, maybe, but not a thing in the idea seemed to appeal to him."

"But do you believe in it?" asked Bessie Lee.

"I guess I ought to," said Jimmie, "more than ever, now, with a good

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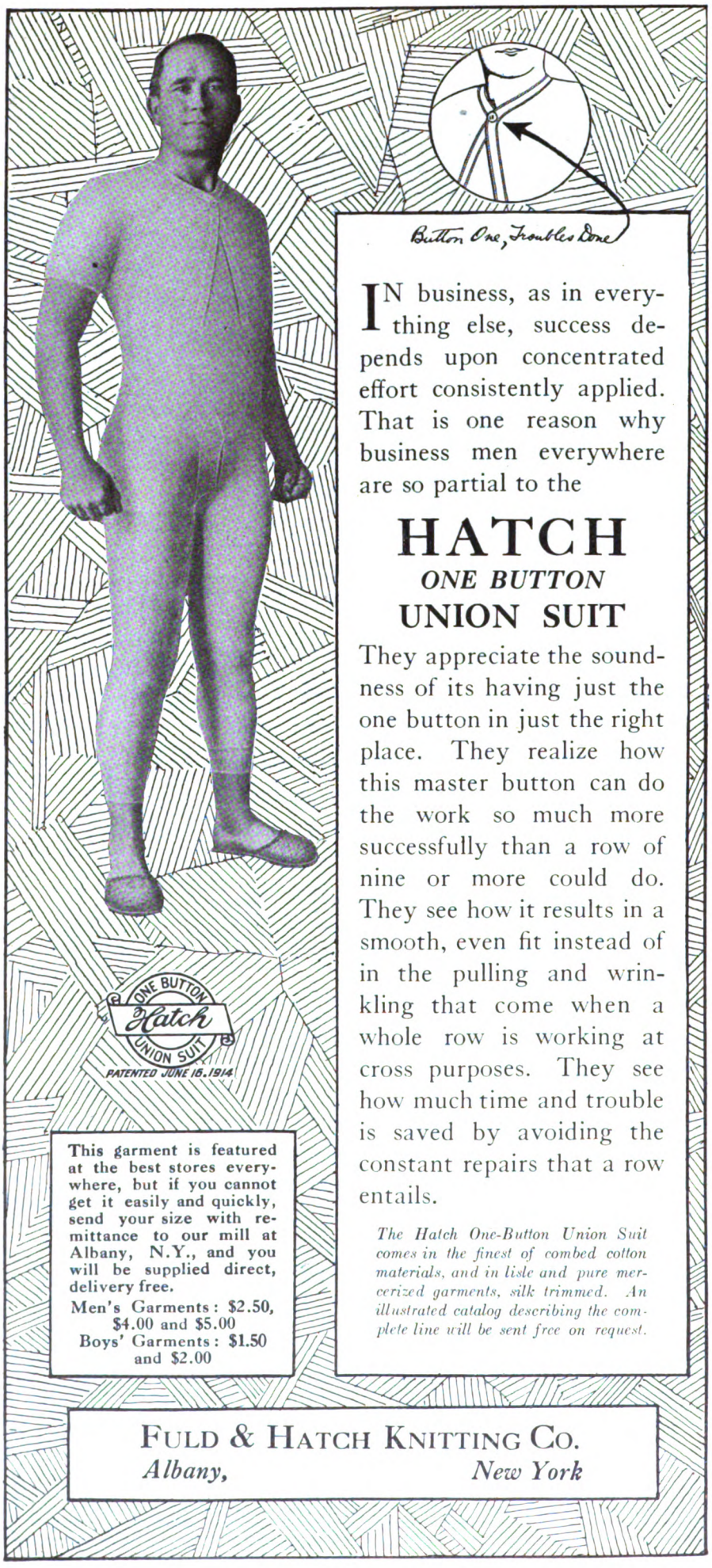

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steady job gone into it since this morning. It'll have to pay interest on the investment."

Bessie Lee's suggestion had been that they borrow a thousand dollars on their home, and this Jimmie proceeded to do, finding himself busy, after the loan was made, with renting and equipping a room in an office building, and gathering from the back rooms of jewelry firms in half a dozen neighboring towns what he called his raw material.

In ten days he was turning out rebuilt watches at the rate of several dozen a week, had sent advertisements to the trade journals, and carried another in the local paper. Very slowly the rebuilt watches began to sell. With the demand Jimmie had created, Gaylord & Higgins took a few, and the other jewelers in town followed. A few inquiries and orders came from out of town. A trade journal ad brought him an order for a dozen from South America.

But Jimmie was far from satisfied. The project seemed to creep, and his limited capital to gallop. Goods piled up and funds ran low. With almost two hundred finished watches ahead of his orders, Jimmie locked up his shop and tried the road. By using everything he knew about salesmanship he managed to get a fourth of them placed in a week. But the expenses of the trip were heavy, and unless there were re-orders, it would be a losing venture. If he repeated the undertaking next week, he would have to go farther and it would cost even more. He despaired of selling the entire stock at any profit in this way.

Jimmie thought of going back to Gaylord & Higgins and taking the best thing that Gaylord would offer a repentant sinner. He even went to a corner drug store where he could look across at the gold-lettered sign under whose protecting wing he had so comfortably dozed, and wondered if he had been a fool to wake up.

As he watched, Perry Gaylord came out of the bank on the corner, and walked briskly into the store. "Directors' meeting," thought Jimmie, and with the interest on his note about due, his thoughts turned toward refusals to renew, foreclosure, and other distressing things.

"A man's a fool to stick to a losing venture when he has a family to consider," reflected Jimmie. "Maybe I've been just stubborn. The Chief has been game and loyal, but she never has been keen for the rebuilt plant. Thinks it's a small-change affair. Begins to look like it to me. I'll call her up and see what she says."

Jimmie had already called once to announce his arrival in town, and to get Bessie Lee's report of the average of small orders which the week's mail had brought.

SHORTLY after he had talked to Bessie Lee this time, Jimmie strode into Gaylord & Higgins's as briskly, and apparently as full of important business, as Gaylord himself had gone to the bank on the corner.

"Mr. Gaylord wants to see you," said the new head watchmaker behind what had once been Jimmie's mahogany grille, and who stepped up to the cashier's desk every Saturday night for the fifty that used to be Jimmie's. A good many times

Jimmie had thought of this as he passed the store, and as he came in to try and sell rebuilt watches.

But this afternoon he did not think of it. "Hello, Ben," he tossed out cheerfully. "I want to see him, too. Where is he?"

The one-time foreman of the workroom pointed, and Jimmie made his way blithely to the little inner office.

"Sit down," said Perry Gaylord, and before Jimmie had a chance to open, put the conversation where he wanted it. "How is this new business of yours going?"

"Fine!" said Jimmie, and Gaylord couldn't find a speck of forced optimism in the tone.

"That's good," said Gaylord. "That's great. But, hang it all, Warren, how would you like to come back?"

Jimmie waited. This was rich. He grinned broadly.

Gaylord whirled his swivel chair, shoved a paper weight clattering into a box of clips and took up the letter it had been holding down.

"This is from Higgins. Still out West. Should have been here two weeks ago. Wants to stay. Wants me to buy him out. Found something he's crazy about." Gaylord was snapping the paper with his fingers as he snapped out the short sentences.

"That so?" said Jimmie, whistling softly. "This business will make a lot of work for one man."

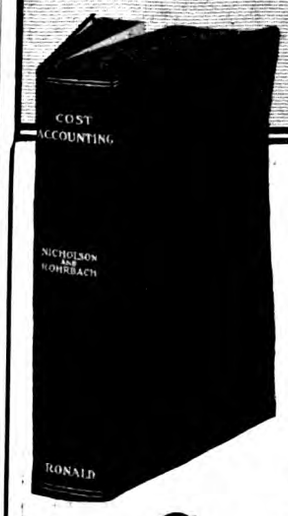
"Too much," said Perry Gaylord. "Christmas around the corner. Town growing. More than I want to stand for.

"Look here, Warren, what's the use talking all day without getting at the point? Come in here and help me. Scrape up some money. Any amount up to half interest, or a few hundred even. I want a partner in Higgins's place. I've got the cash to mail him a check, so don't let that worry you. It's somebody to dig in, take an interest, push things. What do you say?"

"But what would I do about little things like this, Mr. Gaylord?" asked Jimmie, pulling out a copy of a cablegram and unfolding it so that his former employer could get the full effect of the spelled out "one thousand." "I'm over here now to see if I could borrow, beg or steal a couple of watchmakers."

PERRY GAYLORD'S keen eyes bored straight into Jimmie's and Jimmie's bored straight into his. The cablegram was an order for a thousand rebuilt watches by next steamer to the South American firm who had got the sample dozen. It had been delivered to Bessie Lee just after Jimmie telephoned the first time, and he had got the copy from the telegraph office.

Perry Gaylord spoke first. "Look here, Jimmie," he said, dropping for the first time the more formal title, "it looks to me as if we need each other. I know that you've been running that new business of yours on a shoe string. Fact is, I passed on your loan down at the First National. This order must be close to a life-saver. No, wait a minute. Don't get up in the air. Nothing wrong about that. I liked your nerve in breaking away and backing your own judgment. Let me finish. I know it's just the beginning. The thing will make good. It couldn't help it, the way you believed in it. I didn't expect results so soon, that's all, and my offer is just as



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good. Bring the factory over here, as you suggested in the first place. We'll turn all but the actual management over to the workroom, get more help, and clinch these thousand-in-a-lot orders. This one ought to clean up several thousand after you have paid all expenses. Put the money in here and let it commence work. I'm willing to let you take every cent of the profit on this deal, to get you. We'll make the Rebuilt Watch Company a part of the business, and orders after this one will be handled the same as any other business of the firm. This makes it easy for you, and it's just about the same thing you offered me a few months ago."

Jimmie managed to say yes, and telephoned on the spot for a transfer company to bring the Rebuilt Watch Company over to the larger workrooms of Gaylord & Higgins. He also took time to telephone Bessie Lee once more.

"And I'm to get my old salary of fifty a week to start, Chief," Jimmie finished the story to Bessie Lee that night; "but I'll have to work just as hard as ever. A few thousand isn't much of an interest in a big stock like ours. We will have to make it grow. I thought for a long time this afternoon that we had arrived, and were all settled. But we're still on the way. Do you think we will ever arrive?"

"Not if I can help it," said Bessie Lee, and Jimmie kissed her, saying with the thankful soberness of a good many weeks of worry that it was fine to have the old fifty a week back, anyhow.

"PAUL and West Virginia" is the title of one of H. C. Witwer's inimitable stories which will appear next month. If ever a story held a laugh in every line, this is the one. And it has a lot of good human philosophy mixed up with the fun.

AMONG the other fiction features next month are a new Scattergood story by Clarence Budington Kelland; "Stealing Cleopatra's Stuff," by Fannie Kilbourne; "The Jealousy of Mother McCurdy," by Leslie G. Barnard; and "Dollars and Sense," a business love story by Kay Cleaver Strahen.

Shoes of Shark Skin

THEY are fishing footwear out of the sea. As cow hides became scarcer the government experts suggested that shark skins might be a good substitute. Special seines, 600 feet long and 18 feet deep, with a four-inch mesh of extra heavy twine were constructed, and the shark hunters got to work. One crew fishing off the Southern coast has captured 200 sharks in a day. The tanned skin has been found excellent for uppers. A shark hide will produce from 10 to 40 square feet of leather suitable for shoes. Five hundred skins a week are said to be handled at one tannery, the output of which is to be greatly increased during next year, and it is possible that the industry may become an important factor in the leather market. The shark fisheries produce, as by-products, fish glue, oil, and fertilizer.

Seven Tips I Have Picked Up on the Way

(*Continued from page 20*)

That, and not the pictures themselves, is the secret. It was the thing I started working for from the first. And working is the right name for it. Many persons tell me how easily the thing has been done. Usually they say, "Pretty soft for you." They do not know how much work it has been.

When I came to New York it was with the idea of sacrificing present comfort for future prosperity. I worked. Even after things started to come my way I did not let up. On the contrary, I worked harder. Of course when I played, I played just as hard. Fellows used to say, "Come on, let's go somewhere!"

"No. I've got some pictures to make."

"Say! If I had your money I wouldn't be grubbing away at three in the morning drawing a picture."

Nor *would* they; and that is largely the reason most of them haven't any.

It has been hard work; desperately hard at times. There have been days when ideas simply refused to come. Sometimes they come like a flash. At one time, when they wouldn't come I used to quit, throw up both hands and go out and stir around the town. I didn't keep that up long, however. I found it best to buck into it and fight it out.

It is more work to make a bad picture than to make a good one. I'd like to say that the best ones are the product of hard work and sticking to it, but it isn't true. When one has to work and work and struggle to get an idea, it usually is just fair. The good ones come like a flash and are easy. But I get more satisfaction out of a mediocre one that is the result of fighting it out than I get out of the easy ones.

PROBABLY more people have told me the pictures were rotten than have said they were good, or funny. It is human nature to do this, and I never have minded it in the least. In fact, if people didn't knock me I might get worried. The one thing any man should fear is being nothing. If they boost you, fine! If they knock, all right! But if they ignore you —good night!

For instance, suppose I am sitting with you up on Riverside Drive and along comes a fellow who says, "Hello," and I glance up, say, "Oh, hello," and go on talking. If you see that fellow a thousand times afterward you won't remember him.

But if I say, "See that guy? He's the worst crook in New York," you'll stare after him and if you meet him on Broadway a month later, you'll turn around, look after him and say, "There goes the biggest crook in New York." Or if I tell you he's the finest fellow I ever knew, you'll remember him. But the fellow who doesn't amount to enough to have *anything* said about him is dead.

There is a lot in personality in having people know who and what you are. It

The story of Clarence Saunders —the man back of Piggly Wiggly

He began work at $4 a month, after only five years' schooling. Today he is president of the Piggly Wiggly Corporation.

FROM coke oven inspector at 18 to president of a world-wide chain of retail stores is a long stride. Yet that is the story of Clarence Saunders, head of the Piggly Wiggly Corporation. Still under 40, Mr. Saunders is today successfully engineering this, his second big business enterprise.

But success didn't come in a day. He entered school at 9; at 14 his resident schooling ended and he went to work in a local store at $4 a month and board.

PIGGLY WIGGLY

In the Piggly Wiggly Stores you help yourself, "cafeteria style." The operating expenses are only 3 per cent; in the ordinary grocery they average 12 to 20 per cent. The first Piggly Wiggly Store opened in Memphis, Tennessee, in September, 1917; today there are Piggly Wiggly Stores in 130 cities and 27 states. Clarence Saunders, the man back of this big idea, is a Blackstone Institute subscriber. Read the interesting story of his success told here.

His formula for success

After five years of hard work in a town of 200, he secured a job at Clarksville, Tenn. From then on up, he has won, step by step, by doing things a little better than necessary.

Mr. Saunders attributes his success to these two rules: "Keep your mind one jump ahead of your competitors" and "Never start anything you can't finish."

Four years ago, he found a way of better fitting himself to fulfill these rules. He saw that in order to really *finish* a thing, and finish it *right*, he must possess a knowledge of law.

"Business and law are inseparable"

So he enrolled for the Modern American Law Course and Service of the Blackstone Institute. Mr. Saunders says:

"It is my experience that business and law are inseparable. Law enters into every business act. No matter what the business or position, law training makes a man more efficient, more valuable. The Modern American Law Course and Service presents law in a human, interesting way, enabling any man to learn law, at home, in spare moments, without interruption to his regular work."

To you, too, are open the advantages of this splendid Course which has helped Clarence Saunders and 40,000 others to greater success.

Learn law—the new way

Eighty of the leading legal authorities in America have co-operated to produce this Course, among them ex-President Taft, Chief Justice John B. Winslow of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin, George E. Sutherland, former president of the American Bar Association, and J. Herbert Quick of the Federal Farm Loan Bureau.

No specific preliminary education is needed. The entire Course is written in plain, everyday language, human and interesting. Easy terms of payment are allowed.

The Course is endorsed by leading law and commerce schools, practicing attorneys, and supreme court justices. It opens a real opportunity, too, to those who wish to enter the political field or practice law. Subscribers who wish to take the bar examination will be coached without extra charge until successful.

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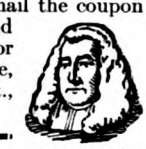
Our 118-page book, "The Law-Trained Man," has been the stepping stone to bigger success and increased income for thousands of ambitious men. It will help you, too. The practical legal illustrations it contains will perhaps surprise and startle you, and yet they may be the means of saving you thousands of dollars this year.

The book will be sent to you free upon request. Simply fill in and mail the coupon TODAY, with your name and address plainly written or typed. Blackstone Institute, Dept. 25, 608 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.



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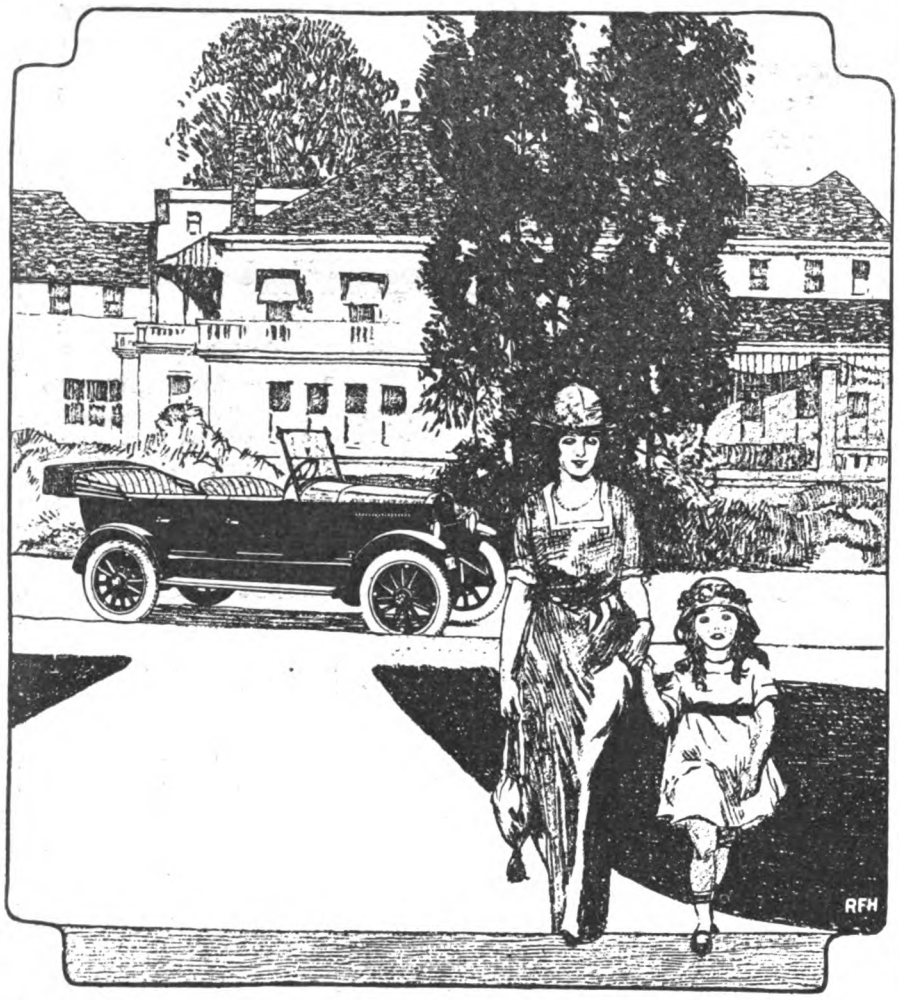

BRISCOE

THE appeal of the 1920 Briscoe is universal because each motorist finds in it just the feature he most desires—appearance, economy, comfort, power, simplicity, strength.

Touring Sedan Models

Our pride in it as a superlative engineering achievement has already been ratified by public appreciation the country over.

The Briscoe unit power-plant, as you know, has made world-wide economy records

BRISCOE MOTOR CORPORATION, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

The Canadian Briscoe Motor Company, Limited, Brockville, Ontario

is good advertising, and advertising pays an individual as much as it pays a firm. A fellow is lucky if he possesses an individuality that everyone remembers. But if they don't seem inclined to remember you—*make* them.

Take my name, for instance. That was an accident. My sister called me Bud when we were children, and it stuck. It has become an active asset. For instance, suppose a cop pinches me for speeding and asks my name and I say, "H. C. Fisher." He says "Be in court at ten." I go to court. . . . "What name?" . . . "H. C. Fisher." . . . "Business?" . . . "Newspaper cartoonist." . . . "Oh!" he says, "You're *that* fellow? Why didn't you tell me?" And after you pay the fine the cop says, "Why didn't you say you were Bud Fisher?"

Or suppose, when I'm pinched, that I say, "I'm H. C. Fisher, the cartoonist." Then the cop will say: "Oh, you've got the swelled head, eh? Think you can slip something over by bragging you're a newspaper man?" And the next morning he'll swear you were going seventy-two miles an hour. But if he says, "What's your name?" And I say, "Bud Fisher," . . "Oh," he says, "you're the man that makes Mutt and Jeff? Well, don't let this happen again."

Of course, this doesn't occur; but it illustrates the value of having a name. It's a trade mark, and the easier the nickname is to remember, the better.

However, it has been my experience that the fellows who are called by friendly, lovable, pet names are not often successful.

AGGRESSIVE, hustling men win; and they sacrifice much popularity *to* win. Being afraid that people will not like you is the next worst thing to false modesty in business. I do not mean that anyone should think himself better than others; but even that beats too much modesty.

Which reminds me of a bit of advertising. It wasn't really advertising, but it served two purposes. In the allied armies, of course, every division had its marks, so that in the confusion of battle and march men could find their own commands. Every man wore his division mark on his sleeve, and it was on all transport wagons, autos, kitchens, and baggage vans. I was with the 86th Canadian Division, British Third Army, and we needed a distinguishing mark. So I painted Mutt on one side of the wagons, Jeff on the other. No one could miss that division after that. And, incidentally, it did not hurt Mutt and Jeff, either in Canada or in England.

We fellows who work are working for the public and not for our employers. In our case, the employer is merely our sales manager. Here is a tip: Never work for your boss, work for the good of the concern. That is as much for your interest as for his. Go on your own all the time. I do not mean that a fellow should antagonize his boss, or refuse to obey; but he should not permit any boss, temporary or permanent, to prevent him from getting ahead.

Trying to make progress by catering to your superior does not pay. It does not pay, in the first place, because that kind of a boss never lasts; and after you've catered to him a year or two there is sure

to be another boss. Never let the fear of being fired stop you for an instant if you have the goods. For if you have the goods, they will not fire you. And if you haven't the goods, it is better for you and everyone else that you should be fired.

The best rule is to work for the consumer. Give the public what it wants. I never have worked for anyone except the public. And it is the same, whether you are drawing pictures, making harness, or selling soap.

I mean this advice for you fellows who want to get somewhere and who have ambition. Of course if your only ambition is to have a job and hold it, the system of catering to your immediate superior may pay. There may come a time when he has to fire someone, and then he will argue that you're a pretty good fellow and all right, even if you don't amount to much, and if it doesn't cost anything he'll give you the preference over someone else. But if you're that kind of fellow, trying to give you advice is wasting my time and yours.

There are lots of fellows who have no ambition beyond getting a job. All of us have tried to help them, and often I think it is just wasting time for everyone. Take so many of the nice, popular young fellows, especially many just out of college. They want a job, and they ask someone to get it for them. Most of them are not satisfied to start at the bottom—they want a big job; and they want to land it on pull instead of by working for it.

Some of them come around to me and ask me to help them get jobs, and of late years I have reserved much rough conversation to give them. They tell me of the jobs they have held: Private secretary to the treasurer of the Jazzbo Oil Company, manager of the up-town branch of the Blowout Tire Company, and so on. The longer the list, the more certain I am that they aren't worth wasting time on. All they want is a job, and as soft a one as possible. Spoiled kids, most of them! And spoiled kids usually develop into crybabies, unless it is spanked out of them. And, believe me! I know that this old world spanks hard sooner or later.

IT SOUNDS funny for me to be giving advice, after telling you that my motto is never to take anything in earnest. I didn't mean just that. What I mean is, don't take things too seriously—especially yourself. And, above everything, don't try to win an argument or waste time trying to convince anyone of anything. No man ever convinced any other man of anything if he had a settled opinion. I've had a million arguments and never lost one, in my own opinion, or won one, in the opinion of the other fellow. Maybe I'm wasting my time now if you started with the idea that I'm all wrong.

The only way a man who has firmly made up his mind can ever be turned is by ridicule. Ridicule is the greatest weapon in the world, simply because there is no get-back. I've had a lot of fun in trying it out, and it has worked in individual experiments and it has worked with Mutt and Jeff. You may observe, if you analyze their doings, that one or the other wins every argument by ridicule. It is the same in life.

For instance, I say that Ty Cobb is the greatest ball player the world ever knew,

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BEAUTY of course, but cleanly, sanitary beauty—beauty that endures—that is every woman's ideal of home decoration.

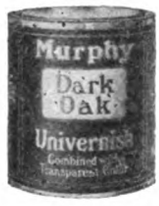
This Spring, use Univernish. Use it on *all* woodwork. Use it because it is beautiful, but more important still, because it stays beautiful under repeated scrubbings with boiling water.

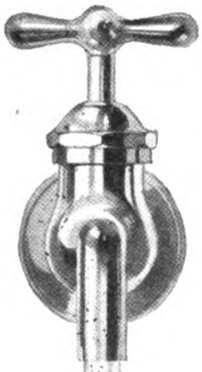
Use Univernish in kitchen and bathroom, on outside of doors, on hall and vestibule floors, on window sills, on table tops—wherever woodwork is exposed to water, boiling, hot or cold, hot liquids of all kinds, ammonia, alcohol or powerful cleaning agents which destroy ordinary varnish.

But this is not all. Wherever, *outdoors or in*, you want a varnish for *hard* service under worst conditions, Univernish will do the work.

We authorize your dealer to refund the purchase price if you try a can of Univernish and it turns white or otherwise fails to please you.

Univernish is furnished not only as a clear varnish but in six beautiful wood colors, Light Oak, Dark Oak, Bog Oak, Mahogany, Walnut and Green.





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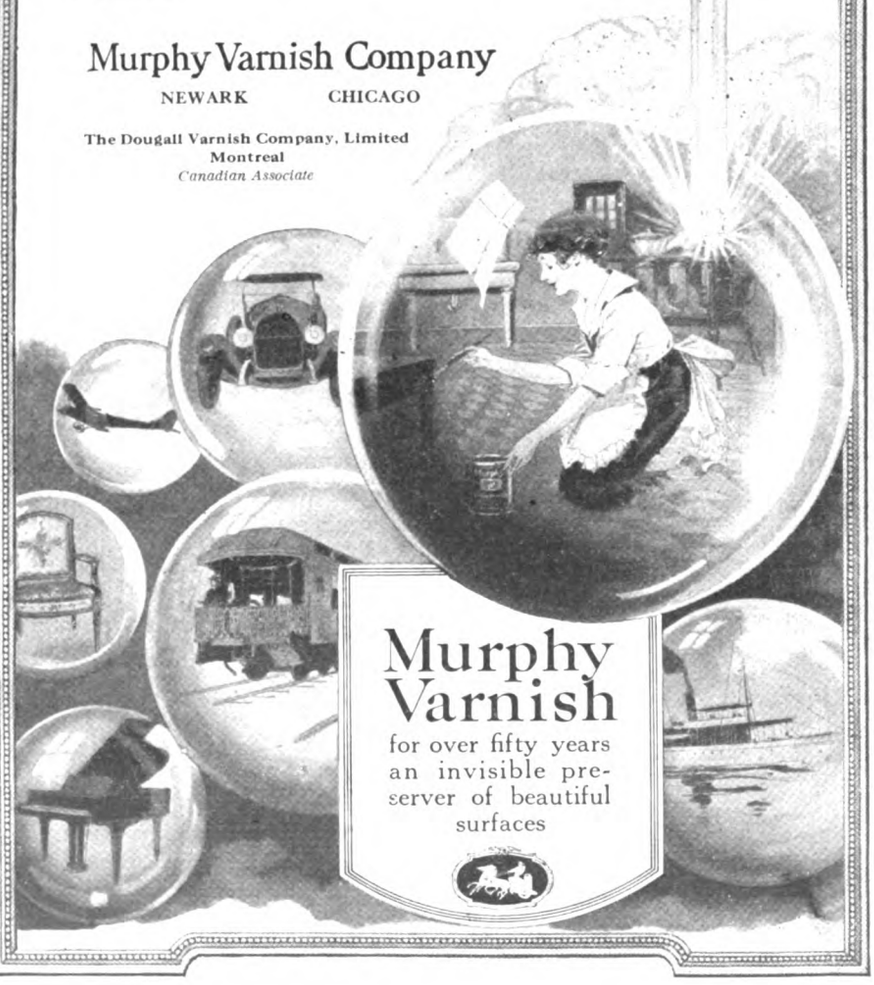


and someone else says, "No, John Jazzbo, who used to play with the old Baltimore team, was better."

There isn't a chance for either to convince the other. Do I argue? No. I dig up an old photograph of John Jazzbo with side whiskers and a kid glove with the fingers cut out, maybe wearing a swallow-tail coat over cotton tights, and hold it up, saying, "Take a peek at this bird! Look at the Galways!" And then, after it sinks home, "He probably was the greatest of his day. In fact, the figures prove it." See the idea? Ridicule; then salve the hurt and let go quick.

SPEAKING seriously, however, there is one little quotation I read years ago that has been of more practical value to me than anything else. You have no idea how much good stuff you can dig out of those wise old pappy guys that wrote literature, if you'll skim off the fine words and figure what they say down to real meaning. Shakespeare and Byron and Macaulay and a lot of those fellows said a bunch of wise talk, if you only translate it into Mutt and Jeff so we can understand it. It was Bulwer-Lytton who gave me the hot tip. There's no bull about him except the first syllable. It was Richelieu talking. All his life he had been digging down in his jeans, or fixing folks for jobs, and holding his majority in the precinct by giving up. He was getting old and the G. A. R. vote was dwindling when he sized up the situation and said:

"Favors past do irk thee. Favors to come—aye, there's the leverage."

Just study that over and figure it into your own system. How many fellows, for whom you have done favors, come to bat in the pinch for you? Go to your tailor and order a suit. Insist on paying cash in advance. Then, if it does not fit, see how much he'll do. If it isn't paid for, he'll make it fit you in a minute and do it right. Think over that "Favors-to-come" leverage.

Don't be too quick to do favors for others. The fellow who is always falling over himself to do favors cheapens himself and gets imposed upon. It is not always helpful to do favors for people and it sometimes hurts them. One of the hardest things for me to do is to refuse to help persons who have the idea that they are great comic artists. It would be much easier to bunk them all, praise their work, and let them think I'm a nice willing helper, but it is too cruel.

Maybe you have no idea how many persons think they would make great comic artists. The number is approximately the entire kid population of the world, and about twenty per cent of the adult citizens. The truth is that twelve years ago in New York there were just three men who stood out in that line, and I butted my way among them and made good. Since that time not one has developed—and every editor in America has been looking for one, day and night. There are hundreds, of course, who make good livings, but never get beyond that.

I suppose we—my secretary and I—get twenty thousand letters a year. My secretary is a mushy, sentimental sort of a boob. Instead of writing and saying, "You're rotten and wasting your time," he gets sentimental and brings me the

letters, and then we both have to cry over them. Yes, we do! Sometimes both of us cry, and then I dictate and say, "This is pretty bad. There isn't a chance for you ever to make good. You probably are a good coal miner or janitor or switchman, but as a comic artist you are a frost." Of course he thinks I'm a swelled-up toad and hates me; but maybe we have saved his time and increased the production of coal.

With the kids the problem is harder. It is hard to discourage or disappoint a kid. We usually write the kid or his parents and say, "The copying is fair, but shows no unusual sign of talent. He is too young yet to have developed talent. Keep him at work drawing, have him study and copy, try to develop his ideas, Have him read good books and keep in touch with current events. Make him work. Encourage him to study characters in your neighborhood, to study human nature. He can learn to draw, probably; but if he is going to get anywhere he must originate."

It is good advice. If a kid really has it in him and sticks to that program he may develop into something big; but not one in a thousand will do it. The work, work, work part of the program jars on them. One of those Gibraltar-headed birds once said that there was no easy road to success. But the majority of us still are looking for some way to get there on genius instead of on work.

I TOLD the Editor when he asked me to write this that if advice was all he wanted I'd be liberal. Now that I have unloaded all this advice (most of which I refused to take when I was a kid), it seems to me I might have condensed it into these seven:

Decide upon your objective.

Decide to sacrifice present comfort for future success.

Concentrate all your ambition and energies upon the one thing.

Create or develop something for which there is a demand.

Go on your own, and don't let anyone else interfere with the going.

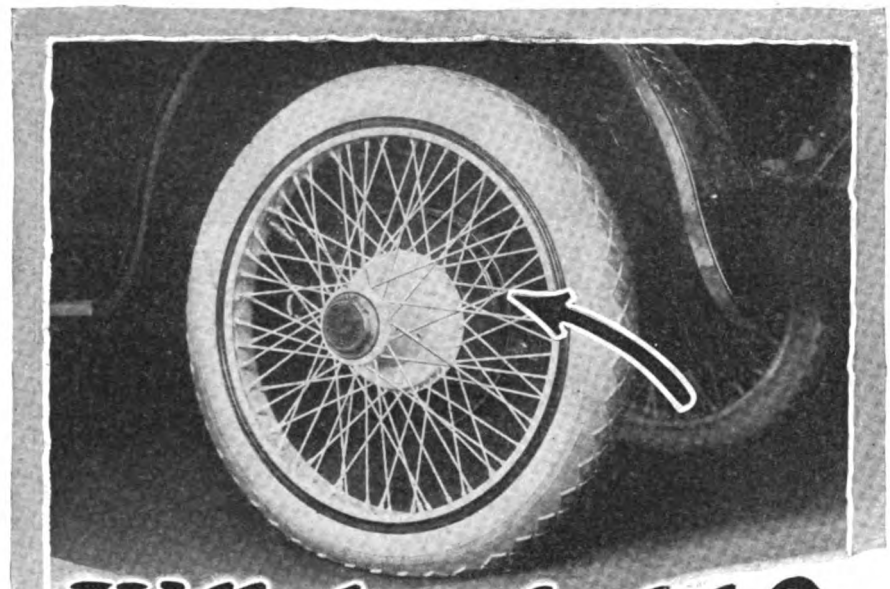
Don't ask for a job—make one for yourself.

If you develop something the public wants don't be ashamed to advertise it.

That's all—and at this stage I suppose someone ought to bean me with a brick and give this a Mutt and Jeff climax.

WILLIE HOPPE, the greatest billiard player in the world, has furnished some extraordinary material for an article by Merle Crowell next month. You will find that Hoppe's principles of successful achievement fit your own job as much as they fit his.

"DON'T Let Your Bad Luck Turn into Self-Pity," says Grantland Rice next month, in telling the personal stories of men in the sporting world who have refused to bow before the "bad breaks" of fortune. Every line of this article is packed with wholesome inspiration.



Will they hold?

the most important question for you to consider

The brakes loom up as the most vital part of an automobile, for upon the brakes depends your ability to stop, slow down, or "hold" on the hills. Wise motorists are particular about brake lining. They may take a chance with other equipment, but when it comes to the brakes, they use Raybestos. Do your brakes "hold"? Do you feel them "bite" and grip when you press the pedal? In other words, have you fullest confidence in your brakes? If there's any doubt, line them with Raybestos. It WEARS and WEARS and WEARS. What's more to the point, it's guaranteed to WEAR one year no matter how far you travel.

Raybestos
BRAKE LINING

Look for the Silver Edge

Raybestos is the original asbestos lining. There are imitations of Raybestos—imitations that *look* like Raybestos. Therefore, be sure to see that the lining you buy has the Silver Edge—that is the identification mark of real Raybestos.

THE RAYBESTOS COMPANY

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

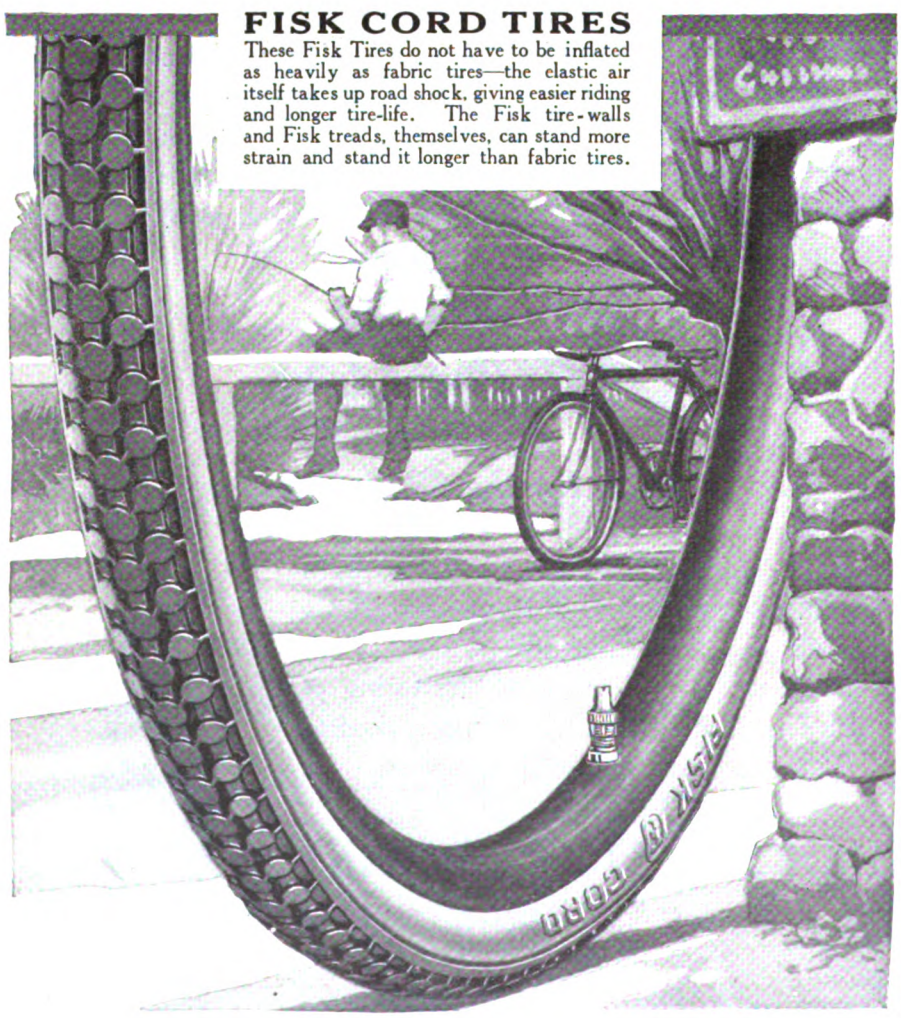
FISK
VISIBLE VALUE
Bicycle Tires

ON practically every high grade bicycle, *bearing the manufacturer's name as evidence of sincerity and value*—you find Fisk Tires as regular standard equipment.

The character *in* the tires is known—their value is *visible* wherever comparisons are made. The *character* of a product is always determined by the policy of the company itself. The policy of the Fisk Rubber Company is to be known as one of the best concerns in the world to work for and the squarest concern in existence to do business with. For over twenty years it has specialized on the making of pneumatic tires (automobile, truck and bicycle) and on nothing else.

FISK CORD TIRES

These Fisk Tires do not have to be inflated as heavily as fabric tires—the elastic air itself takes up road shock, giving easier riding and longer tire-life. The Fisk tire-walls and Fisk treads, themselves, can stand more strain and stand it longer than fabric tires.



Self-Boosters I Have Known

(*Continued from page 21*)

young man in our organization who takes just the opposite way of trying to boost himself. When he makes his report to me, he says something like this:

"Well, I dropped in to see Mr. Blank last week. Everybody said he was a tough one to get to, but I didn't have any trouble at all! We got along in great shape. Guess the other fellows were just scared of him. I didn't have any special pull with him. Darned if I know why he came across. But I must have made a hit somehow or other. If you've got any more cases the other fellows are afraid to tackle, just hand 'em to me."

I confess I like this method better than the first one. But it is chiefly because it is more cheerful to listen to. For in this case, as in the other, it is the record of *consistent achievement* that counts with me; not the question of whether it came hard or easy. And I believe this is true of all employers and heads of departments.

If a man actually does his work more easily than another it counts for something, because he probably can do *more* than the man who makes hard work of his job. But if he really does do more, he needn't tell his boss. The boss will find it out. And if two men accomplish the same amount it is of no particular interest to others whether it was hard or easy.

I HAVE a lot more sympathy, however, with these youngsters than I have with the men higher up who try to impress their importance on the people under them. The young man makes his mistake largely because of his eagerness to get on. But with the older man it is generally a clear case of vanity.

One of our own heads of departments is a man of this type, whose method of self-boosting is the curious and amusing one of referring familiarly to important men, generally by their first name, as if he were on intimate terms with them. Yet, as I happen to know, most of these people he has met only casually. If he came face to face with then they wouldn't know him from Adam.

He is always saying: "Pete Brown is just the man you ought to get for that. Pete's a great fellow." Or, perhaps, "I saw Bill Smith the other day, and he said so and so."

Probably he did see Smith; and probably Smith did make the remark quoted. But this kind of self-booster neglects to mention that he merely overheard the remark, or that he himself was just an insignificant member of a group when the conversation occurred.

This particular method is one of the pet tricks of both men and women who have social aspirations. I have seen men carelessly take a bunch of letters out of their pocket and, while running them over, as if hunting for something else, stop at one envelope and say:

"I suppose I'm due for that dance Mrs. Blank is giving Tuesday night. Mustn't

forget to put that down on my calendar."

As if they possibly could forget it! They are so puffed up over getting a card for it that they don't know whether they're afoot or on horseback. They are simply trying to make a dent in your valuation of them when they call attention to it.

Women do the same thing. They leave these coveted invitations lying around conspicuously in order to impress their friends with their social importance.

I'LL wager anything you like that you know another type of booster, the one who affects modesty about what he has and does. You will notice that he manages to tell you all *about* what he has and what he has accomplished! But he does it with an air of belittling it.

"I put over a small deal last week," he says. "Didn't amount to much, of course, but it was rather interesting."

And he goes on to give you an elaborate account of the transaction, omitting no detail that will show him off in a good light, but nimbly avoiding any of the points where he may have slipped or stumbled. He does it with a deprecatory manner of making light of it, assures you that it was "nothing worth mentioning." But he mentions it, just the same!

I know one man who carries this assumed modesty to such an extreme that it is a standing joke among his acquaintances. For instance, he tells some tale of a good score he made at golf.

"Of course, I'm only a dub," he says, "but I made the fellows open their eyes the other day when I got onto the green at the ninth with two and holed out with a fifteen-foot putt in three. An eighty on that course was pretty good for a fellow that didn't know a driver from a divot only a year ago. Might have made me a bit cocky if I didn't realize that I'm a poor guy at golf and don't set myself up to be anything else."

That sort of talk is all right if a man is sincere and is merely telling about a piece of luck he had. But when it becomes a habit with him, when he talks that way about everything he does, it is just his way of trying to impress you. He has sense enough not to boast openly. Yet he does want to tell everything he is proud of. So he tries to get around it by pretending that he doesn't think it was remarkable. But he wants *you* to think it was.

The other day a man was talking to me about his business, and said: "Of course, I'm not the manager of my department; but Mr. Blank, the head of the firm, was discussing matters with me last week and I made a few suggestions which he seemed to think rather well of. I don't know why they appealed to him, for I hadn't given the subject much thought. Made me feel rather uncomfortable, don't you know? Being a subordinate, I don't like to put myself forward. But he kept at me until I—well, I gave him my ideas, such as they were, and for some reason or other they made quite a hit with him."

This man did not remember that he had said almost the same thing to me a few months ago when I happened to meet him. But I remembered. And I knew that his way of trying to make an impression was to pretend to be very modest about himself—but to tell me something he thought would raise him in my estima-

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tion. I felt certain that he went around telling other men the same sort of thing.

There is another kind of self-booster for whom I can't find much excuse. It is the man who is always calling attention to the mistakes of his associates and telling how he has to correct them, or how his own work is hindered by them.

This seems to me one of the commonest ways of trying to mark one's self up with the boss. I have two men on my own staff who constantly annoy me by this sort of thing. One of them is a salesman. When he comes in with his report, he says:

"Of course, Mr. Blank, we would have lost out on Smith's order, just as sure as fate, if I hadn't kept the wires hot for a couple of days. They got things all balled up in the shipping-room, and it took me forty-eight hours to straighten 'em out. But I guess I saved the bacon this time."

Sometimes it's one thing and sometimes it's another. But, according to his story, he is always saving the bacon which somebody's carelessness had got into the fire. Probably he does do it sometimes. An organization where nobody makes mistakes doesn't exist this side of the pearly gates. Most of us accept that fact, do what cussing it is our nature to do, and let it go at that. But there are always two or three men, or women, in an office who have to keep telling the person to whom they are responsible that, of course, they could have done so and so if somebody hadn't done this or that. When it comes to mistakes, I think they are making a pretty big one themselves.

Don't be always calling attention to the imperfections of your fellow workers. Possibly, if the imperfections are glaring ones, you may succeed in marking your associate down; but that doesn't mark you up.

Putting up with the shortcomings of others is part of the business game. We've got to play it that way. I never played football; but I very much doubt whether the members of a team do much talking about the plays they might have put through, if one of their fellows hadn't made a mistake. The captain and the coach know if mistakes were made. They will do all the calling down necessary. And if they don't happen to see all the errors, they nevertheless have no use for the fellow who is always pointing them out as an alibi for his own failures.

WE HAVE another man, who tries to make a good record by grabbing all the showy work. He picks the sure things for himself. He doesn't know it, but I've been watching him pretty sharply, and I find that he tries to sidestep the jobs that aren't going to bring him into prominence. He ducks all the doubtful propositions. He tries to leave somebody else "holding the bag." He wants me to think that he always gets what he goes after. So he tries to go after only the things he is sure to get! But while this trick may work for a while, it is pretty certain to be discovered sooner or later—just as I have discovered it in this case.

My private secretary has recently developed a boosting trick which a good many irritated employers will recognize. He is always trying to increase my desire for his services by telling me that other people want him. If anyone so much as

gives him a tentative nibble, he tells me about it and makes it appear like a genuine bite.

If you have a straight offer, which you are seriously considering, and you intend definitely to leave or to stay, according to whether your employer meets that offer, go to him frankly and state your position. But don't use these outside nibbles to make *him* bite.

One of these days, if my secretary keeps on trying to make me feel that he is a treasure for which other employers are yearning, I shall surprise him by telling him to put at least one of them out of his misery by accepting his alleged offer. If the offer is genuine, and the yearning is mutual, it will be better all around for him to go. If it is a more or less mythical weapon, with which to create fear and admiration in my mind, he may as well find out that I'm not to be *scared* into keeping a man.

ONE of the most contemptible and mistaken methods by which people try to boost themselves is followed by a man who is not in our orgainzation, but whom I know intimately.

Apparently his scheme is to make himself seem bigger by making somebody else look smaller. Evidently, he thinks that if he pushes others down in your estimation he will bring himself up by contrast.

This is one of the worst of these mistaken methods, because it reacts so disastrously on the man himself. Even if you succeed in pushing others down, you yourself are no higher because of that. You are still at just the same level of ability that you were before. Pushing others behind you does not set you one step further forward in your own achievement. The only way to get up is to climb. The only way to go forward is to advance. To belittle another man's work has not made your own work one bit better.

Even though you succeed in fooling someone, your employer, for instance, or your associates in business or elsewhere, you have done yourself no good. The only thing that should count with you—and it is the only thing, in the long run, that will count with the people around you—is what *you* are and what *you* accomplish.

Pass ahead of others, if you can, by honest work, by the brilliance of your ideas, by the charm of your personality, by effort and initiative and ability. But don't think that you are really getting anywhere, or really reaching a greater height, by thrusting others back or by pushing them down.

I first met this man I just mentioned about five years ago at a business luncheon. I will call him Brown. He is an officer of his company, a tall, good-looking fellow, a fairly able business man, as I have since discovered, and with a keen wit. In the course of conversation another officer of his company, whose work touches his at certain points, was mentioned. At that time I did not know this other fellow, whom I shall call Black. When his name was mentioned, the other man, Brown, began to chuckle.

"You fellows oughtn't to miss this!" he said. "Poor old Black came into a conference yesterday, with a list as long as your arm of South American towns where he thought we ought to establish agen-

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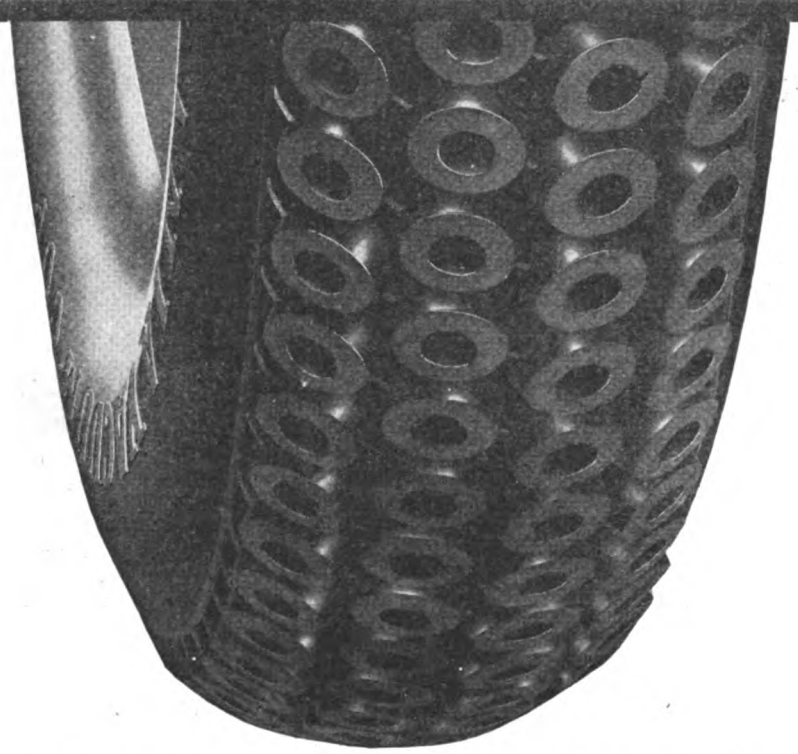

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cies. You know, Black is one of the greatest living masters of the unappreciated art of stuttering. So, when he got busy with explaining his little list and had to say 'Brazil' at the very first go, he got to 'b-b-b-b-b-b-b-ing,' until the president, who was glancing at some papers, thought somebody had let a dog into the room and looked under the table to locate the b-b-b-b-beast.

"Well, Black finally got through with Brazil and wanted to move on to Peru. Of course he stalled on the first letter. I'd been out late the night before, so I took forty winks of much-needed sleep and came to just as he was attempting to enter Bolivia. A pollywog could have b-b-b-b-b-beaten him to it.

"I gave the president the high sign and said, 'I move that we defer consideration of Patagonia, Panama, and the Argentine Rep-p-p-p-public until to-morrow.'

"The old man looked as if I'd saved his life. And the funny thing about it," Brown added, "was that I had made out just such a list a month ago and poor old Black didn't know it. Perhaps he stutters when he writes and had been a month getting his list made out."

NOW this fellow, Brown, is a wonderful mimic and got a good laugh out of us at Black's expense. And he also contrived to make Black look like a slow coach, piking along with a list a month behind Brown. The result, in my own mind at least, was a sort of amused contempt for Black. But it just happened that I met Black himself not long afterward. I found that occasionally he had a slight hesitation in speech, nothing I should have noticed if it had not been for Brown's caricature of it. And I also discovered that, although Brown *had* made a few notes about South American trade, they had been of no consequence, and he had done nothing with them. Black, on the contrary, had made a careful analysis and submitted a well-worked-out plan.

This is an extreme case, I know, of trying to belittle another man. But I have heard Brown do the same thing in other ways over and over again. But he does not fool me now. Instead of making me think less of the men he tries to show up as small, or weak, or ridiculous, I mark them for special observation. For I know that Brown *fears* them, and is trying to make himself look bigger, by making them seem smaller.

Don't think I am going to tell you at just what point in this story I came under my own suspicion. That is my secret. If you have not caught what seems like a reflection of your own self, somewhere along the line, I confess I shall be surprised. For, from my observation, the man, or the woman, who is not trying to mark up himself, or herself, in one or more of these ways, would seem to be like the giraffe, of whom the farmer said, "There ain't no such animal!"

"WHY Some Men Are Promoted and Others Are Not" is the title of an interview, next month, with W. H. Leffingwell, an expert who has studied the inside workings of many big offices. The "human stuff" in it will interest everybody.

The House of a Million Questions

(*Continued from page 15*)

My wife and baby are on that train, and I've gotta see them!'

"I explained to him that trains have a headstrong way of not hanging around waiting for folks, and that I couldn't hold this one.

"But you've got to!' he said. 'My wife's left the basket with the baby's milk bottles. I'll be down with it in five minutes.'

"'Don't you worry!' I said. 'There's a dining car on the train, and they've got milk enough to feed a whole orphan asylum.'

"Apparently the idea of a dining-room on wheels and an ice-box full of milk was a brand-new one to him. He thanked me as fervently as if I had invented dining cars just to save his precious offspring from starvation.

"Here's a funny one that came in over the telephone a while ago. Like a good many of the queer ones, it came from a woman. She said she was a school teacher; and if this is a sample of the knowledge she is handing out, her pupils are going to be fearfully and wonderfully educated. Her opening sentence is another favorite way of wasting words.

"'I wanted to ask you,' she says, 'how many ties there are in the Poughkeepsie bridge.'

"Well, that was *some* question to have fired at you point-blank! But the only kind of answer we folks in the information bureau are supposed not to give is 'I don't know.' So I didn't say that, although it would have been the truth. I sparred for time by getting her to repeat the question. Then I said politely:

"'I'm sorry, but I couldn't give you the exact number right now, madam, because the bridge is being repaired.'

"But I'll have to hand it to the men, too, for thinking up an occasional poser. One man called up to ask how far salt water runs up the Hudson River. Said he wanted to find out in order to settle a bet. I told him I hadn't sampled it beyond Yonkers, but it was quite salty at that point.

"Speaking of salt water, a ship's captain telephoned once, informing us that his vessel was ready to sail, and would we please send him a tug immediately. When I told him this was a railway terminal, he said:

"'Well, can't you get me a tug, anyway?'

"I told him where to apply for one, but he seemed to think I was shirking my duty in the matter of tugs.

"NOW I know you're going to say that these are just foolish questions, and that the average person doesn't waste his time, or ours, making such absurd demands. I'll admit that they are examples of freak inquiries. Probably there are not half a dozen of them in the thousands of questions we answer daily. We don't mind 'em much. What does bother us is the fool way that people try to get the

"—Seems like Old Billy loses his gait unless he gets his ration of oats every day. This Tractor is frisky for a long spell on the one mess of Columbia Hot Shot"

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As to the Charms of Tobacco

LARUS & BROTHER CO.,
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My dear Sirs:

As a pipe-smoker of some 40 years I feel that I really must write to tell you that after all these years I have at last found a really satisfying tobacco, namely your Plug Slice Edgeworth that comes in slabs. I have now been smoking it for about one year, but have not written before because I wanted to learn whether the charm of this tobacco would, like so many others, wear off. I now find that the more I smoke it, the more necessary it becomes to my bodily comfort.

(Signed)_____

We value the above letter highly, but we had to argue down grave doubts before dwelling upon the *charm of any* smoking tobacco. But then women probably never read tobacco advertisements.

For years Woman never openly recognized but one serious rival. Much talk has been made about the bravery of the man who first dared to eat an oyster. What about the bold man who first dared to leave a woman for a smoke? We often wonder if Sir Walter Raleigh, brave as he was, ever told Queen Elizabeth the truth about his long absences. If she ever caught him quietly enjoying his pipe—well, as we know, she was quite a spirited woman.

Nowadays, ask any young woman if she objects to smoking, and her reply invariably is, "No, I like it." And they choose men who smoke. They know smokers are better natured.

All men who smoke aren't good-natured, nor all men who don't ill-natured, but the best-natured men are almost all smokers.

A pipeful of the right tobacco can charm away most of the small frets of daily life.

The difficulty is to come upon a tobacco that brings such a charm into your life. Edgeworth is the delight of many men, but it may not, perhaps, be the tobacco for you.

We don't want to prejudice you against Edgeworth by boosting it too much, but we certainly would enjoy learning what you personally think of it.

If you're willing to risk a postcard, we'll risk the tobacco. Send us your address together with that of the dealer ordinarily supplying you, and we will despatch to you generous samples of Edgeworth in both forms—Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth Plug Slice is pressed into cakes, then cut by sharp knives into very thin moist slices. Rub a slice between the hands and it makes an average pipe-load.

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legitimate information they are entitled to, and that we want to give them.

"Of course, we've learned to do some mind reading to help them out. For instance, you may think it is just an old joke that people ask questions like, 'At what time does the six-o'clock train for Springfield start?' But I give you my word, we get that sort of question every day of our lives. It sounds stupid, doesn't it? If you were green at this information business, you might feel like saying sarcastically:

"'The six-o'clock train for Springfield leaves *at six o'clock!*'

"But we don't. We understand what is back of the question. The man who asks it knows that there is a train for Springfield at *about* six o'clock. But he thinks it may leave at 5:54, or 6:12, or something like that. He wants the *exact* time. And instead of trying to be funny with him, we tell him politely the correct leaving time, even if it is precisely six o'clock.

"With due respect for the ladies, I am compelled to state that they are often the most difficult to deal with. If it is as hard to convince a woman that she is wrong about other things as it is to make her believe what you say about trains she must go through life thinking that other people are mistaken and that she alone is right.

"A woman comes up to the information bureau in the evening and says: 'When does the next train leave for New Haven?'

"It is just 8:15 and a train has left at 8:10; so you tell her that the next one will leave at 11:15 and reach New Haven at 1:25 in the morning. Perhaps she knows that there are over twenty trains a day to New Haven and she has blandly wandered in, thinking she can get one any old time. At any rate, she looks at you with cold suspicion and says:

"'Eleven-fifteen! Are you *sure?* Why, there *must* be a train before *that!*'

"'No, madam,' you say: 'the other trains go no farther than Stamford.'

"'Are you certain?'

"'Yes, madam; if I were not, I wouldn't be here to tell you.'

"That's a little touch you can't resist, but it doesn't make any hit with her. The chances are that she says loftily: 'I was not inquiring the reason for your being here. I was asking you about *trains*. If you will give me a time-table, I will look them up for myself.'

"OF COURSE, it's all in the day's work. But I wonder why people don't realize how much better the work would go, for them as well as for us, if they would cut out the sarcasm. Even an information clerk is not infallible, I'll admit. But when it comes to knowing about trains to the chief stations on his main lines, he is pretty near to being that. If you ask him something he does not know, he looks it up.

"There are *sixteen hundred* time-tables on the shelves under the counter at our main information booth. The names of thousands of towns are on those folders. Without looking, an experienced information clerk can tell you how to reach hundreds of those towns and when the trains leave. But if you are not willing to trust him to give you the right 'dope,' why bother to ask him? Get a time-table and look it up for yourself.

"People are funny about time-tables though. I have seen them take one, then ask the clerk when the next train would leave for a certain point. He tells them, and they get a pencil and write it down. Then they want the time of the next train after that, and they write that down. They will stand there and write down the leaving time of half a dozen trains, when it is all there in the very folder on which they are writing! People act as if they couldn't read their own language, when it is printed in a time-table.

"BUT if you want to know the commonest fault, or mistake, here is an example. A woman telephoned last week and asked about trains to Pittsfield, Massachusetts. I told her they left at 8:50 and 8:51 in the morning, and at 3:20 and 3:30 in the afternoon. You see, there are two ways of going to Pittsfield from New York. The next day, a man called up, very indignant.

"'See here!' he said. 'My secretary called up your office yesterday and asked about trains to Pittsfield and you told her there was one at 3:30 in the afternoon.'

"'Yes,' I said, 'I believe I gave her the information myself.'

"'Well, what in thunder did you mean by saying that! Don't you know that train doesn't stop at Stockbridge?'

"'Wait a minute!' I replied. 'I thought you said, and she said, that you wanted to know about Pittsfield trains. *Now* you are talking about Stockbridge. Where is it you want to go?'

"'I want to go to Stockbridge; but the Pittsfield trains—'

"'The Pittsfield trains on *one* line go to Stockbridge,' I said; 'but on the *other* line they do not go there. You asked for Pittsfield trains, and I gave them to you.'

"'I beg your pardon,' he said. 'The fault is mine.'

"Well, that was nice of him and made me feel all right; but the fact remained that he had missed getting to Stockbridge that day, all because he did what thousands of people do right straight along—asked for a train to some place where he had no idea of going.

"For instance, somebody telephones and wants to know the trains to Buffalo. I tell them some good trains leaving in the evening, because it is a long ride and most people take it at night. After I've reeled off a lot of trains, he comes back at me with, 'Well, what time does that train get to Rochester?' And I find that he is not going to Buffalo at all, but to Rochester.

"People ask about trains to Albany—and by mere chance I discover that they're only going up to Tarrytown! Or they inquire about trains to Boston and then let slip that they're going to Worcester, where half the Boston trains don't go at all.

"If people would only ask for a train *to the place where they want to go*, it would save no end of trouble. Why they don't do it is more than I can understand. But they ask about a terminal point, or some important station, when they really intend to stop at a place on the way. And then they say that we gave them the wrong information.

"I spoke of the man whose secretary asked us about Pittsfield trains. In that

case, it wasn't her fault. But a good deal of the trouble we have comes from the custom of getting a secretary, or stenographer, or telephone girl, or office boy, or *somebody*, to inquire about trains. They are careless about getting the information straight, a man misses his train, and then he blames us for it.

"Why, women even let their children call up to find out about trains! I suppose little Mary, or little Johnny, likes to use the telephone, so Mother lets them. We do our best to have them get the information straight, but half the time I know they twist it.

"Grown folks do the same thing, for that matter, and all because they neglect some simple precaution. When you telephone to a station to ask the leaving time, or the arriving time, of trains, be sure to have a pencil and paper handy. Then *write down* the information as it is given to you. Don't trust to your memory.

"PEOPLE don't remember things straight even while you are talking to them. You tell them a train will leave at 11:56; and after they have asked a few more questions, they will wind up with, 'You said that train leaves at 7:56, didn't you?' If you tell a man a train goes at 6:05, he will repeat it two minutes later as 5:06, just reversing the figures. The only safe way is to be sure you have it straight, and then write it down, before you can get it mixed.

"People who live in cities should not try to refer to trains by their numbers. There are so many trains that people who are not familiar with them are likely to get balled up on the numbers. A little while ago, a woman telephoned and said that her sister was coming from Chicago on Number Eleven, and when would that train be in? I told her that there was no Number Eleven from Chicago to New York, and asked her if she knew what time her sister left Chicago. She told me, and I knew at once that it was Number Twenty-two. You see, she had unconsciously thought of eleven in connection with twenty-two, and then had *said* 'eleven' when she telephoned.

"In small towns, where there are only a few trains a day, it is customary for people to refer to them by numbers. They call the station and ask, 'How's Number Five?' or, 'Is Number Twelve on time?' That's all right. But when you get to the city, or if you are asking about a train from a city, mention its leaving time. That's all that is necessary.

"As a rule, we can tell the experienced travelers by the way they ask their questions. A man calls up and says: 'What's the best train leaving here to-morrow afternoon for Indianapolis?' That's a straight question. He tells you the day, the time of day, the kind of train, and the destination. Somebody else calls up and asks: 'When can I get a train to Indianapolis?' You have to ask, 'Are you leaving to-day?' No, I'm going to-morrow. Then you tell them all the trains. Half the time, they ask, after each one: 'Is that a good train?'

"People often telephone us to engage a return sleeper reservation, or to have one made from a point up the line, where they expect to be perhaps in a few days. You would be surprised how they muddle things up. And yet it is a simple thing to do it clearly. For instance, if you are going to be in Chicago, and travel is heavy, so that you want to make sure of a berth to New York, perhaps on the Twentieth Century Limited, all you need to say is: 'Please wire for a lower berth to New York on the Twentieth Century, leaving Chicago Thursday, April 15th,' or whatever date you want. Then give your name.

"There you are. The agent doesn't have to ask you a single question. Have him write it down and read it over to you. He will bless you for being one of the few people who know just what you want and who can say it *straight*.

"People are funny. They try to get information without giving you the facts on which you have got to base your information. One of the clerks here got a call the other day from a woman who asked when the *first* train left for a certain point.

"'Do you mean the first train now, or the first in the morning?' he asked.

"'In the morning, of course,' she snapped.

"He told her 5 o'clock and she asked for the next When he said 7:10, she wanted the next. At 8:30; again—the next. At 9:30, he told her.

"'Can't you give me a decent train?' she demanded. 'Do you think I want to stay up all night to catch one?'

"Why couldn't she have explained in the beginning about the time she wanted to start? Instead, she asked for the 'first train.'

"You'd be amazed at the way people resent our asking the things we must know in order to give them correct information. A man came up to the booth the other afternoon and asked for a Harlem time-table. As we have several Harlem time-tables, I asked him which one he wanted.

"'I said a Harlem time-table!' he repeated sharply.

"'Yes, sir,' I replied, 'but which division do you wish to go on?'

"'Do I have to ask you again for a Harlem time-table?' he demanded, getting purple in the face.

"So I took out all the Harlem folders and handed them to him.

"'The trouble with you,' he sneered, 'is that you've been on this job too long. You'd better be looking for a new one.'

"But I had two very good reasons for asking him the question I did. In the first place, it would save him trouble if I gave him the folder he wanted. And in the second place, those folders cost money. At a conservative estimate, the expense to the railroads issuing them is about two thousand dollars a week. So it is foolish to hand them out recklessly just to have them thrown away.

"ANOTHER mistake people make is in regard to asking about late trains. Only a little while ago, a woman called up to ask about a certain train due at 5:30 P. M. My assistant told her it was reported two hours late. She asked if she could count on that, and he said, 'You'd better call up again in half an hour.' The reason was that we receive reports every half hour on these trains, and he could then give her later information. But she simply went up in the air and demanded to talk with the superin-

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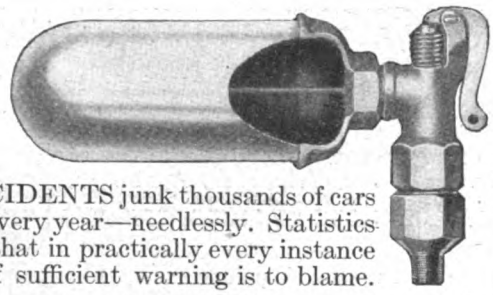

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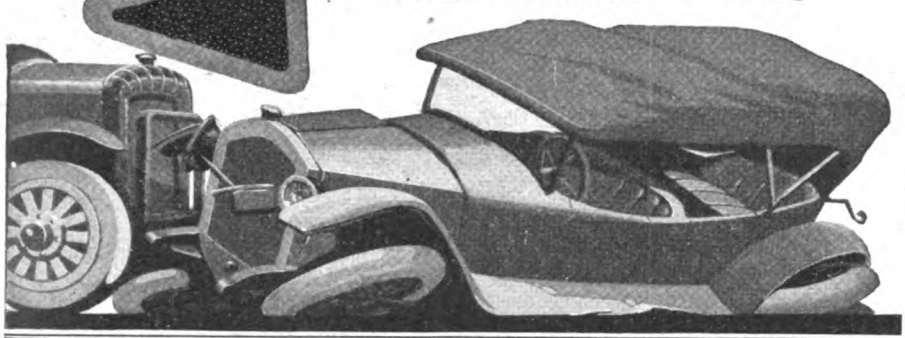

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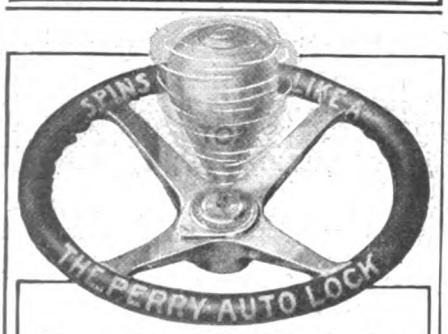

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tendent. I went to the 'phone, listened to her complaint, and explained elaborately that delayed trains may either lose more time, or make up some already lost; and that if she would call us again we would keep her informed as to the train she was anxious about. That satisfied her—but it had wasted our time. We don't ask people to call us again if it isn't necessary. No man in a railroad station does that. He is too busy to invite unnecessary calls. You can bet on that.

"And the same thing is true about the questions asked *you* by the station man. If he inquires just where you are going, it isn't because he wants to pry into your affairs. He isn't loafing around with nothing better to do than think up questions about what isn't his business. If he asks you something, it is because he must know it in order to give the right answer to your own question.

"Think it all out before you go to him, or to the telephone, and write it down if there are several points you want to cover. Then you won't forget something important. And *listen* to what he says. A man called up a while ago and asked the fare to New Haven. The clerk told him it was two dollars and thirty-four cents.

"'How much?' he said.

"The clerk repeated it.

"'What did you say?'

"Again the clerk told him.

"'How much?' he asked again.

"'*Six dollars!*' said the clerk.

"'Oh—two dollars and thirty-four cents,' the man said sheepishly.

"He had heard it all the time. He was just one of the people—and there are thousands of them—who go on asking you, over and over, without realizing that they do hear and understand. A good many people have you repeat a thing several times, to be sure they get it right. The best way is for *them* to repeat it to *you*. Then if they have it wrong, you can correct them. And when they find they have it straight they should write it down at once. It constantly happens that people telephone for the time some train leaves, miss the train, and then claim that we told them the wrong time. The real trouble was that they forgot what we did say, or else twisted it around.

"ANOTHER cause of complaint is that people call up several hours before a train is due, find that it is perhaps forty minutes late, and go to the station expecting that it is *still* forty minutes behind time. In the meanwhile it has made up fifteen minutes—and they are left. If a train is off its schedule, call up again and keep track of it.

"You would be surprised to know how often people ask us to meet someone at the train, perhaps a girl who is arriving alone and is a stranger in the city. Of course we do the best we can, but sometimes it is like trying to find a particular needle in a haystack that is full of other needles.

"For instance, someone asked us to meet a young girl of sixteen who was coming here to attend a university. We got her name, the train she was coming on, and a description of her appearance. But although we watched the gate carefully, we did not see her. Five minutes later, she turned up at the desk. When

we asked her how in the world we missed her, she laughed and said:

"'Probably because I had a baby in my arms. A woman on the train had two children with her, so I carried one as far as the waiting-room.'

"Of course we hadn't expected a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl to arrive with a baby in her arms. And that just shows how our best efforts may fail when people unload their responsibilities onto us. If anything had happened to that girl, I don't think the blame would have been ours.

"We get a good many funny questions from strangers in New York, especially in the good old summer time when tourists are plentiful. Instead of going down to the desk in their hotel and asking the clerk for information, they call us up! They ask us how to get to the Woolworth Building, how to reach Central Park, or the Aquarium, or Grant's Tomb, or Coney Island. A favorite request, from every source, is for the correct time.

"ONE thing that always makes us get busy is the lost child. A woman tells a child to stand in a certain place while she goes to the ticket window, or the baggage-room. The child gets scared or walks away to look at something, and then can't find its way back to the spot where it was left. Sometimes the woman herself gets mixed up as to where she left it. Of course, nothing worse happens in most cases than that the woman loses her train and has a bad scare. But she *might* lose her child, for a city railway station crowd contains all kinds of people, and I wouldn't take any chances on them.

"There are hundreds of men and women in this station every day who are not here to take a train or to meet one. We have guards on duty who keep an eye on the crowd, but they can't watch everyone. Men who apparently have nothing to do and no place to go, like to sit around on the comfortable benches in the waiting-rooms. After they have settled down for what seems an unnecessarily long stay, the guard asks them where they are going. If they say Boston, for instance, he waits until a Boston train has gone, and then approaches them again with a suggestion that they move on.

"Considering the fact that there may be some crooks among the thousands of people in a station, it behooves people not to leave their hand luggage, or their *children*, unguarded.

"I think the queerest 'regular customer' we ever had was a little old lady who used to come to the waiting-room every afternoon, bringing with her a small kettle, a cup and saucer, and a bulging paper bag. She'd sit there, watching the crowd, until time for 'afternoon tea,' when she would get hot water from the lavatory, make tea in her little kettle, and produce sandwiches or cakes from the paper bag to eat. We called her the 'Kitchenette Lady,' and for quite a while we hadn't the heart to interfere with her evident enjoyment of taking her tea in so entertaining an environment. But it was a dangerous example, so we had to banish her and her kettle. Even a railway station has to draw the line somewhere. We drew it at individual afternoon teas."

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Haven't you at times done a lot of unnecessary fooling around your car? And at other times didn't the old boat seem to show signs of new life after you had washed her all up?

And here's a *real* thrill, for a few dollars: a few hours interesting work and a coat or two of Effecto Auto Enamel applied to your car will give you much the same sensation as driving a brand new car out of the sales room!

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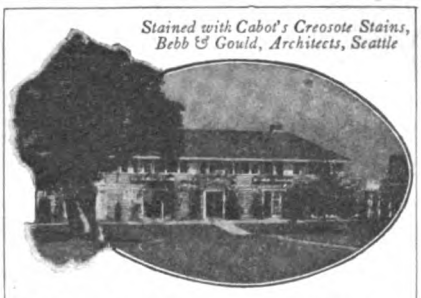

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135 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.
24 W. Kinzie St., Chicago 525 Market St., San Francisco

Getting Even With Dulcie

(*Continued from page 25*)

before she had it, but the second she took the fan she seemed invested with dignity.

None of our crowd has ever gone in for dignity at all, which made her stand out all the more strikingly. I looked at myself in the mirror, and it just made me sick. I looked so *young*. Honestly, I looked as if I ought to have on a pussy hood tied under my chin.

Dulcie's brother was waiting for her, so she went out, and Ruth and Corinne and I crowded around Madge. She was exultant.

"Now, whatever you do," she said, "don't forget to seem terribly interested in Roger. If Dulcie says a word to you about him, Ruth, for goodness' sake, blush."

"I can't blush whenever I want to," said Ruth.

MADGE coached us all on what we were supposed to do. When we had Lady's Choice dance, Corinne and I were both to go up to Roger as though we were going to ask him, then we were to look around and see Madge coming, and stop guiltily, and ask somebody else, as though we felt that she had the best right to Roger.

She told us lots of other things to say and do, too, awfully good things. But we never had a chance to do one of them. Right after the first dance I introduced Roger to Dulcie. She looked at him with that mixture of baby stare and a sort of twinkle that I cannot decide whether it is really making eyes or not. Then she looked down, and would not take her eyes off her fan again all the time we were talking. And from that very second there was not a thing that any of us could do to help things along.

Roger danced the next three times with Dulcie. Then he came back and danced the one he had had engaged with Madge. She said that he seemed to be in a kind of a daze. She asked him if he had seen Carter Waite there, and he said, "No, not so very." Dulcie had the next two dances taken, and Roger did not dance them at all. He just sat and watched her with the most pie-eyed look on his face. I would certainly like to know what it is that Dulcie does.

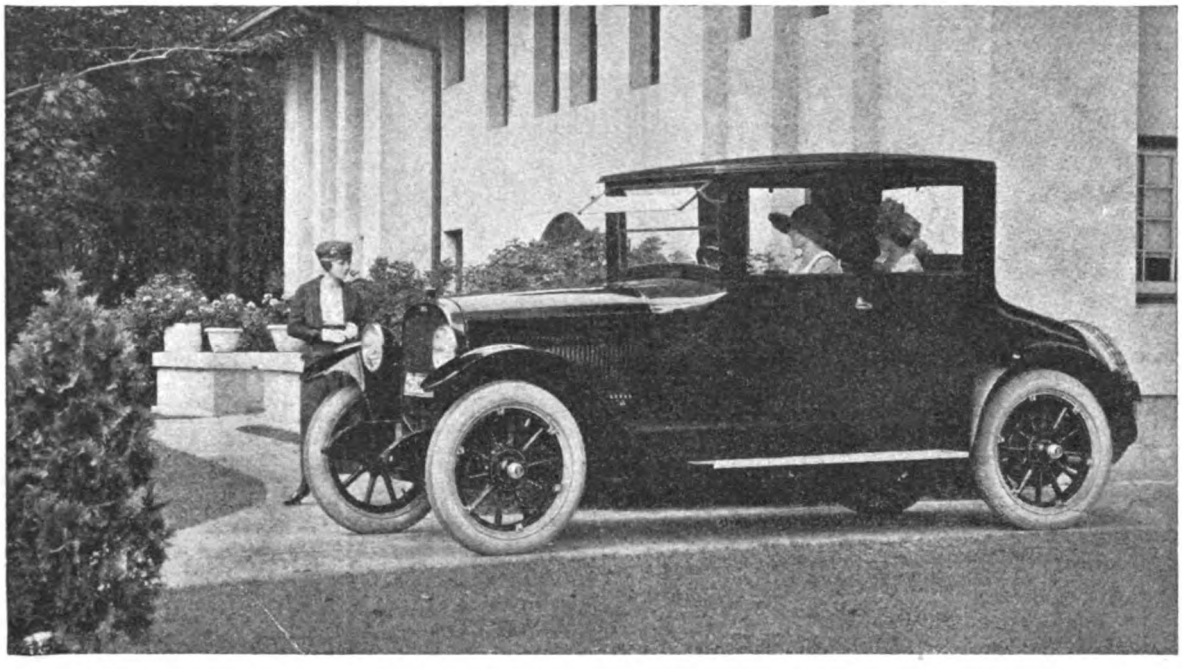
When Ladies' Choice came, we could not work our little stunt. Roger and Dulcie were sitting out dances somewhere in the other room, and we never saw him at all. After the party was over and Dulcie had gone, we got into one corner of the dressing-room and just had spasms.

"I never dreamed it would really work out," said Corinne; "it seemed too good to be true. Dulcie told me that Roger Lane had asked to call, and she acted as excited and triumphant as though she had never had a beau before."

"We must all keep acting as though we were crazy about him," said Madge. "Dulcie must think we are putting up a desperate struggle."

CHANDLER SIX

Famous For Its Marvelous Motor



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THE appeal of the handsome Chandler Sedan and Coupe is far-reaching among men and women who are appreciative of the better qualities of motor car design and construction and finish.

The beauty of line and snug comfort and fine upholstering and finish naturally appeal to them in a great degree. But they all appreciate quite as much the ease of driving the Chandler Six, the unusual flexibility of the power of its marvelous motor, simplifying control of the car in traffic and adding no end of pleasure to open-road driving.

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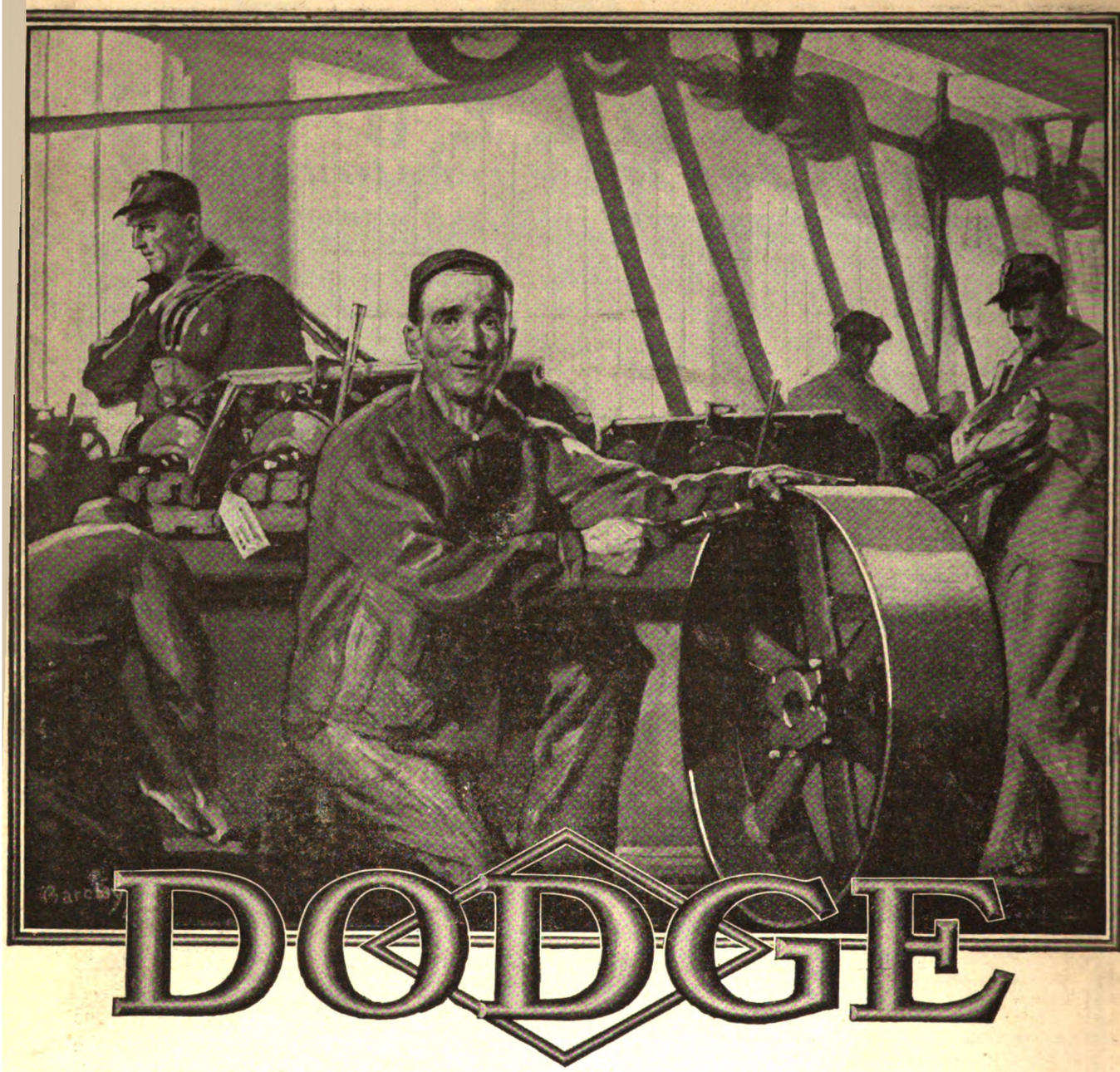

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Dodge Sales and Engineering Company
Mishawaka, Indiana and Oneida, New York
Canadian Manufacturers, Dodge Mfg. Co. of Canada Ltd., Toronto and Montreal

We did just as Madge said, but it seemed hardly worth while. I never saw an affair run so fast without any prodding at all. Inside of a week, Dulcie had had Roger up for dinner, and he had taken her to the first football game and in to the city to the theatre. Madge had told us to act as though we were jealous and hurt.

Madge was a wonder. She could not only think of all sorts of things to do but she could also do them. For instance, we were all over at Dulcie's one afternoon, and about five o'clock Roger went past on his way home. We all saw him. I tried to look tense, that was all I could think of to do. And of course, I can't be sure that I even did really look tense. Nobody said anything for several minutes, then I happened to glance over at Madge. She was looking down at her crocheting—she was making herself a filet sweater—*and a tear was running down the side of her nose!*

I peeked over at the other girls, and I saw that Dulcie was watching her surreptitiously. Madge never glanced up at all, and after a few minutes she blew her nose hard and pretended to have a fit of coughing, just exactly as anybody does when caught crying in a public place. After a while, when she began to talk again, her voice sounded foggy. It was marvelous.

BY THE end of the month, Roger was calling on Dulcie every night. Then Corinne began to be worried. This was going almost too fast. She said that with Dulcie seeing Roger every night, she could not fail to find out how dull he was, and that as soon as the novelty of cutting us all out had worn off, she would be back again like the rent collector. Madge said that perhaps that was true, and to be on the safe side she would warn Dulcie. That would clinch it. So when Madge and Dulcie were walking home from the library one day, Madge got the conversation around to Roger Lane.

"Of course, it isn't any of my business," Madge said, "but I've known Roger longer than you have, and I would never feel right about it if I didn't tell you. I wouldn't allow myself to get too much interested in him. He has never stayed interested in any one girl for longer than a month—he's a terrible flirt."

That, Madge said, would guarantee Dulcie's keeping him all winter. We all had fits when Madge told us what she had said. Roger Lane a flirt! He hadn't pep enough. Ruth had tried to make him try to hold her hand one night just to see if he would, and he didn't even grasp what he was supposed to do. He just sat and smiled at her.

Dulcie kept right on going with him. In the meantime we were all having the time of our lives. Dulcie did not pay any attention to anybody but Roger. It must have used to be something she did, because now that she wasn't doing it, the other boys didn't pay any particular attention to her, either. Of course, they all thought she was pretty and liked her, but in the same way that Will Nessen liked me or Tom liked Corinne.

It is seldom that things work out so exactly as you plan them. It seemed too good to be true, and I guess it was. Because, almost at the hour of our triumph, in the midst of all this peace, the most annoying thing happened. My conscience began to bother me.

I have an exasperating kind of conscience. It is very strong, but intermittent. It is like insanity in families, it will lie dormant for the longest time and then suddenly break out where it is least wanted. That is just what it did this time.

Everything was all right until I happened to hear old Mrs. Herbert say that she believed Dulcie would marry that young Lane. *Marry* him! It gave me a terrible shock. I had had no idea of its going so far as that! Of course, Dulcie is a little older than the rest of us, really old enough to get married. But married to Roger Lane! I realized all of a sudden that we were doing a terrible, solemn thing.

I was mad when the idea first occurred to me. After all our work and planning, to have it come to this! If my conscience had only held off till after Dulcie was married, then there wouldn't have been anything I could have done about it, anyway. But it hadn't. And I knew that it would keep nagging at me till I did something.

At first I refused to pay any attention to it, but I could not keep from worrying. I would be at a party and they would just have served fruit salad, perhaps, when it would begin. And from then on, I might just as well have been eating mashed turnip for all the pleasure I could get out of the salad. The worst of it was Dulcie was being so much nicer now that I could not help liking her, which made what we were doing seem a meaner trick than ever.

Finally I got so worried that I put it up to the other girls. I told them what an awful thing we were doing, and suggested that we tell Dulcie the trick we had played and then, if she wanted to go ahead and marry Roger, it wouldn't be our responsibility. I have never seen a group less sympathetic. At first, they *laughed*. Then when they saw that I was in dead earnest, they got mad. There was no use to appeal to their consciences, they hadn't any. They were perfectly willing to let Dulcie go ahead and marry Roger, if necessary.

IT WAS an awful position for me. I could not tell Dulcie, of course, and give all the others away, and I should not be able to eat properly until I had done something. I kept liking Dulcie better all the time, too, which made it worse. She lent me her fan to take to a party my cousin gave in the city, and she showed me how to do my hair like Elsie Ferguson's. Her cousin learned from the hairdresser who studied under the man who does Elsie Ferguson's. The climax came when she helped me trim over my blue beaver hat.

I had been fussing with it half a day when she came over to borrow my new fashion magazine. I had just been trying my hat on and I was ready to cry. I never thought I was really homely till I saw myself in that hat. My face looked round and flat, kind of like a pie. As I said, I was almost crying when Dulcie came in. She took one look at the hat.

"You've got the crown too low," she said.

She took off her hat and stayed all the afternoon. She raised the crown of my hat and tipped the brim in the back. She

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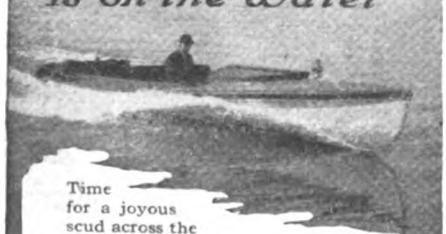

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ran home and got three dear little ostrich tips that just matched my hat, and insisted on giving them to me. When it was all done, I put on the hat and looked in the mirror. It was a dream. I had never imagined I was so good-looking. I stood staring at myself in the mirror, and then I remembered how awful I had looked when the crown was too low. I never would have thought of changing it in a thousand years if it had not been for Dulcie. And she was the girl I was helping push into a lifetime of married unhappiness! It made me feel so guilty and miserable it almost took the pleasure out of my hat.

THAT night Ruth and I went to a lecture on eugenics. The Women's Club had got the lecturer from Buffalo and we thought maybe it would be racy. It was not so very, although she talked about your unborn children. But it made me feel worse than ever. I realized that it was not only Dulcie's life we were tampering with but her children's and her children's children's, and so on down. It would be like colored blood or insanity, there would be no telling how far down the generations Roger's ears, for instance, would crop out.

I did not sleep a wink that night. At least, I heard the clock strike one and six, and I am almost sure I did not drop off between. And I made up my mind I would do something. I could not give the other girls away, but I simply had to open Dulcie's eyes to what she was doing. Right after breakfast, I went over to her house. She was cutting out a silk envelope chemise on the dining-room table.

"Dulcie," I said, "has it ever occurred to you that your children are going to look like Roger Lane?"

Dulcie dropped her scissors with an awful crash. She turned and stared at me, her face as red as a beet.

"I mean, of course, if you go ahead and marry him," I said hastily, realizing that my remark might sound queer to anybody who had not gone to the lecture.

"Althea," she said, "who told you?"

"The lecturer last night—" I began. But she interrupted me:

"I haven't told a living soul, and I'm sure Roger hasn't. Aunt Kate is going to give an announcement luncheon for me next week, and I wanted it to be a surprise."

"Then you are engaged to him?" I said in a hollow tone.

She did not notice my mournful voice. She went on telling in the most gleeful way that Roger was sending to New York for her ring and that they would be married in June, and that Roger had started paying instalments already on one of those cunning little bungalows they were putting up on the old Gardner property.

"Too late—too late—too late!" The words kept ringing in my mind like a dirge. If Dulcie had not said that about Roger's having paid instalments on the house I might still have told her, but I did not feel that I could after that. There is nothing that makes a thing seem so hopelessly final as money changing hands. So I sat there looking pretty sad, thinking of having to go through life with that thing on my soul, and not knowing whether I was eating marshmallow whip or cornstarch pudding.

"Althea," said Dulcie suddenly, "will you tell me the solemn truth about something?"

"Yes," I said, surprised.

"Do you think that any one of the girls was really in love with Roger—more than just a temporary infatuation, I mean?"

FOR a moment, I could hardly speak for surprise. Then I said:

"I can tell you the honest truth, Dulcie. Not one of us was really in love with Roger Lane."

"You don't know what a relief that is to me. Roger said nobody was in love with him—he just laughed at the idea. He said he was too middle-aged for the crowd, and that they were just stringing him along. But it worried me. I—I—" she paused for several moments, then she went on very fast—"Althea, this is an awful thing to say, but the first thing that got me interested in Roger was because I thought all you girls were crazy about him!"

I simply stared at Dulcie. She mistook my look for horror at her.

"I know it's awful," she said, "and I used to do that sort of thing all the time. I—I—" she lowered her voice as though she were telling me something I would never have guessed—"I used to *love to cut out other girls!*"

"Oh, Dulcie!" I said. I could not think of anything else.

"It was because I had never cared about anybody, myself," she said eagerly, as though she had to justify herself to me. "It was just like a kind of a game, you know—you never think it's cruel to beat your best friend at five hundred if you can. I knew, of course, that it made the girls mad, but I never thought they might—might feel the way I should if Roger should find that he liked somebody else better than me."

"You mean," I said, "that you feel different about Roger Lane from what you have felt about anybody else, that you are sure—*sure* that it isn't just the fun of cutting us all out—"

Dulcie laughed.

"Oh, I knew I'd done that the first night. There wasn't any kick in that after the first day or two. But by then it had begun to be different."

She sat for several minutes with a rapt look on her face. Then she began to talk about Roger again, told how wonderful he was, and how kind, and how much business ability he had, and dozens of other things. I sat there, a feeling of relief coming up over me like the warmth when you stand over a register on a cold day. For I could tell by just one look at her face that Dulcie was not bluffing, she really *believed* every word she was saying. And when she hinted something about Roger's being so handsome, my last fear left me. If Dulcie could look at Roger's ears and think he was handsome, it certainly wasn't my duty to tell her he was dull.

The wedding is to be the fourth of June. I am to be maid of honor, and Ruth and Madge and Corinne are to be bridesmaids. Once in a while, the four of us laugh about the way we played Cupid. But the laugh is not on Dulcie, at all. We have all come to the conclusion that there must be something in Roger Lane we didn't see.

Fathers and Sons

(*Continued from page 30*)

could be designed to such a scale. Ralph would be helpless. Despite all his selling ability he could present only a feeble case before the board of buying engineers, because Bryce had no type which was adequate. The Clayton equipment would carry away this prize of the year in triumph, by sheer weight of engineering merit, and Ralph would be made to comprehend the shortcomings of his pitifully limited vision of manufacturing.

So Clayton set to work jubilantly. Within an hour after the receipt of the Ferro Steel's request he was leaning over a drafting table; and within three days the preliminary sketches were completed. With his own hands he drew a set of elaborate detail drawings, made the blue prints, and prepared a statement to accompany these, all with a secretly glad anticipation of winning back his son by the forthcoming triumph.

Armed with the bulky roll of his blue prints he entered the big, handsomely-furnished office where the proposals were to be received punctually at nine on June first. Half a dozen representatives of other concerns were there. Among them was Ralph, chatting pleasantly with Sterns, the Ferro Steel Company's man in charge of technical matters; and with them was Bryce—short, squat, his plump, smooth face creased into a smile even more suave than usual and his round bald head tilted at a confident angle.

For a moment Clayton's glad anticipation cooled. But as Ralph turned with a frankly smiling, "Hello, Dad!" he had a sudden desire to throw his arm about his son's shoulders, so strong and immediate was the sense of the reconciliation to follow these forthcoming formalities.

"Hello, Clayton!" Sterns said. "Guess it's time to get things started. You're all here now."

CLAYTON exchanged a remark or two with his son, and then, as the room grew expectantly quiet, found a seat and a safe place for his blue prints. Sterns concluded a low-toned conference with the engineers constituting the buying board and then faced the assembled competitors.

"To be perfectly fair, we will call on you men in the alphabetical order of the names of your firms," he announced, consulting a list in his hands. "First, the Bryce Manufacturing Company."

As Ralph rose, Clayton thrilled with a great pride. The boy was so upstanding—not cocksure, rather respectful, yet quietly aggressive with an easy, unobtrusive but instantly felt power in every movement and line of his slim young body. Clayton was proud, not only that he was the father of this son of his but that within a few short hours at most this son would be reconciled into a complete harmony with him.

Ralph walked to the table, unrolled a long blue print, spread it out and then began talking. Before he had spoken a score of words, Clayton the engineer recognized that this starter Ralph was selling was simply an enlargement of the ordinary Bryce type, the "good-enough" type, the type never conspicuously successful in practice. But Clayton the father somehow forgot the Bryce automatic starter. He was following with a glowing admiration every word and gesture of this tall, assured son of his.

Ralph talked with quiet straightforwardness, explaining, pointing out an advantage here, an advantage there, indicating on the outspread blue print, and holding all the time the absorbed attention of the three engineers and Sterns. Despising anything savoring of mere selling patter as he did, Clayton was nevertheless stirred deeply. Ralph was offering an exhibition of salesmanship far removed from anything akin to mere oily persuasion. He talked with frank sincerity, claiming nothing extravagant, even admitting weakness in some particulars, and all the time preserving an attitude of quiet respectfulness toward the men older in experience than himself.

HE MADE his final points with dignified emphasis, asked that the contract be awarded to his company, and turned away from the table. Sterns, after consulting his list, rose and announced, "David A. Clayton."

Clayton rose and advanced to the table. Slipping the rubber bands off his own blue prints he spread them out. "Gentlemen, my proposal," he said simply, and pushed forward the drawings for their examination.

That was all he needed to say. Admiring his son's presentation as he did, he felt that *he* had no need for anything of the sort. His drawings could speak for themselves. His equipment could speak for itself. And with the air of an artist who has just drawn back the veil from his most recent painting, he resumed his seat.

Others followed. Some talked and some merely presented their drawings as he had done. The three engineers glanced over the drawings one by one as they were spread out, but always glanced again at two sets of prints—those presented by Clayton, and by his son. Clayton was glad of that. He wanted his son to win second place in this competition, for it was due him because of the splendid effort he had made against long odds.

The last man came forward and unrolled his blue print. The engineers glanced at it, and then turned back to the two prints which had claimed the bulk of their attention before. Minutes passed. They scanned the two long wide sheets, now ranged side by side on the big table.

They whispered together. Sterns leaned forward and whispered with them. There was more whispering and more glancing at the two prints. Then they nodded and Sterns rose.

"The board of engineers," he said, "unanimously approves and recommends the proposal of the Bryce Manufacturing Company."

The unsuccessful aspirants bobbed up and surrounded Ralph in a congratulatory group, joined by Sterns and the en-

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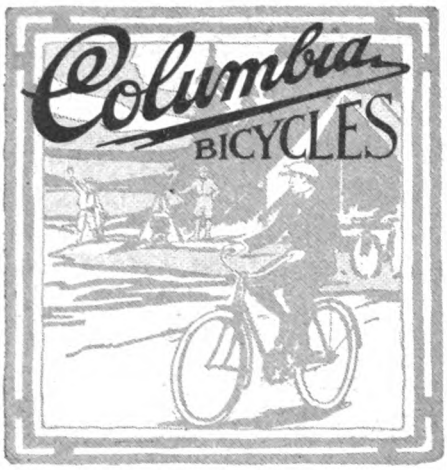

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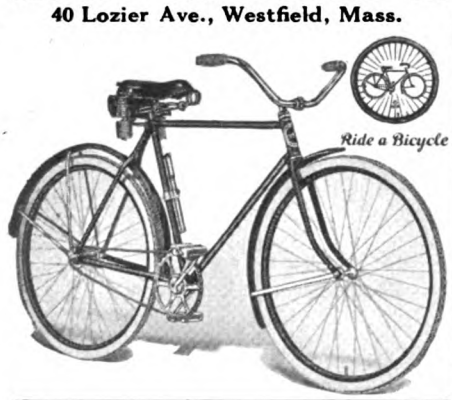

gineers; while Bryce, more suavely triumphant and smiling than ever, stood with one hand on Ralph's shoulder with an air of proud proprietorship.

THEN, like the bewildered wakefulness of a somnambulist, it came to Clayton that he had been beaten. For a space, while the congratulatory chorus swelled and rose, he sat staring blankly at the group surrounding his tall, quietly self-possessed son. Then, without a word, he rose and went out into the hallway, and down and across the city to the haven of his factory.

He had been wrong. Squirm and shrink as he could, offer excuses and alibis as he would, the thing loomed up before him like a lone mountain towering sheerly out of a broad plain.

He had trusted to technical superiority. Ralph had trusted to selling superiority. There was no extenuating circumstance, no excuse to whose door the result could be blamed. The contest had been sharp, clear-cut, clean, to a finish; and Ralph had won.

With sickening clearness he saw the thing he deemed a principle of paramount importance cast into the scrap pile as ruthlessly as his first crude motor starter had been junked to make room for his newest models. He was old-fashioned.

He had wronged his boy. Instead of giving him a chance to live his life under modern conditions, he had attempted to force him into an outworn mold.

But somehow he could not tell this to Ralph. He wanted to confess. Every moment he was away from his son he had an uneasy desire to burst out into an admission of his injustice. But, face to face with him, a great dumbness fell over him.

The very ease which, on Ralph's part, had made tolerable the weeks immediately following their drifting apart now served to make confession on Clayton's part hopelessly difficult. There was never an opportunity. Shop talk, business, or anything which would facilitate bringing up the subject Clayton yearned to mention, was skilfully avoided.

The Ferro Steel Company had planned a celebration for October first, to mark the official opening of its new mill. Friends of the company, its employees, and representatives of concerns which had contributed in the erection of the new plant, were to take part.

Clayton had read of it in the newspapers and the technical press. But not until late in September did it acquire any particular significance. Then, dropping the work on which he was listlessly engaged, he went straight to Sterns.

"I'd like to come to your party on the first," he announced.

Sterns glanced up quizzically for a moment. Then he nodded. "Good!" he approved. "You're a real sport. Going to help us get started even if we couldn't give you any business, eh? We'll be glad to have you."

Clayton smiled and thanked him for the ticket of admission. But he was thinking something vastly different. On the day of the opening he would confess to Ralph the injustice he, as a father, had done. Under the stimulus of the excitement, the crowd and the holiday abandon he could surely find an opportunity for pouring out those few stammered sentences.

So bedecked and thronged was the big ungainly building as Clayton entered it on the day of the opening that it seemed a veritable pleasure palace. Flags, bunting, flowers, bright new paint, shining glass and brass, spotless concrete and warm red brick made up a vivid background for the crowd. Well-dressed men and women strolled leisurely about the towering machinery or gathered in gay laughing groups. And in one of these Clayton found Ralph.

His heart swelled with pride. Surrounded by men whose names were synonyms of power and accomplishment, his son was receiving greetings which indicated the esteem in which he was held. Over the heads of these friends Ralph shot him a look which sent even a warmer thrill through Clayton; for it was spontaneous and eager, with nothing of his son's usual restraint. It was just as Clayton had hoped it would be; and in this gay, openly friendly throng he knew he would find the opportunity he sought, and could tell his son the thing which had burned within him, unconfessed, for so long.

But before he could speak to Ralph, friends of his own swooped down upon him and caught him in a dragnet from which he was unable to escape. And then suddenly the big whistle above boomed out a signal that the mill's machinery was to be started on the demonstration run scheduled as the first number on the program. Because most of the people preferred to watch the giant motor and the rolls which it drove, he was able to secure just the position he wanted during this demonstration—a position squarely against the guard rail fencing the automatic starter.

The housing normally enclosing this piece of equipment had been removed to make it more impressive, and over the shining complication of cams, tripping coils, levers, resisters, and connecting bars thus exposed, he swept a quick, comprehending glance. As he had expected, it was merely an enlargement of the type Bryce had used on previous designs for smaller installations. His smile grew a bit wry. Here was to be a supreme test of this "good-enough" equipment of Sam Bryce's. Before a crowd which could see every flaw it was being called upon to face a real situation.

THE gay laughter and the excited hum of voices died away suddenly, as from a platform, invisible to Clayton by reason of the intervening mass of the motor, came the voice of Sterns.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he announced, "I have the pleasure and the honor to introduce Miss Ruth Rothwell, the daughter of President Rothwell, who will now officially set the machinery in motion by pressing the button which controls the electric drive. Miss Rothwell."

There was a burst of applause. Leaning over the brass guard rail Clayton gazed intently at the starter so close before him. A hush came over the eager spectators, and Clayton knew that the girl on the platform had moved forward to the plush-covered table and was reaching toward the mother-of-pearl push-button in its center.

From the extreme right of the shining intricacy came a click, the glint of a rod darting out into position, two more clicks, and then the upward thrust of a large me-

tallic mass rising to close a wide gap separating it from a similar mass just above. Clayton's eyes clung to it. Smoothly and steadily the moving contact swung upward, brought up against the stationary contact and the first circuit was closed.

Forty odd circuits were to be closed thus, each at its predetermined interval, each carrying the huge motor through a slightly higher rate of rotation until full speed was reached. So, even as the crowd thrilled to the first throb of the alternating current, Clayton shifted his gaze to the next contact beyond the first.

There was another click, another rod darted out and the second contact swung upward, as the first dropped away, breaking its circuit with a flicker and the explosive crackle of an arc flash being snuffed out.

CLAYTON sniffed. The arc flash was considerably greater than anything he tolerated in his own equipment, but it was not excessive. Perhaps by some freak of fortune this Bryce apparatus he deemed so unworthy might be able, after all, to survive this test.

Second speed gave place to third, third to fourth, and fourth to fifth, without anything more serious than the flicker of arc which had accompanied the first; and under the tug of the gradually increasing current the huge inert motor growled in deep, angry objection. Fifth speed gave place to sixth, and sixth to seventh. With a groan and grunt of protest the motor began to turn over reluctantly. Seventh gave place to eighth, and eighth to ninth. Clayton frowned. This starter was performing entirely too well. It and Sam Bryce did not deserve to pass unscathed. Yet the motor was turning over with slow rumbling revolutions and the crowd began to murmur admiringly.

Then the starter stuck. Instead of falling back with a sharp swing, breaking the heavy circuit cleanly, the ninth speed contact clung stubbornly in its closed position; just why, Clayton could not see. Two, three seconds passed. Still it stuck. Two more seconds passed. Sam Bryce would have to present an alibi of more than usual smoothness to explain away a failure so glaring as this. But it would be only justice—something deserved by this man who had dared to sell such a piece of equipment.

A dozen feet away an overalled mechanic thrust through the crowd, stooped under the guard rail, and darted toward the starter.

"Look out! Close your eyes, everybody!" he yelled warningly, and jerked on a pair of goggles.

Clayton understood the danger. If the stuck contact let go suddenly and the arc-blowout failed, there would be a blinding flash. So, even as the crowd about him stirred curiously, he half closed his clear dark-blue eyes—then stopped, shocked into forgetfulness of danger by a thought which had come to him. Was Ralph, after all, innocently unaware of the real character of this equipment? Had he sold it with the absolute sincerity he had manifested? Like a stick cunningly thrown between the feet of a speeding runner, this doubt overwhelmed Clayton with staggering suddenness.

Another goggled mechanic joined the first. The crowd was milling about in a

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"She is going to keep on with her job after the wedding." Often we hear this said about the young business woman. What about her new obligations—as wife, home-maker, prospective mother? Can she fulfill them and still go to work? What would it mean to society, business and the home if all wedding contracts were upon this basis? A fair statement of both sides of the case appears in "The Lure of the Double Salary," in the May WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION—a story every woman should read.

A man with a bouncing baby doesn't carry dynamite

Are "reds" the dyspeptic product of bad environment—the spawn of vicious boarding houses and unhappy surroundings? Is the great bulwark against Bolshevism the wholesome, successful, American home? Then what real opportunity is at the door of every home-maker—every woman.

Senator Poindexter has an article for red-blooded Americans on this very subject of the Americanization of America. It is a great message to the women of America. Every loyal woman should read it in the May WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

The secrets of successful scenario writing

Are you one of the many thousands who "feel the urge" to write a thrilling film play for your favorite Pickford or Fairbanks? Perhaps you have submitted a scenario and found the film companies wholly unresponsive. Why?—maybe because you didn't know what to try for, what to feature and what to discard in the development of your plot. Charles Sarver, scenario editor for one of the largest American Moving Picture Companies, tells you "How to Write a Movie Scenario," in the May WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Mr. Sarver edits thousands and thousands of manuscripts, and his tips to aspiring writers are invaluable.

THE MAY

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FARM AND FIRESIDE COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

sudden panic, eyes closed, some with hands protecting them, some with handkerchiefs held up to ward off a vaguely sensed threat.

"Close your eyes! Close your eyes, everybody!" the mechanic warned shrilly a second time, tugging frantically at a recalcitrant rod.

But Clayton stared straight at the stuck contact, wide-eyed, unseeing. Ralph *must* have known. To have chosen deliberately to ally himself with such a man, to have worked with him these months, to have won the success he had, argued with ghastly convincingness that he must have agreed with this cynically sarcastic standard of "good enough."

Suddenly there was a flash and a sputtering crackle. Under the efforts of the mechanics the stuck contact had dropped back into position, but not as usual. The Bryce arc-blowout, never too effective, had failed altogether; and instead of the normal flicker between the parting metallic surfaces there leaped out, before the eyes which Clayton had not closed, a vivid white-hot flame, alive with concentrated power. It flickered with a spitting venomous hum. It licked out and devoured the solid metal greedily. It danced and snarled, burning with a terrible intensity.

The mechanics fled before this thing which they had most feared. The crowd gasped. And then, with a cry lost in the crackling voice of the arc, Clayton staggered back and threw up both hands over his eyes—but too late.

FROM beyond the heavy door the murmur of the crowd rose and fell intermittently, subdued by the thick panels. But inside the big office of the new steel plant two men followed in strained silence every movement of the little gray-haired oculist bending intently over the figure reclining in one of the big chairs.

The knob turned and the door swung back. The outer murmur rose and then fell as Sam Bryce closed the door and paused at the edge of the big central rug, his suave, plump features sobered and his round head slightly bowed in an air of smug concern. "I trust you're not finding anything serious, Doctor," he addressed the absorbed medical man solicitously. "A most regrettable and unforeseen accident. I—"

Ralph Clayton whirled about. "Accident?"

Bryce nodded heavily. "Yes, my boy," he sighed. "A mistake in a slight adjustment which could not be—"

"A mistake!" Ralph had planted himself squarely before the short, squat figure. White, tense, his eyes strangely alight, he flung his words at Bryce with savage distinctness. "You knew that starter was nothing but a bunch of damned junk, and you knew it when I sold it! Why didn't you tell me? I didn't know. How could I know? I wasn't any engineer. And you let me go ahead and sell it—sell the thing that's blinded my father!"

Sterns was staring. Doctor Harmon glanced up for a moment and then resumed his examination.

"*You* didn't tell me! Because you're a damned scoundrel!" Ralph plunged on, all his quiet manner burned away by the blast of his fury. "I'd have known if I'd just listened to Dad. I'd have known your stuff was just junk. But I know it

now, and nobody is ever going to put that sort of lie over on me again! I'm going to be an engineer, and know myself! I'm going to learn what decent, honest equipment is and then learn to make it. Damn you and your selling! Get out and stay out!"

Before the withering intensity of the tense figure confronting him, Bryce hesitated only an instant, fumbled for the knob, and retreated.

In the instant of silence following the click of the lock the oculist straightened. "I find none of the metal fragments that I feared," he reported quietly. "The blindness will probably be temporary—the result of exposure to the ultra-violet rays of the arc."

Sterns and Ralph faced about. But before either could speak, Clayton, eyes now swathed in thick soft bandages, was leaning forward in his chair.

"Ralph boy," he said, and there was a ring in his voice strangely matching a new something that had come into his face, "I—I guess we—we've both been right and we—we've both been wrong."

He fumbled in an inside pocket, drew out a business card and a pencil, and placed the card on the wide arm of the chair. Then he wrote for a moment, clumsily, in hesitant, groping strokes.

"I need some new cards," he said. "How would you like them printed that way?"

On the side of the pasteboard opposite the neatly engraved "David A. Clayton, Manufacturer of Electrical Specialties," in uncertain sprawling characters Ralph read, "David A. Clayton & Son."

He blinked, swallowed, and then reaching out gripped one of the long supple hands. "Dad!" he said huskily, "That—that's fine!"

Quick Work by Philip

(*Continued from page 58*)

too nervous to enjoy the show! I wonder how soon before I can ask for a raise. Her last name is Blaine, really a pretty name, —but of course, when you compare it with Ware! Well, there really *isn't* any comparison! Marion Blaine! Marion Ware! Lord! the second one is simply beautiful!

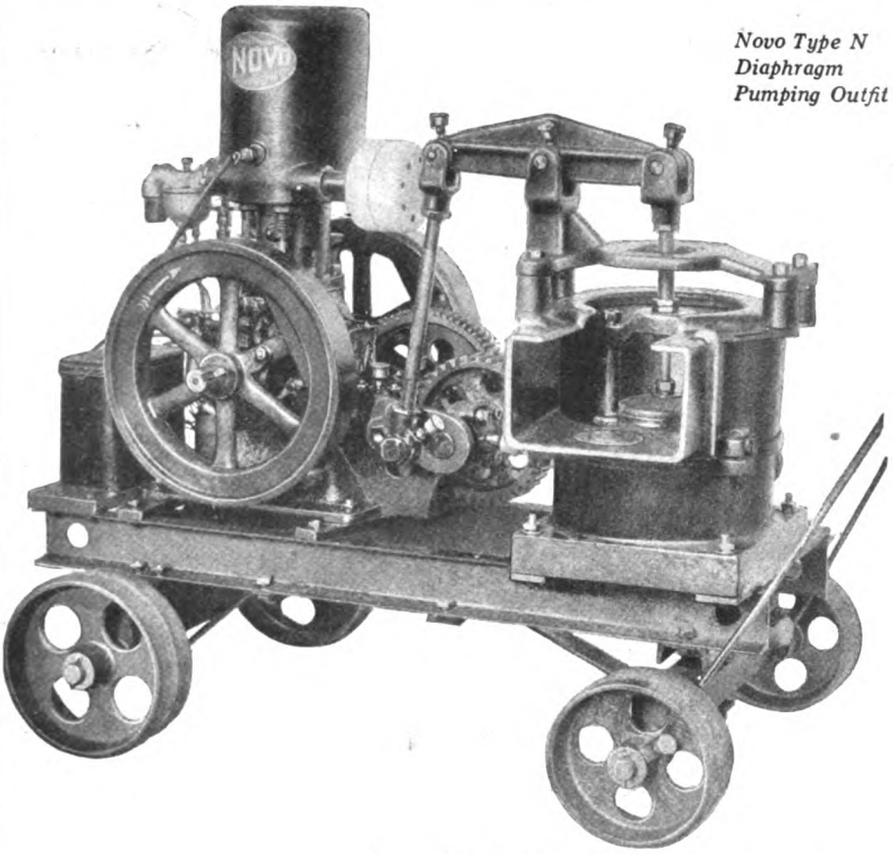
She certainly has a nice laugh. In fact, everything about her is a bit nicer than nice! It was necessary for me to take her home. Charlie—the nut!—escorted Miss Hartley, who, praise be! evidently lives on the other side of town.

"Do you know, Miss Blaine, "I asked, "that I never had a chance to talk to you before? Is there anything about me that you would like to know?"

Methinks she gasped!

"You see," I explained gently, "I can't very well propose to you until you know something about me!"

Consider for a moment, nonexistent reader, what you would do if you were a girl, and a young man whom you had only seen twice began his first conversation in the above way.



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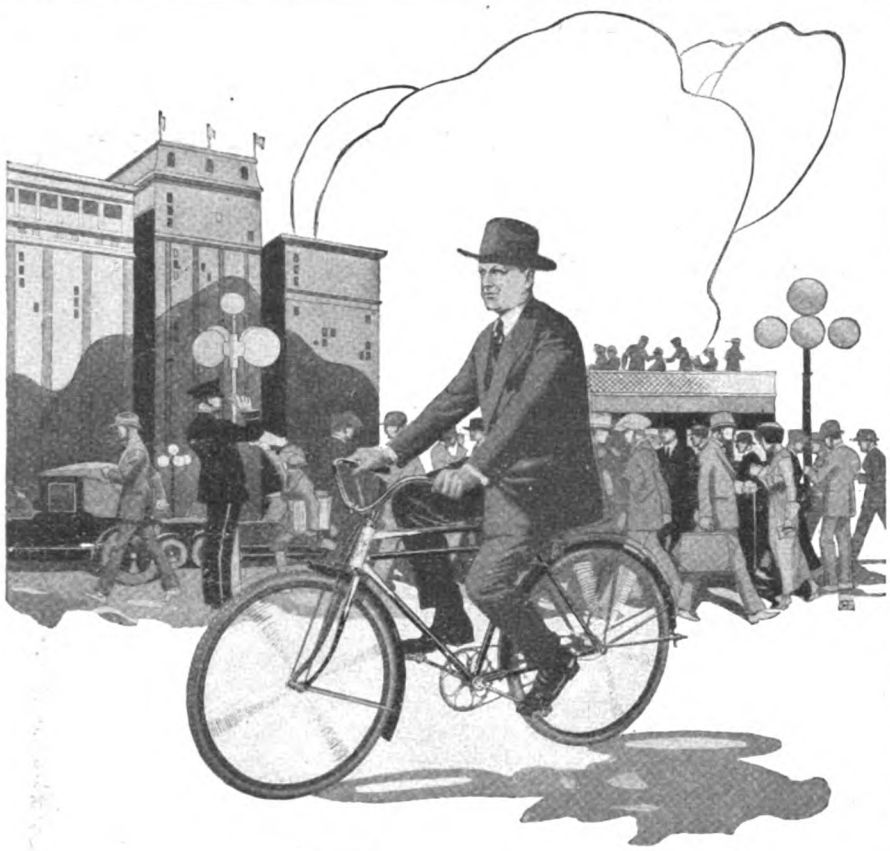

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C. W. Ransom, 454 Essex Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Marion laughed, albeit a bit nervously, nevertheless she did laugh. Have I remarked that she has a most pleasing laugh?

"Let's compromise, Mr. Ware," she said. "Suppose you tell me something about yourself, and let the—er—proposal go—er—for a while!"

"For a while," I agreed; "but, remember, only for a while!"

She said nothing, and it was too dark for me to see her face. Have I informed you that she has a most beautiful face?

"I am," I began, "by no means accustomed to approach young ladies in this way, Miss Marion!"

"Oh," she interrupted, "by no means?"

"That," I continued severely, "is what I remarked! But the present circumstances are unusual, and you can readily see that you are the circumstances! Honestly, I never met a girl like you before. You—"

"I know, I know; but you were to talk about *you*."

"Don't interrupt me, please," I said. "I am only proving my good judgment! To return to the point, and as I was saying, I've never met a girl like you before, and—"

"You're off the subject, Mr. Ware!"

"Never, Miss Marion, I am constantly thinking of you! Since I met you a few days ago, I—well, honestly—go ahead and ask me a few questions about me! Please!"

Again she laughed. We were approaching a miniature Buckingham Palace.

"Go ahead!" I urged.

"No. I live here!"

"I don't mean that. I mean—ask something!"

"All right, I will. I'll ask you and Charlie to call on me some Sunday afternoon. Is that satisfactory?" She looked at me meekly.

"Of course. But it's only a postponement!" I reminded.

Suddenly she turned. "I don't—"

"Ah," I interrupted quickly, "You don't but you will!"

And so the evening passed.

As I read this over, I am wondering that I should have been able to display all that nerve, when at the present moment my heart has sunk so low it is tickling my feet!

(*Letter to Mr. Ware's parents.*)

JAN. 29th

HONEST, FOLKS: How you managed to get those cookies down to me so soon is beyond comprehension, but however soon it was the cookies disappeared sooner. Within thirty minutes of their arrival, had I announced my candidacy for president or mayor, I could have had all the votes in The Antler. I never saw a man become so popular in half an hour. Even Mrs. Leondias Spur assured me that they were delicious, and would I ask Mother for the recipe? Which same I hereby do.

So, Dad, you were told by Mr. Lothrop that the business world thinks highly of Mr. Whitney? Well, Lothrop ought to know, he's got a place that's pretty large himself. Mr. Whitney certainly is nice, and when you stop to think he's got a little army working for him and that he is very simple and unaffected, you can readily see why I admire him.

Of course I have just started in to get

acquainted with my work, but I like what I am doing, and that is the most important thing. The men are all decent chaps. Mr. Norcross, my immediate boss, is a bit garrulous, but I can forgive him for that.

I have met a lot of nice people—Charlie Little, one of my great friends at the front; a fine old doctor, Vincent is his name, a cousin to Freddy; and some other people. Do you know anyone named Blaine? The rain seems to like our part of the state, because it's been raining here all day. Sun shining, and blooie! down it came—cats and dogs.

I won't be able to spend any week-ends with you yet; not for a while, at least. I've got to get settled and save some money. Please forward the "Record," and tell Billie that I want to see some of his poetic effusions published in it. Will write soon. Lots of love and kisses. Phil.

(*Letter to Mr. Whitney from Mr. Ware.*)

January 30th, 1919

My dear Mr. Whitney:

He was ugly! . . .
He was poor! . . .
But, his wife loved him! . . .
Because he was a genius!
He could knot a Bow Tie without her help! . . .
Informal lessons in the art of wearing neckties
Taught at the men's department
Would be beneficial
To the store
To sales
To humanity!

Yours respectfully,
Philip Ware.

(*Extract from Mr. Ware's Diary.*)

Feb. 4th

Met Charlie Little to-day. Speaking of our still undated engagement with Marion some Sunday afternoon, I made him promise to call on her and sort of enlighten her as to what I am, and what I have done. I gave him a free hand. He did do one good thing, he told me that Marion is always home on Thursdays. A hint to the wise gathers no moss. I shall remember the day. He was a bit dumpy over Miss Sylvia Hartley, seems she smiled at someone a few years ago, and the green-eyed monster has been troubling him. Invited me to take a little pleasure trip; but no pleasure trips for mine, not on fifteen plunks a week. Charlie is one nice boy. Offered to finance me, as he put it, until I earn enough to live in style. He's pretty wealthy in his own right. Faking at his guardian's brokerage office until the law school opens. Well, I'm perfectly happy here and, who knows, perhaps I'll be a good deal happier. Thursday will tell. Got letter from the folks, and it seems the old town was ablaze with Lothrop's buying out the New Tinney Store in Winchell. Passing something like forty thousand dollars like that is no daily event, I'll say. I can imagine the excitement when he puts the goods on sale. A regular fair, I'll bet.

(*Letter to Miss Marion Blaine from Mr. Ware.*)

February 5th, 1919

Dear Miss Marion: Now that you have read the end first, and know from whom this unexpected letter is, you will not be surprised to learn that on Thursday eve-

Secrets that Suddenly Made Me a Star Salesman

Earn $5000.00 a Year or More

In a previous issue of The American Magazine I told you how I got my start in selling. I related how a friend of mine popped in on me one day, all dressed up like a "bloomin' bloated millionaire," and told me an amazing story of ups and downs; and how he finally turned to the selling game and made good.

I remember how Joe's first selling job lasted three weeks—his second, six weeks—his third, less than two months—and then how he learned the secrets of selling that suddenly boosted his earnings to $10,000 a year.

I told how I had been struggling along for years, making a bare living, never getting ahead very far, and how it seemed that I was up against a stone wall so far as any real increase in my earnings was concerned.

Then I explained how Joe's story inspired *me* to try my hand at selling, how I got Joe's secret of learning to sell, and how I finally jumped to earnings of $192.30 per week as against $26 a week formerly.

Right here I want to mention a few of the reasons *back* of Joe's success and of mine.

First let me say that any man who is dissatisfied with his lot—who is tired of being held down to a salary which can grow only very slowly—who wants more "elbow room" for developing his natural powers, can do no wiser thing than getting a line on the possibilities on selling. No work that I know of is better paid or more enjoyable.

Why Salesman Earn Big Pay

Salesmanship is the kind of work that is productive. The man who gets the orders is the man who gets the money. Other lines of work are what are termed "non-productive" and if an employer hates to pay for anything, it is for non-productive work. Every time a little increase in salary is given, it simply adds that much to the expense. In selling it is different. The salesman gets orders and every time he gets an order, it means a profit to his firm.

In salesmanship a man's value is determined absolutely by himself. It does not depend on another man's whim. If the salesman is successful, he has got to be paid big money, or some other concern will grab him, and an employer is always anxious to keep a star salesman, because star salesmen are scarce.

One of the things that I learned about salesmanship was, that as soon as a man knows how to sell he can go out and sell anything. He has a profession—a trade. The secrets of selling are fundamental. The man who can sell hardware or groceries, or any of the staple lines, can go out and sell stocks and bonds, insurance, real estate, or any of the special lines, because the same principles that apply in selling groceries also apply in selling insurance or anything else.

The same motives that induce a man to buy one thing will induce another man to buy another thing. We have got to make certain appeals either to the customer's love of profit—to the customer's vanity—to the customer's desire for comfort, and to many other motives. As soon as you have learned the human motives and the kind of sales talk that impels action, you have learned the fundamental secrets of selling.

The trouble with most salesmen is that they go about it blindly. They think a knowledge of merchandise is about all they need. Yet a number of men who have been with concerns all their lives are failures at selling, simply because they do not know the basic, underlying reasons that produce the sales reaction in the customer's mind.

For example, there are certain ways to get an audience—certain ways to open a sales talk in order to get a man's undivided interest—certain ways to make a man eager to know just what your story is without seeming to force yourself upon him—certain ways to act to get a man to act at once instead of putting you off—certain ways of knowing when to stop talking, and certain definite principles of overcoming every possible objection that may arise in the process of making a sale.

What Makes a Star Salesman?

Many salesmen after years of experience learn some of these principles by instinct. Some salesmen go along for years and never learn these principles. The most successful salesmen in the country, however, observe these principles whether they realize it or not. How much better it is to begin right at the start with a full knowledge of these rules and principles! That is what I did and that is why I was successful right from the start. Joe did not do it from the beginning and was a failure. As soon as he acquired a knowledge of these selling secrets he became a success.

Joe and I went to headquarters when we wanted to learn how to sell. We became members of the National Salesmen's Training Association, and we have them to thank for our success. We might have floundered around for years without getting anywhere if it had not been for the sales instruction they gave us. The training is based on the experience of many of the biggest and most highly-paid salesmen in the country and is boiled down, classified, and arranged, so that it is easy to understand and easy to get the most out of. The training is given entirely by mail, so that you can study it in your spare time in your own home. The Free Employment Bureau of the Association is at your disposal in helping you to find a position, either as a city or traveling salesman, to your liking—they have constantly on file more applications for positions than they can possibly fill.

Send for Free Book on Selling

I suggest that you write to the National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. 23E, Chicago, Ill., for the same information that Joe and I got when we wrote. There never was a time in the history of the country that salesmen could make as much money as now. People have more money than ever before. They are buying more things than ever before, and a salesman's job is easier today than ever before *if he knows how to sell.* It is not necessary to write a letter. Just mail the coupon below. This one move may change the whole course of your life. I am making this statement in further appreciation of what the Association did for me. Do not put this important matter off, but write today.

National Salesmen's Training Ass'n,
Dept. 23E, Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

With no obligation on my part, please send me full information about the N. S. T. A. Training and Employment Service Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

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BUESCHER

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A Buescher True-Tone Saxophone opens the way for you to **double your income,** double your opportunities and double your popularity and pleasure. It is easy for the beginner—you can learn to play the scale in one hour's practice and take your place in the band within 90 days. Practice is a pleasure rather than an effort. A clarinet player can make the change almost at once. **Buescher is the oldest maker of Saxophones** and makes more of these instruments than the combined products of all other manufacturers.

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Tom Brown, of the famous Six Brown Brothers, the highest priced musical act: "Your improved models prompted me to adopt them generally. Nearly every member of my several different organizations use your True-Tone Saxophones to their entire satisfaction."

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Clay Smith, Trombone Soloist, of the popular and well known Smith-Spring-Holmes Orchestral Quintet: "Your new Model 37 Trombone is the best on the market today. I can play my difficult solos better, and with less effort, than ever before."

Guy Holmes, of the widely known Smith-Spring-Holmes Orchestral Quintet: "I do not believe there's a Cornet made that equals the Buescher-Grand. Every note is clear and so easy to blow."

Lawrence Affonzo, one of the leading band and orchestral directors of Brooklyn: "The Buescher-Grand Cornet is by far the best I have ever played. I have never heard its equal in tone qualities and action."

Tom Brown

Will F. Newlan

Clay Smith

Guy Holmes

Lawrence Affonzo

Saxophone Book Free

Tells what each Saxophone is best adapted for; when to use singly, in quartettes, sextettes, octettes, or in regular band or full Saxophone Band. Tells how to transpose for cello parts in orchestra, and familiarizes you with many facts you would like to know, whether you are a beginner, amateur or professional. It illustrates and fully describes the virtues of each model of the Saxophone Family. **Ask for your copy.**

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Bottle like picture, with long glass stopper, Rose or Lilac, $1.50; Lily of the Valley or Violet, $1.75. Send 20 cts. silver or stamps for miniature bottle.

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Rieger's
PERFUME & TOILET WATER
Flower Drops

The above comes in less concentrated (usual perfume) form at $1.50 an ounce at druggists or by mail, with two new odors, "Mon Amour," "Garden Queen," both very fine. Send $1.00 for souvenir box, five 25c bottles same size as picture, different odors.

Ask your druggist—he knows there is no better perfume made.
PAUL RIEGER, 143 First St., San Francisco

Send for Miniature BOTTLE 20¢

ning I shall ring your front-door bell and ask if you are at home.

Very sincerely yours,
PHILIP WARE.

(*Headlines of the Oriole "Daily News" of February 5th.*)

Cliftondale in Flames
Business Section Destroyed

(*Check drawn at the Oriole National Bank, February 5th.*)

FEB. 5th, 1919
ORIOLE NATIONAL BANK
PAY TO the order of
Philip Ware
One Thousand Dollars
$1,000.xx (Signed) *Charles Little*

(*Telegram from Cliftondale to Mr. George Whitney of Oriole City.*)

FEB. 5th

Opportunity arrives to-morrow morning nine. Must see you. Important.
PHILIP WARE.

(*Extract from Mr. Ware's Diary.*)

FEB. 5th

I CAN'T believe it!

This morning I wrote Marion a short note inviting myself out to her house on Thursday evening. I went out to mail it, and after dropping it into the box started for work, when I noticed the newspaper headlines, "Cliftondale in Flames!" For a while I was scared stiff about the folks; but when I read that it was the business section I knew that it was all right.

Our house, thank the lord, is over three miles from the square. And then in a flash, I realized that the business section meant Lothrop's—and away I went in a flat ten seconds to Charlie Little's apartment. He was in bed.

"Listen," I told him, "I need a thousand dollars!"

He closed his eyes again.

"I know people," he says to me soothingly, "who need a lot more!"

"Come off," I yelled, "I tell you I need it!"

"Ring the bell, Phil," he whispers softly, "and George will bring you the ice bag. You've got a bad headache!"

I couldn't wait to argue. I just yanked him out and scribbled an I. O. U. under his nose.

"No kidding, Charlie. Write a check. I'm going home for a while. There's been a big fire!"

In an instant he was serious, and off I was, sprinting for the bank. Then—into a taxi, and to the station, and away to Cliftondale!

It was then I realized what I was trying to do and, believe me, but I was scared!

The first thing I had to do was to telephone or, someway or other, get hold of Mr. Lothrop. On a hunch that he would be resting at his home I had myself carted over to his big mansion. The gods were with me!

"Is Mr. Lothrop in?" I asked the maid.

"He ain't seeing anyone!" she replied.

"I know that," I answered coolly, "that's why I came here. Tell him that a business man has just come from Oriole City to see him." I handed her my visiting card.

And I just followed her right in!

He was sitting in the library, resting in

an easy chair. He looked tired, but not the tiniest bit discouraged.

He waved me to a chair.

"Mr. Lothrop," I began, without further parley, "I understand that you bought out the Tinney Establishment in Winchell."

He nodded.

"Now, sir," I went on, "I am here to make you an offer for the goods you hold; that is, of course, providing they are what I think them to be. In the first place, they're still at Winchell, are they not?"

"They're still there!"

"Well, then," I said, "I am prepared to make a deposit of one thousand dollars for the privilege of securing an option on those goods, if, after my examination of them, they are satisfactory!"

I REELED that off like a Friday-afternoon declamation. I'm not sure I knew, myself, what I was saying; but, even if I do admit it, it sounded swell!

"I'll tell you, sir," began Mr. Lothrop, "this fire has just about taken every ready cent of mine. I need cash! Now, I paid forty-three thousand dollars—"

"All right, sir," I interrupted, "then I will make an immediate offer, based on your own well-known business ability. I will buy the stock at the price you paid for it. Obviously, if you keep it, you will have the expenses of storage, insurance, and a certain depreciation in the values. I am prepared to make an immediate deposit, as I say, of one thousand dollars. I will arrange to furnish the balance within seventy-two hours."

I paused.

"May I ask what firm you represent?"

I hesitated for a moment. "Frankly, sir, I am starting out for myself!"

He thought for a moment. "Well, Mr. Ware, I accept your offer! However, you realize that the goods you purchase must not be sold here in Cliftondale, because I intend to rebuild and I expect to have a hard enough time with my competitors as it is!"

"Of course," I said, as if buying forty-three thousand dollars' worth of goods was a daily occurrence, "of course!"

He went over to his desk and, taking a sheet of paper, began to write, talking as he did so. "Really, Mr. Ware, the investment is a good one, providing you can sell the goods immediately!"

He signed the agreement, and I handed him ten crisp one-hundred-dollar bills.

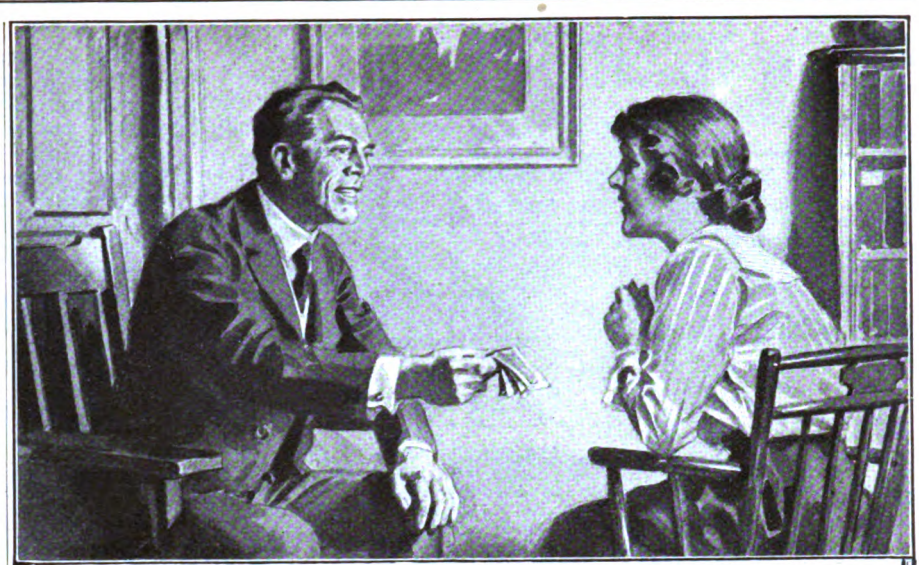
"Have you such a thing as a list of the goods in the store?"

"Here you are, Mr. Ware!" And so, with the type-written invoice of the contents of the Tinney store in my hand, I left—but I had to sit down on the front steps and fan myself with my hat!

I just had time to see the folks and to send a wire to Mr. Whitney and then beat it back to Oriole. So here I am wondering what will happen to-morrow; also slightly perturbed over the possibility that Marion does not believe in love at first sight!

(*Note found by Miss Marion Blaine in a box containing a dozen American Beauties.*)

MARION: If I don't tell you this minute that I love you, then I'll surely bust! And if I bust, I sha'n't be able to tell you Thursday evening—so I'd better tell you now. PHILIP.



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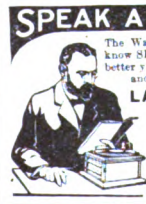

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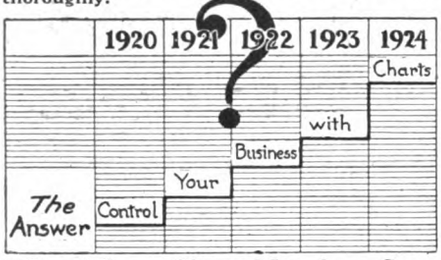

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(*Extract from Mr. Ware's Diary.*)

FEBRUARY 6th

Believe me, there was no waiting for Mr. Whitney this time. I zipped into his office and was ready for him the minute he appeared.

"Mr. Whitney," I started right off the reel, knowing that he was accustomed to receiving surprises from me, "I hold an option on goods now contained in the Tinney Store at Winchell. It expires the day after to-morrow. I want you to examine that stock and see if you are interested!"

He didn't say a word, just looked at me with a quizzical air. "You have a what?"

I handed him the list and the agreement.

He read it through carefully, then smiled to himself, "Young man, do you realize that you stand to lose a thousand dollars? There is no signature of any witness to this document!"

"Any document that Lothrop of Cliftondale signs needs no witness!" I replied hotly.

Mr. Whitney grinned.

"I'll have to tell him that!"

Then he lifted a finger, as if talking to a ten-year-old. "Now then, young man! Slowly, distinctly, and without excitement."

"Well, sir, I heard from my folks, and also saw in the Cliftondale 'Record,' that Mr. Lothrop had bought out the stock of the Tinney Company, and that the price was in the neighborhood of forty thousand dollars. When I heard yesterday that his place had been destroyed by fire, I knew that the goods would be a millstone if he didn't get rid of them immediately. So I borrowed a thousand dollars, took the train—and there you are!"

I WAVED my hands as if introducing myself to him, and then I became very serious.

"Now, Mr. Whitney I'm in your employ. I'm interested in this store. I've been thinking that what you need is one of these bargain basements where everything *is* a bargain and where everything, if the place is conducted right, is sold. This Tinney stock will just offer you the chance of opening a basement with all the variety of choice that will make every woman in Oriole City bless you three times a day!"

Mr. Whitney tapped on the desk for a minute with his pencil. "The Tinney Store! H'm! Hah! Well, Mr. Ware, I will speak to Mr. Sawyer, the chief buyer here, and see what he says. As for your basement suggestions, the directors have been considering that and are as yet undecided."

"The directors?" I echoed, having heard that Mr. Whitney was sole manager and director himself.

Mr. Whitney smiled, "Yes," he said, "the directors!"

I sat back, a bit abashed.

"However, Philip," continued Mr. Whitney, ("you don't mind my calling you Philip?) suppose you come up here at two this afternoon, and I'll let you know Mr. Sawyer's opinion. If I take the goods, you will gain, I assure you; if I do not, I think I can arrange matters so that you will not lose your deposit! Also, suppose you dine with me this evening. I'm always home on Thursdays."

I had nodded dumbly in acceptance when I remembered, reminded by his words, 'Home on Thursdays,' this was Thursday, the night of nights, the first time to see Marion alone! I didn't know what to say. My misery must have shown in my face, for he asked, "What's wrong?"

"I'm sorry, sir," I stammered, "I—I—"

"Sure!" laughed my employer. "I know! She wouldn't like it! Well, son, don't worry. When you see her to-night tell her that your salary will be enough for two! Now, be back this afternoon and if I'm a bit late wait for me. I'm having my niece out to luncheon. You know the ways of women."

So here I am in my room, waiting for the hours to pass and for two o'clock to come. But, more still, for evening and Marion!

FEBRUARY 7th

I'M STILL a bit shaky when I think of all that happened yesterday, and I don't know that I have it all straight myself. Let's see!

At two o'clock I was sitting in the anteroom waiting for Mr. Whitney. He arrived about half past, I should judge, and ushered me into his private office, smiling cheerfully at me.

"Well, Philip, we'll buy that stock from you. In fact, Mr. Sawyer tells me that his bid two weeks ago was only some three hundred dollars less than Mr. Lothrop's, so you see we aren't really asleep! About that basement, I haven't decided yet; that will depend on an investigation that you will make. The board of directors determined, however, that I need a confidential secretary who can earn, as a start, thirty-five hundred a year, and on my recommendation it was unanimously passed that Mr. Philip Ware be offered the job."

It was then I suspected I was suffering from a case of postponed shell-shock!

There was a tapping at the door, a peculiar knock—two raps, an interval, and then a third rap.

"Just open it, will you, Philip? That's a pass word you'll have to get used to. It's a special signal reserved for directors!"

I hastened to the door, and there stood a young lady, with a peculiar teasing smile in her eyes, a smile on her lips, and a wonderfully serene face!

"Come in, Marion!" boomed Mr. Whitney. "You're just in time to hear Mr. Ware accept our offer. By the way, let me introduce the two of you: my niece, Miss Blaine—also my sole comrade on the board of directors—and Mr. Philip Ware, my secretary!"

I bowed, only now that I think of it I'm sure I bobbed like a housemaid.

"We must have Philip up some evening, Marion." He looked at me with a teasing smile. "He can't come to-night because he has to tell a certain young lady that his salary will support two!"

Marion was fiddling with some of the papers on her uncle's desk.

I couldn't for the life of me say a word!

Suddenly, my heart gave a leap within me, and the blood rushed throbbing to my temples, for—

"If that's all that's keeping Mr. Ware," said Marion Blaine very, very carelessly and very, very gently, "I think he may dine with us to-night!"

"Give Me the West!"

(*Continued from page 16*)

thousands of visitors, the Government commissioned him to take charge of transporting them over its 3,350 square miles. This business grew until he owned some 800 horses and employed 500 rigs. Then, three years ago, to get into step with the times, he disposed of all his horses and installed 150 eleven-passenger automobiles. Last summer his organization, the Yellowstone Park Transportation Company, handled 1,200 people a day.

So well did Mr. Child perform this work that the Government later asked him to take over the running of the seven hotels in Yellowstone Park. And here again he demonstrated that he could do things on a vast scale. Altogether, fully 62,000 people visited Yellowstone Park between June 20th, and September 20th, 1919, including more than 11,000 private automobilists, no state in the Union having failed to contribute its quota of automobile parties.

Even these colossal activities could not yield a full outlet for this early-rising Westerner. In his younger days he was in the mining game—of this more later—and he still retains an interest in mining properties. He buys and sells cattle by the thousand. He has a mania for building roads and erecting ideal homes, as well as barns, upon which he bestows as much artistic care as if he were building a home for a prince. Indeed, his blooded cattle and horses are kings and queens to him.

He is constantly staking young fellows, ambitious to launch out as farmers and cattle raisers; and, as a consequence, he has what he calls "partners" by the score. These partners range all the way from young stalwarts owning nothing but their health and their hands, to financial, industrial, and railroad leaders who have contracted a fondness for the open life of the West—and a fondness for Harry Child.

ALTHOUGH it is not generally known, it was Child who was responsible for President Roosevelt's having contracted the lion-hunting fever which led the late ex-President to penetrate the wilds of Africa. When the President decided, fifteen years ago, that he needed a complete rest from the harassing affairs of state, he hied himself West, placed himself in the hands of Harry Child, and said, "Now, show me a bully time, away from telegraphs and telephones and cities and people!"

Child did. He conducted the eager huntsman in the dead of winter into veritable paradises of wild game. It was all so "bully," that Roosevelt there and then confided to Child that, as soon as he laid down the burdens of state he would be take himself to the wildest region of the globe, and there indulge to the full his passion for that primitive, adventurous mode of life. Incidentally, the forests and mountains which first cast their spell over Roosevelt have now become "Camp Roosevelt."

Famous as Harry W. Child is for his readiness to give fellows a start in life, and to allow them to become "partners" with him, he is still more famous as a host, as a curer of the blues, of flabby muscles, thin blood, and other woes and diseases which overtake denizens of cities. By rail or by car they troop to Yellowstone Park and put themselves into his hands and under his orders. Somehow, notwithstanding all his multifarious responsibilities and duties, he is never rushed, never too hurried to give matters his personal attention; and he delights to map out a health-reviving program for individuals or groups who come to him to have their anemic complexions chased away and a ruddy countenance substituted.

ROBERT H., otherwise known as "Bob" Davis, the writer and sportsman, managing editor of Munsey's publications, and himself originally hailing from the West, says of this phase of Mr. Child's make-up: "Every year this man out in Helena, Harry W. Child, has the same yearning to go camping that a letter-carrier has to take a walk. He is a little more elaborate in his methods, however. He never starts until the hotels in the park system are about to close—somewhere about the last of September. His first step is to get three of the largest trucks on the system and go from hotel to hotel on a closing-up expedition. He generally starts at Mammoth Springs, where he takes on four or five tons of food. Then he goes up to Norris, where he grabs a couple of cooks; at Old Faithful he sweeps up half-a-dozen waiters; at the Geyser he grabs not less than ten tons of ice; and at the Lake he cleans out all the vegetables and fruit and delicacies that have not been devoured by the tourists from the East. In his triumphant march, he grabs all the good horses and tents and portable ranges that are fit for service. Von Hindenberg going through Belgium was nothing compared with Harry Child raiding his hotel system for camping paraphernalia.

"In 1910 he took Sam Blythe and Will Loeb and myself with him. The cavalcade that crossed the Gibbon and the Fire Hole and went on down into the Madison looked like a mob of land stampeders piling into virgin territory. The first stop we made was at Grayling, a beautiful little suburban post office which has since been taken over by the Montana Power Company and now lies under fifty feet of water. We pitched our tents in Red Canyon, three miles distant from the town site. We had thirty-one horses, five wranglers, two cooks, six Japanese waiters and enough grub to feed Coxey's army going and coming. Harry, known along the frontier as 'Harry Hardup' for the reason that he owns only one hundred and fifty thousand acres of land and twenty thousand head of stock, ordered up a pitcher of lemonade and superintended the laying out of the camp site. As soon as night falls, Harry eats three trout, a couple of elk steaks, drinks another quart of lemonade, smokes another box of

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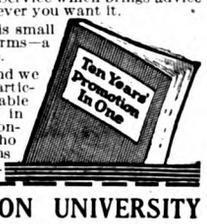

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cigars and climbs into the hay. If the fishing is good and there is a wind behind him, he trots down to the river, makes a dozen casts (the higher the wind the better) picks up a few fish and comes back to his canvas chair.

"As soon as we got comfortable in Red Canyon, Harry unrolled a large map of the State of Montana and suggested thirty or forty other places that he thought were better. His whole idea of camp life is to get away from the spot where he happens to be. When Harry Hardup is finally tucked away into the mould and a large marble slab is erected over him, a voice will roll forth exclaiming, 'I know a better place; let's move!' But he was the noblest host in the world. He had a passion for running water; a nose for trout and grayling; a sort of sixth sense that enables him to drop a fly in the right place. Harry can handle a rainbow better than any man I ever saw—in the stream or on a plate."

MR. CHILD'S working motto is, "What's worth doing is worth doing well." A man of artistic tastes and ideas, he employs the finest architects obtainable, to design the homes which he is always building for tenants and partners and employees on his ranch and other properties, and he is just as fastidious in the matter of choosing designs for stables, barns, gateways, bridges, lawns, or flower beds. Building is one of his hobbies, which costs him many thousands of dollars.

Everywhere the most scrupulous cleanliness is maintained, both outside and inside. No waste, or dirt, or rotting wood, is allowed to lie anywhere throughout the Child domains. His cattle, as they say in Montana, are "shaved and shampooed." Another remark a Westerner made to me was this: "When Harry Child builds a house, or even a barn, on a mountainside, it always looks as if the Lord had placed it there. It fits so ideally into its surroundings."

This rugged Westerner thinks nothing of breakfasting at four or five o'clock in one state and lunching two hundred miles away in another state. He can outride any of his cowboys, thinking nothing of covering sixty miles between sunrise and sunset. He can tool reins with the skill of a coachman; and though a bit loath to take up automobiling, when he did start he became an out-and-out enthusiast.

Last year Mr. Child drove his own car on a six-thousand-mile tour from national park to national park, stirring up what promises to be a thoroughly successful movement to construct good roads to link up the nation's pleasure grounds so that automobile tourists can "See America First" in comfort; a movement in which Mr. Child has the most cordial backing of the Federal Government.

Having seen all that is worth seeing in Europe, this true-blue Westerner declares that our own country can dwarf the finest scenery of the Old World. Why, therefore, he asks, should Americans spend a billion dollars of good American money every year flocking over to Europe, when they can be better entertained and discover scenery of greater grandeur at home.

It is not that Mr. Child is provincial; he knows many prominent Europeans, and has shot over some of the finest game preserves, as well as fished in the most fruitful streams, across the Atlantic. But he is an ardent rooter for American scenery and American sports because he knows from experience that our own West can eclipse Europe in these respects.

BORN in San Francisco sixty years ago, Harry Child was sent to West Newton, Massachusetts, to prepare for Harvard; but before he was nineteen he decided that he would rather become an asset than a family liability. So he took a job in a wholesale clothing house in Boston. This, however, was too tame; and he returned to San Francisco.

About the most exciting sport in Frisco then was trading and speculating in a variegated assortment of securities—some of them not particularly secure. Why not start a regular Stock Exchange? Child's father boomed this idea and became one of the foundation members of the San Francisco Stock Exchange. He did well; but in course of time the speculative fever died down and young Child sought pastures new. Off he set for Montana, where he had an uncle in the mining business.

Before he was thirty, Child, thanks partly to his education, but thanks still more to his courage and ability to hold his own with the none-too-gentle adventurers who infested the mining regions in those Vigilante days, had fought his way up to the position of general manager of a gold mine, and a lead and silver mine, located twenty-five miles each way from Helena. All went well for a time, as the lead-silver property was producing large quantities of valuable bullion, which was being stored for the opening of the first railroad (the Northern Pacific) from Montana to the East. But the millionaire owners of the mine failed to supply money for wages. The two thousand miners and workmen were very patient and continued on the job until the company owed them no less than a quarter of a million dollars in back pay. Then they became desperate.

A millionaire New York banker who controlled the mine had sent his son out to learn the business; and the miners, laying their heads together, decided to kidnap both him and General Manager Child, throw them into the mine, and hold them as hostages until the quarter of a million back pay was forthcoming. Sure enough, one day in the middle of winter, when the snow was about twelve feet deep, they effected the capture, told the two victims that they would never come out alive unless every dollar of unpaid wages was forthcoming in good, solid gold or bills, and without further ado lowered them into the mine and set an armed guard over them.

Child did some quick and serious thinking. Asking one of the armed guards, who were changed every four hours, to request the ringleaders to come and talk with him, Child explained how utterly impossible it was for him to do anything about procuring the money so long as he was held a prisoner. If they would let him go to Helena he would do his best to raise the money by hook or by crook.

The ringleaders, having always found Child on the level, saw the force of his argument, and decided to let him go to city, although they cautioned him that if

he tried to double-cross them he could depend upon it that a bullet would shortly find a billet in his head.

Child went to the chief justice and the governor of the state, explained the situation, impressed upon them that the two thousand workmen would brook no nonsense, and no police interference, and expressed the fear that if the authorities made the slightest move to arrest the ringleaders, the millionaire's son would immediately be shot.

The only thing to be done, it was decided, was to get the Western Union to connect Helena with New York by wire and hold it open so that Mr. Child could discuss the predicament with the millionaire. The banker almost fainted on learning the fate of his son. Some means must be devised for placating the miners and securing the young man's release immediately. "Good-by!" He must be off to set the necessary financial wheels in motion. Within twenty-four hours the quarter of a million dollars was telegraphed to Mr. Child.

Gathering the money from the local banks—the men had given warning that they would accept no checks, that they preferred gold but would take part in regular paper currency—Mr. Child started off in a sleigh to cover the twenty-five miles. Before he had gone far his suspicions were aroused and he decided to take a roundabout trail to reach the mine, a trail he had never before used. And it was well that he did; for he discovered later that not one but half a dozen hold-up parties had sneaked away from the mine determined to waylay him and decamp with the treasure. Thanks to his precaution, he arrived safely, the men were paid, and the hostage delivered up.

Mr. Child stayed right on the job, and loaded with lead and silver bullion the first train load that ever pulled out of Montana for the East. His success in handling this difficult situation won him wide fame, and he was soon engaged in building a two-million-dollar smelter at Great Falls, Montana, for Boston and New York capitalists.

Notwithstanding that robberies, hold-ups, and other crimes were rampant in the seventies and eighties, no one, either white or Indian, ever attempted to cross Harry Child's path. He earned the reputation not only of acting squarely but of being able to take care of himself. This reputation actually saved him from ever having to use or carry a gun through his whole mining experiences.

"EASTERNERS seem to have a code of ethics which is entirely different from our code out West," said Mr. Child. "We try to win our wealth from the soil, from mines, and from oil wells. We would rather help a fellow to make money than scheme to get away from him any money he may have made. I'm not a preacher and I'm not your goody-goody sort, but I hope I am something of a real sportsman, and I swear I can't see how a lot of men in business can get any fun out of trying to snatch the fish another man has hooked, or grab the game another fellow has brought down.

"Think how much more satisfaction there is in making your living by tilling the soil and raising wheat or oats or other foodstuffs for your fellow men, or raising cattle and sheep and pigs which help to sustain the nation's families. And isn't the man who develops a mine or an oil well more of a man, and a very much more useful citizen than hordes of fellows who try to make money by all sorts of schemes and speculation designed to get money away from other people without doing anything to earn it? There's no satisfaction in life that could beat the satisfaction you get from building up something useful, discovering and developing natural resources, and all the other constructive activities we go in for in the West. As for pleasures, almost every diversion in the city means cooping yourself up in a devitalizing atmosphere, whereas most of *our* good times draw us out of doors.

"YOU may reply that only in large cities can you find the finest music, the finest pictures, and the finest art of all kinds. Let me tell you that all the good music in America is not confined to the opera houses in New York and Chicago and Boston. We have as fine pianos and organs and other instruments as are to be found anywhere. And while we may not have Paderewskis, or Carusos, we have lots of real artists and, what is more important, a great many of us learn to play well enough to get genuine pleasure out of it. In the cities, as a rule, the people are only listeners; just as, when you go to a baseball match, you do nothing but look on. Out West we go in less for listening and more for trying to do things ourselves.

"And talk about pictures! I've seen all that you have to show in your art galleries and I've also seen the most famous galleries of Europe. But let me tell you that out West we have finer pictures than were ever put on canvas. We have the real thing! You have only artificial reproductions. Has any painter ever succeeded in putting on canvas some of the glorious colors and tints and shades that we have in Yellowstone Park, in Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, and elsewhere?

"Mind you, I don't for a moment underrate the value of the old masters and the capable modern painters. Every man and woman who can afford to do so should lose no opportunity to see collections of beautiful paintings, statuary, and other art objects. They have a distinct educational value; they stimulate the imagination; they help to educate and refine one's taste. But I run across lots of men who affect to be tremendously interested in all these things but who never think of taking the trouble to see the masterpieces of nature which abound in this country. They are interested in the artificial rather than in the actual things themselves. As I say, almost every phase of life in cities is more or less artificial.

"I am now devoting a great deal of my time and energy—as well as a few dollars—to turning the tourist tide away from Europe and toward the unmatched scenic beauties of our own lands, particularly out West. Last year our eighteen national parks and monuments were visited by more than 755,000 people.

"But if there could only be conveyed to the minds and imaginations of Americans something of the attractions of their own land, this total would be multiplied, and there would not be such a stampede

"$100 a Week!

Think What That Means to Us!"

"They've made me Superintendent—and doubled my salary! Now we can have the comforts and pleasures we've dreamed of—our own home, a maid for you, Nell, and no more worrying about the cost of living!

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☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Private Secretary
☐ CIVIL ENGINEER	☐ BOOKKEEPER
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Stenographer and Typist
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Clara Briggs drawing one of his "When a Fellow Needs a Friend" cartoons.

CLARE BRIGGS, the man who draws "When a Fellow Needs a Friend," receives more than $100 a day. There are many other cartoonists whose income would look good to a bank president.

If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have in you the making of a great cartoonist. Developing natural ability is the surest road to success. Through the Federal School of Applied Cartooning, the 30 most famous cartoonists of America teach you. What this school will do for you by mail in your spare time is told in the 32 page book, "A Road to Bigger Things." It contains studio pictures of Briggs, McCutcheon, Sid Smith, Fontaine Fox and the other stars on the Federal Staff. Write for your FREE COPY today. Just tear out this advertisement, put your name and address in the margin and mail it now.

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FEDERAL SCHOOL OF APPLIED CARTOONING
055 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

every year to cross the ocean. Last August we got together a splendidly representative gathering and formed the National Parks Touring Association to secure the coöperation and coördination of all state and national highway associations, with a view to a composite-road system leading to and connecting the national parks. Quite a number of states have already been induced to start spending millions of dollars on road-making; and I have every confidence that in time it will be possible for American families to do the grand tour of the national parks over excellent roads and with every comfort.

"Don't imagine that only the well-to-do or leisured classes visit our national parks in automobiles. I noticed last season that a great many skilled workmen came along in their cars; and my talks with them convinced me that they will be among the best rooters in the country for 'Seeing America first.' Our national parks are just as much the possession of the workmen as of the millionaire, and the time is coming when workers will flock to them by the millions."

I DISCUSSED with a number of Westerners the reasons for Mr. Child's unusual achievements. In addition to the ordinary qualities we usually associate with success, they impressed upon me that he was so skilled a student of nature that time and again he did things which savored of wizardry. For example, he would send a wire, or would telephone, to his representatives at some distant point telling them to drive the sheep and cattle off a certain mountainside and get them down near the farm buildings immediately. Hardly would this be done when a terrific snowstorm would hit that part of the country. Or he would be riding or driving through some uncultivated section, and would declare that a fortune could be made by growing some particular crop on that soil. Sure enough, he would get busy and garner huge profits. More than once, too, he has had a "hunch" that minerals could be discovered at certain points—and his hunch has turned out to be right.

Said he, when I probed him, "Wizardry? Shucks! Whatever I know has come from trying to keep my eyes open and all my faculties up to concert pitch. I have always acted on the motto that, to get up in the *world*, a man must get up in the *morning*. Then, when you get *up*, get *busy!* Observe as well as work. By constantly keeping your eyes wide open, you will learn, in time, to see things that the other fellow doesn't."

"From what I am told, you keep something else besides your eyes open—your heart and your pocket," I remarked.

"The man who doesn't," he shot back, "is a fool. There's more fun in doing things for others than in doing others."

COULD You Live Alone Like Ed Burge?" is the subject of an article by Hugh S. Fullerton that will appear next month. It describes the actual experiences of an old lighthouse keeper—experiences that are filled with romance, philosophy and keen understanding of human nature.

Projecting the world through a lens

THE motion picture and the stereopticon—made possible by lenses! Lenses to record history or story, lenses to project them! Approximately 120,000,000 feet of film shown by them daily to millions of people in America's theatres!

And through lenses we are whisked o'er the seven seas—into dreamlands and real lands—into the midst of raging battle, or into the peaceful love of a childish paradise.

And through lenses are flashed upon the screen the miracles of growing plant life and the secrets of the microscope, made still larger that all may see.

All the strange, new worlds within worlds—the worlds of industry, of medicine, of fiction, of love, of war, of truth—all these are brought to all the people, because there are lenses—those bits of marvel glass, marvelously ground—that do weird things with light.

That this institution has been the leader in lens and other optical development since the middle of the last century, is our incentive to maintain that leadership and do even more, "that eyes may see better and farther."

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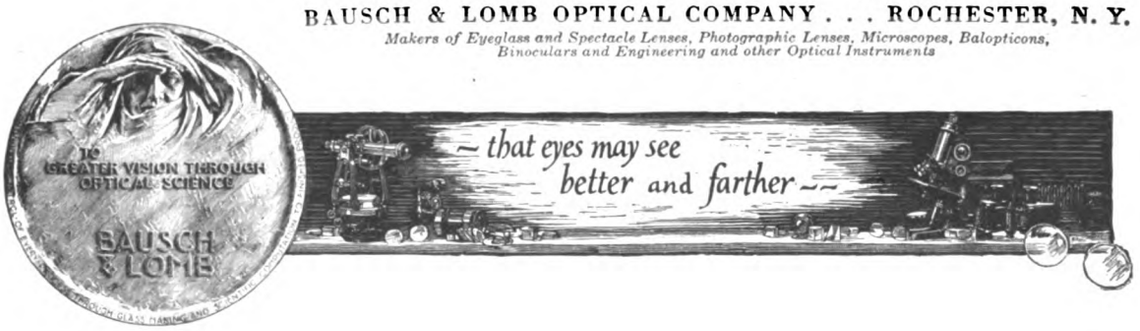

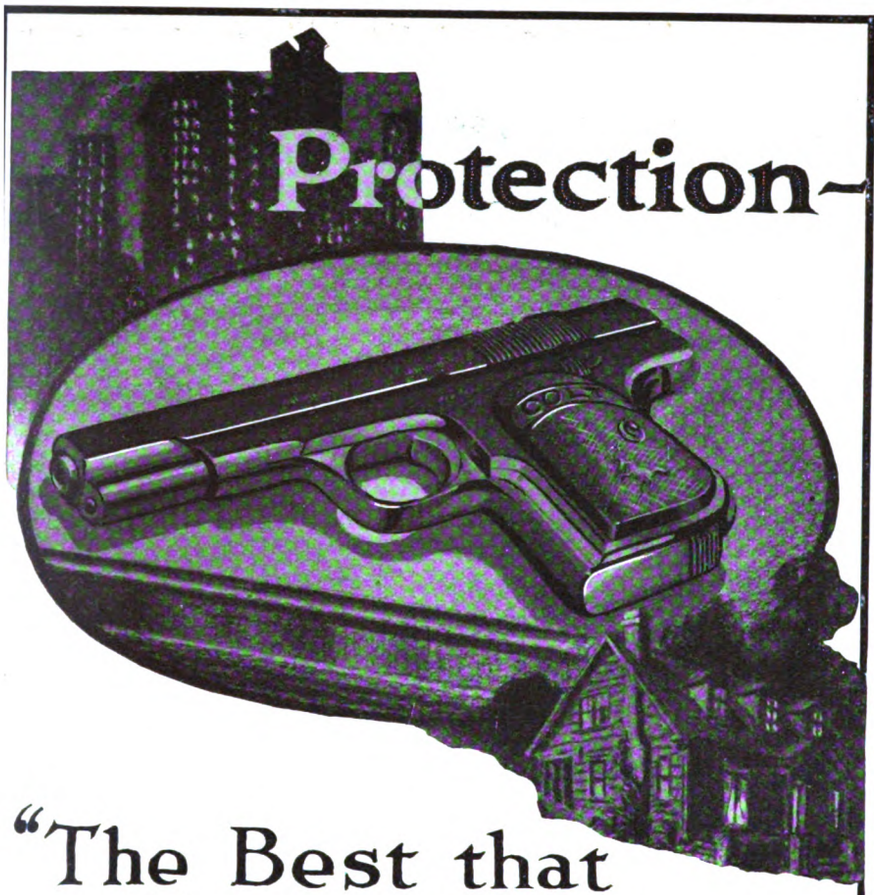

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THOSE who pay tribute to the creation of men's skill find in the exquisite workmanship of a Colt Automatic Pistol or Colt Revolver the same reasons for pride in its possession as does the jewel collector for a flawless gem.

In every field the name of some one product always stands forth, establishing a standard of quality by which all others are measured.

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For more than 80 years—in the uncertain hazards arising from the unrest of a congested city—in isolated country—amid the dangers of peace and the conflict of war—COLT has stood for the uttermost perfection in fire arms.

For simplicity of construction—dependability of action—certainty of results—the product of COLT'S factories is universally acknowledged "the proven best by every test."

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COLT'S FIRE ARMS

What People Want When They Come to Buy a Home

(*Continued from page 43*)

better houses at the present moment is the shortage of domestic labor. It has driven some families back into apartments, and it has driven others to the old-fashioned custom of "doubling up," so that the women of the family will not be exhausted trying to keep up with the work. The only reason why families in large houses succeed in holding on to servants at all, when families in small houses are offering them places, is because people who are successful enough to buy a large place are usually successful at holding on to *anything* they want to hold on to.

So, even with the servant shortage, we continue to sell what are fairly large houses on fairly spacious grounds. Only *fairly* spacious grounds. The desire for large amounts of land is satisfied by the eye rather than in any other fashion. There are a good many persons who imagine that they want several acres of land all their own. But very few of them really do. We have experimented with lot sizes for years, and we find that people want to have a sense of living where they are not near anyone. But we have also found that this desire is generally satisfied with a lot one hundred by two hundred feet. This may not appear vast for a house that costs from ten to forty thousand dollars, but it is much as most men want to take care of.

FOR there is the rub. With no Sambo or Tony to trim the lawn and care for the garden, the head of the house does not want much ground. If he needs exercise when he comes from his day's work, he doesn't want it with the lawn mower, or the hoe. He wants it at the golf club. Most people—now that the war is over and they dare say so—do not care to have their own gardens. They want just as much as will be easy to take care of. Taking out the space occupied by a garage on the back of the lot, and that taken by the house itself, one hundred by two hundred feet is enough, provided the whole lot is kept open.

We used to put fences around property. But every time people looked at a fence they were conscious of the limits to their land. Then we put hedges in place of fences. But now, when we build for people, we leave out any indication of boundary lines between lots. We do not even put shrubbery, flower beds, or anything near that boundary line. Consequently, when a man gets up in the morning and glances over the lawn, which joins his neighbor's lawn at an invisible point, he is satisfied to regard as his all that his eyes can see. He has no sense of a boundary. His imagination runs right on over that invisible line and he appropriates as much of his neighbor's lawn as he wants—in imagination.

That is where most of the desire for a lot of land lies—in the eye. If anyone

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And you may pay for your Oliver at the rate of only $3 per month

For $57 you can now obtain the identical Oliver Typewriter formerly priced at $100. Thus you save nearly half. You get the finest typewriter we have ever built, our latest model, the No. 9. If any typewriter is worth $100, you will agree that it is this splendid, speedy Oliver.

With the coming of the new price, not the slightest change has been made in the machine. In every way it is exactly what we formerly priced at $100.

As a man is known by the company he keeps, so is an Oliver

Among its 800,000 purchasers are such distinguished concerns as:

Columbia Graphophone Co.
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and others of great rank

Our Reason for a Lower Price

Men wonder how we have effected such a remarkable reduction in price without changing the Oliver.

Let us explain. During the war we learned many lessons in economical distribution, ways of saving.

We found that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country.

We were able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods. As explained further in our booklet, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy."

Old-time, extravagant methods had to go during the war. And our new plan was so successful that we are continuing it. We hope never to go back to a $100 price, which was the standard for so many years.

Free Trial—Send No Money

Our new plan is simple. It permits you to be your own salesman. You may order a free-trial Oliver directly from this advertisement, via coupon.

Note that the coupon brings either an Oliver or further information.

When you receive the Oliver, use it as if it were your own. Give it every test. Compare it.

If you agree that it is the finest typewriter at any price, and wish to keep it, then pay us at the rate of $3 per month.

If you want to return it, ship it back, express collect. We even refund the out-going transportation charges.

During the free trial, you can be your own judge, with no one to influence you.

You need not feel under the slightest obligation to buy. Let merit decide.

No Need to Wait

With such a liberal offer, made by a $2,000,000 concern, no one need be without a typewriter now. The low price removes the old-time barrier. And our easy payment plan makes it possible to have an Oliver while paying.

Mail the coupon now for EITHER a free trial Oliver or further information, including illustrated catalog.

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Save $43

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
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☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

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This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of 5 days.

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W. L. Douglas shoes are sold through 107 of our own stores direct to the wearer at one profit. All middlemen's and manufacturing profits are eliminated. W. L. Douglas $9.00 and $10.00 shoes are absolutely the best shoe values for the money in this country. W.L.Douglas name and the retail price stamped on the bottom guarantees the best shoes in style, comfort and service that can be produced for the price.

Stamping the price on every pair of shoes as a protection against high prices and unreasonable profits is only one example of the constant endeavor of W. L. Douglas to protect his customers. W. L. Douglas name on shoes is his pledge that they are the best in materials, workmanship and style possible to produce at the price. Into every pair go the results of sixty-seven years experience in making shoes, dating back to the time when W. L. Douglas was a lad of seven, pegging shoes.

The quality of W. L. Douglas product is guaranteed by more than 40 years experience in making fine shoes. The smart styles are the leaders in the fashion centers of America. They are made in a well-equipped factory at Brockton, Mass., by the highest paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction and supervision of experienced men, all working with an honest determination to make the best shoes for the price that money can buy. The retail prices are the same everywhere. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply you, take no other make. Order direct from the factory. Send for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Douglas shoes. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole. If it has been changed or mutilated, BEWARE OF FRAUD.

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Really fun to dye. "Diamond Dyes" and a few easy alterations make discarded apparel fresh, colorful, and new.

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Suits, dresses, silks, blouses, skirts, sweaters, stockings, children's coats, also feathers, trimmings, draperies, coverings, —in fact anything can be diamond dyed into beautiful, up-to-date, stylish effects.

Don't fear you will spoil your material or give it a "dyed" appearance. Just use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any goods, whether it be wool or silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods.

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Your dealer has a "Diamond Dye" Color Card which will help you match any color. Simple directions in package.

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wants further proof of what I am saying I might add that we have a fashion of building houses on one hundred by two hundred foot lots and skipping a lot between—just in case one of the owners of the adjacent lots should want to buy it to have more land. We hold that intermediate lot idle a while, but there is almost never a demand for it from the neighboring owner.

What people want in the outside of a house varies a good deal with the location, the topography of the country, and the section they happen to be in. We build largely Colonial and Old-English types, and, as far as I can see, they run nip and tuck with each other. In Pennsylvania we have plenty of stone, and, therefore, stone Colonials are always in demand.

A few years ago a gentleman called at our office and introduced himself as a visitor from Ohio.

"I wanted to know if you would mind telling me the name of your architect," he said. "There aren't any houses like these in the part of the country where I live, and I should like to build one there."

The architect was my son, who prepared him some plans, and he actually had the workmen and materials sent all the way to Ohio for that house, which shows the lengths a man will go for anything he really does want in a house.

One thing he always wants: that is, a home that is easy to get into. In these days of prohibition I shall not be suspected when I say that we are always careful to make the steps to a house low; the rise is usually six inches, and the treads broad, so that when a man comes home dead tired he hasn't a climb in front of him.

STAIRS are a vital matter in house building. A stairway can be a gracious, hospitable welcome, or it may coldly shut you off. The trouble with making stairways is the amount of space they take; although they consume less since we have had lower ceilings. Ceilings have been a very variable factor in the history of house building. Long ago they made them very low, to conserve heat; seven feet three inches was often the height of a room. Then, with better heating apparatus, they jumped to great heights, ten, eleven, and even twelve feet. That fever passed, and now the usual ceiling is about nine feet, which is likely to remain as a height as it gives good proportions to rooms of varying sizes.

To go back to the stairs. They are not only a vital factor in the appearance of the house but in the comfort of the women and children who have to climb them. The rise of a stair should never exceed eight inches; six to seven is far better. The treads should never be less than ten inches in width, and preferably twelve to fifteen inches. A stair which has rises of six inches and treads of twelve to fifteen inches, is a comfortable stair as well as a gracious one in appearance. It will not cause aching limbs to old folks; and the youngsters are not going to have many falls on it. In the cellar stairs we sometimes do use higher risers, because the cook, as we all know, is always in a hurry, and we don't want to add another step to her path. So we usually make medium treads on cellar stairs.

At our expense

Try this shaving soap that multiplies itself 250 times

AFTER years of research and experiment, we have, step by step, accomplished these things in Palmolive Shaving Cream:

We have made a soap which multiplies itself in lather 250-fold. One-half gram—a mere bit—suffices for a shave. A single tube supplies 152 shaves. That's a unique attainment. It means abundant lather from a touch of soap. Once men were quite content with soap hardly one-third so prolific.

Quick action

Every hair of the beard has an oil coat. This lather instantly emulsifies that oil. Then the beard—a horny substance—quickly absorbs water. It absorbs 15 per cent of water within one minute after lathering, as proved by laboratory tests. And that makes a wiry beard wax-like.

This achievement alone cost us 18 months of effort. And we tried out 130 formulas.

Lasting lather

This lather is creamy and tenacious. It maintains its foamy fullness for ten minutes on the face. Thus it doesn't need replacement. Such durability in lather used to be undreamed of. It means lasting lubrication for the shave.

This lather is also a lotion. It contains palm and olive oils. So the tenderest face requires no other application.

'Twill amaze you

Such statements, we know, sound like fiction to laymen.

But every fact here stated has been proved by scientific tests. Your own tests will confirm them. And they mean to you the same in luxurious shaving.

We are offering men a Free test tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream, to let them see its action and result.

Send us this coupon and we will mail you this Free Tube. Do this for your own sake. See what science has accomplished for you in this line.

Cut out the coupon now.

The lather maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes, and thus lubricates the shave.

Within one minute the beard absorbs 15% of water, and the horniest beard becomes wax-like.

The lather itself is a lotion, containing palm and olive oils. It soothes all irritation.

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

FOR A FREE TRIAL TUBE

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
(Advertising Dept.)

Please send me a Free Trial Tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

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All-Clay "TEPECO" Plumbing

LET every prospective builder or house owner seriously consider plumbing fixtures before the necessity for their purchase arises.

In no other line of house material is there greater opportunity for wise investment or for injudicious buying. Since a period of time must elapse before the desirability and future period of usefulness can be determined, you are helpless to rectify your error of judgment at the expense of anyone but yourself.

"TEPECO" All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures are basically clay, covered with a fine, non-penetrable glaze (or enamel). The degree of hardness of this surface can be attained *only* on a clay base. Durable and beautiful. Sanitary because such a smooth surface resists the adhesion of soil. Alone of all white plumbing fixtures impervious to the action of ordinary acids, fruit and medicine stains. No metal to rust or stain.

"Tepeco" All-Clay Plumbing because of its permanency (comparable to the life of the house itself) thus adds the merit of economy to its many superiorities. "Tepeco" Plumbing Fixtures are made for every bathroom, kitchen, laundry and toilet purpose.

If you intend to build or renovate your plumbing write for our instructive book, "Bathrooms of Character"

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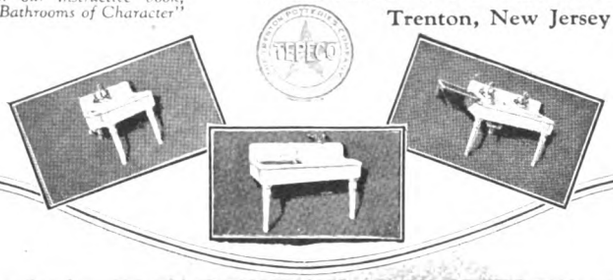

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Everybody who can possibly afford it has back stairs. They are often twisted and rather dangerous because of the lack of space, but no one likes to be without them. That back stairway is the family shield in these modern days when the whole front of the house is so absolutely open. If the mistress of the house is making a pie in the kitchen when an unexpected visitor arrives, she scurries up the back stairs, and later, trim and dressed nonchalantly descends the front ones. It is a great saver of explanations and excuses.

EVERYBODY wants at least one porch. In this climate a porch is a necessity, and it should be on the southern exposure, so that it can be enclosed in glass and used as a sun parlor when necessary. Porches are the most popular rooms in the house. Sleeping porches, however, are losing in favor. Some years ago they were in great demand; but when a sleeping porch is built now, it is well enclosed and is more like an extension of the bedroom with extra windows.

I said that we seldom had to make an alteration in the houses which we build complete and then sell. The alterations we make most frequently is that of changing one detail about the windows. Our styles of architecture call for small-paned windows. But time and time again we are asked to take out at least the lower sash of the small-paned windows and to replace it with a single glass. This is one place where economy of labor gets the best of architectural design. Women cannot face the task of cleaning so many small panes. And neither the women nor the men seem to feel that there is enough loss in architectural effect to compensate for the extra work involved.

We have got rid of a lot of fads about ornamental additions to houses. The mantel shelf, for instance. There was a time when every room had a mantel shelf to hold a lot of bric-à-brac, and dust. The only useful function it performed was to serve as a place for the bootjack hook. I remember that bootjack clearly. When you had used it to yank off your high boots you hung it upon the hook under the mantel. If it wasn't there, you knew where to look for it. If you hadn't hung it under the mantel shelf it was because you had thrown it out of the window at the cat rehearsal. I have no regrets for the passing of the mantel shelf, but that bootjack was the best thing yet invented to throw at a midnight disturbance.

Not having the excuse of the bootjack for a mantel shelf, we have found that the only real excuse for a mantel is a fireplace. Everybody wants a "fireplace effect." I wish I could testify that everybody has enough appreciation of one to want a fireplace. But a lot of people are satisfied with the effect only, and put in gas logs—because real fires make so much dirt and extra trouble.

We used to say that we built the closet first and the house around it. It is still true that there isn't a better selling feature to a house than a closet in every room. We put shelves in them, lights, windows whenever we can, and make them as generous as space permits. Closets, and storage space in the attic, are just as popular now as they ever were, despite the general idea that we keep

Why My Memory Rarely Fails Me

and how the secret of a good memory may be learned in a single evening

By DAVID M. ROTH

NOTE: When I asked Mr. Roth to tell in his own words, for nation-wide publication, the remarkable story of the development of his system for the cure of bad memories, I found him reluctant to talk about himself in cold print. When I reminded him that he could do no finer service than to share his story with others—just as he is sharing his method for obtaining a better memory with thousands who are studying his famous Memory Course—he cordially agreed to my proposal. And here is his story.—President Independent Corporation.

DAVID M. ROTH

FIFTY members of the Rotary Club were seated in the banquet hall of the Hotel McAlpin in New York. I was introduced to each member in turn, and each gave me his telephone number and told me his occupation. An hour later, after they had changed seats while my back was turned to them, I called each man by name, gave his telephone number and named his occupation, without a single error.

The following evening, in the office of a large business institution, I asked the president of the concern to write down fifty words, numbers and names, and to number each item. An hour later I called out each item, and gave the number opposite which it had been written.

At another time I glanced at the license numbers of a hundred and five automobiles which passed. These numbers were written down by witnesses, in the order in which the cars passed. Later I called each number correctly and gave the order in which the numbers went by.

From Seattle to New York I have appeared before salesmen's meetings, conventions, and Rotary Clubs giving demonstrations of my memory. I have met over 10,000 people in my travels. Yet I am quite sure I can call nearly every one of these men and women by name the instant I meet them, ask most of them how the lumber business is or the shoe business or whatever business they were in when I was first introduced to them.

People wonder at these memory feats. Hundreds have asked me how I can store so many facts, figures, and faces in my mind, and recall them at will. And they are even more mystified when I explain that my memory used to be so poor I would forget a man's name twenty seconds after I met him! In fact that was what led me to investigate and study the cause of poor memory and the remedy. For years I had read books on psychology, mental culture, memory and other subjects. All of these books were good, but none of them was definite or easy enough. So I labored until I found out *what it was* that enabled me to remember some things while I forgot others. Finally I worked out a system that made my memory practically infallible.

I explained my system to a number of friends and they could hardly believe it possible. But some of them tried my method and invariably they told me they had doubled their memory power in a week. They got the method the first evening and then developed it as far as they cared to go.

The principles which I had formulated in improving my own memory were so simple and so easy to apply that I decided to give my method to the world.

At first I taught my memory system in person. My classes, in Rotary Clubs, banks, department stores, railway offices, manufacturing plants and every kind of business institution grew amazingly in size and number. Memory teaching became my sole profession, and a wonderful experience it has been all the way from Seattle to New York City.

I soon realized that I could never hope to serve more than a small fraction of those who needed my memory system and were eager to take it up unless I put it into a home-study course which people could acquire without personal instruction.

The Independent Corporation, whose President, Mr. Karl V. S. Howland, had become interested in my work as a member of my Rotary Club class in New York, saw the large possibilities of my Course as an element in their broad program for personal efficiency and self-improvement.

So it was my pleasure to join forces with this great publishing house, and the Roth Memory Course, in seven simple lessons, was offered to the public at a price of $5 (correspondence courses having been sold hitherto at anywhere from $20 to $100).

No money in advance was to be asked, the idea being that the Course must sell itself purely on its merits.

As you have doubtless observed, an extensive advertising campaign was launched by my publishers with full page announcements in all the leading periodicals of the country and in many leading newspapers.

This campaign has continued without a let-up and with ever growing momentum.

From the very start this advertising became successful. The idea spread. Orders came in from everywhere. Edition after edition of the lessons was printed and still thousands of orders could not be filled.

The promise was made that the Course would improve any man's or woman's memory in one evening. And it did! Letters of praise began to pour in almost as fast as the lessons were shipped—and have kept up ever since in a veritable flood.

For example, Major E. B. Craft, Assistant Chief Engineer of the Western Electric Company, New York, wrote:

> Last evening was the first opportunity I had to study the course, and in one sitting I succeeded in learning the list of 100 words forward and backward, and to say that I am delighted with the method is putting it very mildly. I feel already that I am more than repaid in the real value and enjoyment that I have got out of the first lesson.

Read this letter from Terence J. McManus, of the firm of Olcott, Bonynge, McManus & Ernst, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 170 Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

> May I take this occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles may be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage.

McManus didn't put it a bit too strong.

And here is just a quotation from H. O. (Multigraph) Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Co., Ltd., in Montreal:

> Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his memory in a week and have a good memory in six months.

Then there is the amazing experience of Victor Jones, who increased his business $100,000 in six months. And there are hundreds and thousands of others who have studied the Course and who have secured greater benefit from it than they dreamed possible.

Perhaps the main reason why my method is so successful is because it is so ridiculously simple You get the method of obtaining an infallible memory in one evening—in the very first lesson. Then you develop your memory to any point you desire through the other six lessons. There are only seven lessons in all. Yet the method is so thorough that your memory becomes your obedient slave forever. And instead of being hard work, it is as fascinating as a game. I have received letters from people who say the whole family gathers round the table for each lesson!

Men and women from coast to coast have thanked me for having made it so easy for them to acquire an infallible memory. As one man said:

> Memory and good judgment go hand in hand. Our judgment is simply the conclusions we draw from our experience, and our experience is only the sum total of what we remember. I now store away in my mind every suitable fact that relates to my business, whether it is something I hear or read, and when the proper time comes I recall all the facts I need. Before I studied the Roth Course it took me three times as long to gain experience simply because I forgot so many facts.

And how true that is! We say of elderly men that their judgment is "ripe." The reason it is ripe is because they have accumulated greater experience. But if we remember all the important facts we can have a ripened judgment 15 or 20 or 30 years sooner!

Thousands of sales have been lost because the salesman forgot some selling point that would have closed the order. Many men when they are called upon to speak fail to put over their message or to make a good impression because they are unable to remember just what they wanted to say.

Many decisions involving thousands of dollars have been made unwisely because the man responsible didn't remember all the facts bearing on the situation, and thus used poor judgment. In fact, there is not a day but that the average business man forgets to do from one to a dozen things that would have increased his profits. There are no greater words in the English language descriptive of business inefficiency than the two little words, "I forgot."

My pupils are gracious enough to say that nothing will make that fatal phrase obsolete so quickly as the memory system it has been my good fortune to evolve.

. . . . . .

Mr. Roth has told his story. It now remains for you to turn it into dividends. This will happen, we are sure, if you will spend the fraction of time it requires to send for his complete Course on absolute approval.

After a few hours spent with the Roth Memory Course the fear as well as the tragedy of forgetting should be largely eliminated. You will obtain a fascinating new sense of confidence and power.

Not only that, but you will have a sense of freedom that you never felt before. You will be freed of the memorandum pad, the notebook, and other artificial helps to which most of us are slaves.

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now.

Independent Corporation
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You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either remail them or send you $5 for each in full payment.

- ☐ Roth Memory Course, by David M. Roth.
- ☐ How to Read Character at Sight, by Dr. K. M. H. Blackford.
- ☐ Mastery of Speech, by Frederick Houk Law.
- ☐ Super-Salesmanship ($7), by Arthur Newcomb.
- ☐ Purinton Course in Personal Efficiency, by Edward Earl Purinton.
- ☐ Ferrin Home-Account System ($3), by Wesley W. Ferrin.

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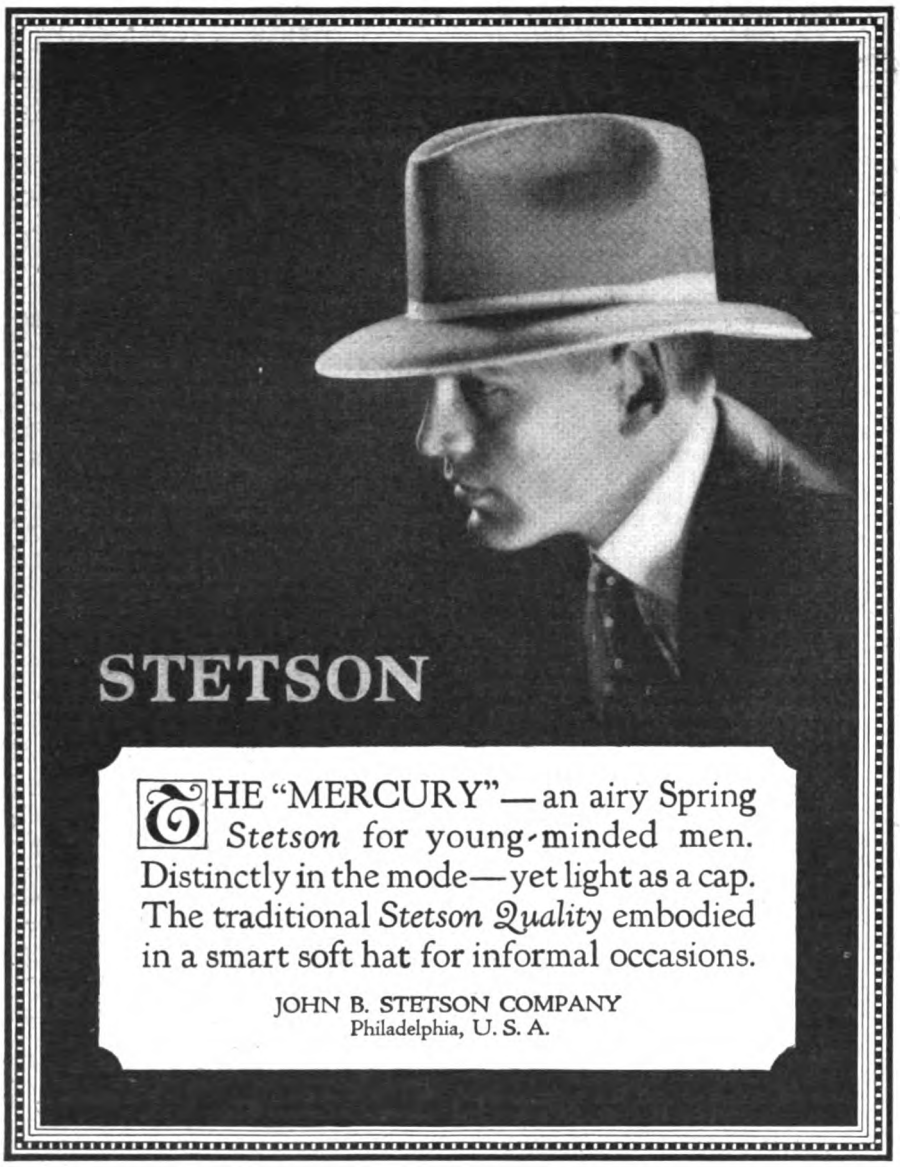

fewer belongings than we used to do. We may keep a little less, but there is too much sentiment in human nature to adopt the utilitarian view of getting rid of a thing just as soon as you have no use for it. If mother or father gave it to some member of the family, or if it is a family belonging of any kind, it goes up into the attic, just as it used to do, and stays there until someone rescues it as an antique, dusts it off, and has it refinished. People like to hold on to material things to which they have been attached, and any man who wants to build and sell houses has to recognize this and build closets and storage space.

ONE thing people do *not* like is to use other people's furniture. At one time there was a building-in fever. Houses were put up with built-in bookcases, built-in sideboards, and built-in ice boxes which could be iced from the outside. The idea was good enough, but it reckoned without the house buyer. Prospective buyers looked over this built-in "furniture" and found that their own things didn't match it. The women were ready enough to use a closet someone else might have used, but they drew the line at using sideboards someone else had used. They filled these sideboards with creatures of their own imagination, and refused them. The ice boxes were tested out, and proved unpopular. The ice man forgot to shut his side of the ice box after he put in the ice. It was harder to check up the amount he put in. Altogether, we found it safer to let people bring along their own sideboards and ice boxes and even bookshelves.

The most popular and effective feature of a modern house is the spaciousness effected by having living-room, hall, and dining-room—or, in larger houses, living-room, hall, and library—open into each other through large arched doorways, where the doors are never closed. The rooms borrow attractiveness from each other and if the stairway is good there is an effect which all buyers appreciate. You can't get a man to consider closed rooms down-stairs, or shut-off stairways, these days. This openness of building is the result of better heating arrangements. Hot water heat, by the way, is the most popular. Steam comes next in favor, and hot air comes third. The new system of the pipeless furnace, however, deserves mention. In square country houses, where people will consent to leave their doors open, this system is economical, and is going to be more used in the future. For city houses hot water heat will hold first place for a long time.

Back of this attractive arrangement, of three rooms borrowing spaciousness from each other, comes the kitchen. I don't know what a man wants in a kitchen—except cleanliness and a cook! I guess that is about what a woman wants, too. If you intend to *keep* a cook in your kitchen see that she has plenty of light—in the daytime through windows, at night by as many lights as she needs. In my own kitchen there are three lights over the stove, one over the sink, and one for the rest of the room. Most kitchens have too few lights.

If you don't want the cook to leave because her back aches, see that your kitchen sink is at least thirty-two inches

high. They used to be much lower in the old days when the cook's back wasn't as important a matter as it is now. If you have a tall cook and she is a permanent fixture, have the sink still higher, thirty-three or four inches. But if the cook is a variable quantity, have the sink thirty-two inches high. That will fit the average incumbent.

One of the little things we have learned in keeping the kitchen clean, is to omit all baseboards back of stoves and sinks, where thorough cleaning is difficult, or where vermin might gather. Cut-off baseboards are a good selling feature when their use is explained.

As soon as a house comes into the ten-thousand-dollar class, it boasts a pantry. Sometimes it has one when it costs less, but in the ten-thousand-dollar house the pantry is universal, built out of the same desire for storing that makes people want closets.

Separate laundry-rooms are far less popular than pantries. With the new styles of well-lighted and well-ventilated cellars, laundry equipment can be installed in them without extra expense for another room. Even very expensive houses have laundry equipment in the cemented basements.

TAKE a jump from the cellar to the second floor. Up on this floor are usually no rooms but bedrooms. There was a time in Philadelphia when no house was complete which did not have an upstairs sitting-room. But the "help" question has abolished the up-stairs sitting-room. When people want two rooms for reception they find it more practical to have them on the ground floor.

Attics, in a heated house, are ideal playrooms for children, places where they can experiment to their hearts' content without upsetting and disturbing the whole house. They always have been the places the children like best.

We build bedrooms a bit differently these days. We give them more windows, and we plan them for the furniture which is to come into them. Rooms once were built on the hit or miss style. The bureau, or a bed had to encroach on the window space half the time. Now we plan the room with regard to the furniture which must go in it. We build for single beds, and for twin beds in the main rooms—double beds have had their day. We look out for lights. A center light in a bedroom is about as inadequate as one in the kitchen. Men never think of such things when they are buying houses, but they live to thank the builder for putting lights where they can see themselves in the mirrors.

These are the things people want in their houses. They are plain things—space, air, light, comfort, and good taste. They don't yearn for architectural eccentricities to distinguish them from their neighbors, but neither do they want to be just like everyone else. If their house is of a type, with just enough difference to make it distinctive, that suffices. They don't long for cupolas, or spires, or for much in the way of decoration. When they get to building homes worth twenty thousand they run to bathrooms rather than billiard-rooms—especially to an extra bath for the maids. I haven't found them anxious for special features in the

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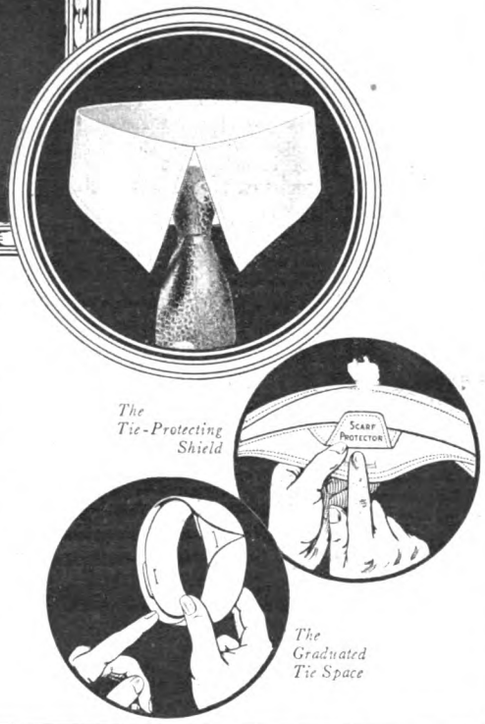

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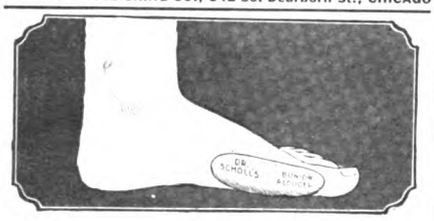

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East Michigan Travel and Resort Ass'n
L. O. Holman, Sec'y, Flint, Michigan

way of laundry chutes, or umbrella drawers under the stairs. Even in the houses costing fifty thousand dollars the distinguishing features are more space, more light, more air, more porches, rather than libraries and pool-rooms and breakfast-rooms. If there is an extra room on the ground floor, it is more apt to be a sitting-room where the maids can entertain their company instead of having them in the kitchen.

"Luxury in comfort, rather than luxury in ostentation, is what a man wants in a house."

What I Want in *My* House

Prize Contest Announcement

IN THE above article, Mr. Tourison tells about the kind of houses people like. But each of us has some very special notions when it comes to our own ideal of a home. To one man, a warm bathroom where he can take a cold plunge or shower, is the big essential. To some families the dining room, where they all get together three times a day, is the most important feature. A woman may care more about the kitchen, or the pantries and closets, than about anything else.

Some people's dream is to live on one floor and never have to go up or down stairs. Other people, who live in flats, long for a duplex apartment where they *can* have stairs. A sleeping porch is the one thing certain families insist on. A man may not care what the rest of the house is if he has a study, or a "den," all his own. Some people care more about the porch than about any inside room.

Now what are the features you like best in your house, or *want* most if you haven't them? Tell us clearly, simply, just what they are and why you want them.

For the best letters of about 500 words we offer these prizes: $20, first prize; $10, second prize; $5, third prize. Competition closes May 15th. Winning letters will appear in the August number. Contest contributions will not be returned unless postage is enclosed *with* them. Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under *separate* cover addressed to the Editor of the magazine.

"STORIES of Winning and Losing in Wall Street" is the subject of an interview next month with John Moody, the great expert in finance. If you are thinking of using your savings for stock speculation, wait until you have read this article—and then you'll keep on waiting.

GUY BATES POST, the actor, will tell you next month the story of his extraordinary career. If you want to get new inspiration for your own struggle, be sure to read "The Dear Old University of Hard Knocks."

Getting Your Second Wind in Business

(*Continued from page 30*)

secret of success. That is the first great truth that impresses one who has spent his years in training men and watching their progress afterward.

The real purpose of education is not to give information but to give that understanding which knows how to utilize information. That an *understanding* of business can be transmitted from teachers to thoughtful young men and women we have proved pretty conclusively in our years of experience at the School of Commerce. More than seventeen thousand young men and women have passed through the school in its comparatively brief existence; and—to apply the hard, material test which is so appealing in these modern days—the records prove that our graduates not only earn more after their graduation than before, but that their earnings are considerably beyond those of graduates of the other university departments.

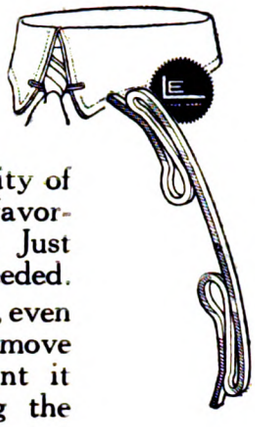
THE men and women who attend at night come from the stores or offices. There is an earnestness in them, an eagerness to learn, that inspires even the least inspiring instructor. They have started in business and have made the first great discovery; that beyond a certain point a man makes progress only by virtue of what he knows.

That so few men make this discovery in time to profit by it is the most tragic fact in the business world. I should say that somewhere between a man's twenty-first and thirtieth birthdays there comes a great period of crises. Will he settle down in self-complacency and contentment in a routine job? Will he say to himself: "I guess I know enough to get on all right." Or will he get his second wind?

I have often been asked whether men break down more frequently in New York than elsewhere; whether the nation's largest city is not indeed a sort of "man-killer." I do not think so. I live in New York in the winter and on a New England farm in summer. The health of the men whom I see in New York is better, on the whole, than the health of the "hardy farmers." They eat more intelligently, and while their biceps may not be as large, they know much better how to provide the kind of strength that is needed for regular, sustained work. New York is not different from other cities except that everything which is true of them is more true of it. Every fact of city experience is emphasized and heightened by its bigness; it is a city under a vast lens.

Men who are successful work hard in every city; but the work is more intense in New York. And in Wall Street, and the district immediately about it, which is popularly assumed to be the area of "easy money," you will probably find more lights burning in the evening hours than in any office section of any city in the world. From Brooklyn Bridge on a winter evening the lower end of Manhat-

A Saver of Time and Temper



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Thin Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms	Poor Complexion	Dizziness	Sleeplessness
Broad Shoulders	Lack of Reserve	Rheumatism	Torpid Liver
Incorrect Standing	Nervousness	Colds	Mal-assimilation
	Irritability	Poor Circulation	Auto-Intoxication
	Constipation	Lame Back	

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16

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tan appears a veritable mass of lights—each one indicating that some man has found the day too short.

We are accustomed to think of the leaders of Wall Street as the newspapers picture them to us: at Palm Beach or on the golf links. It would be interesting to telephone the offices of each one of the most important men in the financial section each night for a month during the winter. The records of those calls would indicate *why* they are *what* they are. In Wall Street, as elsewhere, it is forever true that there is no substitute for work.

Salaries are higher in New York than in any other city in America. A man who succeeds will be more highly rewarded for his success. But no young man should assume that because salaries are higher, success is easier in New York. He must not suppose that if only he could leave where he is and reach the big city he would begin to prosper. A bush leaguer does not develop big league ability nor earn big league pay by merely changing his location.

To New York are drawn, as by a great magnet, the best and brightest men from every section of the country. Great industrial concerns are constantly lifting men from their branch offices and bringing them to New York. But the competition is intense; and the man who has failed to distinguish himself in a small town might more wisely stay and fight out his problem where he is. The price paid for mediocrity is little higher in New York than elsewhere.

ANOTHER fact that impresses me as I look back over the records of our graduates, is the importance of staying power as an element in success. Sometimes the men destined to make the brightest marks in the world give unmistakable evidence of that fact even in their student days.

But sometimes they do not. One day I persuaded a business man of international reputation to lecture at the university. As we sat on the platform, watching the class file by, his eye fell on a young chap who held his head high and walked with a swinging stride that was eloquent of self-confidence.

"Who is that?" the great man asked.

I told him the young man's name and record.

"He looks as though nothing could stop him."

And so it has proved. Probably no other member of that class has made a more conspicuous success. But at that same period we had in our classes a man whose progress had been so painfully slow and labored that we more than once felt like advising him to give up the struggle. He had begun life as a machinist, and by long, hard study at night had finally succeeded in passing the state examinations which gave him the standing of a high-school graduate. Then he came to us.

Time after time he failed. It seemed as if the principles we were endeavoring to make clear to him were simply beyond his comprehension. We felt almost guilty in allowing him to continue. Finally, by dogged effort, he succeeded in completing in six years what the ordinary student does easily in three, and left us to qualify as a certified public accountant. We sent him out with little hope that we should ever hear from him again.

To-day he occupies a position of high standing in his profession and earns more than most of the men who so easily outstripped him in the classroom. Their brilliance carried them quickly into positions where they no longer had to struggle. He, for whom everything came hard, developed a strength of will and a determination to overcome all obstacles that was more than a match for their talent.

Brilliance is a liability as well as an asset. Properly balanced by a willingness to take pains and to put forth sustained effort, it can carry men far. But the man who finds that nature has given him nothing except a dogged determination need feel no discouragement. There is a great deal of good cheer, in the lives of famous men, for such a man. Kitchener was a dull boy at school; James Russell Lowell was disciplined at Harvard for persistent neglect of his work; Doctor Johnson expressed gratitude in after life to the schoolmaster who had flogged him, and testified that without those floggings he would have accomplished nothing. Almost every class that passes out of the doors of the university contains some man of mediocre gifts whose slow, persistent hammering will break down all resistance and carry him far beyond men of more talent and less resolve.

A willingness to keep on studying business, as the physician keeps on studying medicine, or the lawyer continues to study law, an intelligent attention to the laws of health, and the kind of determination that is only beginning to fight when other men are ready to quit—these are indeed a commonplace formula for success. Yet they constitute the fundamentals, as is proved anew by each succeeding class which graduates into the world.

I realize that for most men who read this a systematic course of study at a university of business is impossible. There are only a few such universities, and the number of students that they can accommodate is all too small. But study, fortunately, is a matter of spirit and will, rather than of time and place. A man who is honestly determined to keep on growing and to have a little better understanding of the principles of business each year, can give force to that resolve, no matter where he may be. It was John Burroughs who once said: "It makes little difference to which school you go, whether to the woods or to the city. A sincere man learns pretty much the same thing in both places."

TO THE young man who wants to grow in his understanding of business, therefore, I should say first of all: "Take a simple course in bookkeeping." That may sound like very elementary advice, but it is sound. Some day bookkeeping will be taught not only in the high schools but in the grammar grades.

To-day business is full of college graduates who cannot read a balance sheet, to whom the financial page of the newspaper is a foreign language, and who are ignorant of the most fundamental operations of business, because they have never been drilled in simple business accounting. No matter what your position in business may be; no matter how much you may suppose yourself to dislike figures, resolve to understand bookkeeping before this year has passed. It will be a fine first step

in aiding you to think clearly and to reason right.

On this foundation every man ought to build a small business library. It need not consist of many books; it should contain none that have not been thoroughly mastered and made a part of your equipment—tools for your daily work. If I were to list the first ten books in such a library, I think I should classify them about as follows:

1. A good political economy. John Stuart Mill's is a classic, but it is difficult for beginners. Richard T. Ely's "Outlines of Economics" is good, and there are many others.
2. A good book on Finance. Bagehot's "Lombard Street" is a classic. Horace White's "Money and Banking," Wither's "Meaning of Money," and Professor Dunbar's "Chapters in the Theory and History of Banking" are all first class.
3. A book on practical finance. W. H. Lyon's "Corporation Finance" is excellent; so is W. H. Lough's book on the same subject.
4. A book about Wall Street, for, after all, Wall Street is the heart of our business organism. I recommend Pratt's "The Work of Wall Street" and Van Antwerp's "The Stock Exchange From Within."
5. A book on management; for example, Kimball's "Industrial Management" and Galloway's "Office Management."
6. A book on Psychology as applied to Business. Professor Walter Dill Scott was a pioneer in this field and his "Influencing Men in Business" is full of stimulation.
7. Something on Sociology, which is the study of the foundation and origin of custom. Fairchild's "Applied Sociology" is an interesting book; Dealey and Ward's "Textbook of Sociology" is interesting, despite its title.
8. A book on Labor Problems. The field is so vast and is shifting so rapidly that recommendations are difficult. Professor John R. Common's book on "Principles of Labor Legislation" is standard, and John Leitch's "Man to Man" is fresh and human.
9. Biography. No man who has tasted the joys of biography will be content with one book, or a dozen. Franklin's "Autobiography" ought to be read by every man in business. He was our first "self-made" man. John Stuart Mill's "Autobiography" is a masterpiece; and the life of Cecil Rhodes, of James J. Hill and other men of the empire-builder type help men to think in larger terms and exercise the imagination.
10. History. The Introduction to Buckle's "History of Civilization" should be read by every man who wants to understand the relation of economic causes to human events. And any man who starts his historical library with it will inevitably be carried on to other books in which he will find the problems of to-day coming up again and again. No man who is grounded in history ever goes about wagging his head and asking "What is the world coming to?" He knows pretty definitely what it is coming to, for he has seen it struggling through the same sort of trials and tribulations many times before.

As a man feels himself progressing, his attitude of mind becomes inevitably more constructive. And, after all, the attitude of mind is the distinguishing factor between the successful and the unsuccessful man. As I look out over the office buildings of New York, it occurs to me that every building is filled with men who believe in their hearts that they are unappreciated, men who harbor a half-concealed

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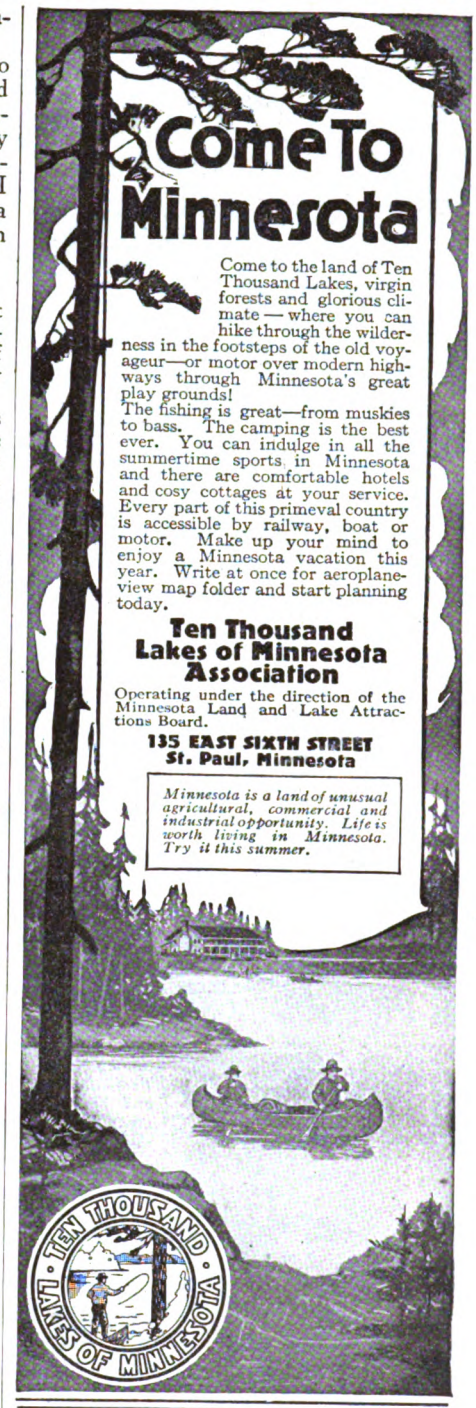

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resentment against those who seem more successful, who tell their wives at night that they are doing the work from which other men derive the profit and the glory, and who are often coddled by their wives in that destructive self-deception.

The wives of such men come sometimes to see me. One came only the other day.

"Why can't you make Henry successful?" she demanded. "Why don't you do for him what you did for Frank Vanderlip?"

"I did nothing for Frank Vanderlip," I replied.

"But wasn't he just a poor boy when you met him?"

"Yes."

"And look at him now. What made him so successful?"

I TOLD her the story of Frank Vanderlip from the beginning—from the days when he worked in a machine shop in Aurora, Illinois, where his parents were neighbors of Mrs. Johnson's people. But when I had finished she was not convinced. Somewhere in the recital I had made an omission, she was sure. There was some necromancy about Vanderlip's success that I was unwilling to reveal to her so that her husband might profit by it. She will never believe that Frank Vanderlip made himself what he is, that her husband has made himself what *he* is; and that we are all of us masters of circumstance or slaves of circumstance, according to the measure of our individual capacity for mental growth and hard work.

I loaned Frank Vanderlip two books while he was working day and night on a little newspaper in Aurora. They were Mill's "Political Economy" and Bagehot's "Lombard Street." I recommended these books many years later to the class in which that young woman's husband was a student. Vanderlip read the books; her husband regarded them as a mere task to be avoided if one could do it without being caught. When I moved from Aurora to Chicago and became manager of the "Investors' Agency," an organization whose business was to analyze securities for the benefit of investors, Vanderlip followed as my assistant. Night and morning, on the trips to and from Chicago, he read. That woman's husband also commutes night and morning—and plays pinochle.

When I became financial editor of the Chicago "Tribune" I wanted a man to report the Wabash case. I sent for Vanderlip. He was modest; he doubted if he could make a good newspaper man. Some of his friends in Aurora, when they heard of his move, took occasion to tell me that I had made a mistake. Frank did not have it in him; he was "too slow." But his first story about the big case was such a masterpiece of thorough analysis, displaying so much of the underlying principles involved, that it ran on the front page of the paper and was a sensation in the city.

For every new step in his career he was prepared by constant study, an insatiable appetite for new knowledge, and an unflagging capacity for hard work. It was those elements in his character that made Frank Vanderlip. They will make any man, and for them there is no substitute.

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tions. He had more than the average of native ability; his record at the university was excellent, and had helped to develop in him a real talent for invention. In the first few years after his graduation he invented and patented a very useful household device and formed a company to manufacture and market it.

Character, capital, ambition, and a worth-while product—all these they had. They had put every ounce of their energies into the business; no one could accuse them of doing less than their best; and yet the enterprise, far from making profits, steadily ate up its capital and ended in bankruptcy. They lacked only one element for success—*they knew nothing about the fundamental principles and practices of modern business.*

"It's been a pretty expensive post-graduate course," one of them said to me, "but it has taught me one thing. I have learned that business is just as much a science as engineering, and that no one can hope to practice it successfully in these days who is not willing to take the time and effort to study it as a science."

Another young man, of about the same age as these two, graduated from another Eastern college and came to New York to work. He found employment with a company dealing in commercial paper. A week or two later he visited my office:

"What goes on down there at the office is all Greek to me," he said. "The courses I took in college don't seem to connect up with it at all. Can you give me anything that will have a real practical value?"

WE LAID out for him some courses in Political Economy, and in Money and Banking, and he attacked them with an active appetite. At the end of the first year he announced that his company was planning to open a bond department and, later, to deal in stocks. He wanted something on Corporation Finance and Investment Banking. Little by little he was promoted up through the sales force until he became a sort of assistant sales manager; and I shall never forget the expression on his face when he came bursting in one evening just before the class.

"I made them sit up and take notice yesterday, Dean," he exclaimed.

"What did you do?"

"The members of the firm were discussing the general business situation," said. "I couldn't help overhearing them, and they had it all wrong. Finally I couldn't restrain myself any longer. I broke in and told them how we had analyzed it here at the school; I gave them the whole course in a nutshell. You ought to have seen their faces."

Equipped with so much vitality and self-confidence that young man could hardly have failed to succeed. The instinct for business was born in him; his faith in himself was rather over than under developed. Yet the thorough study of business that he made unquestionably shortened his path to success, and made his progress far more secure. In a year or two he was sent to London by one of the leading private banking houses of New York, with a salary of $6,000 and commissions. A little later he was back on this side again and to-day he is counted among the notably successful young men in his line.

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May

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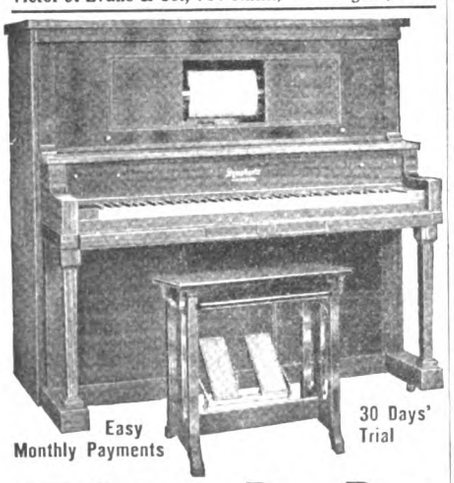

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I came to New York from the Middle West, sharing the popular prejudice against New York. I have seen the standards of business practice steadily rise all over the country; and nowhere are they higher, nowhere does a man's character count for more than in the district which is popularly described as Wall Street. The idea that business is a game in which a man strives to win a quick prize in order that he may withdraw and live in idleness is dead.

VIEWED in this light, business is an occupation to which any man may be proud to give his life, modestly striving to add to his store of understanding each year, and knowing that only as he adds to his understanding can he add to his growth. And any man who enters business with any other conception enters it to fail.

That business which claims the lives and energies of so large a proportion of American men should have been the last to be provided for in our educational system is a rather curious fact. We have grown rich and great in America simply by the rule of thumb. We have been running a huge machine that ground out dollars for all of us, without really understanding why it worked, or the real fundamentals of its mechanism. It is this lack of knowledge on our part of the real *why* of business that makes the English financiers so confident of their ability to take the foreign trade of the world away from us again.

We have made much progress in a quarter of a century, bankers and business men alike. The accountants have taught us the meaning of costs; men like Taylor have schooled us in scientific management; the war has introduced us to foreign exchange. But we still, as a nation, are untutored in the fundamentals of business.

Too many of the changes in the financial world come upon us unexpected; we are prone to act as if the present situation were something wholly new and unprecedented. And for the luxury of that attitude we are constantly paying a heavy toll. We do not need schools to teach us how to make more money; in a country as rich as this, success must for a long time continue to be relatively easy. What we need is to understand *why* money is made or lost, what is the relation of our individual operations to the business of the world, and how the laws of economics operate. That sort of understanding ought not to be left for the colleges or the post-graduate schools. Few men in America reach the colleges. It should begin in the high school and even in the grammar schools. We are a business nation; let us face the fact and begin to educate our boys with some reference to the vocation in which seven out of ten of them, at least, are destined to spend their lives.

"HAVE You Been Finger-Printed?" asks Mary B. Mullett next month in an article which shows why signatures to important documents should be accompanied by finger prints. There is a special reason why little children's finger prints should be taken.

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Indicates the fact of its unsurpassed purity, just as a chemical analysis proves it.

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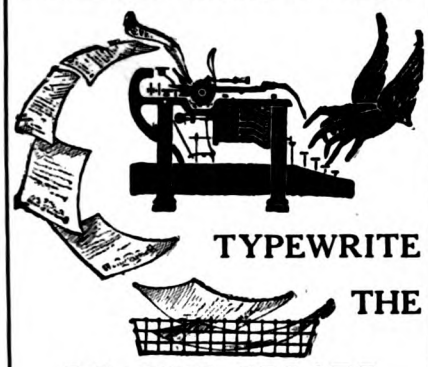

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The Home Correspondence School

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ESTABLISHED 1897 INCORPORATED 1904

An Expert in Men's Clothes

(*Continued from page 31*)

various establishments, we can take care of six hundred as easily as I could handle the original half dozen twenty-seven years ago."

Looking up at me with his ready smile, Mr. Capper said, "That's my story."

"Yes," I answered; "but not all of it. You have told me *what* you have accomplished; but you haven't told me *how* you did it. What is at the bottom of it all? What is the secret of your achievement?"

Leaning forward in his chair, he said earnestly: "The secret of *any* success is so simple that it is strange we call it a secret. It is just this: To have a vision, a dream, of something one wants to achieve—and then to work like the devil in order to achieve it! That—and one other thing: To put into one's work the idea of service to others.

"Some men have the dream—but it never gets beyond that, because they are not willing to pay the price necessary to make it come true. Work fifteen hours a day? Not on your life! They would rather go to the movies, or to the cabarets, or play tennis, or go skating. Skimp and save to pay for a little home? Not much! They want to set up housekeeping in a flat just a little nicer than they can afford.

"Oh, yes, they have the dream. They *want* to succeed. But they take it out in wanting. When it comes to the second point, the 'working like the devil'—they aren't there. Dreams do not come true of themselves. Not once in a blue moon. A dream is a goal. It does not come to *you*. It is *you* that must struggle and fight to reach *it*.

"THE head of a firm owes it to his employees to give them a chance, and make it worth their while to become just as valuable as they have it in them to be. In the years I have had this business only one man has left me to start out in competition with me. He came to me at $12 a week. When he left he received $150,000 for his interest. Most of our old employees are stockholders in the business. I think that is as it should be.

"Our Detroit store was really started in order to make an adequate position for one of the men who had been in this store. I still keep up my habit of long working hours, getting down here every morning before eight o'clock. One morning, as I came in, I looked at this man I speak of, and said to myself, 'I've got to make a real job for you pretty soon.'

"He was always here when I got here. He was faithful, energetic, and capable. So when a Detroit man came to me with a proposition to take space in a new building there, I determined to give this employee of mine a chance. We opened the store there, and put him in as manager. It is the same with our other branch stores. They take care of the good timber we grow here."

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FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

WHEREVER you go The Florsheim Shoe is known as a good shoe. Years of dependable service have steadily spread Florsheim reputation and popularity—the name and the shoe have earned the confidence of all men who look for quality for what they pay.

Consider the wear, not the price per pair

Look for the quality mark, "Florsheim."

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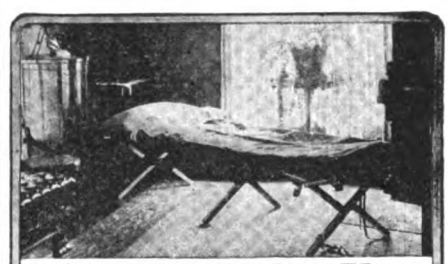
Write for book "Styles of the Times"

The Chester—a straight shape—Style M-53



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as an emergency bed in the home when unexpected guests arrive, or in case of sickness, for occasional outings; for "outdoor" sleeping on porch in hot weather; for the camp or summer cottage—there are many uses for **"Gold Medal"** Folding Cots.

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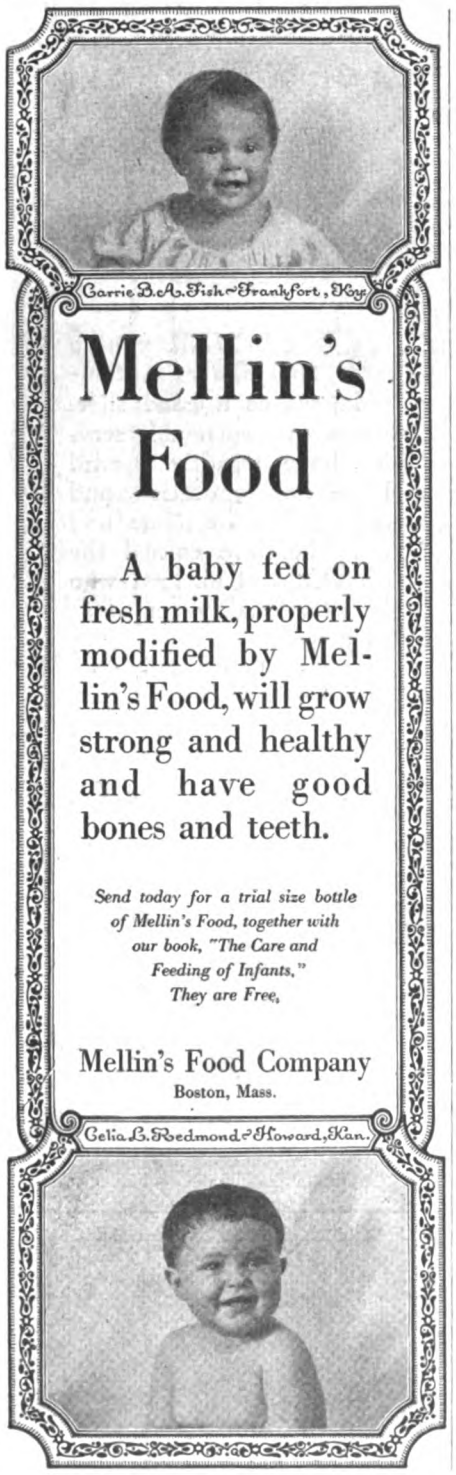

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E. L. ROWE & SON, INC., *Workers in Canvas*
128 Wharf Street Gloucester, Mass.

Are You Watching Your Blood Pressure?

(*Continued from page 50*)

Then we'll exercise for health's sake. And the excess exercise will be divided up among the fellows who need it most, but who, under the present system, never get any—except, perhaps, an occasional mild debauch of lung inflation from "rooting."

Dr. L. L. von Wedekind, medical inspector of the United States Hospital Ship "Solace," some time ago published a series of reports that are worth looking into. These reports deal with the hospital statistics in the navy and marine corps.

Doctor Wedekind shows that in the marine service, among 65,000 to 70,000 men, there averaged, in a year, only one death from apoplexy; while in the registration area of the United States there were, in 1910, seventy-five deaths from apoplexy and bursting blood vessels for each 100,000 population. Following out this proportion there should have been in the navy about fifty each year.

THE registration area included infants and those too young to be subject to apoplexy. So in a population the same age as Uncle Sam's boys the number of deaths from arterial breakage should have been even higher.

Doctor Wedekind was led by this discrepancy to make a series of observations upon naval men from forty to sixty years of age. In none did he find the blood pressure more than 142. The average was 136. Observations made upon those in civil life show an average of 150—with many running to over 180.

The doctor therefore contends that, as distilled water is the only kind of water there is to drink in the navy, and as distilled water is chronically hungry for salts, it abstracts waste matter from the body much more freely than water which is already partly saturated with mineral matter.

The drinking of distilled water is probably only one reason for the excellent health of naval men. The others are regular habits and hours, plain, nutritious food, plenty of exercise and fresh air, freedom from business cares and worries, constant medical and dental attention, and a glad free life on the ocean wave.

A twice-a-year blood-pressure test, a judicious limitation of the diet, and a regulation of excesses of every kind—particularly excesses of work and play—together with the application of common-sense principles, would undoubtedly increase average longevity by twenty years, and would go far to stamp out those devastating plagues that prey upon the linings of the blood vessels.

If we had an old, weakened garden hose, tough and thin in spots, we would know better than to force water through it full tilt. For the selfsame reason, if we would use equally good judgment with our much more delicate blood hose, we'd live considerably longer. And we might be much more care-free and blithe while doing so.

"the Humdinginest Bait I ever whittled out" - Art Wilson

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Gets the Big Ones

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WILSON WOBBLERS

you will get the big gamey fellows in their most sullen moods. There is a Wobbler for every season and every purpose—bright ones for dark days and dull finished baits for use when the days are bright. Six styles each in the twelve colors, including illuminated finish for night fishing.

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If not immediately obtainable at dealers, we will supply you on receipt of price. In white, red flutes, 75c; fancy colors, 85c. With weedless hooks, 25c additional.

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Unlike awnings and other shades they keep out the heat, soften the sun's glare, and allow free air circulation through them.

Aerolux Porch Shades have the features, beauty and finish that make them superior in every way.

How to Select Porch Shades

Get this information by writing for free literature, diagrams, suggestions on shading, color, measurements, arrangement and simplicity of hanging, also name of Aerolux dealer.

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TRADE MARK NO-WHIP REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
VENTILATING
PORCH SHADES

"They're Just Like Us!"

(*Continued from page 54*)

treatment for instance. But, on the other hand, I know of an old "bull" which recognized, after some eight years, the man who had trained him in India. Some remember, some forget. In the language of the old trainer, "They're just the same as us!"

Human? They're as human as human can be, those great beasts of the menagerie top. In spite of their hulking weight, they're only children when it comes to appetites. They like watermelon, and sugar cane, and candy and cake, molasses or chewing gum, or anything else that's sweet—and more than once I've seen trainers pouring whisky or paregoric by the gallon down an elephant's throat to alleviate a finely developed case of colic!

Forgive me for being garrulous about elephants; it's the innate fault of anyone who ever has trouped beneath the white tops. There is no circus man who does not love them. But there are other animals and other traits. Among them—jealousy! Not envy, understand—though I've seen that too—but pure jealousy, born of blighted love; jealousy that once almost led to animal infanticide.

PRINCE was his name, and he was an inbred. That meant he had been under suspicion from the day of his birth. We were always afraid of illness, resulting from his bad breeding, and we were on the lookout, too, for evidences of an evil temper which might at any day turn Prince into a "killer." For Prince was the son of a brother and sister; and in the animal world there are the same inflexible rules regarding the union of relatives too closely associated that there are among humans. Therefore, Prince was not a select specimen of the menagerie; and certainly, in the opinion of the animal men, he was not to be mated with any of the thoroughbred lionesses which the show possessed.

But Prince thought otherwise. Prince selected his mate, Beauty, and roared and growled to be placed in the same cage with her. The animal men refused, and gave Beauty her natural mate, Duke, a great, thoroughbred, black-maned Nubian lion. That day the trouble began.

Prince became mean and vicious. He tried to attack his trainer. He was sullen and treacherous; and he became more so as time progressed. Often, in the arena, when the lions were working together in their act, Prince tried to sink his heavy claws into Duke as that animal passed his pedestal. Once he leaped at the other lion; and only the bull whip and flaring revolver of Captain Dutch Ricardo, the trainer, drove him off. Prince was jealous, plain, downright jealous; and he was willing to kill to vent the anger that was in him.

Finally, Beauty presented the circus with four little lion cubs, and day after day we would see Prince watching the babies between the bars of his cage, hissing and growling at them. As they grew

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older they shared the happiness of every cub around a tent show; they were allowed to wander about the menagerie, and were carried around and petted by the circus children, for cubs—lion, tiger or bear—are the most pampered things around the "big top." But Prince never lost his hate for them.

One day the animal act was on and Beauty was in the big arena with the other lions, while the cubs played about outside. The "leaps" were on; that part of the act where the animals jump through a ring of fire above a hurdle; and the whole mass of beasts were tumbling and plunging about the enclosure. Suddenly Prince, about to take a hurdle, saw that one of the cubs had come close to the steel bars. He changed his course, a great roar rumbled from his throat, and with a quick swerve, he was at the side of the arena, his heavy paws extended between the bars, trying his best to claw to death the fluffy, scrambling little creature, which barely eluded him. Animal men beat the inbred back, and he turned on Duke. Again a fight between lions was almost an unadvertised feature of the show. Again Ricardo separated them. Soon after that, Prince was relegated to his cage to be, in future, only a parade and menagerie feature. Jealousy had made him too dangerous a beast to be trusted in the arena.

JUST the opposite of such an example of jealousy is one of self-sacrifice and love that happened in the same menagerie. One morning, cubs and pups were announced at the same time: cubs to a bad lioness, puppies to a long-bodied little Scotch terrier who had appeared on the show one day, and had remained ever since. The lioness killed one of the two cubs, and the other was taken away from her. There was only one chance for it—an adopted mother, and "Scotty" was nominated for the rôle.

So, to her family of little black puppies, Scotty received an addition, the scrawny, spotted lion cub, squealing and whining, for all the world like some oversized kitten. Its eyes were not yet open and it wandered whining about the box in which Scotty housed her litter, at last to flop against the body of the mothering little dog. Right then it was adopted. The faithful terrier seemed to know something was wrong, and that hers was the assignment to rectify it. She took over the job, and the baby lion joined the puppies at the family table. Sometime, if you ever happen around the Sells-Floto Circus, they'll show you Scotty and a lion ten times her size—Scotty's first lion baby. What's more, they'll show you two other cubs which the little Scotch terrier later saved from starvation and started on the road to becoming valuable circus assets. They still know Scotty and regard her for what she is, their foster mother.

Human traits? They're everywhere about a circus menagerie. For instance, you'd hardly expect to find humorists among the savage occupants of a lion's den, but they're present just the same. I know of one case in particular.

In one of the big circuses is an "untamable lion" act which works as a special feature of the side show. Never, apparently, was there a fiercer animal than the crouching, hissing, roaring beast

which lunges and plunges at its trainer, fighting away the stinging whip as he seeks to leap upon the grim-faced man before him. Time after time he lunges, only to recoil before the barking roar of the trainer's revolver. Effort after effort is made in vain to force him to the obedience of a single command, and finally, as the trainer glides from the cage, the roaring beast leaps, claws extended, his great body crashing against the steel door, which is clanged shut just in time.

Twenty minutes later a big "group" animal act is shown in the main show. The various stunts are gone through, and then comes an announcement:

"Ladies-s-s and ge'llmun. I beg t' introduce the tamest, best-trained lion ever shown in captivity—Old Solomon. Watch him!"

The trainer approaches Solomon, pets him, teases him, mauls him about, pulls his tail, and finally puts his head in his mouth; all without one bit of resistance from the amiable old fellow. And the strange part of it all is the fact that the fierce beast of the side show and the complacent old pet of the main tent are the same! Yet they say that humor is missing in animaldom. Often I have seen a trainer feeding tigers and lions strips of meat with his bare hands—while ten minutes before those same animals were in the arena, hissing and growling and clawing at his every approach. But there is a difference even in the tone of their growls. A trainer can tell in an instant whether the beast is in earnest, or whether he is just playing.

SO IT goes. There's a story for every cage, and a human trait for every story. Sometime when you look into a hippopotamus den, at the heavy, hoggish body, at the small, senseless eyes, the big snout and general imbecilic appearance of the beast, just remember that even this hulking thing has its human attributes, and that it can even become lonely.

The evidence of it came while a big Western circus was starting on its long trip from the winter quarters at Denver, Colorado, to its opening stand at Albuquerque, New Mexico, several years ago. The run from Denver to Trinidad had been made by daylight. At the "feeding stop," the animal men made the rounds of the various cages and dens to assure themselves of the comfort of their charges. It would be cold that night, for the long trains would travel over the mountains. One of the men reported to the manager:

"That baby hippopotamus is sure raising a rumpus. Don't know what's wrong with it. We've put two extra bales of straw in there, and it certainly can't be cold. We've given it plenty to eat, and it can't be hungry. But it sure is raising the roof!"

The manager summoned the menagerie superintendent, and together they went to the hippopotamus den. The unwieldy, wobbly thing was backed up against one end of its den, its heavy head sagging, its eyes cocked like those of a dog when it is awaiting its master's forgiveness. It was whining—a sort of a drooling whimper that added to the atmosphere of dejection; a full ton of sadness, crying for something it could not name. Finally the superintendent scratched his head.

"I wonder—" he began. Then, with a

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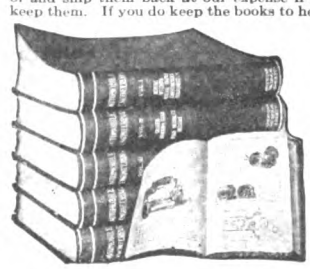

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sudden impulse, he unlocked the door of the cage and went inside. There he seated himself on the straw and waited. For a moment the hippopotamus regarded him in lubberly surprise. Then gradually the whimpering died away as the big animal crawled to the man and laid down beside him. The superintendent grinned.

"Nothing wrong with this hip!" he announced. "It's just a poor, lonesome baby. We'll get one of the razor-backs to come in and stay with him to-night."

THE train was canvassed for a razor-back, or train-loader, who desired to sleep with a hippopotamus. It was a long search, which ended in success only after a promise of double wages. The man clambered into the den, where the infant river hog was whimpering again, and gingerly touched the beast's head. The hippopotamus seemed to like it—and then and there began a strange friendship of the circus.

The "blood-sweating behemoth" did not cry that night, nor the next, nor the next, for the razor-back had found that a hippopotamus is an aimless, usually gentle beast, too lazy most of the time to think about anything save his own comfort, and that there was no danger in remaining in his den. More than that, he was earning double money for "doing nothing," which was agreeable. The razor-back had found a new vocation, that of being a nursemaid to a baby hippopotamus, and he stuck with the job.

When the situation ended, it was in death; he was killed after fighting a fire in the straw—born of a flying engine spark—of his companion's den as the circus ground along on its night's journey a year or so later. The fire extinguished, the razor-back turned from the top of the den where he had crawled to investigate the damage, and, slipping, fell from the train. Again the hippopotamus whimpered; but this time it was in loneliness for a specific thing—his friend and companion who was gone. Nor could he be satisfied with a substitute.

For grief exists among animals, caged as well as domestic. True, it displays itself more forcibly in some animals than in others, but its manifestation is present in them all. I have seen a tiger grieve for its mate, a leopard for her cubs, an elephant for its trainer. And when it comes to simians—

When you lose a simian on the circus, usually through the ravages of that man-made disease, tuberculosis, you almost invariably lose two. A few pitiful days of grieving, in which the mate grows weaker and weaker, its cries almost resembling a human sob; then an animal man takes a little burden out behind the big top and buries it. Death has come to the mate, that has grieved itself into the grave.

Particularly is this true of the orang-outangs and chimpanzees. In life they seem to be all that is required of a perfectly wedded pair. Clinging to her mate, the orang-outang "wife" seems dependent upon him for everything. Faithful, kind, and gentle, the male constantly cares for the weaker mate, and more than once I have seen an orang-outang "husband" sort out the choicer bits of food and, cooing gently, hand them to his wife.

When illness comes, the mate seems to realize the danger. It sits by the side of the stricken companion, moving closer when it whines, even stroking it gently, as though to soothe its pain. Few orang-outang keepers are there who do not stand by their task twenty-four hours of the day when illness comes to their charges. For it is as though some dumb but understanding human were dying, while a dumb mate sits beside ready to give its life also, in grief. And that is almost inevitable, once death strikes. Refusing food, covering its face now and then as it piteously whines out its grief, it waits for the time when death will take it, too—and the end usually comes within a week. Out in the West, I know a circus owner who has two stuffed and mounted figures of orang-outangs which he does not want for ornamental purposes, and certainly doesn't need for a study in natural history, since he has a living menagerie to watch any time he chooses.

"But I saw them die," he explains. "The male went first; and it was just like a good husband dying in the arms of his wife. She seemed to realize what death meant, and that her mate never could be with her again. Then she began to waste away, and soon she was dead, too. Maybe I'm soft-hearted, but I just figured that affection like theirs deserved something better than burial on a circus lot. So I had 'em stuffed so they could be together, in semblance, at least."

And that is the story of more than one pair of orangs and chimpanzees. There are few humans who can love more tenderly and more truly than they.

SO MUCH for the love of man and wife. Sometimes the love of mother and child takes a very different turn. Animal mothers—the captive ones, of course,—seem to have a rather perverted view of life in general and a decided leaning toward birth control. Perhaps it's because of the hatred they have for their own captive life, and a desire that their children should escape it. At any rate, a mother tiger, or a lioness, often kills her young; and the only elephant mother I ever saw—But that case was a strange study in stubbornness and perversity.

You perhaps believe that humans can be the most pig-headed things that ever drew breath. That's because you've never seen a mother elephant who didn't want to raise her child to be a circus performer. I have, several times, and I believe that the mother elephant deserves all the honors for the championship.

Princess Alice was her name, and apparently she didn't want any child of hers to tread the sawdust of a big top. So, when her first child was born, she promptly tried to kill it.

The animal men got the baby away just in time. Then, later, they tried to give it back to its mother. But Mother objected. She took one look at the squealing child and promptly disowned it. Not only that, but she again attempted murder, while once more a rescue act was staged by the elephant men.

There was nothing to do but attempt to raise the baby on a bottle—and fail. It died within six weeks.

Two years later, Princess Alice became a mother again, and once more she announced—by her actions, at least—that she refused to be the parent of a circus

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elephant. This time, also, the baby, cast off, died within a short time. Two years more, and Princess Alice presented her third baby to the circus, while the animal men fought her with every means possible to force her to be a good mother. Princess Alice retaliated by tearing a hole in the winter quarters wall, wrecking that part of the elephant house in which she was tethered and endangering the lives of some twenty men who strove to recapture her. When it was all over, Princess Alice, for the third time, had repudiated her offspring, and a third baby elephant was doomed to die.

The circus owners were disgusted. Princess Alice insisted on having children, and then insisted just as strongly on havng nothing to do with them. That sort of maternal perversity and bull-headedness was too much, even for a circus man.

A YEAR or so later the show was in Salt Lake, Utah, and the head animal man received some important news as to the prospect of a fourth baby coming to Princess Alice. Not wanting to go through a repetition of previous similar experiences, the owner left Princess Alice behind as a feature for one of the parks. And, once in the freedom of a municipal menagerie, Princess Alice proceeded to give birth to a fourth baby and, what was more, nursed it and cared for it as a mother should! The fact that this baby also died was not the mother's fault. She did all she could, and the animal man who had been left behind with her wrote the circus that she grieved for her child!

Those elephants! They're as inevitable as fate when it comes to stories of the circus. I've even seen them exemplifying human ambition—by going through their tricks all by themselves, in the early springtime when the show was getting ready for its summer tour.

But of all the animals that exhibit the traits of humanity—at least, of all I've seen—it remained for Casey to display nearly every one possible.

Just what Casey is, I can't say. We advertised him as a gorilla, "the onlay-y-y living, breathing, gorilla ever exhibited in captivity." Scientists took blood tests of him and were sure he was a gorilla. But the animal men said that various attributes of a gorilla were missing: the small, close-set ears, certain marks of the head, and the setting of the eyes. They said that he was an overgrown, black-faced chimpanzee, perhaps with a mixture of gorilla blood, quoting as their authority the fact that a real, full-blooded gorilla never had lived in captivity. But, whatever he was, he was the nearest animal approach to a human being I ever saw.

More than seven feet tall with his hands extended over his head, strong enough to seize a man by his feet and simply rip him apart, a three-ton lunge chain constantly about his neck to check him should his nature ever change, Casey was as amiable and boyishly playful as a kid just out of school. He appeared to take delight in being a show feature. It was fun to him. And he *was* a feature!

In his heavy cage, he would sit looking aimlessly at the crowds until his trainer, or anyone who knew him, would approach with the signal for the ballyhoo:

"All right, Casey! Big mouth!"

The result would be a hideous grimace, heavy fangs showing, skin furled back from the yellow teeth, eyes narrowed, a growling sound issuing from the heavily muscled throat. Then would come the second command:

"Casey! Go mad!"

He would leap about the cage, screaming and shrilling, pounding the top and bottom almost simultaneously, rocking the big, steel-barred structure, biting and tearing at everything which came in his way, a perfect specimen of an animal maniac. And it was after such a performance as this that the trainer—on the first day of his arrival on the circus at Del Rio, Texas—suggested that the cage be opened and Casey brought out at the end of his heavy chain for a "lecture" at close range. A side-show "talker"—for Casey was being exhibited as a special attraction—moved hastily away.

"Not me!" he exclaimed. "Not with that thing! I'll lecture on the Aztec Midgets, and I'll even let a bullsnake curl around my neck! But I won't be caught around that monk!"

And it was the same with the others. They had seen Casey "go mad." That was enough—they had engagements elsewhere. Fox, the owner, looked at me, a visitor on the show.

"Want to make the talk?" he asked.

I LAUGHED and assented—for I thought I knew Casey. I had played with him at winter quarters, I had seen him under a good many conditions, and I knew him to be an amiable, good-hearted, friendly beast who didn't know his own power. I went to the platform and started my speech. I knew nothing about the art of being a side-show talker. And when, halting and struggling for words, I finally ceased, I felt a warm soft hand glide into mine. It was Casey's, and he was looking up at me with eyes I know were sympathetic. Even he knew that as a "spieler" I had failed.

Casey ate from a bucket, with a spoon. He wore trousers most of the time, with a penchant for letting the suspenders hang. He smoked a cigar, or a pipe, and lighted it himself. He could use a hammer and saw to a certain extent, and his chief toy was a heavy block of wood made far heavier by the hundreds of nails he had driven into it—like a child at play. He drank beer—it was three years ago, before prohibition—and now and then he would become mildly intoxicated. He could make a noise that sounded like "No" when he really meant no. And when he died—

Fox, his trainer, found him one day in his heavy cage, doubled up in pain. He called a physician, and after the diagnosis had been made the doctor turned excitedly:

"I can hardly believe it in a monkey! But there are all the symptoms. There is only one chance for him, and that is an operation!"

Casey was hurried to a hospital and placed under an anesthetic, with all the conditions pertaining to a human being in the same circumstances. The incision was made and the doctor's theory proved correct. But it was too late. Things had gone too far. Casey died, and from the effects of that intensely human ailment—acute appendicitis!

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Back to the Old Home Town

(*Continued from page 27*)

go over there and read my stories and pay my own car fare both ways; and I have seen other and equally incontestable evidences that my fame is founded on solid rock. But if I live to be as old as Noah the walls of the Muscatine Oat Meal Mill will stand like an eternal remembrancer, saying in Jeremiah tones, "Remember! Remember! Here you were a miserable failure."

I was fired out of the office of the Muscatine Oat Meal Mill quicker and harder and more thoroughly than Jonah was bounced out of the interior of the whale. One moment I was sitting at my desk, adding 5 and 7 and making it 11, and carrying 2 to the next column, and the next moment I was out on Front Street, crushed and broken in spirit, with nothing to live for but the future, and that as dark as the hands of Arthur Diggs after he had polished six sheet-iron stoves in the back of McQuesten & Sawyer's hardware store.

The straw that broke the manager's back—and I beg his pardon for likening him to a camel—was a carload of oatmeal. I admit that a carload of oatmeal, of an average weight of fifteen tons, might very properly be expected to bend a camel's back considerably, especially if the camel was pretty fairly loaded down already; and that manager's back was.

All I did was this: The oatmeal mill had an agent in New York, and when the mill had more oatmeal on hand than it had orders for, it filled a car with it and sent it to the agent to sell in the open market in New York.

WHEN the car was loaded and shipped, the mill sent the agent a list of the contents of the car and the bill of lading. When the agent got these he hustled out and sold the car of oatmeal to somebody, before the weevils began to hatch. All I did that was reprehensible was to mail the contents list and bill of lading of a car of oatmeal to the agent one hot summer day.

I addressed it to "Henry Smith, New York."

It seems that this was an especially good summer for weevils, and there were about seven hundred and sixty-two Henry Smiths in the New York directory. The New York post office took the envelope containing the contents list and the bill of lading and gave it to a letter carrier to take to the Henry Smith who was the favorite Henry Smith of the post master at that time.

He was a wholesale jeweler, in Maiden Lane, but he was on a two weeks' vacation at the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence River; and at that particular time he had gone up to the Bay of Quinte on a bass-fishing excursion. So the letter was forwarded to him, and when he got back to the Thousand Islands from his fishing trip he opened the envelope and saw it was about oatmeal.

If it had been about a carload of opals he might have been the right Henry Smith, but it was about oatmeal, and he had no use for a carload of oatmeal in the wholesale jewelry business, so he wrote on the envelope "Not for Henry Smith, 18 Maiden Lane," and sent it back to the New York post office.

By that time there were seven weevils in each barrel of oatmeal in the car. Some of the oatmeal was in half-barrels, which would mean three and one-half weevils to each half-barrel, but probably they divided themselves otherwise, say, three weevils in some of the half-barrels and four in others. I have no way of knowing positvely.

It does not matter much, because the car was on a sunny siding and more weevils were hatching every minute. They were accumulating rapidly, and so was the demurrage, if that is the right word. Demurrage is a charge of a couple of dollars a day for every day a car is left standing unloaded.

WHEN the post office got the Henry Smith envelope back, it looked at its list of Henry Smiths and tried the next one on the list. This one was a dealer in artificial flowers and feather hat ornaments on South Fifth Avenue. He was a mighty poor Henry Smith to try to tempt with a carload of oatmeal. He took just one glance at the contents of the envelope and wrote "Not for H. Smith, 468 S. 5th Ave.," on it and sent it back to the post office, and by that time there were 6,500 weevils in each barrel of oatmeal, and the demurrage amounted to my salary for three weeks and four days, figuring six days in the week.

I don't blame the New York post master. He was doing the best he could. Like Grant he was going to fight it out on that line if it took all summer and every Henry Smith on his list. So he tried a Henry Smith who was a retail haberdasher on East Twenty-third Street, just off Broadway, and a few more thousand weevils hatched in the oatmeal and a few more dollars accrued as demurrage while *that* Henry Smith decided the envelope and its contents were not for him.

It is of no interest, now, to know how many Henry Smiths the New York post master tried, or what their businesses were. What interested the Muscatine Oat Meal Mill more was the weevil and demurrage account of that car of oatmeal. The table I have compiled is too long to give in full, so I give only a part of it, showing the number of weevils in each barrel of oatmeal and the demurrage charges on the car at the moment the New York post office mailed the envelope to the various Henry Smiths:

Table

Henry Smith No. 1—	no weevils—	no	demurrage
Henry Smith No. 2—	7 " —	$12.00	"
Henry Smith No. 3—	6,500 " —	$18.00	"
Henry Smith No. 4—	87,642 " —	$21.00	"
Henry Smith No. 5—	1,978,429 " —	$26.00	"

From there onward the number of weevils per barrel became incomputable. like the number of drops of water in the ocean or the number of atoms of ether in the universe. It does not matter how many there were; there were plenty. After a barrel of oatmeal has 1,978,429

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weevils in it, a few million weevils more or less make no difference—it does not grade as Class A oatmeal any longer.

Long before the envelope containing the bill of lading reached the last Henry Smith on the New York post master's list—Henry Smith No. 762—the envelope became so crowded full of criss-cross "Try 847 Seventh Ave." and "Not at 847 Seventh Avenue," and similar notations that the New York post master lost hope and returned the envelope to the Muscatine Oat Meal Mill with the legend "Returned for better address. Do not Mail Again in this Envelope" rubber-stamped across its face.

THE moment the manager laid that envelope on my desk I knew I was going to cease to be an employee of the Muscatine Oat Meal Mill, and at a very early date. It was the most painful moment of my career. There I sat, frightened and ashamed, with my hair cut pompadour and my mustache almost visible to the naked eye, a young and tender being on the very threshold of life, and already an outcast and a ruin. I was the weevil in the oatmeal of industry. I was an utter failure. I was useless. I had been tested and found wanting. And, the next minute, I did cease to be an employee of the Muscatine Oat Meal Mill.

That is why, twenty years later, I stood in front of the silent and dismantled mill. As I stood there I said something like this:

"And this is where I failed! Here is where my inattention to details and my carelessness, and my lack of concentration and my general good-for-nothingness led to my downfall, and I became a failure. It was in that room, once the office of the mill, that I heard the words, 'Young man, after to-day your services will no longer be required.'

"Alas! What a failure! And since then?

"Since that fatal day I have had regularly three (or sometimes four) square meals a day; all the money it was good for me to have; considerable of the free advertising called Fame; raised a family; bought a house; been director of a bank; met Roosevelt, Wilson, and a thousand other famous men; enjoyed life generally. Such is the life of a failure!

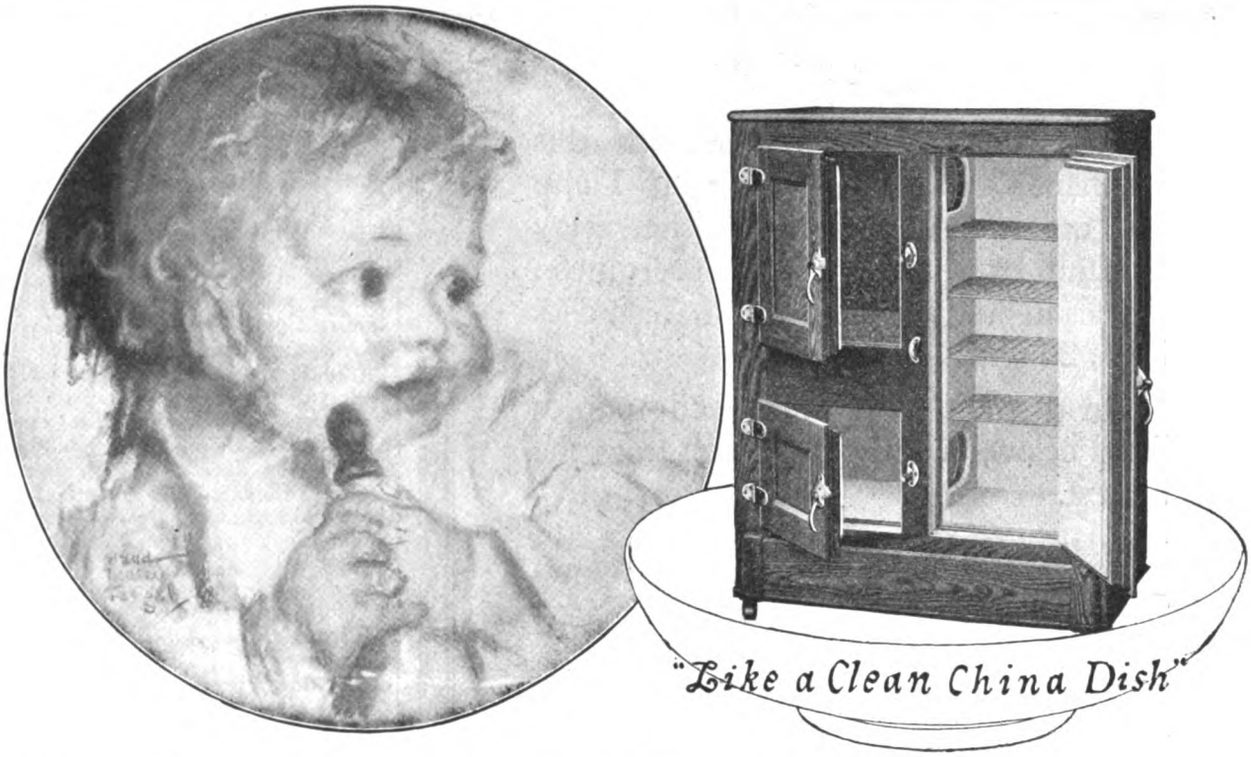
"And now look at the Muscatine Oat Meal Mill itself. It is defunct. It is no more. Years ago it was sold and closed, and those old red brick buildings that were crowded with millers and roasters, and box makers and package makers, and workers of all sorts are going to wreck and ruin. What was once one of the great industries of the town is as dead as a boiled snail.

"I was the failure, and I am alive and loping gayly along, and the oatmeal mill was the success and it is extremely defunct.

"Too bad!" I said, as I looked up at the old red buildings. "Too bad!"

And then my egotism began to bubble. The old-homer gets that way at the slightest encouragement. It is part of the game.

"Look at you, you old dead hull of mill!" I said. "I'm glad I failed. If I had not, I might now be a poor slave of an oatmeal president, worrying about the oat crop and competitors and markets and labor troubles and freight cars and fuel



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supplies and temporary financing and weevils, and one thing and another, and feeling eighty years old, instead of twenty, at fifty.

"If you had kept me and forgiven me my youthful failure, and given me another trial, I might have swung into things and pushed up into control. Might have? I would have! In three years I would have built a ten-story, 150 x 200, addition on you, and I would have been milling ten times as many oats. I would have bought all the oats in Muscatine County and Louisa County and Scott County; employed, say, five hundred people—

"Just for a start—only a start. By the next year I would have had six big oat elevators built and another ten-story addition on the mill, and I would be buying all the oats in eastern Iowa and western Illinois. And barges—I would have had fifty steel barges on the Mississippi, bringing oats from up and down the river. With my own six steamboats to tow them, of course. And the next year I would put up my Corn Chip mill, to make Muscatine Corn Chips. And the next year my Wheat Fluff mill to make Muscatine Wheat Fluffs.

"By that time I would have two million dollars invested and three thousand employees to make oat and corn and wheat products right here in the heart of the oat and corn and wheat country.

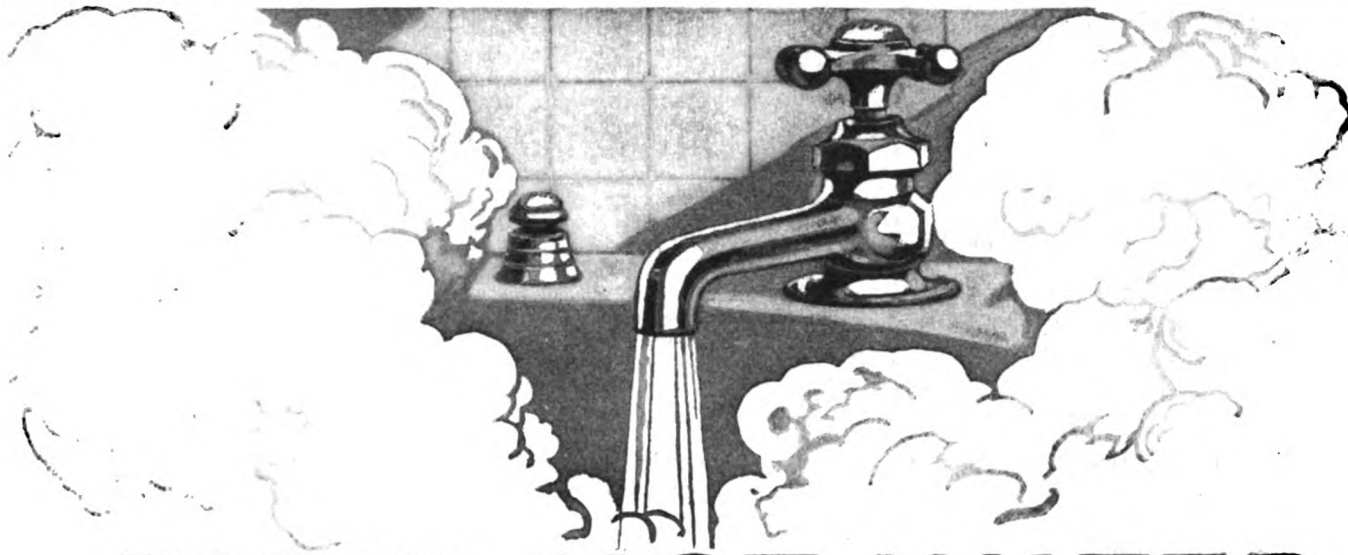
"And then—then I would really begin to grow. Starch! Glucose! Corn meal! Twenty-five huge steel elevators along the Mississippi. Fleets of great steamers, convoys of great steel barges. One hundred thousand citizens in Muscatine; one hundred and fifty thousand! Muscatine cereals known all over the world. Muscatine the biggest and best city in—"

I stopped then to watch a trainload of Iowa oats bumping over the rail joints on its way to some far city, where they would be milled into oatmeal, and went back to my hotel, feeling fine.

AFTER having tried nearly every form of sport from Golf to Drop the Handkerchief, I am prepared to maintain that Old-Homing beats them all. When you, or I, or Philander Q. Blatz, or any of us, goes back to the old home town, wearing a protuberant smile and a brand-new blue silk necktie with yellow stripes, we learn, for the first time, how many kindly, warm-hearted people there are in the world, and how agreeable folks are when the thin coating of everyday routine is peeled off them.

The job Philander holds down at the Junction may be merely that of chasing hogs out of the stock pen, up the run-way, and into the cattle car. But when he goes back to the old home town he is handshaken and welcomed and smiled at as cordially and sincerely as if he were a new presiding elder happening in at a Methodist picnic. He is all rigged up in company clothes, and feels it; and the many greetings and hails he gets sort of puts a foot on his accelerator and speeds up his pulse and hoists his temperature, and for once in his life, if never before, Philander feels that he is somebody and of some importance. And it does him some good. It braces him up, and gives him self-respect, and makes the next five or ten years of his life pleasanter and happier.

I believe the United States is the only



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country in the world where old-homing is the great national sport. All over the world, of course, prodigal sons come dribbling back home from time to time, but that is an entirely different matter. The prodigal son comes home in an unwashed shirt and with the toe of his shoe open to the gaze of the world, and his other earthly possessions tied up in a soiled handkerchief. He comes in by the alley gate and doesn't know whether he is going to be kicked off the premises or not.

The reason so many of us are old-homing every year and season and month and day is that so many of us leave the old home, in the first place. We shuffle ourselves and deal ourselves out like cards in a pack—John to New York, Peter to Chicago, Ed to California, Sam to Montana, Jane to Cedar Rapids, Sarah to Mobile, and sooner or later we feel the urge to play the national game, and we do without a new rug for the parlor and get along with the old baseburner another winter and we old-home for two weeks instead.

We shuttle ourselves back and forth across the country—East and West, North and South—and weave Eastern manners and Mid-West ways and Far-West customs with Northern habits and Southern ideas, and produce a fine All-America tapestry that is better than any sectional fabric. Jane and Sarah exchange prune pie and soda biscuit recipes and "take off" each other's embroidery patterns with a sheet of letter paper and the bowl of a silver spoon, and presently Dotty Blatz in Mobile and Prissy Blatz in Bozeman are going to school in Alabama and Montana in little pink dresses that are exactly similar, even to the smocking on the shoulders, and the United States remains one and indivisible E Pluribus Unum, united-we-stand; divided-we-fall.

Philander Q. Blatz, walking down Main Street with a cigar in his mouth—the wrapper of the cigar having been carefully licked to prevent its total disintegration—stops short, smiles and puts out his hand to meet the hand that reaches out to grasp his. The face that smiles at him is vaguely familiar. It is like a face he has known and should know, but as if seen through a haze that almost obscures it.

"Now, wait!" he says. "Wait! I know—just give me a minute. Just a minute. Just a—"

The face smiles quizzically, gently amused, and waits. It is playing the old-home game.

"Now, hold on!" Philander says. "I've almost got it. You're—you're—"

And then, suddenly, his face lights up. His eyes sparkle. He laughs and clasps the hand tighter.

"Well, by jolly! You old rascal you! Oleander Jenkins, by all that's great!" he cries. "Well, Ole Jenkins! Come over here in the shade and let me look at you! Twenty years since I saw you last, if it's a day, and I knew who you was the first pop out of the box!"

He is happy, just as all of us are happy when we get back to the old home town and recognize those we have forgotten for many years, and the old memories come back by the cartload.

That's the game. Philander Q. Blatz has remembered another face. He scores another point. He wins, and nobody loses.

To the Heights at 53

(Continued from page 34)

contractor in New York, and his grandmother McGlynn, after her husband's death, not only brought up her eleven children, but carried on the business as well. Her oldest son, John, crossed the plains to California in '49; and Frank McGlynn's father, after being educated at the Propaganda in Rome, also went to San Francisco.

"I was born there," he told me, "in my grandfather Buckley's house, which is still standing. He was one of the first contractors out there; and among my vivid early recollections is that of a great cross he erected, fifty feet high, on a hill at one end of the Catholic cemetery. It was a landmark for miles around and even far out to sea.

"My grandmother Buckley and her daughter, my mother, were wonderful women, whose influence has followed me all through my life. My mother was a saint, if ever there was one! If she were only living now, my happiness in the good fortune that finally has come to me would be complete.

"When you have had a mother like mine, no success can be perfect unless she is here to see it. Every one of us is still a child at heart, when it comes to our mothers. We want to show her our treasures, whether they are only the trinkets dear to childhood or the triumph which crowns our career. We want her to know it, when we have done her credit. The man who cannot take his achievement to his mother, as a tribute to her, misses a satisfaction which nothing else can bring him.

"I lived the life of an average San Francisco boy at that time. I went to school, played on the sandhills that edged the bay, learned to swim and to sail a boat, and later spent my vacations on the ranch of our friends, the O'Tooles. Out of that sort of living I got two things: a love of home and a passion for the great outdoors.

"There's nothing in that to foreshadow the career of an actor, is there? As a matter of fact, I had no idea then of going on the stage. I did have the actor's instinct, for I was always giving imitations and reciting pieces at entertainments. But to be honest about it—and I confess to a prejudice in favor of honesty," he added with his whimsical smile—"I wasn't thinking at all about the future then. I wasn't conscious of wanting anything, except a good time—and to go to school.

"I did want that. But my father believed that a man was the better for making his own way. He himself had not gone to school after he was sixteen; and yet he was better educated than most men he knew, even those who had been through a university.

"HE YIELDED on one point however: Instead of taking me with him in the real estate business, he listened to my uncle's advice and put me into Matthew I. Sullivan's law office. I was only fifteen years old then, and like most boys of that age, I hadn't the courage or the confidence to set my will against that of my elders. So I began to study law.

"But I didn't like it! I cared more about riding a horse than about doing anything else in the world, and I seized every opportunity of getting out to the O'Toole ranch. By the time I was seventeen, I did know what I wanted to be! But when I told my people that I'd like to go on a ranch and be a farmer they thought I didn't know my own mind.

"I stayed on in Matt Sullivan's office, but I was more interested in reading books about raising things—anything, from pigs to prunes!—than I was in studying law, so I didn't make much headway. My grandfather found out about this and, like the wise man he was, took just the right way to get around me. He had me come up to dinner one night, and afterward took me into his room.

"'Let me see your watch, Frank,' he said.

"When I was a little boy he had given me a nickel watch, which I was still carrying; so I took it out and handed it to him.

"'Humph!' he said, 'you're old enough to have a better one than that. How will this one do?' And he gave me the gold watch which I carry now in Mr. Drinkwater's play.

"You can imagine how pleased a boy of nineteen would be over such a gift. When I thanked him enthusiastically, he said in his kind way:

"'That's all right, Frank; I'm glad if it gives you pleasure. And now, my boy, I wonder if you will do something that will give *me* a great deal of pleasure. Will you promise me to go on with your studies in Mr. Sullivan's office, and to do your best?'

"Well—he had taken a course which left me with only one answer. To have returned his kindness by refusing his request would have seemed ungrateful. So I gave him the promise he asked and turned my back on my dream of being a farmer. I served seven years at the law—and then I could stand it no longer. When I told my grandfather that I wanted to be released from my promise he said that I was a grown man and knew my own mind. If I still wanted to give up the law, he would not oppose me.

"By this time, I was beginning to be a prey to that half-scared feeling a young man has when he realizes that he *is* a man, and that he must do something to make his way in the world. So I thought I'd try business. I got a job as a bookkeeper and did pretty well at it, too; but I loved variety, action, and the open air. The monotony and confinement of office-work were unbearable! So, after a year or two of that,

Scene in one of the Hercules Powder Co.'s packing houses.

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The dynamite maker's service to all of us does not consist solely of placing explosives in the hands of the miners for the production of our coal and metals. The labor of these men in the Hercules plants is also closely connected with the most fundamental of all industries—agriculture. Their work helps to provide the food that nourishes us.

With the increase in the country's population, new agricultural lands are required to sustain it, and these are being secured by reclaiming our vast areas of stump and swamp land. Hercules Dynamite is being used extensively in developing these sources of food supply that have hitherto lain dormant and unproductive.

The sixty million acres of swamp land in this country—now a menace to public health—await the product of the dyamite maker to transform them into fertile, productive farms. It has been stated by Government authorities that one man with dynamite can dig as much ditch as six men with picks and shovels.

In many sections of the country, our Agricultural Service Men are demonstrating the use of explosives to land owners and contractors. If you desire further information, write the Agricultural Department of the Company at Wilmington, Delaware. "Progressive Cultivation," a 68-page booklet, gives full information about the use of explosives for agricultural purposes.

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I threw up my position, and this time determined to go after the thing I had always wanted.

"With two good friends of mine, I planned to take up government land and raise olives. We were going also to work land belonging to Doctor Stambaugh, my mother's physician, and I was as happy as a king over the prospect, when Doctor Stambaugh came to me one day and said:

"'Frank, I'm in the position of having a double duty to perform. So far as it concerns you and myself, I want you to carry out this plan of yours. But as I am also your mother's physician, I have a duty to her, and I must tell you that her health is not of the best. She has a leaky heart—nothing to be alarmed about at present, but she must be guarded rather carefully. You know how mothers are. She is worrying over your going off thirty miles from a railroad, fourteen miles from a doctor, and all that. It is for you to decide what you will do.'

"'Well, Doctor,' I said, 'it won't take me long to decide. I have only one mother! I'm not going.'

"SO THAT ended my dream of farming. As I didn't know what else to do, I went back to Matt Sullivan's office, finished my studies in six months, was admitted to the bar, and practiced in San Francisco for two years.

"But I *couldn't* make myself like it! I had a happy home, hosts of friends, what looked like a good start toward a career—and yet I was full of rebellion and discontent. Here I was, getting on toward thirty, just when a man should be keen and enthusiastic about his work—and I hated mine.

"I tell you, it doesn't pay to try to *make* yourself do something against which you rebel. In 1896, I threw overboard my years of training and experience, turned my back on the law, and started all over again. But even then I did not follow my first ambition; for, almost unconsciously, I had developed another one.

"I can't tell just how, or why, I decided to become an actor. All I know is that a love of the stage had been growing in me for years. I had never acted a part in a play; I had never been in amateur theatricals. 'I'll be a real actor, or none!' I said. And in 1896 I determined that I was *going* to be a 'real actor.'

"I came straight to New York and started at the bottom, my voice probably getting me my first part. My father is a man who usually speaks very quietly. But if he *wanted* to be heard two blocks, I believe he could be. And my grandfather Buckley had a wonderful voice of the great, rich, rumbling kind.

"I seem to have inherited from both of them. And perhaps that, and my height, got me the chance to play the part of an Indian in 'The Gold Bug,' the chief requisite for the part being the ability to utter a prodigious yell. I didn't have time to make a 'loud noise' of any other kind on Broadway, however, for 'The Gold Bug' lasted only one week.

"I got some valuable training at the Nelson Wheatcroft School of Acting, and soon was playing minor parts, which gradually led to better ones. My rôles were what is known in the profession as 'heavies,' that is, villains. I suppose I have played about a hundred and fifty assorted villains from the slick, soft-spoken swindler to the 'Damn you! d' ye hear?' variety.

"I had good speaking parts, bad speaking parts, and—literally—a no-speaking part. That was 'Clon' the dumb man in 'Under the Red Robe,' and it was a good part, too, requiring concentration and skill in gesture and facial expression. I was four years under Charles Frohman's management, part of the time playing with Henry Miller. But it was chiefly on the road.

"Then I went to Canada with a summer stock company, and it was while I was there that word came of my dear mother's illness. I started at once for San Francisco. But at Chicago a telegram reached me that she was dead. I went on, however, and later rejoined the Henry Miller company out in California.

"NEXT came a season as manager of my own company. But it was the year of President McKinley's assassination; and, like all theatrical managers that year, I felt the effects of it. People were in no mood to go to the theatre, and by the end of the season I not only had lost all of my savings, but was about six thousand dollars in debt.

"And I had lost my wife's savings, too. For by this time I had married Rose O'Byrne, whom I met in 1900 when we both were playing in the 'Rupert of Hentzau' company. We were married that year, and we have six children, four girls and two boys. The oldest one was born the year after my disastrous venture with a company of my own.

"This coming event and my bankrupt financial condition had made it necessary for me to take the first opportunity that came along. I could not sit back and pick and choose. So I welcomed an engagement with the Proctor stock company. At that time, 'playing in stock' meant two performances a day, afternoon and evening, with a rehearsal of another play every morning. I kept that up most of the time for six or seven years.

"At one time I borrowed money, took my family to California and we got a little house in the country near San Francisco, where I played in stock companies. But the hoodoo was still on our trail. The earthquake literally upset everything, including my affairs. It was responsible for my second venture into business, by the way, for after the excitement had settled down I got a horse and buggy and drove around the city selling lime and cement to builders.

"My father would have been able to help me, but the earthquake wiped out the houses which were the source of his income. He had the land left, but not a stick standing on it. Not that I should have let him take care of us, anyway! There is an old saying that 'every tub should stand on its own bottom;' and it's a saying I thoroughly believe in.

"We stayed in California over five years, then came back to the East and began the old struggle again. That was in 1909, when the theatrical world was upset about as badly as San Francisco had been by the earthquake. This time the disturbance was caused by the motion pictures, which were just beginning to stir things up uncomfortably for the regular theatres. I *had* to have money, so I went in with the Edison Company producing the original Rex Beach series of pictures.

"I want to tell all this because many people seem to think I was both unknown and untrained when I came to play Abraham Lincoln. They talk as if it were a plum that fell into my lap because my lap just happened to be there. They seem to think the whole thing was just luck. But I don't believe much in that sort of luck. 'What a lucky man! He has jumped right into fame!'

"But I couldn't have 'jumped right into fame' without the years of hard work and training behind me. Of course, I don't think I needed so many of them, or such hard ones. But looking back on them now, I know that I got from them some things which *cannot* come with easy success and open-handed fortune.

"Take these last few years, which have been the hardest of all. I don't believe that without them I could have been as well fitted to play the great rôle of Lincoln. Perhaps those hard years were given me as a preparation, so that I could understand, through my own experience, what it is to know privation and sorrow and defeat. One *must* know those things if one is to understand Abraham Lincoln.

"You may think it was just 'luck' that I was chosen for the part. It does sound like it, for this is what happened: For several years previous to last autumn, I had been doing anything I could get to do. A wife and six children are seven good and cherished reasons why a man *has* to earn money. I had to take anything that offered. Once I was "almost" chosen for a fine leading rôle. But a miss is not only as *good* as a mile—it is also as *bad* as a mile. And I just missed getting the part.

"Most of the time I worked in motion pictures, with an occasional return to the spoken drama. But it seemed as if Trouble had picked out the McGlynn family and decided to stick to us for life. My wife was ill for six months, which meant not only doctors' bills but other expenses for the care of my home and my children. And all the time the cost of living seemed to have adopted 'Onward and Upward' as its slogan. I began to feel as if I were being buried alive in debts.

"In that respect, too, I know how Lincoln felt. You remember he took over a store one time which failed and left him with heavy losses. He owed so much that he called it his 'national debt,' and it took him fifteen years to pay it off."

MR. McGLYNN smiled to himself, then said, "I've got a 'national debt' of my own to pay off; but I hope, now, that I can do it in less time than it took Mr. Lincoln to pay his.

"Well," he went on, "that was the way things were going. I couldn't seem to hit it right, no matter what I did. I refused an offer from Tom Ince to go to California—because if anything happened out there I didn't know how I could ever get back East—and took an offer from the Edison people instead. But in two months the company practically closed down and I was adrift again.

"Finally, last summer, I got a comedy part in 'Double Harness,' and went on the road again. The play closed in Allentown, Pennsylvania, one Saturday night in

To those who are building a home

IT looks now as if the building material market will become settled at its present high price level—and even though there is some slight decrease, most costs surely will remain high.

It is obvious, then, that people who build with durability in mind are wise—they both assure a low up-keep cost and insure a ready re-sale value for the home they build.

Not surprising, then, that orders for Asbestos Shingles have broken all records. It seems that people are building permanently—with permanent materials—for ultimate economy.

This advertisement is written to guide you in your choice of a shingle—and tries fairly to point out why Asbestos is not only permanent, but beautiful, fireproof—and not expensive.

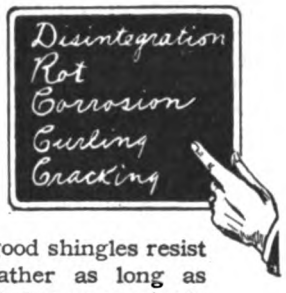
Enemies of all good Shingles except Asbestos Shingles

THERE is an obvious reason for the fact that Asbestos Shingles do not deteriorate either in strength or beauty as time goes on.

For there is nothing about Asbestos Shingles that is subject to change. Their strength is permanently high—not varying or diminishing due to the gradual loss or alteration of some ingredient. They are always hard and tough—not soft in summer and brittle in winter. They retain their shape and beauty without warping, peeling or curling, for each shingle is of uniform strength throughout.*

All of this because Asbestos is a mineral—one that has endured for ages unaltered in its remarkable characteristics, and Asbestos fibres, combined with Portland cement, make shingles of stone whose life can be measured only by asking "How long will the building last?"

** As a matter of fact, Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles actually grow stronger and tougher with age.*



ALL good shingles resist weather as long as they last, but atmospheric action is more than the storms of winter and the heat of summer. Atmospheric action is the continual rotting, corroding, disintegrating effect of exposure to the air, regardless of climatic conditions.

Some air contains gases that are very destructive—all air has in it the power to destroy organic matter within the space of a few years.

But atmospheric action is not an enemy of Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles, because they are all mineral. They cannot rot, for only organic matter provides the food for the germs of decay. They cannot corrode, even where exposed to most acid fumes.

They do not disintegrate, because the strong fibres of Asbestos, acting as permanent, tough binders, are not weakened by exposure.

MANY good organic shingles have a coating of some crushed mineral to act as a barrier against fire. This is ample protection if the coating is applied thick enough, without the use of an inflammable adhesive—and if it stays on permanently.

Do not expect to find a coating on Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles—they are not coated, but uniform in structure. They contain no combustible saturants or organic materials of any sort, which explains why they are fireproof even when the blazing brands of an adjacent fire fall on them. They are just what you would expect from an all-mineral material.

Because of these facts, those who make insurance ratings give Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles the highest classification for fire safety.

Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings include Asbestos Roll Roofing, Johns-Manville Standard and Colorblende Asbestos Shingles, Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing, Johns-Manville Corrugated Asbestos Roofing, Johns-Manville Built-Up Asbestos Roofing.

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September. That evening, during the performance, Howard Sloat, the stage manager, came to me with a telegram. It isn't customary to give an actor a telegram during a performance, lest it contain news which will upset him. But for some reason, Sloat handed this dispatch to me without waiting for the end of the play.

"Of course, my first thought was of more trouble: It might mean sickness, or even death. I opened it, but as I could not read it without my glasses, I asked him to tell me how it was signed.

"He read the name: 'Georgia Wolfe.'

"'Thank you,' I said—and walked away with my head whirling.

"I knew that Miss Wolfe was a New York dramatic agent. Why was she sending *me* a telegram? I went up to Charlie Clark, the comedian of the play and a good friend of mine and said, 'Charlie, I wish you'd read this telegram for me.' He took it and read:

"Will you consider an engagement for next season through this office? Splendid opportunity. If so, telephone Lester Lonergan at midnight, Bryant 813.

"Charlie took a long breath and began again, 'Will you consider—' then he looked up at me sideways: 'Will you *consider*—' he repeated; and I almost shouted '*Will* I!' We pretty nearly hugged each other then and there.

"At midnight I got Mr. Lonergan on the wire, and when he found that we were closing and that I would be in New York in the morning, he told me to come to his house and he would explain.

"Now this is where the apparent luck comes in: Mr. Lonergan, who produced the Drinkwater play for Mr. Harris, was in a restaurant last summer and overheard two men talking at a table near him. One of them said that if 'Abraham Lincoln' should be put on in this country, there was one man who ought to have the title rôle, and that was Frank McGlynn. Then Robert Conness, a friend of mine, happened to occupy a cottage last summer in Maine, where Mr. Lonergan spends his vacation. Conness talked to a Doctor Barry about me, and Doctor Barry in turn spoke to Mr. Lonergan. At that time, Mr. Lonergan knew nothing about me. But when Mr. Harris decided to put on the Drinkwater play, Mr. Lonergan recalled what he had heard about Frank McGlynn and that telegram was the result."

HE PAUSED so long, smiling reflectively, that I prompted him with: "And that was the end of all your troubles?"

"Let us hope it was at least the beginning of the end," he said. "But I did not know then that it was even the beginning. I had been too long schooled in disappointment to count on anything. And there was nothing really to count on, anyway. Mr. Lonergan told me about the play, suggested that I read it, and that was about all that happened for a few weeks. Then he asked me to come down and read parts of it to Mr. Harris. But Mr. Harris had to be out of town that day, so I read some of the speeches to Mr. Lonergan. I remember one comment he made. 'I think that is fine,' he said; 'and I believe the world will say so too!'

"That was encouraging—but still I did not dare really to hope. Then they sent again for me to read for Mr. Harris. It was in the Hudson Theatre—dim and dark and empty, save for Mr. Harris out in the obscurity somewhere. I read one of the speeches; and then, as he made no comment, I read another, and another. Not a word from him! So I went on reading—one part after another—and still he said nothing.

"'Would you like me to read something more, Mr. Harris?' I asked.

"'No,' he replied; and coming down toward the stage, he said: 'You must be tired.' Then he added, 'I have been very much entertained.'

"THAT was kind—but it might mean nothing. I went home without any inkling of what my fate was to be. I knew that others were being considered for the part.

"And when, not long after this, the papers announced that a certain actor—not myself—had been chosen for it—well, another dream seemed gone. Then, one day, they sent for me to read it for Mr. Drinkwater. The theatre was being used, so we went down into the smoking-room; and, with Mr. Harris present, I went through some of the scenes. Mr. Drinkwater himself has been an actor, and he read one of the scenes with me, taking the part of the boy whom Lincoln pardons. When we had finished, I thought they might want to talk things over by themselves, so I borrowed the words which Mr. Drinkwater had given to Lincoln in the scene when the delegation comes to offer him the nomination for the Presidency:

"When you came, you did not know me. You may have something to say now that is not for my ears.

"And, with that, I left them.

"They tell me, now, that it was settled that morning that I should take the part. I did not know it then. But a few days more or less of anxiety and uncertainty can be lived through, when a man has been, as you might say, apprenticed to anxiety and hope-deferred for twenty-five years! So I got through the days somehow. And then—I was sent for to attend a rehearsal of the play! I had felt pretty hopeful—but I had not been sure until that summons came.

"When we opened in Stamford, Connecticut, November 25th, my wife wanted to go up for the first performance. You can imagine—or, rather, I don't think you *can* imagine what that night meant to us! It was going to be a terrific strain. I did not want her to go through it. And, as for me, I should be so conscious of *her* presence that I should not be able to think of anyone or anything else. So I vetoed her plan.

"That is, I thought I vetoed it. And it was not until later, in Washington, that a mutual friend unconsciously let the cat out of the bag. Without telling me, my wife and daughter *had* gone to Stamford and seen the first night's performance. So she had her wish and I was none the worse for it. She came to the first night in New York, too. But afterward she said that she had been to the play twice—and hadn't seen it yet! Because she was so busy all the time, *praying*, that she did not really know what happened on the stage.

'One of these days we shall be taking 'Abraham Lincoln' to San Francisco, and then I shall have the happiness of playing it for my father, who is now a fine old man, seventy-nine years of age. He wrote me a splendid letter about it. He saw Lincoln in 1856 and says—let me read it to you:

"'I saw him in 1856,' he says. 'It's a long time ago. My impression is, very tall, thin, straight, no fool, says what he means, and little or no gestures.'

"Notice how he uses the present tense, as if he visualizes Lincoln before him. He goes on to describe the clothing of that period, for I had asked him about that. Among other things, he says that turned-up trousers were considered 'vulgar.' Ideas change, don't they? I believe some people have said that the clothes I wear in the play are old ones. That is a compliment to their 'looking the part,' but in reality they are new ones, made to order. All except the hats, which were made for another occasion, although they were used only a few times.

"If I could have chosen any character, either real or purely of the stage, which I should most have wished to play, it would have been that of Abraham Lincoln. I have loved and reverenced him, as every true American does. I have read countless books about him and have listened eagerly to everythng I could learn of him from men who had seen him. I have tried to make him human, living, real. That so many seem to feel that I have succeeded is better compensation than any other possible achievement."

"Yes," I said, "I can understand that. It is the great thing to you in the success you are having now. But what else has come with it?"

I WASN'T expecting the answer I got. I had been wondering what he had brought out of these long years of discouragement—what seemed to be their lesson—in a way, their justification. But he thought I was asking what he was feeling now. And, after a moment's thought, he looked up, drew a long breath, and said:

"Relief!"

In that one word I read the whole story of a quarter of a century of walking the troubled ways of life: twenty-five years of fighting against disappointment, of fearing for those he loved, of waiting and seeking and losing. I remembered how, on the stage, when the news of Lee's surrender is brought to Lincoln, he says, with a depth of feeling which thrills the listeners, but in a voice scarcely more than a whisper: "For—four—years—life has been but the hope of this moment!" That was it, Relief! No wonder he can speak those lines as he does.

"Has the long struggle brought only that?" I asked. "Hasn't anything else come because of it?"

Instantly his face lighted with a wonderful smile.

"Yes!" he said. "Oh, yes! The *big* thing it has taught me is to have faith! For I can see now that it was all worth while. But," he added, "a man *must keep his faith, anyway*, even though he *never* comes to the point where he can see that the struggle has been worth while."

This is a full-size photograph of the 10-key keyboard on the Sundstrand Figuring Machine. The designating keys at either side are for further efficiency in handling various problems that arise. This keyboard is an exclusive Sundstrand development.

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10 Numerals

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

Place Your Fingers on This Life-Size 10-Key Sundstrand Keyboard

Here is an actual-size reproduction of the famous 10-key Sundstrand keyboard. Notice the simple, logical arrangement of the 10 keys. Now place your fingers on the keys.

To do any variety of figure work, you merely press the keys—26394 etc.—representing the numerals appearing in your problem—pull the handle. The machine automatically selects the proper column. The 10 keys are right under your finger tips. There is no searching for the proper key—no possibility of error—no delay in selecting from columns of keys.

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Have a Sundstrand man bring the machine to your office, so you can see for yourself what it will do for you. There's no obligation. Will you write today?

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The Cash Value of a Healthy Mouth

HE places it at $20,000 a year—for that is what he earns. Forty-five, but he works with the vigor of youth. He has the perfect health which permits the perfect functioning of body and brain.

Contrast him with the man of forty-five whose vitality is low, because of the unhealthy condition of his teeth.

Four out of five people over forty (both men and women) have Pyorrhea. This disease begins with tenderness and bleeding of the gums. Then the teeth decay and must be extracted to rid the system of the Pyorrhea germs.

Do not let Pyorrhea get established in your mouth. It is a preventable disease. Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time and used consistently. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth *up and down*. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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FOR THE GUMS
Checks Pyorrhea

The Family's Money

The Allowances We Give Our Children

By Clara Ingram Judson

DO YOUR children tease for money? Are they always asking you to let them buy things and do things you cannot afford? Are you tired of hearing them say, "*Why* can't I do this?" and "*Why* can't I have that?"

Don't blame them; blame yourself. It is perfectly possible to manage children so that they will never tease for money, and will be happy spending only what you can afford to let them spend.

When I have told people how we manage this matter in our family they have said they thought it was wonderful. But it isn't. It is simple and easy—if the parents are willing to play their part. But, compared with the trouble it takes, the results *are* wonderful. Our two daughters—they are just in their teens—know more now about how to spend money wisely, and how to avoid spending money unwisely, than a good many grown-up married women know about it.

When our elder child was still a baby, we decided that she was to have a careful training in spending money. And we also decided that the only way to give her that training was to give her an allowance. We began the allowance the first day she asked for a penny to spend—she was about four then—and we paid her the big sum of six pennies a week.

SHE was trained (not compelled, but trained) to *give* something and to *save* something out of every week's allowance; and she felt so rich, oh; so very, very rich with those six bright jingling pennies all her own (and more coming next Monday!) that it was not hard to teach her.

Her giving was most naturally to the Sunday-school; her saving was for her little bank. This was opened periodically and the contents taken down to a real bank, where a man in a window wrote her name and the number of pennies in a book which she had for her very own. Oh, yes! she easily understood it all. These days, the saving would be still easier, as thrift stamps are fun to buy and they certainly do count up!

This first allowance was so successful in making her interested in affairs financial that the allowance was soon doubled, then again doubled, and by the time she was seven she was buying all her handkerchiefs, stockings, garters, hair-ribbons, and rubbers. Even a hasty glancing at that list will show that it includes the articles most easily lost or spoiled by a heedless child.

We never gave her extra money in little "dribs." If we could afford to give her more than her allowance, we increased the allowance, so that she might have the pleasure and the educational privilege of planning her own expenditures.

The experiment was such a success that

The First Lesson

TO see that small daughter learns how to care for and preserve the healthy, rose-like skin which nature has given her, is mother's duty. She must teach her that *regular* cleansing with a pure wholesome soap is necessary if she would grow into charming womanhood with a skin that is still delicate and radiant.

From her own experience she knows that nothing can excel the delightfully refreshing lather of Resinol Soap. Her skin is soft and youthful, free from disfiguring blemishes, and will doubtless retain its beauty for years because she has learned the value of the regular use of this healthful soap.

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the second child received an allowance large enough for expenditures for clothing even sooner than the older child did. We found both children willing and eager to plan and to save when they had definite responsibility in the matter; indeed, they were even more saving than we ourselves would have been for them.

As a result of all this training of the children and of ourselves, we celebrated their twelfth birthdays by giving them an allowance large enough to provide for *all* their spending money and clothes, with the single exception of a winter coat. They keep accounts and report to us monthly totals for gifts, charity, clothing and sundries. We are satisfied to have them tell us these totals. We do not ask for detailed reports, for we feel that they deserve a fair amount of privacy in the matter of their spending, even though they are only sixteen and fourteen years old. Of course if they did not dress suitably, or if they asked to borrow money, we should have to do something about it. But our experience has shown that if children have had the systematic training before they are twelve years old, they will not *do* those two careless things.

They have learned so much about what *not* to do! They know that homemade underwear of good material lasts longer, and so is cheaper than ready-made wares. They know that if they want a party dress they must go without something else to make up. They know that sodas and sundaes certainly do "count up" and that their bodies are stronger and healthier for having so few. They know that one good dress is better than two tawdry ones, and that plain simple things look and wear the best. We don't have to preach this to them—they've learned it themselves!

Every New Year's Day, when we have a family conference and make out the budget for the new year, our girls know exactly what the family income is. They see in black and white what it is going to be used for during the coming year, and they get their fair chance to say what they want, and why. Then, after the amount of the allowance is settled, money questions *stay* settled.

OF COURSE it is a little bother—most worth-while things are when you come right down to it. But isn't it worth more than a little bother to know that your children are learning sound and sane financial habits? We think it is. In fact, it is really fun—in our family—to work out the budget and to carry it through; because we feel that we are partners, working together to get the most we can for "our" money.

There is only one way in which we give the children more than their allowance. And we don't *give* it to them even then. If, as occasionally has happened, they wished to do, and could do, work we should otherwise have hired done, we allowed them to do it, and we paid them the same we should otherwise have paid an outsider. As for the small jobs which so many parents have to bribe their children to do, or else hire done, we have no such situation in our family. The children have always been ready and willing to help in all the ways they could, because they felt that it was their home, and that they were just as much interested in running it economically as we were.

The American Magazine

June, 1920

JOHN M. SIDDALL, *Editor*

Vol. LXXXIX

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THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE
June, 1920

Stories of Winning and Losing in Wall Street

An interview with John Moody, the great financial expert and statistician, who says that in thirty years he has seen only one plunger make a fortune, and keep it. Don't speculate! Learn to invest!

By John Singleton

"IT MUST be," I said, "that in the course of your career you have seen a lot of speculating and gambling in the stock market."

The man to whom I said this was John Moody, known throughout the financial world as a statistician, analyst, and rater of securities of all kinds. And the reason I said it was that I knew that this year of 1920 marked his thirtieth in Wall Street.

"Yes," he smiled, "I have."

"What," I then asked him, "is your deliberate judgment, founded on your thirty years of experience, as to the wisdom shown by those who speculate in stocks?"

"Before I can answer that question," he replied, "we must have some understanding as to what we mean by speculation. In one sense of the word, speculation is practically identical with gambling. In another sense, it is not.

"For example, there is in Wall Street a class of professional speculators. Those who survive among them, do so because of a special fitness, partly gained from long experience, but largely due to natural qualifications. They are men with broad vision, keen powers of calculation, patient natures, cool judgment, and remarkable power of quick and decisive action. They do not act on tips, or so-called inside information, or on what they hear this big man is doing or is not doing. Much less do they ever play 'hunches.' They act on their careful study of individual properties, and more especially on their study of fundamental, world-wide conditions, and of the broad trend of business and public credit. This study is their vocation. They have capital to begin with, and they never assume risks threatening the extinction of their capital. If they buy on margin, you may be sure they have money in the bank, or liquid assets of some kind sufficient to protect their holdings in full. They sometimes take comparatively quick turns in the market, but what they mostly calculate on are the broad trends of greater or less duration; often they are content to wait for their profit for years. They are not hogs; if they make twenty-five or thirty-five per cent on their capital in the course of a year, they consider they have done well.

"NOW, this is a return which represents about the average received by men successfully engaged in mercantile businesses. Included in the twenty-five or thirty-five per cent is the natural earning of capital in interest; but what this return mostly is due to is that factor which in economics is technically called superintendence. That is to say, it is mostly a reward for the foresight, judgment, and general intelligence a man has to exercise in successfully superintending or directing his business. And the same thing holds good with the professional speculator. He makes money only as he makes speculation his business. Whether you approve of his particular business or not, the fact remains that what he gets is due to hard work intelligently directed. He is, indeed, more properly called a trader than a speculator. And it also is to be considered that if he is to make money on a scale which will compensate him for the study he has to devote to his business, he must have a large capital to begin with.

"There is just another principle here to which I would call attention before I go on. It is strictly in the interests of society that there be maintained a ready market for stocks and other securities, as well as for commodities of all kinds. As professional speculators or traders help to maintain such a market, and especially as their operations tend to keep the market from going to ruinous extremes up or down, then it can be said of them that for the money they make they render an equivalent in social service as well as in hard work.

"On the other hand, the speculation of the amateur is pretty certain to be gambling pure and simple. Let no man try to fool himself: if he takes a flyer in stocks because someone has given him a tip on the market, or he hears that some big trader is doing this or that, or he has a general hunch that the market is going up or down, or he sees other people rushing to buy or to sell, or he has what he thinks is inside information about a particular stock, he is just as much of a gambler as if he went into a house to play roulette. Not only this, but regardless of what your knowledge or study may be, you never can be doing anything else but gambling when you buy on margin, and the margin you put up represents all or nearly all of your available capital. Obviously, this must be the fact; for, under these circumstances, any sharp turn in the market is likely to wipe you out, and such turns are impossible for any man entirely to foresee.

"Now," added Mr. Moody, "I assume that you do not want me to preach you any sermon on the folly of gambling, but want me to tell you the facts."

"Yes," I replied, "by all means let us have the facts."

"WELL," he said, "in all my thirty years in Wall Street, I positively know of only one man who, beginning with a 'shoe string,' set out to make a fortune by plunging in the market, and got away with it. Of course, I have seen millions of dollars made through such plunging or gambling; but this man is the only one I know of who made a fortune in this way, *and kept it.*

"No good end will be served by our closing our eyes to the fact that the phenomenal sometimes happens. There was something phenomenal about this man from the beginning. In 1902, when he was about forty, he had been dabbling in stocks for more than ten years, and instead of being ruined was just about where he was when he started. Unusually lucky though he had been, he of course did not have much reason to be satisfied. He decided that in the future he would ignore all tips, study fundamental conditions, and rely on his own judgment.

"All the available capital he had was five thousand dollars. With this he entered the stock market at the bottom of the slump of 1903. As the market rose in the latter part of 1904, his profits grew, and he pyramided; that is, used his profits to add to his holdings. In 1905 and 1906, as the market kept on climbing, he seemed to have uncanny judgment as to what stocks to buy; he took long chances, bought again and again, traded for the short swings, as they say, and seldom, if ever, made even a minor mistake. In December, 1906, when the market was at the extreme top, he had paper profits of three hundred thousand dollars. Suddenly he cashed in, saying, prophetically, that the year 1907 would see the worst panic Wall Street ever had known. He put all his money into high-grade bonds, and went to Europe.

"In November of 1907, when the panic was over, he again returned to the Street, and again bought stocks right and left. As prices rose in 1908 and 1909, he increased his holdings, and just before the bear movement of 1910 started, sold out. This time he had more than a million dollars to his credit. He again invested his money in high-grade bonds, and from that day to this, so far as my information goes, has kept his fortune intact. In the war-boom period of 1915, he was asked why he did not come back to make another fortune. 'Not for the chance of making ten million dollars would I return,' he said.

"IT IS to be observed that, beginning with 1903, this man made himself a student of fundamental conditions and, ignoring all tips, inside information, and outside advice, acted on his own judgment, which was remarkably good, and had the perseverance and the moral courage to stick to the line of action, covering a period of years, that he had mapped out for himself. Thus he, to a large extent, put himself into that class of professional traders I have described, and the fortune he made hardly can be attributed to mere gambling or pure luck. At that, when we consider his start and the chances he took, we must view his record as a phenomenal one, and certainly he since has exhibited phenomenal strength of mind in clinging to his fortune. However, there is one thing more about this man we must not fail to consider."

"What is that?" I asked, as Mr. Moody paused and smiled grimly.

"He isn't dead yet."

"I suppose," I said, "you have seen too many fortunes made and later lost to count any speculator lucky until he is safely tucked away in his grave."

"That is it exactly. What I have observed from the beginning is that there is something like a curse on all easy money, or money that is made without your rendering an equivalent for it in hard work. Such money creates a kind of fever which confuses your intellect, warps your judgment, makes you deaf to the dictates of common sense, unfits you for honest work of any kind, and generally prevents you from leading a sane, normal life. Here is an example of how one's wits are befuddled by money quickly gained:

"During the big war bull market of 1915, a certain man of my acquaintance began to speculate in the 'war babies,' that is, the stocks of corporations made suddenly prosperous through the manufacture of munitions. This man had been in Wall Street for many years, was pretty shrewd, was in no sense a greenhorn. His original capital was $500. With this he plunged; was lucky; pyramided, and continued lucky. On September 15, 1915, he had paper profits of approximately $800,000. There was nothing fictitious about these profits; his transactions were all with first-class brokerage houses; his accounts, which I saw, were correct, and were protected by large margins. On that day he could have cashed in completely within an hour.

"I had a long talk with him that day, urging him to sell out everything he had, put all his capital into good investment bonds or good bank loans, and get away from Wall Street for a couple of years at least. This he half promised to do, but finally said, 'I'll go home and sleep on it.'

"I DIDN'T see him again for a couple of weeks. When he walked in, I said, 'Well, did you cash in?'

"'Not on your life,' he replied. 'I am not such a piker as you took me for. What is eight hundred thousand dollars? Why, I have just begun. I'm going to make eight million dollars before this bull market is over. Look at all the big men with their millions!—they didn't get their money by being pikers. Would Harriman have left eighty millions if he had been a piker? Where would Morgan be if he were a piker?'

"So he went on talking his drool. He was as delirious as if he were in the grip of typhoid. He went back into the market on a huge scale, loaded himself up with thousands of shares, and pyramided. In six months he was dead broke.

"Here is another typical case:

"In the summer and fall of 1909 there was a big bull movement in United States Steel common, the stock moving up from about 50 to above 94. Rumors were rife about the fortunes that certain big men had made in the market. As is always the case, tips to buy Steel became more common as the stock reached a higher price, and by the time the big fellows all had sold out, the little fish were just getting in. More stock was bought on tips after it had crossed 90 than during the entire climb up from 50. It hovered between 90 and 94 for weeks; and this was the time when the little fellow was loading up beyond his capacity, was risk-

Where Do You and I Come in on This List?

WHEN it comes to selling "get-rich-quick" stocks Mr. Moody says that experience has shown that, aside from women, the most vulnerable class is made of ministers, doctors, teachers, and other professional people. What makes these people "easy" is, of course, their lack of familiarity with business principles. Mr. Moody goes on:

"But there are others, as is well known by the concerns which make a business of supplying classified lists of prospective investors, lists that often fall into the hands of slick gentlemen who have shady mining and oil propositions. These lists are classified into $10 investors, $25 to $100 investors, $100 to $500 investors, and investors having up to $10,000 or more.

"The $10 investors mostly are made up of those who are in the habit of taking occasionally a flyer to this extent; their idea being that what they invest may turn out to yield a big profit, but that in any event their loss will be small. This class particularly appeals to the swindler, for the reason that even if his scheme is exposed, the amounts individually invested are so small that it would not pay any single person to appeal to the law, and such investors are too widely scattered or too unintelligent or indifferent to act in concert. The number of names on these $10 lists sometimes runs up into the hundreds of thousands. They are the principal means for floating all schemes of the cheaper and more openly fraudulent variety.

"The $25 to $100 lists are made up of Methodist and Baptist ministers, country doctors, teachers, barbers, waiters, nurses, and others who are able to set aside up to $100 a year. Such a list is used for slightly more pretentious schemes, and schemes which now and then may not be utterly devoid of merit.

"The $100 to $500 lists are made up of college teachers and professors, Episcopal and Presbyterian ministers, the more prosperous doctors, small Wall Street lambs, mercantile clerks, some country merchants and other thrifty people who annually accumulate a few hundred dollars. In addition to being used for the promotion of more pretentious frauds, such lists sometimes are used to promote perfectly sound and legitimate enterprises.

"The lists covering people having up to $10,000 or more largely explain themselves. These lists often are used by schemers; but as the people on them usually are those who are more cautious or have a wider business experience, they are not particularly popular with the get-rich-quick fraternity."

ing all he could beg or borrow in the hope of seeing the stock rise to 150, as he had been tipped.

About the time the stock was holding well around 93, a man from the South called on me. He said he had bought Steel in small lots all the way up from 60, and at that time had 600 shares, representing a profit to him of roughly nine thousand dollars. He had done this with an original capital of one thousand dollars. I told him that, aside from the fact that the bull market was stale and a crash was plainly in sight to any man who analyzed conditions intelligently, the tips were altogether too plentiful to warrant confidence in the situation. And my advice to him was to sell out immediately, take the first train for his Southern home, and forget Wall Street. He said he would do so; but next morning he again called and announced that he had changed his mind. Said he:

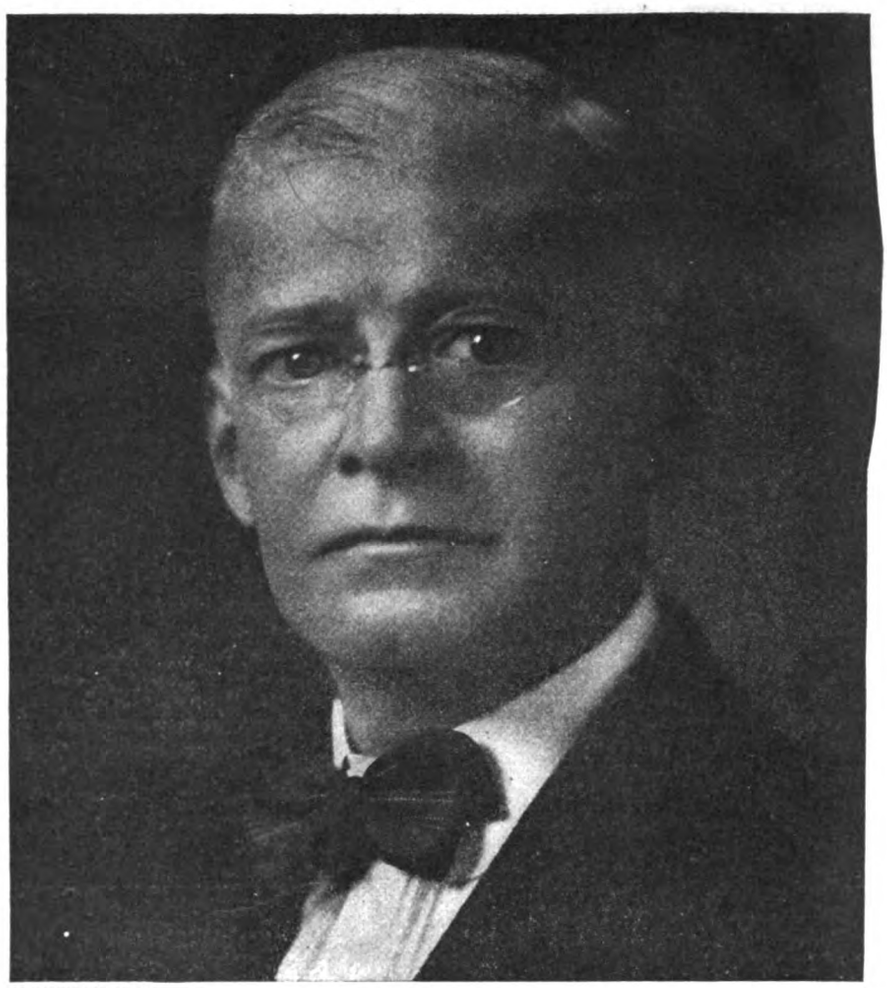
"'Twenty-four hours in New York have opened my eyes. After I left you yesterday afternoon I went directly to my hotel. In the café were many men, brokers and others, who were talking about the stock market. All said they were buying Steel. In the dining-room the waiter confided to me that he got many tips from the big men who came in there, and at present was loaded up with Steel, and was buying more. That evening I went to the theatre and overheard bullish comment on Steel. I went into a haberdasher's this morning to buy a pair of suspenders, and was offered a brand which they had labeled, 'U. S. Steel.' All the clerks in that store were buying Steel, or already had profits in it. In short, I find that New Yorkers by the thousands are buying this stock, and if this is so it's no time to sell. They are close to things and ought to know. I may be from the 'corn,' but I'm not going to let a chance of a lifetime like this slip by. So I have doubled my holdings, and shall camp here until the stock crosses 125, which I am told it will do in a week.'

"WITHIN a few days after this, the whole stock market began to go to pieces. Steel common never saw 94 again on that movement, and did not stop going down until the following summer, when it touched the low price from which the movement had started. In fact, it never again rose above 94 until five years later, and in the meantime was quoted as low as 30. The man from the South was cleaned out completely.

"Now," continued Mr. Moody, "you probably have little sympathy to waste on men like that Southerner; but the really pitiable cases are those of the clerks and the salesman to whom he referred.

"During the wild orgy of speculation which preceded the famous Northern Pacific corner of May 9th, 1901, I had in my employ as a salesman for my Manual a young man of about thirty. He never had made over thirty dollars a week in his life, and had no capital. Nevertheless, he used to haunt the bucketshops, and about this time got a 'straight tip' to buy Steel. He raised a hundred dollars somehow, and put it up in the bucketshop. From that instant his profits began to pile up. He knew nothing about the merits of stocks, but everything was going up, and he simply shut his eyes and bought. The bucketshop urged him to pyramid, as they always do, so there will be no chance for you to get away with any profits. In two months that young man's profits were over eighteen thousand dollars. He was wild with excitement, was going to make a million. He couldn't work, he could hardly eat or sleep. He hung over the ticker all day, watching his fortune pile up. The higher stocks went, the less necessary it seemed to him to sell. I urged him to cash in, and leave Wall Street. But, no; he must make his fortune first. I urged him to sell part of his stocks. But, no; the arguments of the bucketshop people carried the day.

"Then, just as (*Continued on page 82*)



PHOTOGRAPH BY MOFFETT.

JOHN MOODY

FEW could be in a better position than John Moody to give you some real inside pointers about stock speculation, and what to do and not to do if you would take care of your surplus funds.

Thirty of his fifty-one years of life have been spent in Wall Street, and during at least twenty of these years his special statistical, analyzing, and rating work has made it necessary for him to take a cool, unprejudiced view of what goes on there.

Born in Jersey City, he at twenty-one began his Wall Street career as a "stamp-licker and errand-runner" for a banking house. With this house, one of the oldest and most conservative in the Street, he remained for ten years; being promoted to assistant bookkeeper, to head bookkeeper, to assistant cashier, to cashier, and to head of the selling department.

After he had organized for this banking house a statistical department, he branched out on his own account with a manual giving the statistics of industrial stocks and bonds, the first of its kind. This standard reference book, which first was published in 1900, continues to be known as "Moody's Manual," though John Moody himself, at the time of the financial panic of 1907, found it necessary to surrender all his interest in it.

Following the 1907 panic, he was inspired with an entirely new idea. This was that of getting up, in connection with a general service for investors, books that would not merely present the statistics of securities, but would minutely analyze the statistics and rate the securities as to their investment value, much as mercantile businesses are rated in Bradstreet's and Dun's. His first rating book was devoted to railway securities, and being successful from the start soon was followed by others devoted to public utility, industrial, government, and municipal securities. So came into existence, and continued to be published annually, those huge tomes which make an ordinary man sick to look at, but now are the common possession of banks, insurance companies, and others who frequently buy or lend money on securities.

It is plain that a man to be suited for such work must have, besides an analytical, studious mind, a patient, painstaking, and thorough nature. And if his ratings of securities and judgment as to general market conditions are to have any value for such institutions as savings banks and insurance companies, he must be above suspicion of having any interested motives, and be able to balance and weigh uninfluenced by any excitement which may be raging around him.

That is John Moody exactly. In one of the most excitable environments in the world, he habitually preserves an unruffled calm. He watches unmoved the fortunes of those who come and go in Wall Street, and whether there be a boom or a panic, he is concerned only with getting at the causes thereof. In the accompanying article he gives you the benefit of his ripe experience, and tells many illuminating stories of those who have tried to get rich by "playing the market."

They fell quite often now. It was always a fresh battle to get up. had to stagger back and jerk Bronough to his feet. "Just a

"Never Stop—Never Give Up"

A story of grit

By Edison Marshall

ILLUSTRATION BY J. HENRY

THERE is but one passenger train a day plying on the branch line to City-of-Lakes. Like the water fowl to the marshes, it arrives in the early night and departs in early morning. To-night it was late.

It was snowing—Oregon snow—white, soft, wet flakes that smother a wind shield and fill the eyes. The drifts would be deep before morning. But the passengers on the train weren't worrying about this fact. The deep snow comes as regularly to these Oregon tablelands as the birds in the spring; and the people know how to go about their business through two feet of level snow with high overshoes and high hearts. Many of them had snow-shoes hanging behind their kitchen doors, for use in emergencies. At present they were warm and snug and companionable in the close air of the three day coaches.

There was a standard sleeping car behind; but it was a curious fact that it was almost empty of passengers. It was not that these travelers could not afford its use. Many of them had ranches that a fast horseman, riding all day, could not encircle. But the sleeping car, to their eyes, was rather cold and formal, and all these people—good friends of one another, if not by previous acquaintance, by the frontier comradeship of the journey—were making a sort of "sociable" out of their homecoming. They passed around their lunches and their stories; and if the air was close they breathed it and didn't mind.

There were, however, two men sitting in the smoking compartment of the sleeper. They had no place in the friendly company in the coaches in front. A glance would have revealed them as men of the great Outside world—Eastern men of a certain type—and they didn't make a habit of striking up acquaintance with fellow passengers.

No one could have looked at them and doubted that they were successful men, possibly men of position and wealth. Yet there was no vulgar display; they would have been as intolerant of that as of the

It was so pleasant to lie still and forget. . . . Once the stranger little way farther," he promised, "we're almost to the creek"

fraternization in the day coaches. Their clothes were the best that Eastern tailors could produce, perfectly cut and fitted, in perfect taste as to shade and style. Neither of them was laden with jewelry, such as certain of the Oregon cattle men were wont to acquire on sudden wealth. One of them, the larger physically and evidently the stronger character of the two, wore a single white diamond.

Both were in the prime of life. Bronough, the more slender of the two, was touched with gray at the temples, but evidently prematurely. Bishop, however, except for the extra flesh on his formidable body, was not touched with any mark of age. It would be hard to guess his weight. He was six feet tall, with broad shoulders and a wrestler's neck—and prosperity had added fifty pounds to an already powerful frame. There had been laborers in plenty among his antecedents, forgotten or unreverenced as they were they had bequeathed him a physical hardihood. He had a rather handsome face, and its only defect would not be noticed at the first glance. It was just a hint of brutality about the heavy jaws and the thick lips. He sat with eyes straight ahead. Bronough, evidently a subordinate, watched him for the side seat.

"Why should a man like Austin retire to these wilds for a full month in the holiday season," Bishop demanded irritably. "Even by hiring the launch to-night, this adventure is going to cost us three days."

"But they won't be lost, if Austin comes through," Bronough returned. "He's one of those nature-nuts, I suppose. They say John Austin, Senior, put the cost of a steam yacht into this shooting-bungalow of his on the lake shore. And now his son comes up every year for the December shooting."

BISHOP grunted. "At least we can be glad that it's the son, and not the old man, that we have to do business with. John Austin, Senior, would crimp this deal of ours at the first glance—if he were alive. He had the eye of a hawk."

"But you've never met this son of his," Bronough suggested. "He's got the old man's blood in him."

"I've never met him, but I know. He's not naturally suspicious. Millionaires' sons never are—and the dynasty has come to him without effort on his part. No one but old Austin himself could have seen around the corner in this affair of ours. Look how it went by the Seats of the Mighty in the Capital—it's beautiful, Bronough! It cheers me up every time I think of it."

"That they should be so blind—"

"Blind nothing! There's absolutely no loophole for Austin and his friends to see what's behind it. The only way they could know is by the *feel*—if you know what I mean. It would have to be an instinct, not just sharp business sense—something the older Austin had, but in all probability his son hasn't. To-morrow night at this time, we'll have his signature, and the thing will be done."

The great form sank lower in the seat. His voice, rising for a moment in enthusiasm, had lowered again until it was almost guttural. He had been told that John Austin, Junior, was a kindly, companionable sort, and that the Bishop project would pass his inspection just as it had that of his subordinates. He didn't stop to think that the very love of the marshes and the lakes that brought the young millionaire across the continent every winter must imply some hardihood of spirit. Soft men do not love the tule wastes, the whirling snows, and the icy winds.

Bishop had no more closely guarded secret than his own humble origin. Yet in his mind he held no high opinion of the business force and ability of the second generation of wealth. Young Austin would fail to see the real (*Continued on page 199*)

The Fun of a Large Family

There are nine of us in mine—the general manager, seven junior partners, and your humble servant

By Tom Daly

ON A FINE September evening in 1910, I was traveling from Dublin to Rosslare, along the southeastern coast of Ireland. About midway of the journey the train stopped at a little station, the name of which I have long since forgotten.

Waiting on the platform was a bridal party of three—a sweet-faced, modest, and capable-looking bride, a bumptious, self-satisfied bridegroom, and a gentle, white-haired old man, who seemed to be the father of the groom. The ancient was remonstrating with the younger man.

"Now, Barney," said he, "let Mary have a word to say now an' agin. She has a mind of her own, and—"

Barney stopped him with a grand gesture and announced to all the world within hearing that "the man's the man."

The old father shook his head; and there was wisdom in the smile he turned upon Mary, as he helped her into the second-class coach. Barney followed with the luggage, and the train puffed on its way, leaving the old man waving fare-ye-wells from the platform. I saw no more of any of them, but later I had talk with a gossip in my compartment, who claimed to be a crony of the ancient, and from what he told me I built up a picture of the old man, returning to his lonely fireside and soliloquizing in this fashion:

The Man's the Man

"The man's the man!" my Barney says—
An' Barney's newly married—
He's the wan that knows the ways
The burdens should be carried.
"Let the woman wear the grace
An' pleasin' pranks o' beauty,
Yet be mindful of her place
An' of her wifely duty;
By the crown within my hat,
The chief of all our riches,
I'll be king o' this an' that;
An' sure I'll wear the breeches;
Yes, an' need be, I can teach
The Spanish way o' walkin'!"
There's my Barney's manful speech—
I listen to him talkin'.

"The man's the man!" my Barney says,
An', faith, my thoughts are carried
Back to well-remembered days,
When I was newly married;
An' there's wan, that's lookin' down
Upon this house this minute,
Knows who was it wore the crown
The whiles herself was in it,
Dull I was, but plain as day
'Tis now I'm seein' through it,
How she let me have her way,
An' sure I never knew it;
Puffed wid pride as I could be,
An' struttin' 'round an' squawkin',
"Man's the man!" sez I, an' she—
She listened to me talkin'.

With that for a clue, even the casual reader should be able to lay an index finger upon the chief contributing cause of the brilliant success of which this is an autobiographical record.

THE distinguished subject of this sketch, donning his eighteen-dollar wedding garment in the tiny hall room of his bachelorhood, must not be imagined as attitudinizing before the glass and proudly announcing his determination to be a leader among the successful fathers. He had no such thought. Indeed, like many another before and since, he had little thought at all. He was mostly an irresponsible yearning, rich only in the splendid audacity of youth. In one pocket—the lower right-hand pocket of his waistcoat—he had a plain gold ring; in another a wallet containing $69, which was three weeks' salary in advance, and railroad passes galore for himself "and wife." That was all, but it was enough. Would it be to-day? It would; other things being equal.

By "other things" I mean not only the cost of living, but those intangible assets—health, compatibility of temperament, determination, mutual helpfulness—which make up the sum of the safest working capital for one embarking upon this spiritual enterprise. The successful father who boasts that he "started married life on a shoe string" isn't telling the exact truth; he forgets to take account of the heart strings. Every so-called self-made man of whatever sort is inclined to throw on "side" a bit. I catch myself at it, even here. A moment ago I gave the impression that all the money capital I had to start in business with was $69. In addition to that we had the first month's rent paid, and owned a couple of hundred dollars' worth of furniture, linen, silver and glassware, including the inevitable duplicate pickle dishes which always turned up at weddings toward the close of the nineteenth century.

But, after all, what has worldly gear to do with this story? Let's leap over these sordid details, and hereafter touch upon them as little as possible. The family is a close corporation built up of flesh and blood and spirit, and its chief asset is "good will" rather than "furniture and fixtures" or "stocks and bonds." So then, this firm, established under such modest auspices in June, 1896, took in its first junior partner on the last day of March of the following year. This very young apprentice was named Leonard. For some time he was merely a "sleeping partner"—when he wasn't eating. He was a good feeder, but his keep scarcely increased the overhead expenses at all.

Indeed, right here at the outset a curious fact became apparent, which repeated itself upon the occasion of the admission of each new partner to the firm, in the years that followed: Every one of them brought along an addition to the working capital. The head of the firm, it is true, may have had to extend his daily prowling about to find it, but it was always there. Creature comforts, never wholly lacking at any time, began to grow more plentiful. Within two years the firm had moved from the little house in which it had first established itself to another more commodious and attractive. In less than a year it had moved again—a fine three-story house this time.

NOW, all these movings had been within a narrow circle, the center of which was the house where the two original members of the firm had planned their partnership, and where the grandparents of the younger partners were still living.

It soon became clear that these grandparents were interfering with business. They were spoiling the juniors and disrupting the organization. Besides, the growing establishment was located in a closely built-up city neighborhood surrounded by distractions and dangers.

Big flat-wheeled trolley cars rumbled by the door, the streets were none of the cleanest, and the air was not as fresh and pure as could be wished. So, within half a dozen years of the start, the firm moved away from all these handicaps into bucolic Germantown, and it has flourished there ever since. In a little while the grandparents followed; but by that time they were chastened and harmless, and their last days were full of gentle resignation, peace and cheer.

With the present firm still intact and no member of it as yet showing more than a vague inclination to branch off and set up in business for himself, the "president of the corporation" is asked to look back over the books and tell what he has got out of the business for himself. I am a very rich man, but how rich not even I can say. I have been, and still am, the chief beneficiary. Of that I am absolutely certain. My one fear is that the eight, no, nine, others who have contributed to my success have not drawn the dividends they have deserved. But all this sounds too sobby, and there have been surprisingly few sobs in this firm's history. We've had more fun than a box of monkeys, and we're still having it.

But let me (*Continued on page 226*)

Photograph by James L. Dillon, Phila., Pa.

Tom Daly and His Family

TOM DALY has won fame and a host of friends as a writer of poems full of humor and genuine sentiment. His readings of his own poems have delighted scores of audiences all over the country. He was born in Philadelphia, in 1871, and lives in Germantown, a suburb of that city. His poems have been published in five volumes, beginning with "Canzoni," in 1906. The latest one is "McAroni Ballads," published last November. Mr. Daly gives his wife the title of "General Manager" of the family firm.

Photograph by Gibson, Chicago

W. H. Leffingwell

MR. LEFFINGWELL is one of the country's leading experts in office management. He was born in Michigan, and at seventeen began work as a stenographer. Later, he had a wide business experience in this country and in Europe. About ten years ago he became interested in Scientific Management, as developed by Frederick W. Taylor, and began to apply the principles of the Taylor system to office organization. He is the author of "Scientific Office Management" and the inventor of many devices for use in office work, which he does not patent, but gives to his clients. His office is in New York City.

Exactly Why Some Are Promoted—and Others Are Not

An interview with a great expert in business management who has studied the inside workings of scores of big offices. What he has to say will be of practical value to tens of thousands of AMERICAN MAGAZINE readers

As reported by Frank B. Copley

FEW men realize how easy it is to get one's self promoted."

Coming from W. H. Leffingwell, this statement has special significance. For Mr. Leffingwell is in a line of work which, above all others, puts a man in a position to understand the points of view of both employer and employee. He is a specialist in the application of scientific methods of office management. It is his job to "camp out" in offices of all kinds for greater or lesser periods, and to subject all that goes on in these places to what he himself calls a "microscopic" examination.

Naturally, he has to look at things through the eyes of the employer; but it is nevertheless the fact that his ability to produce results depends strictly upon his ability to establish friendly relations with the mass of employees and to look at things through their eyes also.

"I know," he said to me, "that people are suspicious of 'short cuts' and 'royal roads.' We rightfully feel that no one way is in itself the only way, or an absolutely sure way. No matter how valuable a thing may be in itself, it must be supported by other things.

"But I believe there is one course an employee can take which, provided he supports it with ordinary qualities of industry, common sense, tact, and especially *perseverance*, is practically certain to lead to his promotion. It may not seem novel, or sound impressive. But before you pass judgment on it, let me tell you all there is in it.

"What I would say to every man seeking promotion is this: Set out diligently and systematically to suggest to your employer ideas which he may be able to use in his business.

"Look at the thing from the viewpoint of the employer. The people who work for him are likely to think that he is in pretty soft. Few realize the load that he ordinarily carries. His business—or his department, if he is the manager of one—is to him as a child. He dreads that it may not make good, or that it may not continue to make good. Well, here comes Mr. Employee with suggestions for the business that is Mr. Employer's child. Suppose the first suggestions are *not* very good. At least they show that Mr. Employee is *interested*. And the parent whose heart does not warm to those who are interested in his child is a mighty exceptional one.

"More than this, those suggestions indicate to the employer that he has a man who is not working simply for the money he gets. They make him feel that he has a man who is *willing to give*. I wonder how many of us realize what there is in the saying, 'Give, and it shall be given unto you.'

"Now let us consider the employee himself. Of course, if he keeps on making suggestions that are not very good they won't be of much help in getting him anywhere. If he keeps coming across with *fool* suggestions, he will irritate, not commend himself, to his superior. You may say that not everyone *can* make good suggestions, or have valuable ideas. But I say emphatically that the ability to make good suggestions is mainly a habit which any man with a normal brain can acquire. It is chiefly a matter of *mental attitude*.

"The ordinary mental attitude is that of accepting things just as they are, of not looking beneath the surface, of having little or no belief that things can be made better. And such an attitude effectually prevents any ideas from being born.

"Let us change this attitude. Let us take nothing for granted. Let us plaster everything over with question marks. Let us look at things not merely with the outward eye but with the brain. Let us all the time be asking 'Why?' Let us make this our creed: 'I believe that things can be (*Continued on page 241*)

Pretty Girls—and Clerks Who Appear Lazy

FOLLOWING is an interesting passage from Mr. Leffingwell's interview:

"What about pretty girls in an office?" Mr. Leffingwell was asked. "Some say that they should never be employed, as they prove too distracting."

"No," he replied, "I would not say, never employ a pretty girl. What I *would* say is, never employ a *vain* girl! If a girl is vain of her looks she is sure to coquette and it is the coquette who is the distraction. A girl may be as pretty as a picture, and yet prove no distraction to anyone, provided her mind is not on her looks but strictly on her business. One of the finest business young women I ever knew was positively beautiful But as her whole air was absolutely businesslike, no man presumed to take any liberties with her. Parents having a pretty daughter need have no fear about her entering business, if she has good principles, is serious-minded about her work, and is made to realize the need of always conducting herself in a businesslike way. Girls who are insulted in business nearly always bring it on themselves by something in their own mind or conduct."

Returning to the subject of his high regard for young clerks in general, Mr. Leffingwell said:

"The manager who complains of having lazy or inefficient clerks really shows up his own shortcomings. If a healthy person *seems* to be lazy, it is because he has not found his niche, or is doing work that he does not find interesting. It is the business of the management to place the clerks at work for which they are adapted. And there is no kind of work that cannot be made interesting to those who *are* adapted to it. It would require too much discussion of the pure technic of management for me to attempt to prove this latter statement, but it can be accepted as a fact. What I want to make plain is that where there is trouble in an office it nearly always can be traced to the shortcomings of the management. Managers are far more often at fault than are the clerks."

HOW'S THIS FOR A RESIDENCE?

Ed Burge lived here six years—and liked it! Once a ship shoved her nose half way through his bedroom in the middle of the night. Visitors of that kind were frequent, and he had other exciting adventures with ice, wind, and rip-roaring storms. He was twenty-nine days all stark alone in one lighthouse. He says that the great drawback to the job is—guess!—flies. There are millions of 'em

Could You Live Alone, Like Ed Burge?

With the glow of New York's lights in the sky, could you be contented out in a waste of waters, or on a strip of deserted beach? What a lighthouse keeper sees and what he thinks of the world you and I live in

By Hugh S. Fullerton

THE slender wooden tower shivered under the pounding of a cold nor'easter. The roar of kerosene, burning under heavy pressure, mingled with the howling of the gale. Particles of wind-driven ice slatted with a sound like distant machine-gun fire against the tower.

In front, along the beach, black masses of water rushed shoreward and smashed into white atoms as they broke, booming, upon the beach. The ray of steely white light pierced a hole in the blackness that lay over the Lower Bay of New York. Four nautical miles out, on the edge of Ambrose Channel, the seaward glare of the huge reflector of West Bank Light showed only moth-white in the thickness of the storm.

Three and a half miles down shore, the light on Old Orchard Shoals was a vague radiance in the smother of snow and spindrift. The lights on Sandy Hook and on the lightships at the channel entrances, were blotted out. Away to the north a cloud of misty white hung in the sky—the mirage of the Great White Way.

"Doesn't it get lonely at times? Don't you want to get away and go to the theatres, to the movies?"

"I see all the movies I want," said Ed Burge. "The greatest movies in the world—every night."

He said it so quietly that the force of his remark was almost lost upon me. He says and does everything that way—this big, quiet veteran of the lighthouse service. To him everything is matter of fact—all in the day's work. He has seen and lived the romance, the adventure, the perils of the service, but he never speaks of them in those terms.

FOR thirty-four years, ever since June, 1886, this man has been an operator projecting the light upon the screen of the Lower Bay of New York, guarding the commerce of the world as it moves in and out through the busiest channels on the globe. His lens has shown the pomp of navies, the pride of great ocean liners, the majesty of great sailing ships, the comedy, the burlesque, and often the tragedy, of fussy tugs, of clumsy tows, of little cargo boats.

I wanted to know what a man thinks of the world and its affairs when, all alone out in a waste of wild waters, he watches it something as a boy, alone in a top gallery, looks down at a play. For thirteen years he was keeper in the Twin Lights on Navesink, the first lights that greet the ocean traveler as he approaches the entrance to New York Bay. For two and a half years he was keeper on Old Orchard Shoals light while West Bank light, which he christened, was being built near the entrance to Ambrose Channel. He was the first keeper there and served, mostly alone, on that tower for six years. For the past thirteen years he has been keeper of the Elm Tree light on the Swash Channel range.

Elm Tree is a shore light on the New Dorp beach of Staten Island. When a keeper has grown old in the service, the Powers reward him by giving him charge of a shore light—a back light on a range; but it seems to me Ed Burge is lonely on shore, and longs to be out again in his old solitary berth on West Bank, or some offshore tower. He does not say so. He has a reputation in the Lighthouse Service of never complaining; but he told me a story:

"Had a little dog once—fox terrier. Got him when he was a pup and I was over on Old Orchard Shoals. Took him with me out to West Bank when it was first built, and raised him out there. You couldn't get that dog to live ashore. Sometimes when I took him with me after supplies, he'd run down to the edge of the water and look out toward the light, and whine. As the light dimmed at night, or

the fog signals stopped, he'd bark and tear around.

"He recognized a lot of boats, too, and would bark to the tugs he knew. I used to tie a flag to his tail, and he'd run out onto the gallery and wave signals. He always slept outside, on the gallery, no matter how stormy it was, and watched the light and the boats. He was a lot of company.

"When I was transferred to Elm Tree I brought him ashore with me, but he wouldn't live here. He was homesick, so I had to take him out and give him to the new keeper on West Bank. He lived on the offshore lights for eleven years. Then the keeper brought him ashore, and he died in three days.

"I reckon that's the way with most of us. I know I always was glad to get back after being ashore for a time.

"Yes, a fellow has plenty of time to think, and plenty of things to think about when he's on an offshore light; but you can't exactly call it being lonely. I have been a month alone in a light, and I've been a lot lonelier the few times I have been up-town in New York. The fellow who has his work to do, his light to keep in order, his supplies to attend to, his painting and cooking and carpentering and watching his channel, hasn't much time to fret about what he is missing, or to envy other folks.

"Tending to other people's business is unnecessary work, anyhow, and as for being lonely the fellow who can't keep himself busy and contented wouldn't be busy or contented anyhow. Seems to me, a big part of the trouble in the world comes from men wanting to tend to other people's business, or to be something else than what they are.

"WHEN a man has a family ashore to think of and to earn for, there's no use wasting time thinking of what he might be doing.

"On nice nights, when I was out there on West Bank, I would watch the lights way across the bay on Coney Island, or the glow over New York, and maybe think it would be nice to be there; but if I had been ashore I wouldn't have had the money to go to those places, and if I had gone the chances were that I wouldn't have fitted in. The way I look at it, there is no use wasting time wishing that you were someone else, or somewhere else, or something else.

"I reckon a man makes himself what he is. Maybe circumstances help to make him, but generally he is what he chooses to be. Circumstances couldn't hold him if he wanted hard enough to be something else. Generally a man finds the work he is best fitted for, although most men think the other way. If a fellow makes good at the work he is doing, he may have some claim to think he ought to be doing bigger things; but most of those I've known, who thought they were cut out for big jobs, aren't making good at the small ones. The point is that someone has to do every job. It may not sound big, or pay big money, but every job is important. A mud scow is necessary to New York, just as an ocean liner is.

"Take being keeper of a lighthouse, for instance. It's a sort of an easy job—at least those who never kept a light say it is. There isn't much to do most of the time. But when there *is* something to do, it counts.

PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC.

ED BURGE

A hardy, weatherbeaten lighthouse keeper who has seen thirty-four years of service. For more than thirty of those years he has been at lighthouses near New York Harbor, where a constant procession of shipping passes his front—and only—door. He says he is never lonesome, never has to dodge taxicabs, is never afraid of tramps or burglars, and can see every day and night a show that beats all the movies in the world

PHOTO BY INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE, INC.

WHERE ED BURGE LIVES NOW

For the past thirteen years Burge has kept the Elm Tree Light on Staten Island, near New York City. Notice the bleak and beaten tree that gives the light its name. This is a shore light, for Ed Burge, after thirty-four years of service, is entitled to the easier berths. Yet he really misses not being in a battered, storm-beaten offshore light

It teaches a man to rely on himself and to do things for himself. Maybe there isn't a big, important thing to do more than once in a year; but waiting three hundred and sixty-four days, twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes, so as to be sure to be on the job in that other minute, is hard enough.

"But it isn't a bad job; though, of course, on an offshore light one hasn't any close neighbors. Fact is, if it wasn't for the flies I'd think it was a pretty *good* job. . . . Flies? Worst place in the world for flies! They swarm by millions on lights miles off shore until the keepers pray for a gale of wind to sweep them away.

"A fellow has lots of time to think, and out there, alone on the water, with the ocean and the sky, the storms and calms, after a while a fellow quits thinking of himself as being important, or fitted to be something else. I never heard of a lighthouse keeper having the swelled head."

"I suppose you have seen things, had big adventures?" I suggested as the building shook under the force of the gale.

"NO, I haven't seen much of anything. No lighthouse keeper sees much, because when big things are happening it is mostly when you can't see a thing. There have been wrecks, and sinkings, and rescues, and all that sort of thing right near; but on nights when such things happen, when the gale is howling, and the waves are going over the light, when you can't hear yourself think, usually a keeper can't see twenty feet beyond the tower.

"I'm sorry to spoil some of these romances, but it is true. You hear a wreck, or a collision—hear a whistle somewhere on the water, or a bell, maybe a gun fired. That's all—but it's worse than seeing. The keeper of a light can't leave. He must stick to the job, keep the light going, and a whistle, or horn, or bell sounding. It is tough, sometimes, knowing men are in danger only a little way off, wanting to get out and help, and having to stick right there on the job.

"I started in the service down on Twin Lights on Navesink Highlands—the old oil-burning lights with four keepers. It was a nice job, most of the time, for the towers are on shore, in pretty surroundings and there is a wonderful view. A man can stand at the light and see every vessel coming and going.

But in those days it was the great coast for wrecks. The coast from Sandy Hook down to Long Beach is strewn with them. On wild nights maybe we'd get a glimpse of a vessel driving across the light, and maybe see a rocket go up. All we could do was to stand to the light, while the life-savers were busy down on the beach. Once in a while, when I was certain the light was burning and an assistant was at the post, I could run down the beach and help haul when the guards were bringing men ashore in the breeches buoy. But not often.

"Around the lighthouses a fellow never can tell when (*Continued on page 253*)

Then he coughed two or three times, and acted queer and fussed. "Say, Dot," he said suddenly, "you aren't engaged to that Ellis Burleigh, are you?"

Stealing Cleopatra's Stuff

The story of a sixteen-year-old girl who got all her "dope," about how to fascinate the boys, from the Queen of Egypt

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

I WAS discouraged when the history teacher informed us that we should have to write a paper called "We Learn from Cæsar," telling all about the manners of the Romans—which certainly are not very important nowadays. And yet, if we had not had to write that paper, I should never have learned about Cleopatra, and might have gone on all this winter without a single beau.

My birthday came early last fall, and being sixteen set me to worrying. When you are fifteen and just a few of the girls like Marjorie Hayden and Peggy Malone begin to have beaus and giggle and talk about the boys, you can be very superior and make fun of them, and say they are silly. But when you are sixteen, and practically every girl in the class but you has some boy who takes her to the football games and goes over to make fudge on Friday nights, you can't make fun of everybody, and you begin to wonder if maybe the laugh is on you. Wondering about anything like this is very trying for a girl.

I thought first that maybe I wasn't good-looking enough, though when I studied myself carefully I couldn't see that I was so bad. Of course, my mouth is a little bit too wide, and I admit I did stand in front of the mirror and just pray to get thin! But even at that, it seemed to me that I looked as well as lots of the girls who were getting along better.

All through September and October, I kept getting more and more worried. Early in the fall, there were quite a few girls who didn't like the boys, and we all tore around together and made fun of Judith Simpson for getting Holland Van Dusen to help her with her geometry, when we all knew that Judith forgets more geometry every night than Holland Van Dusen will ever learn. We all stuck together and said how tiresome most of the boys were, and how silly the girls acted, and how we wouldn't be caught dead making eyes the way Marjorie Hayden does, and how we never intended to marry. But, one by one, the girls all fell away. Some boy would ask them to a football game, or to walk home with them from Christian Endeavor, or something, and from that minute on, they were just as bad as the others. It was positively treacherous the way they went back on the rest of us, wouldn't come to our Friday-night spreads, and made fun of all girl parties.

At last, there was nobody left in our crowd but Mary Chase and me. Then I began to wish some boy would ask me to go to a game or something. In fact, I more than just wished it, I felt as though I couldn't stand it if somebody didn't. I began to feel conspicuous, going around with Mary Chase all the time. I was glad even to have the girls see Will Hunter walking home from school with me, although it was a very mild pleasure because they all knew he lived next door and had waited for me just because I had some heavy reference books to take home. But being grateful for a mere thing like that shows how worried I was getting.

AND it was right then that I learned about Cleopatra. Of course, I had heard about her before, but I didn't really know anything about her except that she came floating down the Nile on a barge and got Cæsar away from his wife.

I was in the public library, looking up stuff about Cæsar to use in the history composition. The book Miss Wittwer told us to use just barely mentioned Cleopatra. But it said she was dazzlingly fascinating. That was enough for me. I don't know why it is, but whenever I see the word "fascinating" I always want to read more. There are some words like that—*chic*, alluring, *svelte*, and a good many others. I suppose *svelte* appeals to me the most of all because I am just the least little bit too plump.

I looked all through the book Miss Wittwer told us about, but it didn't say anything more about Cleopatra. It went on about the senate and roads, and how common assassinations and suicides were. Isn't it funny that a man smart enough to be a historian wouldn't have any better idea of the kind of things people really want to know. After a while, I had a bright idea. I walked over to the desk.

"Have you any books that tell a great deal about Ceopatra?" I asked the librarian. "I have to write a composition for history."

What I said was perfectly true, and if the librarian jumped at conclusions and thought the composition was on Cleopatra it was just lucky for me. She kind of twinkled at me and said:

"Oh, yes, there are several."

She sent the little boy after them and he came back with three.

I started in on one, called "Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt." *There* is a history that is a history! I never read anything so interesting in all my life. It told just a little bit about the Parthian wars and things like that, that no human being but teachers give two cents for. It was nearly all about Cleopatra. I sat there and read until it was pitch dark outside, then I had all three books charged on my card and carried them home. They weighed tons, but I didn't even notice them. I took them in by the kitchen door and put wrapping-paper covers on them, and wrote "Roman History" on the outside, so that if I seemed to be reading a lot, the family 'd know it was school work.

All that evening, I read those books, Mother just beaming to see me so studious. They told how famous Cleopatra was for her beauty and her learning and her wit and her charm, about the wonderful banquets she gave, and how Cæsar couldn't get away and Mark Antony fell for her the first time he saw her.

It was simply fascinating. For a long time, I was reading just for amusement; it never occurred to me that I might get any practical helpfulness out of those books.

What first set me to thinking along practical lines was when one of the books told how Cleopatra looked. I had always thought she was tall and sinuous (that is another of those words that always looks interesting in print) and had red hair, which of course, put her absolutely out of my class. But this writer said that was not so. It said, according to deductions made from slight references, from busts, and from certain incidents in her life, he believed that she was rather small, and a brunette, and delicately rounded rather than slight.

I READ that sentence over and over. Of course, I know I am not dazzlingly fascinating, but in some ways that description just fits me. I am short and a brunette and more delicately rounded than slight. I am not sure that I could be called "learned" exactly, but I didn't have a mark on my report under 90. I am not exactly witty either, but I have a very keen sense of humor, and it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps I could learn.

That was what first put the idea into my head. With all those books there to study, why shouldn't I set to work and make myself as much as I could like Cleopatra?

From the very second that the idea occurred to me I couldn't think of anything else. I knew that I probably never could get to be as fascinating as Cleopatra, but it did seem as though with as wonderful information as I had, besides being something her style, I should be able to do rather well.

At first, my ambitious purpose in being like Cleopatra was to get almost anybody to ask me to a football game or something like that, just to have somebody coming

The scene was simply regal. "Some little

over Friday nights and things, the way the rest of the girls had. I never even dreamed of Ellis Burleigh until afterward.

I have a great deal of executive ability so I went to work in a very businesslike manner. When bedtime came, I took two of the books up-stairs with me, and after sticking some cotton out of my watch box into the keyhole, and a stocking under the door so the light wouldn't shine out, I set to work making notes. I wrote down everything about Cleopatra's methods that could possibly fit in nowadays. It must have been midnight before I had my list all made.

Here are the main items:

1. Cleopatra always dressed sumptuously.
2. Cleopatra always went half way to meet her suitors.
3. Cleopatra *always fed* her suitors.
   (A) She gave them things they had never eaten before, especially expensive things. She even dissolved pearls in vinegar at one banquet. (I merely mention this last because it is interesting. It wouldn't be practical, of course.)
4. Cleopatra fitted in well and was whatever kind of a woman her latest admirer wanted her to be.
5. Cleopatra used lots of jewelry and perfumery.
6. Cleopatra always flattered her admirers.
7. Cleopatra put cinnamon in her hair.

I could see at once that all of these points would work just as well now as when Cleopatra was alive. You would just have to change them a little bit. For instance, Cleopatra sailed down the Nile to meet Mark Antony, and invited him to a banquet aboard her royal barge. I would start in the Friday-evening dancing class, where practically all the sophomores go, and as soon as I had danced a few times with the same boy, I would ask him over to Sunday-evening lunch. That would combine points 2 and 3. Of course, I would ask others at the same time, so that he would know that it was a party, and I was not running after him at all, or anything like that.

POINT 4 was very interesting in the book. It told how Cleopatra could almost change her whole personality. When Cæsar was there, she spoke many languages and read a great deal and upheld arts and sciences. But when Mark Antony came, he was younger and more full of pep and a great joker. So Cleopatra played at dice with him and went hunting and fishing with him. They even disguised themselves and ran around the streets of Alexandria nights, knocking at doors and running away and giggling before the people could come. I never would have believed that if I hadn't read it in history. And that would work so well now. When you are with a boy who is interested in baseball, for instance, you must talk to him about batting averages, and go to the games and everything with him, providing he invites you. Or if he is a shark in school, you must pretend to be awfully interested in examinations and geometry and so on.

Points 1 and 5 would be rather hard for me. It is difficult to dress sumptuously when you only get a suit one year and a long coat the next. My dark blue velveteen dress made over from Kathie's suit is very stunning, and it has a little bit of gold embroidery in the vest, but I am not sure that it could be called really sumptuous. As for jewelry, I have a string of pearl beads which Father paid five dollars for in Chicago (they look entirely different from those cheap things you see in the department stores around Christmas for eighty-nine cents), a garnet little-finger ring, two nice gold hatpins, a locket that used to be Grandma's and has a funny wall-eyed picture of Grandpa on one side and a lock of hair in the other, a high school pin, a folding silver pencil, and a twisted gold wire bracelet with thin gold hearts dangling on it that Kathie bought for me at the state fair. That only cost a quarter, though, and could hardly be considered jewelry. Then sometimes I can borrow Mother's diamond ring.

Point 7 seems rather strange, but Cleopatra certainly knew what men like, and it is very easy. We always have lots of cinnamon.

Point 6 I should probably have thought of myself.

party, I'll tell the world," said Ellis

"Why, yes, you may go if you want to," Mother said when I asked her if I might join the Friday-evening dancing class. "Father can stop for you on his way home from lodge. But I thought you and Mary Chase said just the other day that the dancing class was silly."

"I guess we did say so," I admitted; "but I think you really ought to know the new dances. Of course I'd rather take private lessons, but they cost so much that the class will be all right."

That was perfectly true, or at least practically true. I do think girls ought to know the new dances, and private lessons are terribly expensive.

So the next Friday night I went to dancing class. I took a great deal of time getting ready. I wore my velveteen dress, and my pearl beads and my garnet ring and a little perfume. I went down to Barnes's to see if they had any violet, and the first thing I saw was a bottle labeled "Queen of Egypt." I didn't like the scent quite so well as some I have smelled, but of course I bought it. Mother had run over to Mrs. Morris's after dinner to take her a dish of our dessert, and left her diamond ring on the corner of the buffet, so I borrowed that.

I looked myself over carefully in the mirror in the bookcase door, and I really looked lovely. My hair had gone up just right, it looked kind of fluffy over the ears just as it ought to. My cheeks were very pink. I had held a steamy hot washcloth on them and then rubbed them with ice. Lots of the girls in our crowd use rouge, but I am not that kind. Besides, Mother would probably notice it. My pearls looked beautiful, and I tried holding my hand so that the light would shine on Mother's ring. It was not as large a diamond as I could have wished—it does seem to me that Father might have done better—but it was very twinkly. On the whole, I can honestly say that I looked sumptuous.

THE first person I saw when I got to dancing class was Mary Chase! When she saw me looking at her like an accusing angel, she got as red as fire. I should think she would have. After all the fun she had made of Friday-evening dancing class! The next person I saw was Will Hunter. I was surprised, because I had seen him out in his back yard in the afternoon cleaning the vacuum cleaner and he hadn't said anything about coming.

I had decided that the first boy who asked me to dance twice would be The One, and had figured out a nice, subtle, casual-sounding way to invite him to lunch next Sunday night so that he couldn't possibly think I was running after him or anything like that. And then—just my luck!—Will Hunter asked me for the first and second dance. Of course then I had to wait for some other boy. One doesn't try being like Cleopatra on a boy one used to play run-sheep-run with.

Ellis Burleigh was the one! I nearly swooned. He would have been the last one in the whole class I should have dreamed of asking. He had only been in town about a month, and he came from Chicago. He is very worldly and a beautiful dancer, and is the handsomest thing I have ever seen. I heard indirectly that he has his clothes made at a tailor's, but I hardly believe that. Anyway, though, he is by far the most unusual boy in the sophomore class. He asked me for the third dance, and then he went out to get a drink and didn't get back until the next one had started, and he asked me to dance that one, too. It was hardly fair, in a way, to invite him, because I don't think he would have gone out of his way to have asked me the second time. But I had been balked of my purpose once and, besides, he made it come so easily and casually.

"Do you like football?" I asked him.

"Oh, all right," he said, but in a very indifferent tone. "My cousin's on the team, so I usually go. He got me in on the rarebit party the team had the night before they went into training. It was *some* party!"

"Are you crazy about rarebit?" I asked.

"Eating rarebit," he said, "is my favorite indoor sport. (*Continued on page 218*)

How I Wrote 50,000

By Thomas

Literary and managing editor

DURING the past twenty years I have written over fifty thousand jokes, averaging fifty a week, although of late years I usually write them in batches of one hundred every two weeks. Of these I have sold seventy per cent, at an average of one dollar each. The total amount received during this period has been over $35,000, or an average income of $1,700 a year. This has meant about two hours' work a week.

Jokes sell all the way from twenty-five cents up to $5 each. In some cases, where they serve as a basis for a picture by some well-known artist, they command higher prices, the artist giving as high as twenty-five per cent of the selling price of the completed drawing. Many jokes by themselves would be unsalable, requiring to be illustrated in order to bring out the situation. For example, here is a "he and she" joke:

HE: Don't you think I'd better tell your father of our engagement?

SHE: No, darling. You will need all your strength for the wedding ceremony.

Ther 's a joke which obviously depends upon the contrast between a dominant girl and her undersized lover. It is a case where you must literally *see* the point in order to get it.

Some people really do "see a joke" better than others do, because they have the kind of imagination which visualizes characters and incidents. They get a mental picture of the thing. But most folks are helped by a good picture. Your own personal experience is another factor. For example, an invalid is keener to relish jokes on doctors, etc., than people who are never sick.

Before I actually began to write jokes I studied the subject for about two years. After I got started I had no trouble, except that my output was limited and my range of subjects naturally restricted by my experience. In the beginning, I could never write more than fifteen or twenty jokes a day, and it took me nearly all day to do this.

I remember distinctly the first day that I wrote thirty-five jokes! I went to bed that night with the feeling that I had reached high-water mark. But one day, a year or so later, I turned out fifty-three jokes; and since then I have frequently written a hundred in a single day. It is comparatively easy for me now to write sixty jokes in two hours; but naturally there has to be a preliminary period of preparation. For a number of years, when I lived in a suburban town, I wrote twenty jokes a day on the train, ten going and ten coming, for three or four days each week. And I averaged in income from this alone about twenty dollars a week, even though the rates were lower in those days than at present.

Who Was This Joke On?

AFTER "Tom" Masson had turned in his article we asked him to tell the best story he could of a joke that never came off. Here is his reply:

I once sold a joke to a famous editor, who gave it to a famous artist to illustrate. The famous artist, obedient to the mandate of the editor, made the picture, but in delivering it remarked that he could not for the life of him see the point of that joke. The editor read the joke over several times, and confessed that he, also, could not see the point, although he distinctly remembered that when he bought it he thought what a good joke it was. So they both sent for me to elucidate the mystery. This, of course, was extremely unfair, because I had written the joke many weeks before and the point of it had entirely escaped my memory. Nobody to this day has been able to decide whether this particular joke was on me, the editor, or the artist. I thereupon, at some expense of time and energy, wrote six other jokes, one of which was fitted to the drawing, and published with great satisfaction to all concerned.

A joke is almost always a dialogue between two characters. And there are just two ways of writing it. The first way is to get an idea that is worth joking about, and then to have two characters make the joke. The second way is to have some character say something, and then get another character to reply in such a way that the joke is made. You see how easy it is.

After the joke is made, you put it aside for twenty-four hours and subject it to a joke-testing machine which every joke maker has carefully concealed about his person, to see if it is kind and sound in wind and limb. If it doesn't measure up, it is overhauled and again tested; or it is destroyed. Great care must be taken, however, because oftentimes a joke which does not pass the original censor is really salable, depending largely upon the mood of the editor who reads it.

If we select the first method of joke making—that of starting with the idea—it is convenient to have on hand a list of subjects. You can arrange them in groups, and then divide them into minor subjects. Take the general subject of sport. Under sport we have baseball, tennis, golf, football, etc. Or, take a subject which is more likely to be subject to changing conditions, as politics. Under politics we may group all the questions of the day. Or, take society. Here we have society queens—if there be any left—dinners, dances, style, an almost endless variety. Suppose we narrow this down a bit, and hit upon some social foible that needs exploiting. At the moment I cannot think of a single thing, but that is only because it happens that I am not particularly depressed; and to write jokes rapidly one should have a fit of depression immediately preceding. The ideal condition is one of settled melancholy.

What has happened recently to people who move in alleged good society? Well, they have been more or less pinched, strange as that may seem to those who do not move in good society. That, of course, is the beauty about my system. As long as you have the architecture of a joke firmly fixed in your mind, even if it dates back to ancient Egypt, new conditions are always arising to which the old form can be adjusted.

We have then a society woman and a society man. They are married—something which society people are supposed to do often, if not always too well. The woman is a nice woman, but she is a bit spoiled. The man is a nice man, but a bit cynical. The joke has got to be about something connected with the new thought of being hard-up for money. Nothing is therefore easier than to evolve the following:

MRS. VANDERPILE: What! Aren't you glad that our butler has given up his work in the ammunition factory and is coming back to us?

VANDERPILE: But, my dear, he has grown so stout that I am afraid I won't be able to wear his old clothes.

You see, the element of contrast is all-important. One of the accepted rules is to take a statement which anyone would naturally make, and simply reverse it, which brings me to the second method. This is to begin boldly with a set of characters, have one of them say some commonplace thing, and then have the other reply in such a way that the truth contained in the first statement is com-

Jokes in 20 Years

L. Masson

of "Life," since 1893

pletely reversed. Any theme will do; but for purposes of illustration let us take love. Love jokes are always in order. It is necessary only to give them a new setting.

THIS is the easiest form of joke, because the characters are so well known that they need no explanation. They are always he's and she's.

SHE: Do you really believe that when we are deprived of something, a better thing comes in to take its place?
HE: I firmly do. For example, I notice that your sofa has gone, but in its place is an arm chair.

Since Adam and Eve, two people in all stages of love have held alleged conversation which either satirized some social condition or brought into play the relationship of the sexes. The most fundamental declaration is the statement, "I love you," on the part of the man. But this statement is varied so that the reply of the lady may carry the surprise. A modern application would be something like this:

HE: Darling, shall I bring home two or three rings for you to select from?
SHE: Why, yes, dear. But I am sure it will not be necessary for me to make any selection. I just know I shall like all of them!

Or the joke may be something to the effect that a gentleman who is in love with a lady, being more or less self-conscious, may wish to have some further proof of her love, as in this one:

HE: Be perfectly frank, darling; doesn't my constant love-making bore you?
SHE: Dreadfully.
"Then you really don't love me?"
"Why, if I didn't love you I couldn't stand it."

The joke writer has but to keep fairly well informed about what is going on in order to get the new twist he needs. Take recent events. The income tax has inspired so many jokes that they have helped the joke writer materially in paying his own share. Here is one which comes in this line:

Don't you think the American people ought to support the President?
Why, possibly, if they have enough money left.

Of course, as soon as the late Kaiser abdicated, this released a whole flood of new ideas. It was necessary only to tack these ideas onto some old form. Almost immediately abdication jokes began to flow into editors' sanctums, the most obvious being that of the abdication of the cook. This lady, indeed, goes through a constant stream of experiences. She is popularly supposed to rule the household; to be continually leaving; to play the piano in odd moments; to be on secret and humanely sympathetic terms with the suppressed husband.

As for the husband and father, he has the ordinary chameleon beaten to a frazzle. He is a tired business man; he is supposed to be making constant love to his stenographer; to be always coming home late at night; to be worn out with his wife's efforts to drag him into society.

PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

THOMAS L. MASSON

Literary and managing editor of "Life" since 1893, and one of the best known writers of stories and sketches in the country. On the side, at odd moments, Mr. Masson has produced an incredible number of jokes, and in these pages he tells how he has done it

If he lives in the suburbs, he is loaded down with bundles. The only real opportunity he has to assert himself is in his relationship to his daughter's lovers. He is always lying in wait for these lovers, who, when they are not sneaking in and out of the house, evading as best they can the bulldog which the father keeps on the premises for defensive and offensive purposes, are interviewing him in his office.

The perennial small brother is also made to do constant work in this connection, generally from a point of concealment, as illustrated in the following:

HE: Darling, do you think your father can hear me kiss you?
VOICE (from under the sofa): He's used to it!

In this familiar setting poor father is constantly asking the lovers if they can support his daughter in the style to which she has been (*Continued on page 233*)

"Put that gun down, and leave this job to me!" the man shouted, facing her

The Devil Cat Meets Her Match

A story of adventure

By Henry P. Holt

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES N. SARKA

A MULATTO moved silently on his bare feet, removing empty glasses and replacing them filled. A single kerosene lamp, smoking the rafters, shed an uncertain light upon five men who lounged in various attitudes around the dingy little room. This was Petah's. Petah's barroom, on the South Pacific island of Taruna, is known from Pitcairn to Fiji. And some queer fish come ashore at Taruna, on occasions, most of them drifting up to Petah's for liquid refreshment.

Of the five men in there just now, four were from a steamer tied up at the ramshackle pile wharf, and the other, an American named David Murchison, was awaiting, at Taruna, anything that the dice of life happened to throw his way. He held a shipmaster's ticket; but ships without masters at places like Taruna are as rare as cross-eyed monkeys on Broadway. Not that Murchison was perturbed. He was one of those people who never worry and, as far as the human eye can observe, never have occasion to worry. True, he had just got out of a disastrous pearling expedition by the skin of his teeth; but in getting out he had brought several hundred dollars with him, so he was still a good deal better off than those haughty-looking commuters who flock into Manhattan every morning, trying to give the impression that they own half the railroad, but who are really wondering how last month's grocery bill is going to be met.

"We passed close up to the Devil Cat's ship this morning, heading straight for Taruna," said the mate of the steamer.

"You mean the 'Nainsook'?" queried Murchison casually.

"Yep. It was blowing hard enough to tear the sticks out of her, but she was carrying 'most every stitch of canvas she could. The Devil Cat herself told us she'd lost the mate overboard."

Murchison leaned forward, alert.

"And she's heading for Taruna?" he asked.

"Uh-huh," the mate agreed, with an odd expression. "You ain't thinking of taking the job on?"

"Why not?" asked Murchison.

The mate raised his glass, scrutinized its contents absently, and then shrugged. After all, it was no affair of his.

"She's not known as the Devil Cat for nothing," he observed. "Our old man ain't what you might call human, but he *is* a man. The poop's no place for women, anyhow."

"I always heard that she was a thundering good sailor," Murchison replied, "and it seems to me that's the main point for the crew to consider. Why, exactly, do they call her the Devil Cat?"

"Oh, somebody gave her that name, and it stuck. You see, she ain't anybody's fool, and they do say there's nothing on God's earth—or sea—that she's frightened of. I remember her father, when he used to trade in these waters on the 'Nainsook.' She used to sail with him, and that's where she picked up her seamanship. She could run the schooner just as well as he could; and it's six years or more since he died. Trenton, his name was, and he used to call her Bab. But nobody else calls her Bab. It's 'Cap'n Trenton,' or there's trouble. The Devil Cat doesn't stand for any freshness. No, sir! Not from white men or blacks. She had a crew of Tonga niggers two years ago, and after they'd laid out the mate by throwing a knife into his back they went for her. She's the prettiest shot with a revolver that you ever heard of. The first two dropped dead in their tracks, and then the others beat it to the fo'c'sle while she attended to the mate. He got well again, all right, and they say she still keeps most of those Tonga lascars on board now because they know too much to start monkeying with the buzz saw again. She's a whale for discipline—is the Devil Cat!"

Murchison felt vaguely amused at the notion of signing on as mate of the "Nainsook." In the first place, he had been kicking his heels long enough; in the second, it would be a novelty to sail under a girl skipper, especially a girl who knew her job and had a will of her own. Murchison had a will of his own. The experiment might prove tedious. On the other hand, it might prove interesting. Besides, it offered an opportunity of reaching a civilized port, where a skilled master-mariner may find a ship of his own. He glanced out of the window and, in the moonlight, saw the dim outline of a double top-s'l schooner sidling toward the wharf. For perhaps fifteen seconds he watched and hesitated; and then, with a faint smile, he rose and passed out into the night.

CAPTAIN BAB TRENTON was the antithesis of what he had anticipated. He expected to find a middle-aged woman with a hatchet face and a tongue like a lash. Instead, she was not a day over twenty-six and, Murchison reflected in a flash, she was one of the most beautiful creatures he had ever seen. The girl-skipper appraised him with a single glance, inquired his business, and with a directness and forcefulness which almost took the man unawares drew from him answers to a dozen questions germane to the situation, engaged him forthwith, and announced her intention of leaving Taruna, with the least possible delay, for Tampico.

As the newly-appointed mate went ashore for his kit he rubbed his chin reflectively. The interview had been brief and practical. Nor could he deny that it had been perfectly satisfactory from a business standpoint. But, somehow, he was conscious of being vaguely annoyed, not with her but with himself. He felt almost as though he had acted like a schoolboy. This chit of a girl—true, she was nearly as tall as he was and looked as though her muscles lacked nothing in the way of development, but—this chit of a girl had put him through his paces as neatly as though he had been seventeen and applying for a job as cook's assistant. And *he* had gone aboard, really, to put her through *her* paces.

"It promises," he observed, addressing the four winds of heaven, "to be either very tame or very hectic; and I'll be goldarned if I know which."

NOW, Murchison was a steamship sailor, although he had spent years of his early days in square-riggers. He started, therefore, at a slight double disadvantage, inasmuch as Bab Trenton was a right-up-to-the-minute sailing skipper, and she knew by heart every little trick and peculiarity of the "Nainsook." No living soul could teach her a thing about the "Nainsook," and few veteran shellbacks would have known better how to handle the craft. These facts were as apparent as broad noonday to Murchison before he had been on board twenty-four hours. She could "take" the sun just as well as he could. And, he pondered, not without admiration, the chances were that in an emergency, when top-s'ls were being slashed into ribbons and spars came tumbling down, she would keep her head and win through just as surely as any weather-bitten old sea dog with sixty years' experience of the ocean behind him.

In other words, Captain Trenton knew her business excellently, and Murchison decided on the second day out that he was willing to take off his hat to her and leave well enough alone. It was going to be a dull trip, and the sooner they reached Tampico the better. And perhaps a good many things would never have happened if the mate had not chanced to see something which was none of his business. It was neither more nor less than a pair of girl's stockings drying in the breeze. There is nothing especially interesting about a pair of stockings drying in the breeze, but Mur-

chison incidentally noticed that the darning on this particular pair of stockings was a veritable work of art. Certain areas of them, indeed, consisted of sixty-five per cent darning and about thirty-five per cent of the original article. And the "Nainsook" had called at Sydney, where perfectly good stockings can be bought a-plenty, not a month previous.

IT WAS just under two weeks' run to Tampico. Half way through the first week Murchison crossed swords with the skipper. It began with the veriest trifle of a bout, but the mate was disgruntled and the affair developed. For one thing, Captain Bab Trenton had remained in her own quarters altogether too much for his liking. He had barely had a chance of exchanging half a dozen words with her, except in regard to his duties. There were other things he could have discussed, besides navigation. Moreover, even if he didn't discuss things with her, he liked to watch her.

When she stood by the weather rail, lightly balanced, swaying to the motion of the schooner, the breeze toying with escaped strands of her wonderful hair, her eyes roaming over the porcelain rim of the ocean, she looked like some girl-Viking, fascinating and adorable, but lacking, the mate decided, in certain human qualities. Such a quality, say, as communicativeness. She was not austere, exactly. One could not even call it frigid. Indeed, she was pleasant enough when it became necessary to say anything to the mate, but his trouble was that she didn't find it necessary to say anything to him often enough. That was the chief reason for his feeling disgruntled, and the cause of his crossing swords with her. It was the second dog watch. They had been driving the "Nainsook," and the breeze remained steady. As soon as the skipper came up on deck and cast her eyes aloft, she frowned slightly.

It was only when the man actually disappeared pression changed. Then she herself took the

"You'd better haul down your mizzen gaff top-s'l," she said.

The mate's first instinct was to pass on the necessary order unquestioningly, but he remembered those three and a half days of isolation. He glanced up at the sail referred to and then at her. To disobey or even argue with one's skipper about such a point was, of course, a thing unheard of on any ship. He would carry out orders, naturally, but if he could arouse in her for a fleeting moment some emotion directed toward himself, antagonistic or otherwise, it would be for him, so far, the one happy moment of the voyage.

"Do you think it's coming on to blow?" he asked, with the barest inflection suggesting doubt. There seemed no sign of any coming change in the weather. An extra puff, perhaps, but nothing of consequence.

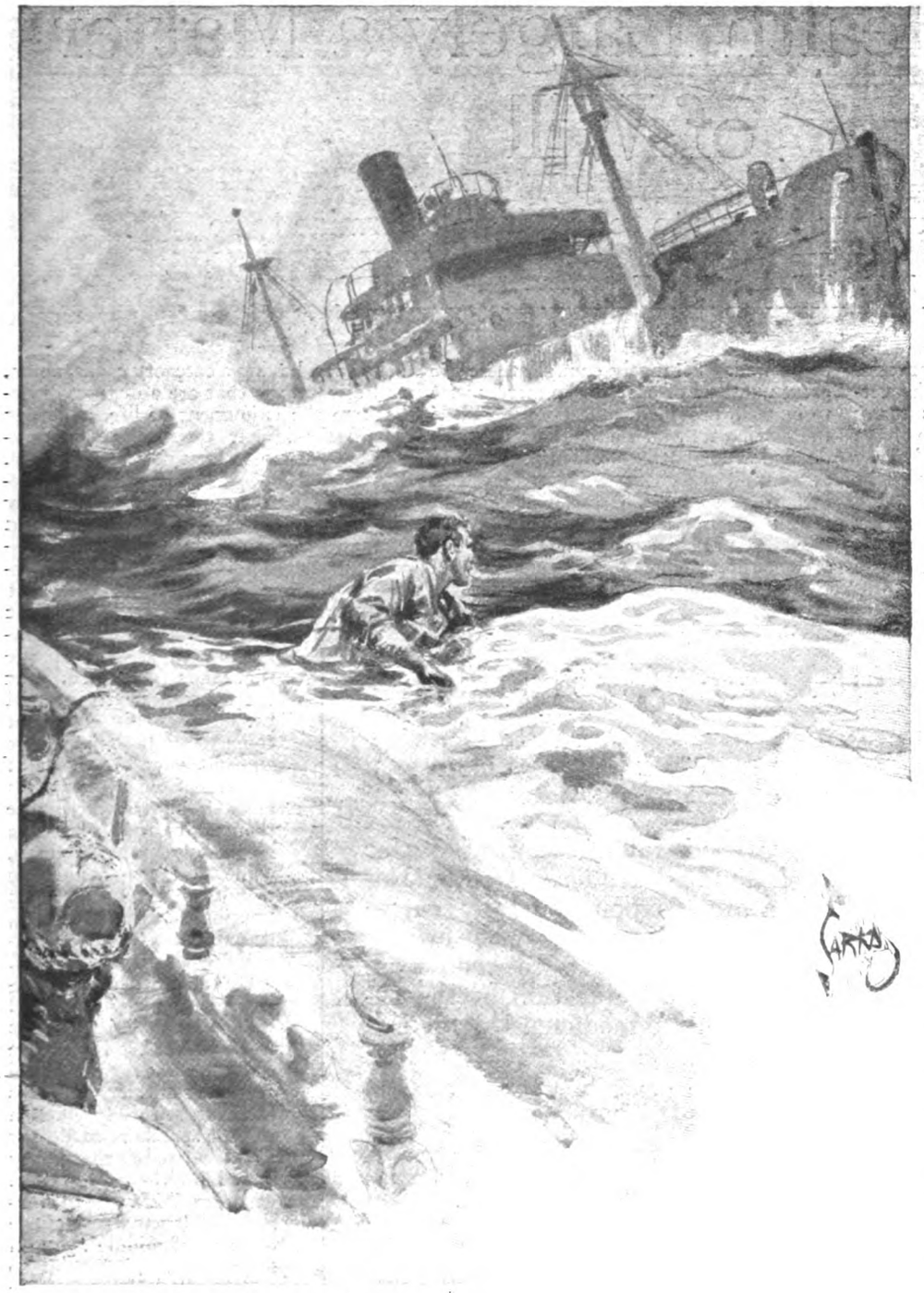
THE girl wheeled and regarded him with annoyance. He noticed with a delicious thrill that there was a shade of positive purple in her eyes. It was fire that he was playing with, as Murchison was well aware. The temptation to keep her keyed up to that pitch for another three heartbeats was almost irresistible. The ghost of a smile came to his lips.

"Hi, Tanyi," she called suddenly to the Kanaka boatswain, "haul down mizzen gaff top-s'l, plenty quick. Mr. Murchison, you get off this schooner at Tampico." The latter remark, though cast over her shoulder, was incisive. Dismissal had come with breath-taking suddenness, and though Murchison had never been fired before in his life nothing but the disinclination to be regarded as insolent toward her prevented him from laughing outright. The Kanakas jumped to orders. Then: "That gaff top-s'l is rotten, and there isn't a spare one on board, Mr. Murchison. Don't take any chances with it," the skipper remarked frigidly, turning toward the companionway.

"Captain Trenton," said Murchison, "may I ask you one question, concerning your business and mine, without being fired a second time?"

"Business? Yes." The girl was a veritable icicle.

"Why did you leave me on watch with-



into the wildly turbulent sea that her ex-wheel, and held the schooner up into the wind

out telling me that gaff top-s'l was rotten? I've lost my job through it, you know."

Perhaps it was because her eye caught some detail on deck which needed attention, perhaps because there was garbled truth in the man's statement, but she was a second and a half before replying.

"That isn't so," she said. "You lost your job because you're no good to me as a mate. When I give an order, it's an order, and not the subject for a debate. There," she added, as a sudden squall swept down on the "Nainsook," causing a crackle and boom in her far-flung canvas, and holding her lee rail almost under water, "that would have carried away her weak gaff top-s'l, and we'd have lost a dozen miles a day afterward in consequence. If you're one of those sailors who must have a sworn affidavit from the weather bureau at Washington before you know the wind's going to freshen, you'd better get ashore and sell peanuts. Take in your flying jib, to'gal'n-s'l, and main gaff top-s'l."

SMARTING bitterly, Murchison clenched his hands; but, in spite of the girl's taunts, he was an admirable ship's officer, and even Bab Trenton was astonished at the way he handled the Kanakas until the "Nainsook" was snug and riding easily. Within half an hour he realized that some uncanny weather-sense had told the skipper what was coming.

Half a gale was blowing by midnight and Murchison, noting the schooner's skittish behavior, with holds almost empty and ballast cut down to the minimum, wondered vaguely how she would fare if really bad weather struck her.

The wind eased considerably, however, by dawn, and the "Nainsook" was redressed until she left a boiling wake astern. Captain Bab Trenton, who, being a woman, was entitled to more moods than one, astonished Murchison by spending half an hour chatting with him as if they had been, if not old, at least comparatively good friends. For one thing the sudden improvement in the weather had raised her spirits considerably. She had anticipated far worse, and even now was none too sure what lay in store. The mate, who had intended leaving the "Nainsook" at Tampico, anyway, could well afford the luxury of forgiving his employer for firing him. As a matter of fact, he reflected, her course had been fully justified. He also reflected that her teeth were as two rows of matchless pearls; that her skin, in spite of sun and wind, was like velvet; and that the violet hue only came into her eyes when she was angered. The poise of her head was a thing to fascinate a sculptor; though the "Nainsook's" mate was no scupltor, it had that effect upon him. He felt himself on figurative quicksands. His sole object had been to tease her, rather than be a nonentity on board, but now he was content for the moment to bask in the sunshine of her presence. His sheet anchor was dragging.

DAVID MURCHISON came to the conclusion that there was nothing of the cat nor of the devil in Bab Trenton. She was nimble-witted, and skillfully parried his every effort to bring conversation around to personal lines. She was just a girl, who, with splendid efficiency, was earning her livelihood at a hazardous calling, and had been given her nickname because she was clever enough to strike at the right moment, in the right way, when necessary. It was unsafe enough, anyway, for her to tramp those ocean wildernesses with a crew of blacks. In such a situation she needed a mate who would stand back of her, or in front of her if necessary, like a granite wall. Her voice was exquisitely musical, Murchison decided. He could have listened to it for hours, wholly thrilled; but just at the point where the mate made up his mind that he was going to love her for ever and ever, she ordered him to set the rotten gaff top-s'l again, and retired to her own cabin.

But if he expected Bab Trenton to be equally condescending next time they met on the poop, he was doomed to disappointment. He (*Continued on page 92*)

Good Health Largely a Matter of Will

Most of us have it in us to be well if we determine to be

By Martin Edwards, M.D

MY INTEREST in the practice of medicine, put into the vernacular, is to help as many people as possible to have "the time of their lives" every day that they live. This is not, as might be supposed, an exhausting process for the persons themselves. On the contrary, it is the right and normal way of living and can be continued while life lasts. For the man in normal health, resting-up comes with work every day. And both work and rest are a part of that "time of his life."

For five years I have been a pioneer in specializing in preventive medicine, working as a private physician with individuals to bring them up to a point of one hundred per cent efficiency and enjoyment of life. Four, three, or even two years ago I would have hesitated to write this article. Believing firmly in my theory, I advanced with some caution. I used to receive my patients, work with them as best I could, and pray that they would get well. Now I know that they will get well.

This statement needs qualifying. It needs an explanation of the kind of patients to whom my practice is limited. It is obviously impossible for all the diseased people in the world to be cured. But preventive medicine assumes a certain condition in the patient. I have regulated my practice in this way: I take as patients only people who are on their feet, able to come and see me at my office. With the exception of the time of the influenza epidemic I have made it a rule never to leave my office for a call. The fact of being able to come to my office argues a lack of certain diseases. When patients who can walk come, I further lessen my number of possible clients by sending those who present distinct organic diseases, other than those of the digestive tract, to the proper specialists.

Those who are left are subjected to a further test, which is a purely psychological matter. I determine by conversation with the patient whether he really wants to be well. Strangely enough, there are great numbers of people who merely *wish* to be well, provided someone else will do the getting well for them. This I cannot do, and will not attempt. They must *want* to be well, and must be able to create a *will* to be well before I can accomplish much. If the applicant for my service passes this test, we can coöperate, he and I, to get him well. We generally succeed.

By this time you will imagine that the patients left to me haven't much the matter with them. Relatively, considering the horrors of disease, I suppose this is true. But preventive medicine deals with what *is going to happen* to most individuals as well as with what is happening at this moment. However, most of my patients are those who realize that they are below par, having a category of ills, pains, and discomforts that are a distinct drawback to the enjoyment of life, and that manifestly impair their efficiency anywhere from ten to fifty per cent or more. I say "most" because in five years of examining I have found but two perfectly normal people—a boy from the West and a young woman from New England—with physical findings and habits of personal hygiene that could not be questioned. This might seem a discouraging number in comparison with the thousands examined, but the other perfectly normal people probably did not come to me! The people who do come are, most of them, sensible of certain ills and discomforts which make them realize that something is wrong. Many of them, while still being able to work, are really ill, with limiting conditions which, if unattended to, must eventually result in disease itself.

On the other hand, an increasing number of men and women who feel themselves to be in perfect health are coming to me for an annual inventory of their "business of living," during which a careful search is made for all tendencies that may later limit their well-being. They sensibly want to sidestep the development of the diseases of middle age and later years. They want to be at their best when life's responsibilities are heaviest. They want to live a full life, unhampered by avoidable limitations, realizing correctly that length of life will be but a natural and certain by-product.

Preventive medicine properly begins in childhood or, before that, with prospective parents. When someone asks me:

"How can I get to be as healthy and as strong as you are?" I am apt to reply:

"It is perfectly easy. Just get born out in Michigan with as sensible and healthy parents as I had to give you a start."

The importance of the intelligent care of the health of the child is being increasingly realized. An encouraging development of my work is that an increasing number of parents are bringing their

It Doesn't Cost as Much to Keep Well as It Does to be Sick

THIS article is full of definite hints for the individual reader. Doctor Edwards is a great exponent of preventive medicine. That is exactly what we all want to know—just how to keep from being sick. On the question of the expense of preventive medicine Doctor Edwards says:

What does it cost to keep well? Relatively, in dollars and cents it costs little. Remember, *it is normal to be well.* Most of our ailments, outside of infectious and organic diseases, come from bad habits of personal hygiene. It ought to be obvious that you can't correct bad habits with medicines. Bad habits must be corrected by good habits, and then good health comes as in a natural and logical result. The first cost, then, is to find out what is wrong about the way you're living, and how to correct it. After that—always remembering that just now we are not dealing with organic diseases—the main expenditure is in will power. And, happily, if you have but little of that, you can create it.

Really, good health attained and kept by good living habits doesn't cost you money. Instead, it makes you better able to earn it.

entire families to me with the idea that I shall become the family *health adviser*. Slowly enough, it is true, but surely, our past *low ideals of health* are changing. Not so many of us now say "Pretty well, thank you," just because we are not sick abed.

About sixty per cent of my patients are men. This is because the necessity of keeping up to par is not as evident to the woman who works at home under her own direction as it is to the man who, in these exacting and strenuous days, has to keep up a certain average to "get by." The average man who seeks the type of help I have to offer is the man over thirty who has begun to slow down, doesn't like it, and wants to know the reason why. He has got along very well up to now, with all the energy his tasks and his enjoyments demanded; but he has begun to feel the certain loss of tone and vigor.

As many men express it:

"Doctor, I'm losing my 'pep,' and I don't like it. What am I going to do about it?"

Well, the first step is a thorough physical examination. And "thorough" means just that. Many a man to-day is having to admit himself a failure just because some examiner, after going over only his heart, lungs, blood pressure, and urine, said:

"Oh, you are all right. All you need is a tonic, or a little vacation."

Such examinations are often cruelly worse than useless. Not only must every part of the body be gone over carefully—but posture, diet, care of the bowels, habits of thinking, eating, sleeping, bathing, care of the teeth, hours of work, hours of play, conditions under which one works, the hygiene of the home—all of these, and many more—are of the utmost importance in a "thorough" *health* examination.

IT WILL thus easily be seen that a *health* examination is totally different from that of the clinician in some acute or definite organic ailment. The routine laboratory examinations of the blood and urine must be supplemented by that of the stools as well. In fact, the importance of the regular examination of the stools, in supposedly well people, cannot be overestimated. Impaired digestive functions, incorrect bacteriology of the intestinal tract, unsuspected gastric and duodenal ulcers, and newly developing cancers of the intestinal tract (the latter conditions causing the co-salled "occult" blood in the stools which can only be determined by proper chemical tests) all frequently give their first clues through this examination. It should be an invariable part of the routine.

For example, a patient recently came to me who had just taken out an insurance policy for two hundred thousand dollars.

"I'm evidently all right," he said, "because they've just given me this big policy, but I *know* I'm not all right. I haven't an ache or a pain, but for the past year I've been going down-hill each day. What is the matter?"

Matter enough, as it happened! The examination of the stools showed occult blood, while the ensuing X-ray plates revealed a well-developed intestinal cancer. Happily, both for the man and the insurance company, it was operable.

The fact that *one out of every eight* deaths above the age of forty is due to some form of cancer makes it worth while to watch the intestinal tract, for quite a proportion of these cancers are located along the digestive system, often giving no special symptoms or otherwise manifesting their presence until operation is too late. My records also show that a sizable percentage of the "little indigestion" complaints, or the "bit of discomfort," along about eleven in the morning or four in the afternoon, "around the stomach," mean gastric or duodenal ulcer.

DR. MARTIN EDWARDS

THIS photograph was taken for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE at Doctor Edward's summer home, where he works his three hours a day in the open. It shows how good a living exponent he is of his theory. He is six feet three inches tall, weighs one hundred and ninety pounds, is never ill, never takes a vacation, and is one hundred per cent alive. Whether he talks or works he bubbles over with the sheer joy of living. He is thirty-nine years old, is married and is the father of three small children.

Dr. Martin Edwards began to work out his theory five years ago by hanging out his sign in the city of Boston, where he had taken his degrees of Doctor of Medicine and Doctor of Public Health. He had not a patient. The idea of a practice devoted entirely to preventive medicine as applied to the individual was entirely new; there were no precedents to help him. To-day he has a practice which is second to few in Boston. Before he began his personal practice he helped to organize and to establish the Harvard Medical School in China, a task which took him four years. After this he worked for a year experimenting on family health in the families of workingmen in the city of Boston, and it was this year of experiment which decided him to specialize in preventive medicine. He is the only physician in Boston, and probably the only physician in the country, who gives himself to the exclusive practice of preventive medicine as applied to the individual.

A physician who practices preventive medicine cannot afford to take anything for granted. No diagnosis is possible until every card is on the table. One man stated, in the course of an examination into his personal hygiene, that he had never been constipated. Certain toxic conditions made me ask for an X-ray of the intestinal tract. The resultant photograph showed a marked degree of "intestinal stasis" or laziness. That man's digestive tract has been acting as the cesspool at my country place began to act last week. A certain amount was coming into it and a certain amount flowed out, because it would hold no more, but the cesspool was full. The man was suffering from a bad case of constipation. An intelligent human being, endeavoring to answer truthfully personal questions as to hygiene, frequently deviates as widely as this from actual truth.

That constipation in the vast majority of cases is curable is as certain and as simple as the washing of dirty hands to make them clean. People cannot get and keep "on their toes" unless they are cured of it, and the cure depends on them, not on medicines. Correct habits of posture, diet, exercise, and regular bowel hygiene will keep the intestinal tract clear.

When anyone asks me to outline a normal scheme of living, a "set of rules" which will enable men and women to keep well, I invariably answer:

"I don't know of any." You can't make any average set of "rules of living," any more than you can clothe a community with average measurements of clothing. You must cut your cloth to fit your man. Imagine, if you will, a tailor who, anxious to serve a community, carefully measured all the men in it, *averaged their measurements* and then made the proper number of suits accordingly. The suits wouldn't fit more than one out of five or six. Just so with a given set of "rules of living." It may happen to fit an individual, but it probably won't. There was more of tragedy than humor when Mrs. Smith boasted:

"The only time I was ever sick was when I took John's medicine to keep it from being wasted." Health is purely an individual matter.

IN THE five thousand or more human beings who have come under my professional care during the past five years, I have, however, found certain variations from the normal state of health which are general, so general, indeed, as to be almost universal. They do not cover the personal ills of any one patient, but they are common to most patients. For the cure of these general or universal ills I have worked out a program which is curative of these ills, and which I believe will help any man or woman, who will consistently and faithfully follow it, to enjoy a larger measure of health and happiness. It includes four main points: posture, diet, rest, and work in the open air.

I am apt to talk a good deal on posture, because it is fundamental to the question of good health. And because we are all "up on our hind feet," a wrong poise of the body is well-nigh universal. We are four-footed creatures! There is no doubt about that. Biological (*Continued on page 105*)

Business is a Young Man's Game

We wait often for young men to become "old" enough for certain work—when the truth is that they are ready years before we allow them to take on big responsibilities

By Charles W. Patterson

President of Austin Nichols & Company

WHEN the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE asked me to talk about the grocery business, I replied promptly that I would, because it seemed to me a way to square accounts. I read THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE; I believe in it. It has done, and is doing, a real service in bringing inspiration to lots of us, and if talking about my particular work is going to help anyone or interest anyone, I am glad to do it, because it gives me a feeling of getting even.

First, I want to say that in everything that I have learned in business—even when I was only a delivery boy working after school hours, or when I was selling groceries on the road, or packing them in a warehouse—there has always, at every step of the way, been *something* that has helped me in reaching my present position. I mean that there was something to be *learned* that has proved to be of service to me. I'm thankful for every bit of my experience.

Just recently, when a strike threatened, this experience of mine helped, because I understood what the men were doing and how hard the work was, for I had done it myself. Understand, then, that I do value this experience—and yet I consider it *absolutely unessential* to the running of the business. You have to have the knowledge, but you do not have to get it that way.

An executive does not have to learn his business through experiencing every step of it. He has to be *able* to learn it; but it doesn't matter particularly how.

When I was at the head of a large preserving industry, a young man came to the department who had never seen preserves in a can, unless they were on a shelf in a store, or his mother's pantry. But inside of a year he was doing better work than any other man in the department. And in three years he was the head of the department. He had brought it up to a big thing from a very small one; and in five years he had the best and largest preserving department in the country. He had learned the business, traveling a far different road from the one I went. It was a shorter one, but he learned what there was to learn; which is the only essential.

This matter of being an executive depends on a thorough knowledge of the business and the ability to decide quickly. *At the present moment, world-business is halting because of the difficulty men have in making up their minds.* An executive must make up his mind to take the results of his mistakes, but not to let them hinder him from action. There is hardly ever anything gained by waiting; the decision is as likely to be wrong at the end of the period as it was at the beginning.

I've made as many mistakes as any man; but getting right to it and covering them up by making a decision that was *not* a mistake has saved me. In our day the most pressing need we feel, and the need we are going to feel for the next twenty years, is the need for action. That is why I believe that this day of all others is the day of the young man—he hasn't had time to grow judicial, and he isn't afraid to go ahead.

We have an unfair prejudice against young men. We wait often until they are "old" enough for certain work. The truth is they are often ready years before we let them do anything.

I had a young man once as an assistant in a department of the house of which I was in charge. He was an enterprising young fellow; he was able; he had every qualification for going ahead—except his age. He was only twenty-three years old.

I was as bad as all the rest of the fellows who get into managerial chairs, and I hesitated. For two years I held that young man back. Then at last I made him head of the department, still half afraid to promote him—he was so young. It didn't take me long to see that I had lost a good deal in the two years of holding him back. That young man was ready for his work, and had been all that time. He made a splendid head. His youth had nothing to do with it.

The truth is that most human beings grow up, in judgment, at thirty; some by the age of twenty-five; and that, after that, they are (*Continued on page 260*)

A Word About Mr. Patterson

LAST September, Austin Nichols & Company, wholesale grocers, completed an entire reorganization of their corporation, which made it the largest grocery concern in the world. To head this new and powerful organization the directors selected Charles W. Patterson. He was just thirty-nine years old; but he had earned the reputation of being a "man of action."

"Don't waste time but get to it," has been Patterson's motto ever since, as a boy, he began working in a small grocery store at Hillsboro, Texas, during out-of-school hours. When he had finished school he went into his father's store. But the idea of "getting to it without wasting time" kept him from remaining long. Before he was twenty he went on the road as a salesman. In three years he transferred to a Chicago wholesale grocery house, and in 1917 he became the manager of the canning department of Wilson & Company.

"It wasn't much of a canning department at the time," says Mr. Thomas E. Wilson, "but Patterson saw a future for it. Everything he touched went; everything he bought prospered. He has crowded his life with experience in just that way. So that, despite the fact that he is now president of the biggest grocery concern in the world, which is an end in itself, I believe he has much further to go than he has yet come."

Mr. Patterson's capacity for work seems to have found no limit. "Why," says one of his assistants, "I never saw anything like the way he goes through things. Last week he came home after ten days' absence, during which he was buying some plants in the Middle West. His desk was piled high with mail, telephone messages, telegrams, and memoranda from people in the office. It looked like a week's work at least. In one hour and a half he had everything disposed of, and came out looking for more work."

His friends say that he leaves all his troubles at his desk and plays as hard as he works. He is too busy getting rid of troubles to stop to classify them. When he meets a difficulty, he does it with the air of saying, 'Hello! More fun! Come on, let's get into it!'"

THE EDITOR.

Photograph by Blank & Stoller, N. Y.

Charles W. Patterson

PRESIDENT of Austin Nichols & Company, the biggest grocery concern in the world. He is thirty-nine years old. Mr. Patterson says:

"An executive must make up his mind to take the results of his mistakes, but not to let them hinder him from action. There is hardly ever anything gained by waiting; the decision is as likely to be wrong at the end of the period as it was at the beginning.

"I've made as many mistakes as any man; but getting right to it and covering them up by making a decision that was *not* a mistake has saved me. In our day the most pressing need we feel, and the need we are going to feel for the next twenty years, is the need for action. That is why I believe that this day, of all others, is the day of the young man—he hasn't had time to grow judicial, and he isn't afraid to go ahead."

Photograph by Moffett, Chicago

Guy Bates Post

FEW actors in America rank with Mr. Post as a popular road favorite. This is peculiarly fitting; for it was on the road that he played for long years in minor parts, grittily keeping up the splendid fight which he describes vividly in the article beginning on the opposite page. "Omar, the Tentmaker," Mr. Post's first big success, played successfully for three seasons on the road, after an eight-months run in New York. "The Masquerader," in which he is now starring, has played to packed houses all over the country for four years. Mr. Post was born in Seattle, Washington, in 1875. He married Miss Adele Ritchie, a musical comedy actress, who has been his leading lady. The dog in the picture—a police dog, as they are called abroad—is Mr. Post's favorite pet and has been trained so that he appears in "The Masquerader."

The Dear Old University of Hard Knocks

I found the course difficult, and it took me twenty years to graduate, but when I finished I found that I had really learned a few valuable things

By Guy Bates Post

PARENTS propose careers for their sons, but the sons do the disposing.

None of my family had ever been on the stage or even remotely associated with it. My father was a business man of Seattle, Washington, to whom there was but one way of making a living —that revealed by books of cash and credit sales. My mother, a fine imaginative woman with a big human heart and understanding, gave to me what mental color and emotion I may have shown on the stage. But even she never dreamed of the theatre as a career for her boy.

Mother thought that a lawyer in the family would be quite nice, so to a law office I was sent to read Blackstone. I tried hard, but the stuffy tomes with their cold pages met nothing responsive in me. There is within many of us, I imagine, a spark that burns to create something. With me, the one burning desire, the one dominant thought I had while sitting in that Seattle lawyer's office was to be on the stage, creating parts, bringing some great character of a great playwright to life. When on the pages of my law book, I should have seen: "The people vs. John Gage," I beheld "Now is the winter of our discontent."

The hours spent in the law office became unbearable. One day the little storm gathering within me burst. I told the lawyer I was finished. "And what are you going to do?"

"Get a job in the theatre," I replied, not having the ghost of an idea how.

The lawyer shook his head sadly. Apparently I would come to no good end.

I went to the theatre and got my job. It was selling opera glasses. It was as close as I could get to the stage. That first matinée—the young thrill of "The Iron Master"! As I went up and down the aisles offering my opera glasses, there came over me a childish feeling of superiority. I was a part of the theatre; and these unfortunate people who made up our audience, they were not. Ah, the delight of that first performance! The new joy I felt upon watching the actors and actresses on the stage! Now, I told myself, I was an associate of theirs! To me it was fairyland. My imagination ran riot. That night at home, much to my father's disgust, I repeated lines I had heard and tried to imitate gestures that the leading man had made. Only Mother understood and sympathized.

From a seller of opera glasses, I was elevated to the position of ticket seller in the box office. Some months passed, and I became treasurer of the theatre. Father thought that was fine; all the nonsense about play-acting was doubtless out of my head. To be sure, a theatre treasurer was not exactly a business man, but then he *did* have to handle money, a commodity, of course, that the actors of that day were never supposed to see.

There is, to be sure, plenty of detail work to keep a theatre treasurer busy; it kept me jumping most of the time, particularly with a house like ours, with the bill changing every week and even oftener. And no longer did I go home and amuse Mother and bore Father by imitating the most recent actors I had seen. All those old expressions of the creative thing in me were more or less suppressed by the weight of business details. It was not *my* work. I was not happy. There were longing moments in that dingy little office of mine in the Seattle theatre when my thoughts went roving to what was still for me a fairyland—the other side of the curtain.

KYRLE BELLEW and Mrs. Potter came to our theatre, playing repertoire. After I saw Bellew's performance, when the theatre was dark for the night, I went up to my office, alone. I had to go; the hold that Bellew's performance took upon me made me go. To be or not to be—that was the decision I had to make. Every instinct in me, all the forces of environment which for the last few years had been working upon me in the theatre, were insistent that I drop everything and become an actor. Into the small hours of the morning, I fought the thing out with myself. On the walls of that little office I had tacked the portrait of every great actor and actress who had ever played in our theatre—autographed photographs that I had made a point of coaxing out of every one. And they, looking down on me, added their force.

The next morning at ten o'clock I called upon Kyrle Bellew at his hotel, sending up word that the treasurer of the theatre wished to see him. The use of my business title promised a sure audience, I told myself. Fearful that my visit might indicate a crippling of our local theatre "ghost," Bellew would be certain to see me. Perhaps it was unkind to give him a worrisome few moments, but I *had* to see him.

Bellew had just returned from a horseback ride and was shaving; but when he heard that it was the treasurer of the theatre who was waiting to see him, he, as I expected, directed that I be sent up at once to his room. From his expression when he greeted me I guess I had given him quite a shock; for of course he thought that someone had absconded with the receipts of the evening's performance. Those were uncertain days in the theatre. But when I told him that I wanted to act, that I would resign as treasurer and go with him, no matter how small the part, a look of understanding came into his kind eyes. "Have you had any experience as an actor, Mr. Post?" he asked.

"No, but I'll recite for you."

He hurriedly saved himself from that, thought a moment, then:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm going to produce 'Charlotte Corday' in Chicago next season. There'll be a number of small parts. If you're still of a mind to go on the stage, you come to Chicago then, and see me, and I'll put you on in a small part."

I thanked him with all my heart and walked the remaining months to the next season on air. Then, packing up, I left Seattle and went to Chicago. To me it was the City of Opportunity. At last I was to have the chance which all my life I had craved. But when I went to see Bellew at the old Schiller Theatre, my hopes were dashed. I had passed out of his mind; all the small parts for "Charlotte Corday" had been cast.

"But, Mr. Bellew, I've come all the way from Seattle. You've *got* to give me a chance."

"Will you supe, Mr. Post?"

I grabbed at it. "I'll do anything."

But my luck turned. In the Bellew company there was an actor who was playing two parts. He was objecting to this "doubling," and Bellew remembered it.

"If I were to give you a part, a character 'bit,' Mr. Post, do you think you could play it?"

A part! Lines to speak! I showered him with gratitude. "Try me."

THE part was the printer in "Charlotte Corday." You recall that at the time of the Reign of Terror, the "printer" was the name they had for the man who posted in Paris the names of the Royalists whom Jean Paul Marat had marked for execution. Bellew himself rehearsed me in the part, which, of course, was trivial, but which to me had assumed colossal proportions. My costume called for sabots, with tufts of straw sticking out of them, bare legs, breeches and a brown jumper conspicuous with the tricolor. I had consumed hours on my costume (*Continued on page 126*)

Somehow, standing there with the lights shining down on her wealth of dark hair and her fresh, pretty face with its quiet gray eyes, she touched a responsive chord of memory

The Jealousy of Mother McCurdy

A world-old affliction—but a brand-new case of it

By Leslie Gordon Barnard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. UNDERWOOD

LEANING at a seemingly perilous angle over the scant railing of the diminutive back gallery, Mrs. McCurdy deftly hung out a series of wet, flabby garments of a more or less intimate nature. She worked with precision, adjusting the protesting clothes-line with the hand of experience, but frequently pausing to hold her left side, as though to quiet the strange flutterings of her heart.

"'Tis nothing, Mrs. Doherty," she protested, in response to the murmured sympathy of the woman in the next tenement. Mrs. Doherty's abundant muscular energy had already carried similar labors to a triumphant conclusion, enabling her now to drape her portly form over her own railing in neighborly interest and gossip. "Though, indade, Mrs. Doherty, I mind the time when I cud take a hand with the best. It's only the last month or two I've not been feelin' myself. 'Old age creepin' on,' I tells my Jimmy, but not a word av it will he lissen to, Mrs. Doherty. 'Yer younger than most folks half yer age,' he sez. 'An' shud be,' I sez, 'with a son like you to keep one's heart young.'"

Mrs. Doherty nodded her approval.

"You've a right to be proud of yer son, Mrs. McCurdy. As fine an' upstandin' a young man as there is in the block. Only last night I sez to Michael, 'Michael,' I sez, 'that there lad will make a name fer himself some day, or I miss my guess.' I've always held—"

"Never a truer word did ye speak, Mrs. Doherty. The brains that boy has, Mrs. Doherty, sometimes I wonder am I the mother av him. Of course, then, too, his father has to be tuk into account. A rare clever man was Pat McCurdy when his senses weren't fuddled. Even in his cups, I assure ye, Mrs. Doherty, he cud outarguify annyone within two blocks. When my Jimmy gets talkin' learned about politics and what not I cud almost swear 'twas poor Patrick settin' there. A rare clever man was his father—if I sez so myself—an' most kindly when sober. I mind his last moments. He was tuk bad sudden-like one Monday night. I saw the look av the man, an' ran fer Jimmy to call the priest, but Patrick called me back. 'It's not fer Father Shea ye'll be sendin',' he sez, 'afther me near kickin' him down-stairs no later than Saturday week. No,' he sez, 'I reckon, Kitty,' he sez, very gentle-like, 'if you'll be afther forgivin' me fer the way I've mistreated ye, I'll stand a show with the Almighty.' An' then he slipped away, Mrs. Doherty, starin' up at me with a smile on the face av him."

Mrs. McCurdy sighed, gazing across the tangle of burdened clothes-lines to the unlovely backs of the tenements opposite. Mrs. Doherty clucked her tongue in sympathetic interest, though she had heard the story often before.

"Not what ye'd call a religious man, Mrs. Doherty, I'll allow, but kind as they make them at heart. My Jimmy takes after him in that, though, praise be, he leaves the drink alone. Which puts me in mind, Mrs. Doherty, it's hurryin' I must be, or niver a fut will I be able to put inside a theayter to-night."

Mrs. Doherty's eyes opened a trifle wider; Mrs. McCurdy's held more than a little pride.

"A theayter, ye said, Mrs. McCurdy?"

"An' not a movie, neither, but a real live play-actin' theayter. 'Tis what ye'd be callin' an annooal event, Mrs. Doherty. Alwuz when Patrick was alive he'd leave the drink alone long enough to be takin' me to the show on me birthday. Since he passed away, my Jimmy's tuk after his father in that as other thin's.

"NIVER a year, Mrs. Doherty, come the sivinteenth av September, but the lad comes in av the evenin' very proud-like, with the tickets in his hand. 'Mumsy,' he sez, 'yer presence is requested at a theayter party fer two,' he sez. An' away we go to the grandest seats, Mrs. Doherty, right up on the first veranda, where we can be seein' such a deal of both the show an' the fine folks in the boxes an' all. I mind the ign'rance I displayed the very first time Pat tuk me. 'Pat,' I sez, 'there's a veranda above this agin; I'm thinkin' the view from there 'ud be better still.' 'Hush,' he sez, quick, ''Tis not a place fer the likes o' you among the riffraff up there,' he sez. A proud man was Patrick McCurdy, and indade not without cause, Mrs. Doherty, fer his family back in the Ould Land were looked up to, and kept, it is said, several pigs av their own."

"Then to-day is yer birthday, I take it, Mrs. McCurdy?"

"It is that, Mrs. Doherty."

"And which show will ye be takin' in?"

"That I cannot say, Mrs. Doherty. You see, 'tis a tradition with us that this shud be a surprise-like. Niver a word wud Patrick say about it bein' a day apart, as ye might say, until he come home at night. Then, just offhand like, he'd up an' say as how he thought we'd be goin' to the theayter. But niver once did he miss, an' my Jimmy the same. Niver an eye did my Jimmy bat this mornin' when he kissed me good-by; but to-night he'll be hurryin' home early from the works, an' I'll let on I niver suspect annythin', though 'tis true I'll be dressed in me best so's to be savin' av the time.

"I went so far as to hint last week, Mrs. Doherty, that it's not this here Great Opera stuff I do be carin' fer. I mind goin' to it one year—Jimmy thought 'twould be fashionable-like to go—but while 'twas very grand an' terrible at times, 'tis entoirely in the dark I am still as to what 'twas all about. Well, I must be goin' in, Mrs. Doherty. My Jimmy will be comin' in before I know where I am, an' the praties not peeled yet, er nothin'."

Mrs. McCurdy picked up the empty clothes basket and skilfully maneuvered it through the narrow doorway. Mrs. Doherty's voice, displaying its owner's reluctance to discontinue the conversation, followed her in.

"They do say, Mrs. McCurdy, that your Jimmy's as good as engaged."

Mrs. McCurdy dropped the basket inside the door, and swung around quickly.

"'Tis a lie, Mrs. Doherty," she declared bluntly, though there was evasion in her eyes. "'Tis not so at all, at all. 'Twill take more than a slip av a colleen to be stealin' the heart of my Jimmy from his mother. Not but what she's as nice a girl as may be, Mrs. Doherty—ye'll not misunderstand me—but my Jimmy's all I have now that Patrick and my little Norah's gone, an' no one will be takin' him from me."

There was a strange grayness about the woman's face, which Mrs. Doherty could not have noticed, for she replied with a throaty chuckle:

"'Tis the way of the world, Mrs. McCurdy, and it ill becomes anny of us to fight against the order o' things."

Mrs. McCurdy went at that, without further remark; but it was not until the tidbits that she had planned for supper were sending out appetizing odors, and the ironing of her best gown—a combination of modern additions and alterations with prehistoric elegance—was completed, and the new cloak, purchased at the rummage sale laid out ready, that the sting of the words left her to a proper contemplation of the evening of pleasure that was in store.

II

THE little door of the clock opened, and a forlorn apology for a bird staggered out. The poor creature had never been quite the same since Patrick McCurdy, in a drunken rage, had sought to vent his feelings on it. Of course, Mrs. McCurdy had excused the outbreak with the remark:

"Sure, an' it must be most annoyin' to be seein' several cuckoos climbin' out there to wanst, an' squawkin' at ye when yer not feelin' just yerself."

Great had been the relief of the good woman at finding that, beyond the fact that the bird had itself assumed a rather drunken aspect, no harm was done. The clock was a wedding present, and greatly prized. Even now, in its present sorry state, it occupied a conspicuous place on the shelf in the room that served as kitchen, dining-room and living-room all rolled into one. It gave an air to the place that was not to be gainsaid, and when callers came Mrs. McCurdy invariably endeavored to detain them until the turn of the hour, that they might hear, and be impressed with, the rather unmusical efforts of the bird.

"Cuckoo — cuckoo — cuckoo—cuckoo —cuckoo—cuckoo!" it chanted now. Mrs. McCurdy felt almost annoyed at the emphasis it seemed to put on the lateness of the hour. Where was Jimmy, anyhow? If he didn't come soon the meal would be spoiled and, worse still, they might be late for the show. In Mrs. McCurdy's mind, the entertainment started when the early arrivals began to enter the theatre; the performance on the boards was but half the event.

From a hasty glance at the oven she went to the gown, hung carefully over the back of a chair, slipping it on with nervous fingers. Later she adjusted the newly acquired cloak with loving hands. The alarming ensemble of colors seemed thoroughly satisfactory to the wearer.

"It don't look too bad now," she told herself, standing back from the mirror to admire the effect. "It don't look too bad at all since I fixed it up. It's proud of his old mother Jimmy'll be to-night, in all her finery."

She divested herself of the cloak, laying it carefully on the bed in her tiny bedroom, and girded a large apron about her, lest any accident should befall the gown. Her ears caught a quick step on the stairs; relief showed in her face.

"He's hurryin' to make up fer lost time." She nodded her satisfaction.

The door swung open. A well-built lad, fresh-complexioned, came in with a rush.

"Hello, Mumsy!"

He enfolded her little figure in his large embrace.

"Yer late, Jimmy boy."

"A little, Mumsy. Supper ready?"

"I'll set it right on. Do you run an' change yer things an' wash up."

JIMMY disappeared into the boxlike cubicle that was his room. Mrs. McCurdy hastened to set the meal on the table—"all a-flutter" now that the big event was so near. Jimmy emerged shortly, very shiny as to face, very brisk as to clothes.

"It's fine yer lookin' to-night, Jimmy." Her glance held both pride and infinite tenderness. "Ye put me so in mind av yer father in the days when he was courtin' av me back in the Ould Land. A gran'-lookin' man was yer father in them days; an' yer as like him as two peas."

"How you talk, Mumsy!" he protested, flushing, but his glance was toward the little mirror on the opposite wall; his hand went to his tie, setting it straighter.

She set a steaming plateful before him, a smaller one at her own place. Almost she was too excited to eat, inwardly speculating on which show it was to be. She secretly hoped that it might be one of those where tears and laughter, and laughter and tears, followed close upon each other's heels. Jimmy must have a real surprise in store this time, he was keeping it so to himself, and seemed so happy over it.

"Some more praties, Jimmy?"

"No more, Mumsy."

"Ye'll not be sayin' they weren't nice now." Her voice betrayed anxiety. "I browned them, thinkin' ye liked them best that way."

"They're fine, Mumsy, only I haven't time." He rose quickly, scraping his chair back over the oilclothed floor. "I promised I'd meet Lissie early."

MRS. McCURDY rose involuntarily from her seat, then sank back weakly. A cold, dead weight seemed to have suddenly settled on her heart; for a moment the little room became a confused jumble. Jimmy was at her side in a moment.

"Mumsy, Mumsy!" Alarm was in his voice. "What's the matter? You're not well. Let me help you to lie down."

"Don't ye be botherin' av yerself, Jimmy. I'll be right as rain . . . in a moment. It's just my . . . heart. It goes like that sometimes."

"Rest is what you need, Mumsy; you work too hard. Better lie down a little while till you're better. I'll stay."

"No, no, Jimmy lad. Run along to—Lissie. It's well I am already . . . see." She simulated composure with an effort, smiling bravely up at him. Then she rose, and silently set about clearing away the supper dishes.

"Run along, Jimmy. Don't you be worryin' yer head about me."

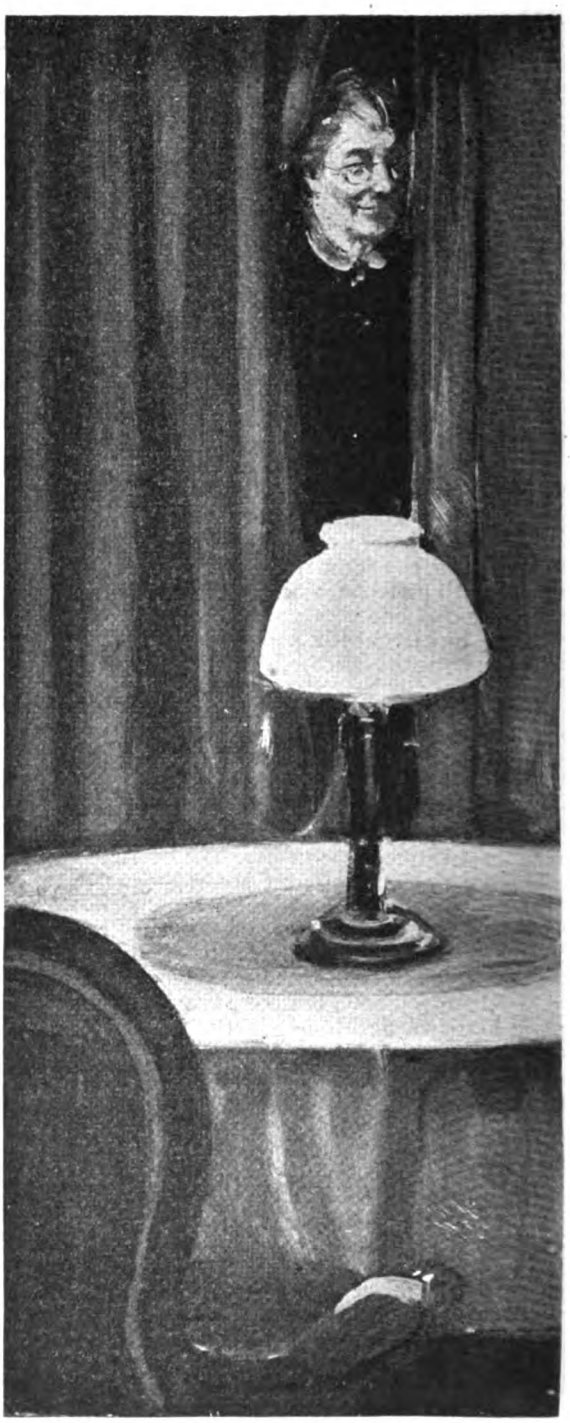
He drew on his coat slowly, took his cap from the peg and came over.

"You're sure you'll be all right, Mumsy?"

"Sure, Jimmy lad. Away with ye, an' enjoy yerself. 'Tis the right av youth." She went with him to the door, lifting a rough, wrinkled cheek, unusually pallid, to receive his farewell kiss, still smiling up at him the while.

But later, when the sound of his descending footsteps ceased, she sat down limply in the nearest chair. Somehow she felt very old, very tired.

"'Tis the way av the world, as Mrs. Doherty sez, an' accordin' to the nature o' things. But it's the first time I've missed in all these years."



On an improvised seat in the confidential one, for what

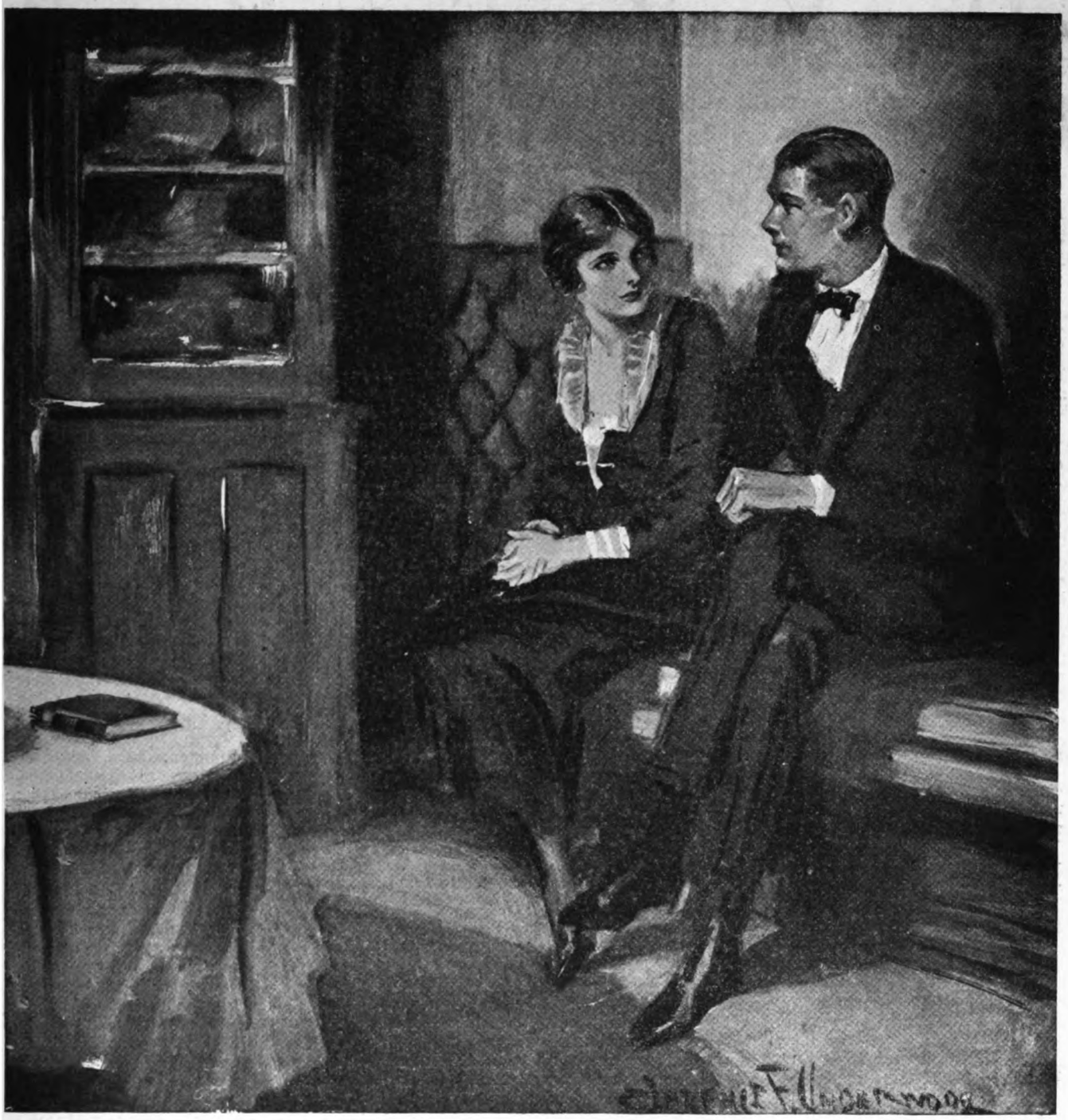
Very slowly, with a strange wistfulness in her face, she began to remove the carefully-prepared finery, laying it away with trembling hands in a corner of a drawer, with a piece of soft paper to cover it. Somehow, it seemed like the funeral of her heart.

III

"CUCKOO — cuckoo — cuckoo — cuckoo — cuckoo — cuckoo—cuckoo —cuckoo!"

Mrs. McCurdy stirred uneasily, then sat up in her chair with a start, listening to the striking timepiece. Eight o'clock!

"Such a dream I've been havin', 'twas almost as good as bein' there, if it weren't fer the wakin'. Ye little spalpeen"—this



corner two figures sat. Evidently the conversation was a very there was of it was carried on in low, intimate whisperings

to the cuckoo— "spoilin' av me dreams. Fine ladies, an' carriages, an' play-actin' an' what not . . . an' my Jimmy along with me."

Mrs. McCurdy sighed, staring across at the little window, through which came the varied noises of the street, the cries of belated venders, the merry shrillness of playing children. The room was dark, for, as Mrs. McCurdy said:

"'Tis not Mrs. Doherty will be findin' out I'm at home by the lights bein' on. Though what I'll be sayin' to the woman when she asks about the show—"

The place was hot and stuffy, permeated with the unpleasant odors of stale cooking. The woman rose and went to the window, throwing it more widely open and leaning out in enjoyment of the crisp evening air.

"They'll just be goin' in now, all dressed up to the nines, drivin' up in their lemonsenes an' what not. Just like that swell one comin' up the street now. Why— 'tis stoppin' close by, right below, 'tis no doubt some trouble they'll be havin'. They do say them things are very troublesome."

Mrs. McCurdy thrust her body still farther out. Motors of this kind at least were not common in this part; drivers avoided the dingy, narrow street.

"Saints an' sinners! 'Tis me wits are goin'. If that ain't my Jimmy steppin' out, as though he owned the outfit."

THEN Jimmy's voice in confirmation, in the doorway.

"Mumsy! Mumsy! Where are you? What's the matter with the light? You ain't sick again—" He struck a match, lighting the feeble gas jet. "Gee! what a start you gave me."

"I was restin', Jimmy."

"Quick, Mumsy, I've got the tickets here, an' a taxi at the door for you. Be quick, Mumsy, the show starts at eight-thirty."

"Jimmy, send that swell automobile away. It's dead broke the boy will be with such extravagance. Niver a fut have I set in one of them things before, nor expected to. 'Tis not fer the likes av me, Jimmy." But somehow the protests lacked conviction.

"Nonsense, Mumsy. 'Tis your birthday, don't forget, and surely I can afford a little surprise extra this year, with the raise I got last week and all."

From the (*Continued on page 116*)

Have You Been Finger-Printed?

Unless you are a crook and want to hide, you should have a set of your finger prints made and kept in a safe place. Signatures to important documents ought to be accompanied by finger prints. All little children's finger prints should be made and registered

By Mary B. Mullett

UNLESS you plan to commit a crime, or want to "lose yourself," or enjoy the idea of perhaps resting in an unmarked grave, you ought to have your finger prints taken and registered.

If you have children—little folks who might be lost or kidnapped, boys who may yield to the lure of adventure and run away from home—you should have a set of their finger prints made, and keep it in a safe place.

The only persons to whom finger-printing is a menace instead of a safeguard are criminals and people who want to escape recognition. To all the rest of us it offers a protection which may prove invaluable in an emergency, for it is *the only infallible means of identification.*

Not long ago, a woman walked into the office of the Finger Print Publishing Association in Chicago and said:

"I am in business here in the city, and I live alone in a hotel. I have no relatives here, and I have often wondered what would happen if I should meet with some accident, or die suddenly, perhaps on the street where no one would recognize me.

"I travel a good deal, too. And while I am not foolishly fearful about train wrecks, or things of that sort, there is a chance that I may be in such a disaster sometime.

"Of course, I always carry with me a card, giving my name and address, and also the names and addresses of two or three persons to be notified in case of accident or of my sudden death. But in a serious disaster, the card might be lost. Or, if I were a victim of foul play, it might be taken away.

"I read repeatedly of accidents in which some of the persons losing their lives are listed as 'unidentified.' I know, too, of persons who have disappeared, simply dropped out of sight, and their friends have searched in vain for any trace of them. I confess that I don't want that to happen to me; and I have been wondering whether finger-printing offered any protection against it."

In many ways that woman's problem was the same as that of practically all of us. We ride in trains and on steamboats; and we sometimes go to the city, even though we do not live there. Accident, or sudden death away from home, may come to any one of us. So the advice she received is given here as if it had been offered directly to you.

Have a set of your finger prints made. If you live in a city, you can go to the Identification Bureau of the Police Department or to a finger-print expert. If no expert is available, you can do the job yourself according to the directions given later in this article.

If your set is made by an expert, he will analyze it and put your "classification" in the upper right-hand corner. If you have made it yourself, you can send it to the Identification Bureau in the nearest city and have it classified and returned to you.

Fig. 1—Print of the right middle finger of J. C., magnified two diameters. Notice the enclosed space, which was one quarter of an inch square before it was magnified

Fig. 2—Print of the right middle finger of J. W. It was selected from several hundred prints because it was the closest match to the J. C. finger pattern

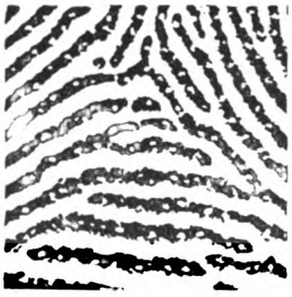


Fig. 3—The square area in Fig. 1, enlarged to eleven diameters. The white spots are sweat pores. No two human beings have the same number, size, and shape of these pores in even one spot of their finger ridges

Fig. 4—The square area in Fig. 2, enlarged to eleven diameters. By this means, the absolute difference between the finger print of J. C. and that of J. W. is proved by a section only a quarter of an inch square

When you get it, properly classified, don't carry it around with you! Give it to some relative, or friend, who will keep it in a secure place; his safety deposit box at the bank, for instance. Then, if you "turn up missing" some day, he will get out this record and take it to the police. If necessary, they will telegraph the classification to police departments all over the country.

Up-to-date police departments take the finger prints of unidentified bodies. They take them, also, of persons suffering from loss of memory. With your classification furnished them, they can find out in two minutes whether they have a duplicate set of prints in their files. If there is reason to think that you may have been one of the unidentified victims of a disaster, they can take finger prints from these bodies and settle the matter absolutely.

Even in case of some terrible fire, perhaps in a theatre or a hotel, this method of identification is possible when everything else fails. After the burning of the Iroquois Theatre in Chicago, about twenty years ago, when scores of persons lost their lives, the friends of some of the victims spent days in a harrowing examination of the charred bodies. In some cases, the same body was claimed by two sets of persons. This terrible experience would not have been necessary if finger prints of the victims of the disaster had been available. People who are burned to death almost always close the hands tightly, so that there are at least patches of skin on the inner surface which are untouched by the flames. A complete set of finger prints is not necessary for identification. The print of a single finger, or even a small portion of one print, is sufficient.

Hundreds of cases of mysterious disappearances and of kidnapped children are reported every year; and often these cases are never cleared up. Families have spent months, even years, in running down clues which proved to be false. In kidnapping cases, the lapse of a few years makes it almost impossible to recognize a child. If a baby is stolen, even a few months makes it difficult to identify the child positively.

Last year, for example, a woman left her baby in its perambulator outside a New York department store while she went in to do some shopping. When she came out, the child had disappeared. Months went by; and in spite of persistent efforts no trace of the child was found.

Then the mother read in the papers that a baby had been abandoned in the Grand Central Station, and taken to Bellevue Hospital. She at once went to see it; and while she could not be certain that it was her "Billy" she *thought* it was, and the authorities surrendered the child to her.

But in the meantime, the woman to whom the child really belonged, and who had abandoned it because she was too poor to care for it, had repented of her action; and she, in turn, claimed the child as hers. Neither mother had any actual proof of her claim. The real mother brought with her a little boy, and when the boy spoke to the baby it held out its arms, but that is a natural thing for a baby to do. It was not *proof*. The authorities decided in this claimant's favor, however, and she went off with the baby.

Suppose that all babies were finger-printed and their finger prints registered —a proceeding which in time will become as much a matter of course as registering the birth itself; in that case, it would have been proved beyond the shadow of a doubt which baby this one was. In fact, when the child was abandoned, the authorities, by consulting the registered finger prints, would have found out immediately to whom it belonged.

IF A CHILD is stolen, a record of its finger prints will make it impossible to have another child substituted for it. In the famous case of Charlie Ross, who was kidnapped when he was a little boy, the unhappy parents searched for him for years. But as time went on they could never be absolutely certain that the various boys—and, in time, even young men —who were put forward were, or were *not*, the son they had lost.

If Charlie Ross had been finger-printed before he was stolen, they could have known absolutely whether a claimant was real or false. For the finger prints of a person *remain the same through life*. A person can be identified by them until he dies—and afterward.

Signatures to important documents, such as wills, contracts, and insurance policies, could not be questioned if the finger prints of the signer were added to the written signature, and a set of the person's finger prints were registered and kept for comparison. If this precaution were taken, a forged will could be immediately detected. Adding a finger print or a thumb print to one's signature on a bank check would eliminate the danger of forgery of checks. Criminal cases which turn on disputed handwriting would be settled absolutely if there were accompanying finger prints.

It is sometimes of vital importance to a man to be able to prove that he is the person he claims to be. Finger prints will do this. And they would be equally valuable sometimes in showing that you are *not* the person somebody says you are.

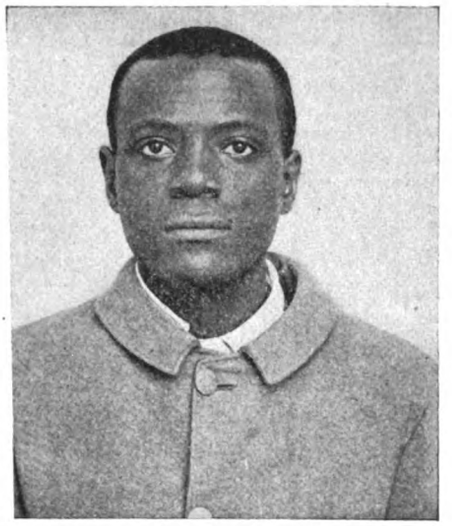
A remarkable case of this kind came up not long ago in Colorado: The description of a man who had deserted his wife had been sent out by the police and he was being searched for in various cities. Finally a man turned up in Denver who fitted the description so perfectly that he was arrested and taken to the abandoned wife, who identified him unconditionally as her missing husband.

The man, however, denied that he had ever seen the lady! Even when other persons were brought in and "recognized" him as the delinquent spouse, he persisted in denying it. One of his alleged old friends tried to reason with him.

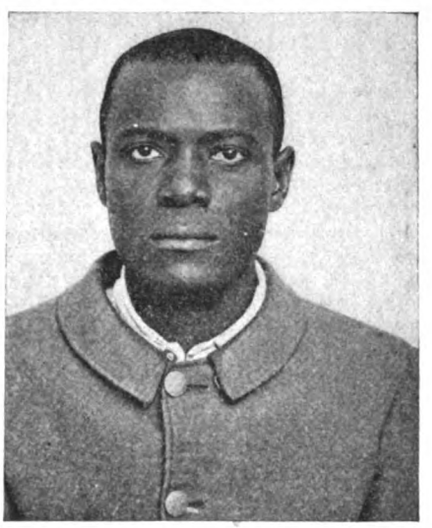
"Why don't you quit this fooling?" he demanded. "You know, and *we* know, that you are So-and-so. Why don't you admit it and go back to your wife?"

The poor fellow protested that he was having an unknown wife thrust upon him; but nobody would believe him. At last he happened to remember the identification tag he had carried in the army, and he produced that. But they told him that this didn't prove anything; because how did they know that it was really his? He was so insistent about it, however, that the authorities consented to investigate.

Now, the army finger-printed all of our soldiers in the recent war. The set made by the man to whom that tag was issued was therefore compared with a new set



Side and front views of Will West, a Federal prisoner at Leavenworth, Kansas



Corresponding views of William West, another Leavenworth prisoner. Nobody could tell the two Wests apart. Even their Bertillon measurements were identical except for a quarter of an inch at one point. But as for their finger prints—see below!

Although the two negroes looked exactly alike, their finger prints were entirely unlike. These two, which are of the left index finger of Will (a) and of William (b), are reproduced by permission of the publisher, Richard G. Badger, from "Personal Identification," by Wilder and Wentworth. Most of the pictures accompanying this article are reproduced from the same volume

made by the man who claimed the tag—and they were absolutely identical. It was settled, therefore, that he *was* the ex-soldier he claimed to be. And with that point proved, it was easy to show by his army record that he could not possibly be the missing husband. The evidence of his finger prints was all that saved him from a very embarrassing situation.

THE difficulty of making a positive identification by personal appearance was shown in another extraordinary case. In 1903 a negro named Will West was brought into the Federal prison at Leavenworth, Kansas, and taken to the record clerk's office to be measured and photographed. The clerk thought he recognized the prisoner, and asked him if he had been there before. He denied that he had; but the clerk was unconvinced, and after measuring him by the Bertillion system, made an examination of the files.

Sure enough, there he found the card of "William West," along with a photograph, apparently of the new prisoner. The Bertillon measurements also corresponded exactly, except for a difference of about a quarter of an inch from the ears to the top of the head.

When Will West was confronted with the picture of William West, he himself agreed that it was *his* photograph! But he said he didn't know how they got it, because he certainly hadn't been there before. Sending for one of the keepers, the clerk asked him if the new prisoner had ever been there. The man stared at him and said:

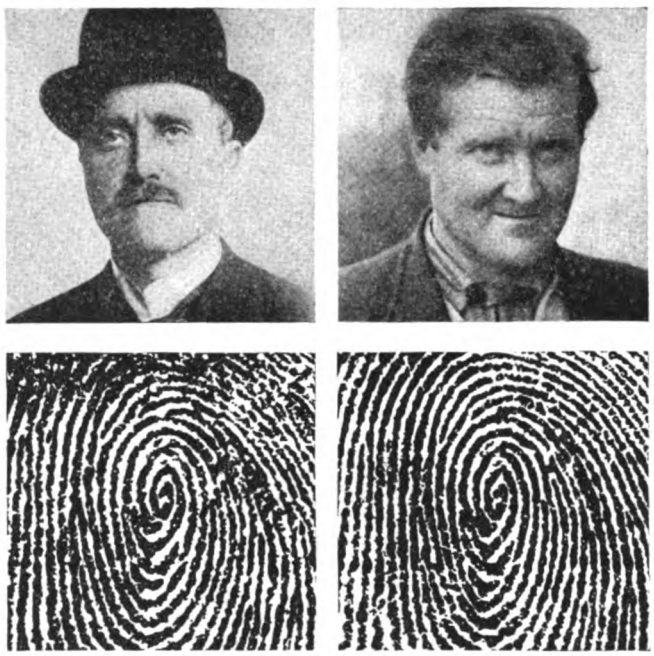
"Why—he's here, in a cell, *now!*"

William, who had been given a life sentence for murder two years previous, was brought to the office with startling effect. The two negroes were so exactly alike that, even when they were side by side, it was impossible to tell them apart. If, by chance *William*, the murderer, had escaped before *Will* was brought in, the latter would undoubtedly have been let in for a life sentence which was not coming to him. Had the practice of finger-printing been common, however, he would have been quite safe. For *no two human beings in the world* have the same finger prints. We have, in our two hands, ten absolutely infallible means of identifying ourselves among millions and billions of other human beings.

If you will look closely at the inside of your hands, especially at the finger ends, you will see that the skin is not perfectly smooth. It has very fine ridges which form a pattern. Some of these patterns are shown in the illustrations accompanying this article. They are called by various names: whorls, loops, tented arches, and so on.

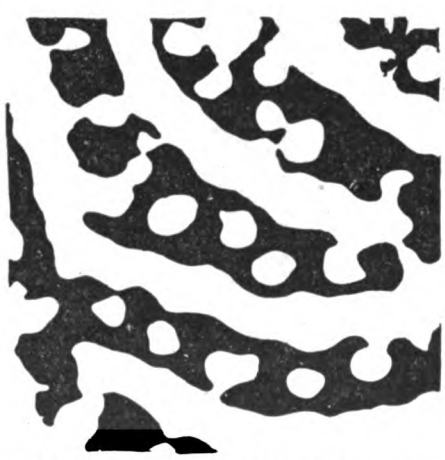
There are not many patterns, and you may think that the chances are a million to one that somebody else will have the same set that you possess. On the contrary, the chances are many, many millions to one that *no* exact duplicate of your set, or even of *one* of your finger prints has ever existed.

You wonder how this can be possible.



The two photographs, above, are of Frank Murray. Taken only a year apart, one in Canada and the other in Maine, no one would imagine them to be of the same man. But when Murray was photographed, he was also finger-printed; and these finger prints furnished absolute identification. The two given here are of the left middle finger, made a year apart

Here is the explanation: Those little ridges are not continuous. Look at the enlargement of a thumb print shown on page 45, and you will see that there are little breaks in the lines, occasional abrupt endings, sometimes a dot all by itself, or a bifurcated line. In that one thumb print there are no less than fifty of these distinguishing points.



The only clue to a certain robbery in Paris was some finger prints on a rosewood box. As they were somewhat blurred, the experts magnified the most distinct spots to 32 diameters, as shown here, and counted the sweat pores. By this means, the robbers were detected. Each had previously been sentenced for crime and his finger prints were on file with the police. There were 901 points of correspondence in the prints of one man and over 2,000 in those of the other

For instance, 22, 23, 24, 25 and 26 are abrupt endings, 27, 28 and 29 are bifurcations; 30, 31, and 32 are abrupt endings; 33 and 34 are bifurcations; and so on.

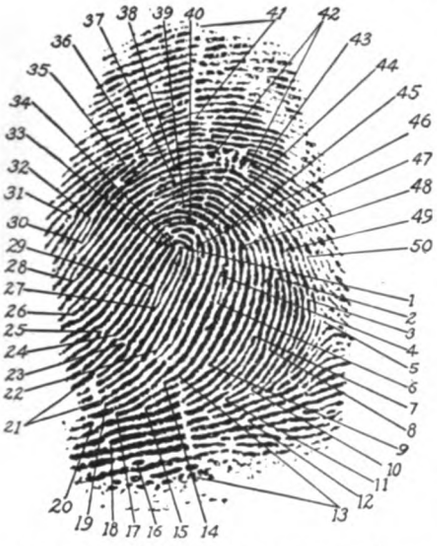
In a very interesting book, "Personal Identification," by Professor Wilder, of Smith College, and former Police Commissioner Wentworth, of Dover, New Hampshire, the possibilities of duplicating finger prints, as worked out by scientists, are given. The chance of finding an exact duplicate of a print containing only forty of these distinguishing details is less than *one in a septillion*. In fact, if you have as few as nine of these little details in your finger print, the chance of finding another to match it is about one in *two quadrillions*, and two quadrillions are a million times as many as all the human inhabitants of this earth at present! So you can see that nobody but you can, literally, "palm himself off" as the owner of your finger prints.

To show how absolutely impossible it is to duplicate exactly these wonderful little ridges of the skin, the authors of "Personal Identification" picked out two prints of a right middle finger, one belonging to J. C., and the other to J. W., which closely resembled each other. Then they took one little section, only a quarter of an inch square, from the same spot in each print. They magnified these little squares eleven diameters, and compared them. The results are shown in Figs. 3 and 4. Anybody can see that they are totally unlike. And yet these two finger prints were chosen because they seemed, at a casual glance, to be unusually similar.

In Fig. 3 you notice that there are white spots, which look like holes in the black lines formed by the ridges. That is precisely what they are—holes. They are the tiny sweat pores which dot the ridges of the skin. If a finger print is magnified so that you can count these pores, you would have at least a score of distinguishing details in every spot a quarter of an inch square.

SO MINUTE an examination, of course, is not necessary, unless you have only a small piece of skin, or only a portion of a finger print to study. In cases of crime—murder or burglary, for instance—the perpetrator often leaves a distinct finger or thumb print on some object he has touched. But sometimes this involuntary "signature" is only a partial print. Small as it may be, however, it is enough to damn him if his finger prints have already come into the possession of the police, or if he is suspected and then finger printed.

Sometimes incriminating traces are left on doors, on safes, on windows, on automobiles. They have been made—unwittingly—in blood on the clothing of the victim. In the case of a woman who was strangled in San Francisco, the murderer left his finger prints on the woman's throat, and they served to identify him.



An enlarged thumb print, showing how an expert picks out the characteristic points. For instance; 14 and 15 are abrupt endings; 16 is a ridge dot, a good and unusual point of comparison; 17, 18, 19 and 20 are abrupt endings; 21 is a cicatrix, or scar; and so on. No person in the world, except the man who made that print, has one with the same points of identification.

In 1911, Inspector Joseph A. Faurot, the famous head of the Identification Bureau of the New York Police Department, obtained the first "finger-print conviction" ever secured in that city. The case was that of Charles Crispi, one of an organized band of loft robbers. In removing a pane of glass from a door, in order to get into a loft, Crispi left a finger print on the glass. Although he was only a boy, he was an old offender with a dozen aliases. Confronted with the finger-print evidence, he confessed to the crime and was sentenced.

On September 19th, 1910, Clarence B. Hiller was murdered by a burglar in his home in Chicago. In examining the premises the next morning, Captain Michael Evans and his son, William Evans, of the Chicago Bureau of Identification, discovered three finger prints on the freshly painted porch railings of the Hiller house. The section of railing bearing the prints was removed and taken to Headquarters, where the marks were photographed.

CERTAIN other clues pointed to a negro named Thomas Jennings as the possible murderer, and he was therefore arrested. His finger prints were taken, and on comparing them with those on the porch rail they were found to be absolutely identical. Largely on this evidence Jennings was convicted and, although the case was appealed to the Supreme Court of Illinois, the verdict was upheld and the murderer was hanged.

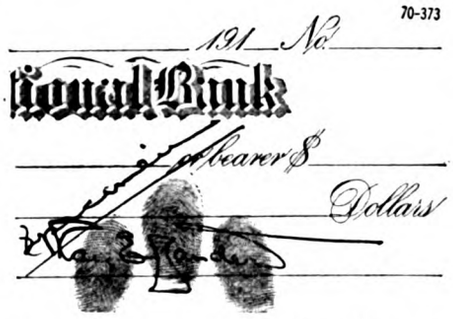
Last autumn a store in South Bend, Indiana, was entered by a burglar and one thousand dollars' worth of silk shirts were stolen. The only clue was a piece of window glass bearing a finger print. When the police searched the records they discovered a corresponding print made by a man named Sackovitz. He was found and arrested for the crime.

A curious case is that of a San Francisco restaurant keeper, Tognetti, who accused his former cashier, Miss Frances Pitham, of stealing one hundred and sixty dollars from the cash register. During the trial of the case, Tognetti was asked by the opposing lawyer whether he had ever been convicted of a felony.

"No, sir! Never!" he declared.

WHEREUPON, the opposing lawyer offered in evidence a police record showing that Tognetti had been convicted of burglary, in 1915, and he included in the evidence a photograph of Tognetti and a set of his finger prints, made at the time of his previous arrest.

Tognetti denied that the photograph was his; he said it was a picture of someone else who looked like him. This might have been true, too. But he could *not* claim that the finger prints were simply some that "looked like" his! They were incontrovertible proof. And when that



An unforgeable method of signing a check. The signature is written across the finger prints with an ink that bites into the paper. The method, devised by Ray E. Bauder, of the First National Bank of Taylorville, Illinois, has been adopted by many large banking institutions

was presented to the jury, Miss Pitham was acquitted inside of ten minutes.

A criminal can change his name. He can even change his personal appearance

Thumb print used as a background for the amount of a check. This is the Bauder method of preventing a check from being "raised" by changing the figures

so that photographs of him at different periods will seem to be of totally different individuals. But he cannot change his finger prints! He may try to do it by scarring his fingers. But unless he absolutely destroys every quarter-inch of the skin's lines, which is practically impossible, he can yet be identified. The pictures of Frank Murray, together with a portion of the print of his left middle finger, shown here, are a good example of how a man can change his face, while his finger prints remain absolutely the same.

Wilder and Wentworth, in their book, give some remarkable instances of mistakes made in identifying persons by their appearance. For instance, on May 4th, 1908, a man named R—— was tried in Chicago for swindling. He was "positively identified" by *thirty* witnesses, among them a patent attorney who swore that on a certain day R—— had given him a forged check. Yet it was proved that on that day R—— had been in jail in Chicago! On February 3d, 1908, the post-office safe at Salisbury, Massachusetts, was robbed. About two years later, a man named M—— was tried for the crime. He was "positively identified" by witnesses. But it was proved that, at the time of the safe robbery, M—— was a prisoner on board the receiving ship "Wabash," and could not have been in Salisbury.

These cases of mistaken identification could be multiplied indefinitely. They merely go to show that, as evidence on which to deprive a suspect of his liberty and even his life, a "positive identification" based on personal appearances is not sufficient. Finger (*Continued on page 268*)

Taken in 1859—Age 26

Taken in 1877—Age 44

Taken in 1916—Age 83

The finger-print patterns of any person remain unchanged throughout life. These three examples, finger prints of Sir William J. Herschel, show how the patterns persisted for fifty-seven years

Paul and West Virginia

First of a new series of Alex stories

By H. C. Witwer

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE difference between a confident guy and a four-flusher is like the difference between "tea" and "tee." They both sound alike the first time you hear 'em, but one's a drink and the other used to lead to one before the Eighteenth Amendment made the nineteenth hole a duplicate of the Deserted Village. The confident guy finds the road to success a concrete speedway for him, because of his faith in himself. The four-flusher can't even get his motor turnin' over, because *that* baby is busy tellin' the world what he'll do once he *does* get started. The four-flusher plays through life like the least he's holdin' is a ace quartet, yet when the final showdown comes, it seems he's *always* wantin' one more card! This bird don't realize till he's froze out that the other players has him figured and will call him, no matter if he bluffs his head off, and when he fin'ly cashes in loser he moans that the Big Game is crooked. But the confident baby is all different. *He* plays life and poker the same way. That boy waits till he gets 'em and when *he* raises—lay off!

No matter how big a guy you may *think* you are, the first pedestrian you meet can name a dozen bigger ones, offhand. They's only one guy ever lived which could truthfully say that no man before him was as well known as he was. His name was Adam. So don't go 'round tellin' the neighbors what a knockout you are—that stuff don't *mean* nothin' and, besides, pretty near everybody reads the newspapers these days, and if you make *alarmin'ly* good they'll all see it. The only things which get in the *large* money by constantly blowin' their own horns is a saxophone player and a auto. Look what four-flushin' done to William Q. Hohenzollern. The minute the Germans staggered back to Berlin they traded him off for a saddlemaker.

The above priceless pearls of wisdom was handed to me by one Alexander Hanley, alias "Alex the Great," which is a cousin of my wife's, and a relative I need the same way I need a third arm. The well and favorably known hamlet of New York was pluggin' along in its quiet way without botherin' nobody, and crawlin' off in a corner to weep every time some cruelly unappreciated poet from Chicago called it the "great, cold, selfish city!" and the etc., when Alex heard about Broadway up in the unexplored wilds of Vermont a coupla years ago. I think before the news reached the boy's shell-like ears he was engaged in the honest toil of extractin' the lacteal fluid (Boston slang for "milk") from dear old Bossy or gayly goin' a-hayin' or whatever pastimes is had to bust up the dull mornin's on the farm.

Pausin' in the midst of givin' the sport of agriculture a boost, Alex strolled over to the post office to see if his regular slue of illustrated novels, written by the mail-order houses on the subject of everything from autos to zithers, had arrived. Whilst waitin' for old 84 to pull in, he picked up a New York newspaper from the floor where some other native had throwed it, after readin' the death notices and findin' that apparently Aunt Effie of Madison Avenue was still alive. It took Alex about a hour to consume the contents therein, at the end of which time he throwed away the apple he was chewin', his job as caretaker to the cows and chickens, and was back in his boudoir absently droppin' articles of wearin' apparel into a suit case.

Alex had quickly decided that any town where plumbers got $100 a week and bank cashiers $35, where $12-the-week messenger boys was allowed to roam wild in Wall Street carryin' a million dollars' worth of ready-to-spend bonds in cute little satchels, where everybody which arrived at the Grand Central Station with more than two trunks was forced to take the freedom of the city and hear the mayor make a speech, where the theatre box offices was usually three blocks away from the theatre, in a cigar store, and where right across the rver in the country of New Jersey third-rate box fighters got from $500 a round up—any burg like that was forty times the rube village that his native hamlet was, and bein' a double-distilled hick himself, Alex figured he belonged in New York and not Vermont.

LIKE the marines descended on Belleau Wood, Alex hit New York, and he went through it the same way. Adoptin' the attitude from the start that *he* was the wise guy and New York was the boob, and aided by a bull-headed stubbornness he stole from the mule back on the old farm, this baby had $1.50 for every electric light on Broadway inside of a year. Also, he hypnotized into matrimony a dame which would of made Romeo tear up Juliet's address, and *had* made $300 the week in the Follies before somebody gave Alex a pass to the show.

Now this guy's continual habit of finishin' first got on my nerves. They is such a thing as bein' *too* good—get me? No matter *what* he tried, he copped, and he had about broke *me* bettin' him that he wouldn't. I laid awake many's the night tryin' to dope out somethin' that would hang Alex over the ropes yellin' for the cops and, like the mob which stands around watchin' the steeplejack paintin' the flagpole, I never give up hope that *sometime* Alex would fall and I'd be there to see it!

One evenin', whilst I am sittin' down at the festive board with the luckiest married woman in the world, or, in other words, my wife, Mr. Bell's ingenious invention rings, and on the heels of that our servant problem come in and says Alex is on the 'phone and craves the boon of a talk with his charmin' cousin.

"Tell him we got a heavy date," I says, tyin' into the steak with what is known as a gusto. "I had a tough day to-day and I can't stand listenin' to *that* cuckoo to-night!"

The sharer of all my joys and what few odd sorrows we have presented me with a glance as cold as the ball on top of the North Pole. Alex is her favorite cousin, and has been the cause of about 953 mêlées between us, in round numbers. The wife thinks Alex could bounce Dempsey and allow him the first four wallops, make "Babe" Ruth throw away his bat, teach Doug Fairbanks the secrets of the movie game, show Morgan how to make himself a bank roll and give Galli-Curci singin' lessons.

I think he's a loud-mouthed pest!

"LISTEN!" says my spouse; "if Alex wants to come over here to-night he's as welcome as a rain storm in the Sahara Desert—get that? I suppose *you'd* rather have them poker hounds hold a all-night meetin' here, ruin my table and carpets with cigarette butts and take *you* for about a hundred fish, huh? And then in the cold gray dawn, as the boys is wendin' their weary way homeward, you'll touch the winner for ten, and wake me up to say you won it and it's all mine! You tell them friends of yours if they want to play cards to join a lodge or somethin'. This is my home—not a clubhouse!"

"It's also *my* home," I says, "and I gotta right to pass on what guests we harbor from time to time. I get a whole lot more innocent pleasure tryin' to fill a straight flush than I do listenin' to Alex four-flush! Why, he—"

"You'd be much further up in the battin' averages if you'd just sit quiet and listen to Alex!" she cuts me off.

"That's all I ever get a chance to do," I hollers, commencin' to take a real interest in the argument. "That bimbo would of made them quit in the Tower of Babel! If he comes over here to-night, I go out—and there's *that!*"

At this critical moment the maid, prob'ly gettin' sick of the argument, prevented bloodshed by stickin' her head in the door again.

"Mister Hanley is still on the 'phone, ma'am," she says.

"He may be on the 'phone," I says; "but he ain't *still*. That guy will argue with his embalmer! He's prob'ly fillin' in the time by tellin' the operator what's

She dazzled the eye like Niagara Falls or a coupla ten-thousand-dollar bills

the matter with the League of Nations, and—"

The only answer I got was a slam of the door and also a grin from the maid, which gets not a little pleasure from listenin' daily to married life in the tenth year, as she swings a mean vacuum cleaner from room to room.

I had just about made up my mind that I had a A-1 suit against my wife on the grounds of desertion, when the same returned to the dinin' hall, a mass of giggles.

"It's certainly a good thing that dress shirt of yours came back from the laundry to-day!" is her openin' remark.

"Why?" I says. "Has the owner come after it?"

"Hurry up and finish your dinner!" she says, ignorin' my unusually witty comeback. "We've got to dress and go over to Alex's."

"Where d'ye get that *we* stuff?" I growls, helpin' myself lavishly to her portion of salad, which they was no use lettin' it go to waste. "I figure a coupla the boys is more than liable to drop in to-night, and—"

"I DOUBT it," says the wife, "because there won't be nobody here but the maid—and she's goin' out. Alex and his wife are havin' a few picked friends up to the house to-night; it's a sort of house warmin' for their new flat. Just a little informal affair, so hurry up and get into your dress suit. I'll be ready in less than an hour." With that she turns to the maid, which is so busy gettin' a earful that she's runnin' the vacuum cleaner up the side of the wall. "Annie, park that flivver in the closet, and come in here and help me dress!" she calls.

"A moment!" I hollers, wavin' my fork wildly around. "This here's a free country—it says so in the 'Star-Spangled Banner'—and if I wanna stay by my own fireside to-night, they ain't *nobody* can drag me away. I said I wasn't goin' out, and that winds the subject. You oughta know by this time that I'm a man of my word!"

"You will find your pumps under the bureau," remarks the wife, smilin' sweetly. "Come on, Annie—make it snappy!"

So that is how a half-hour later I am all dressed up like Fifth Avenue when the boys come marchin' home, and I would just as soon wear a shroud as a dress suit. I have never felt comfortable

He's watchin' Harris dancing with his wife, and he looks hand at manslaughter. This is what I'd been waitin'

in one in my life and I no doubt never will as long as you got to wear a stiff white shirt, a white vest and a white tie with 'em. I'm always afraid that some guy will come up and try to check his hat and coat with me. The odd part is that, personally, I'm a riot in them "Curse you, Jack Dalton!" layouts, and, in fact, I was in front of the hall pier glass lost in admiration of myself when along come the wife, dressed within an inch of my bank roll. She halted about three feet away from me and throwed open her cloak.

"Well, dear," she says, callin' me by a old nickname and at the same time makin' me a present of a smile that would of caused Columbus to forget what he sailed away from Spain for, "how do I look now?"

With some difficulty I tore myself away from the mirror and turned around.

Sweet Cookie!

Well, I have seen some good-lookers in my time, havin' once dallied around with musical comedy in the portfolio of property man, but this laudanum addict's dream which stood before me now would make Venus and Milo look like wash ladies after a tough session with the tubs! From the shimmerin' top of her blond hair—a thing which never handicapped *no* woman—to the tips of her diamond-buckled slippers, she dazzled the eye like Niagara Falls or a coupla ten-thousand-dollar bills. If the bulk of King Solomon's wives was rolled into one girl, the best that one could do would be to finish second to the reason I get $2,000 exemption on my income tax—and there's *that!*

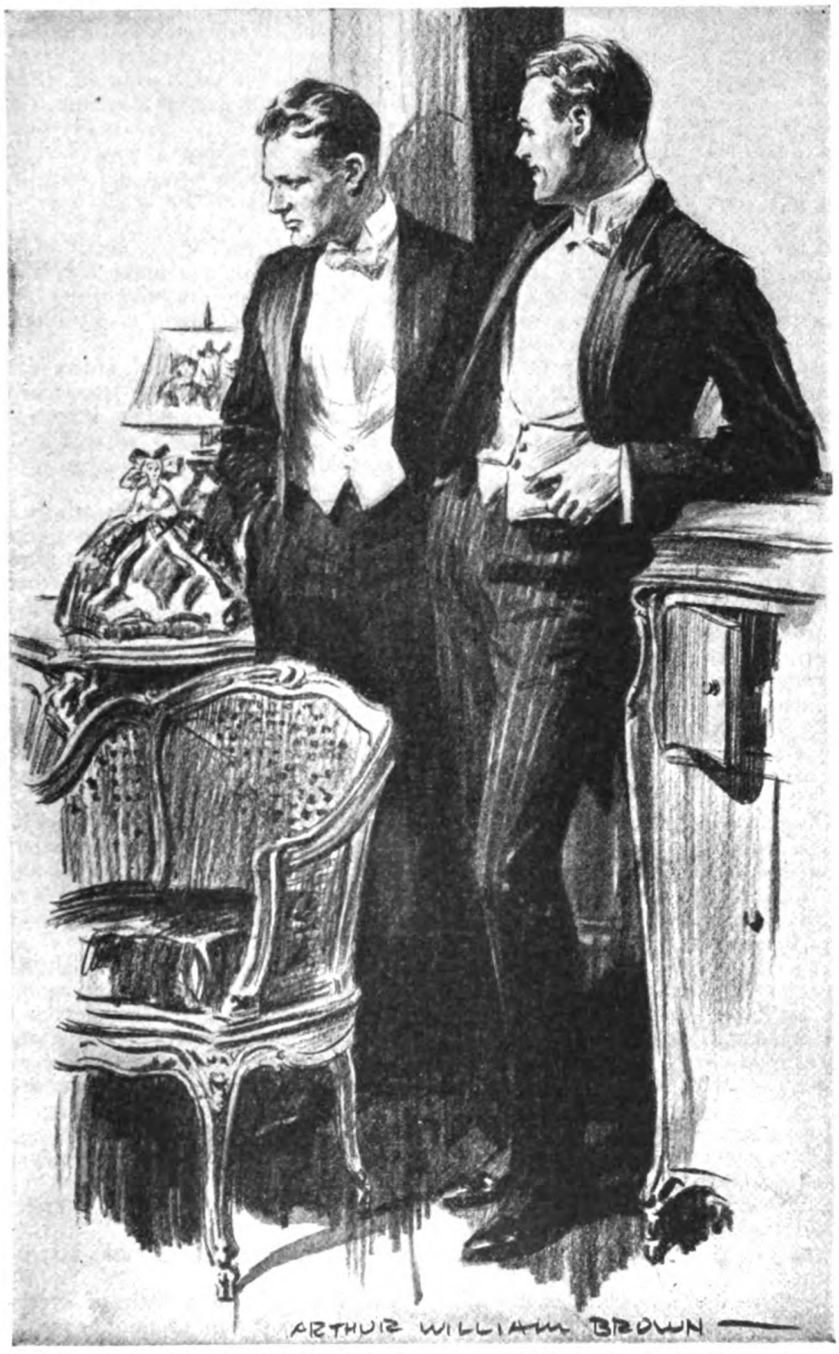
The minute I get my breath, I clasp her in my arms, wrinkle the front of my shirt all up, the maid let forth a heavy sigh, and all is peace and quiet in the portals of my home again.

Whilst I am brushin' the powder off my coat, the wife says:

"Hurry! I want you to wrap up about a dozen of our new jazz records and bring them over with us. Alex told me to be sure not to forget them."

Zam! Right away the armistice is all over.

If they is anything I can't see into it's takin' talkin' machine records to the house of a friend. The minute you do that you can kiss 'em good-by, because you're posolutely gonna be gypped outa them before the evenin' is over. When the time comes to leave, the charmin' and likewise cunnin' hostess has got your new records all balled up with her old ones—a accident which took her all night to stage—and where you brung in the latest Broadway hits you walk out with records which was all the rage when Dewey joined the navy and half of *them* is likely cracked!



like he's ready to try his for, for a couple of years!

"Listen!" I says; "they is none of my records gonna be heard over in Alex's house to-night. Was nerve a stone, that guy would be Grant's Tomb! He's prob'ly borreyed the talkin' machine from somebody else, hey?"

"Alex don't have to borrow nothin' from nobody!" snaps the wife. "And they paid $350 for their machine. It's not a cheap old thing like ours, it's solid mahogany!"

"Made from Alex's head, hey?" I sneers. "Well, let him grab off some mahogany records then! The night we took our records down to the Wilkinsons', we lost 'The Epileptic Roller Skaters' Blues' and 'Jazzin' Around Uncle's Grave,' and that infant wonder of theirs bust 'I Love You More the Less I See of You!' over the dog's head. There's $3.75 all shot to pieces, and all I got was a salmon sandwich and a flagon of 'Zowie!' that temperance drink Alex invented which would make a glass of spring water taste like booze! Prob'ly Alex wouldst like us to supply the refreshments and the etc. for his party too, hey?"

"They're servin' a caterer's supper at twelve," says the wife, coldly.

"Well," I says, "I don't know what a caterer eats for supper, but I'll take a chance and get there at exactly midnight!"

"Come—get the dance records!" says the wife, stampin' a impatient foot. "All the new ones are in the top rack."

"I thought we had that part of it all settled," I hollers, gettin' peeved. "I said I wasn't gonna bring up no records, and I mean it! I'm a legless wonder when it comes to dancin', and I ain't gonna supply no music for some cuckoo to trip the light and fantastic with my wife. I said *no*, and that ends the subject!"

So that is how I come to arrive at Alex's flat with a armful of records belongin' to me. However, in pickin' 'em out I used some judgment. I brung along such up-to-date dance melodies as 'My Country 'Tis of Thee,' 'Asleep in the Deep,' 'My Old Kentucky Home,' and the like. I figured if they could do any jazzin' around to the air of any of *them*, I could get elected Sheriff of Shantung by acclamation!

WELL, we climbed aboard a passin' taxi, and in $2.80 by the clock we arrived at the "Royal Majestic Superb," the compartment house on Riverside Drive which shelters Alex and his fair young bride. On the way up in the elevator the wife kept chatterin' away, as happy and excited as the day she knew I was gonna ask her to wed me—a woman hates these parties like she hates to be told she's both clever and good-lookin' by the same guy. But it was all different with me! I know just what's gonna take place, and I'm encased in a gloom that you couldn't crash through with a tank. As I may have remarked, I ain't no dancer, and if this light and airy conversation which is had at these receptions was ice I'd be South Africa. I know I'm sentenced to several hours of sittin' around hither and yon with a lotta other boobs like myself, listenin' to Alex tell the assembled multitude what a world beater he is, the while my charmin' wife whirls around the floor in some fathead's arms.

"Here—brace up," says the wife, as we step off at the fatal floor. "You look like a pall bearer!"

"Don't kid this dress suit," I says. "I feel bad enough!"

"It's not the suit, it's your face," she tells me. "Try and look a little cheerful, and not like a press agent for a graveyard!"

"You ain't seen *nothin'!*" I says. "Wait till you lamp me after I have listened to that chatter of Alex's for about a hour!" Then I got a bright idea. "Hey!" I says, "suppose I beat it, and come back and call for you at the witchin' hour of midnight?"

The idea failed to create a sensation, nettin' me nothin' but a witherin' glance, and then the wife rung the bell of Alex's flat. The door was opened by a maid which no doubt Alex had borrowed from some gullible neighbor, and we breezed in amongst the sounds of revelry and etc. After bein' introduced all around and exchangin' the password, which turned out to be "Glad to know you, I'm sure!" the wife was swallowed up by the rest of the so-called fair sex which was present, and I was left to the mercies of Alex and the men.

I'll say one thing for Alex—he's got a swell-lookin' flat. The boy showed excellent taste by lettin' his wife pick out everything that's in it, includin' himself, which is the only thing that seems outa place. They was one room set aside where the males could indulge in smokin' and lyin', and when I wandered in, Alex had four or five guys in a trance tellin' 'em that he was gonna break Ford's heart next year by inventin' a auto which would retail at $12.75 f. o. b., Lenox Avenue, and would run seven miles by simply *showin'* it a can of gasolene.

"Hello, Ananias!" I says, by way of greetin', "I see you're still four-flushin'."

The other guys grins, and Alex breaks off in the middle of his speech to glare at me.

"Ha—the brainless wonder has arrived!" he sneers, which causes them babies to transfer the grin to me. "That ignorant remark of yours, which you prob'ly think is screamin'ly funny, will serve to illustrate a point I was just makin' when you come in," he goes on. "You never heard me four-flush in your life. I've simply made announcements regardin' what I was gonna do, and then gone ahead and done 'em! I admit that some of the claims I've made for myself has been remarkable, to say the least; but that don't mean I'm a four-flusher. A four-flusher bellers that *he's* the only one in the world which can do anything, whereas *my* claim is that *anybody* can do anything! Quite a difference there, hey? They ain't one thing that I've done since I come to New York, or intend to do before I leave it, that can't be done by any one of you fellers if you'll snap into it! Napoleon had it figured right. They told him he couldn't cross the, now, Alps with his army. What did *he* say? Why, he turns to the nearest knocker and says, 'Hannibal crossed the Alps, didn't he?' and this feller says, 'Yes, your honor,' and then Napoleon hops on his horse and hollers, 'What man has done, man can do—le's go!' And that's me!"

He wound up this here lesson in natural history by bangin' his fist down on the table, and one of the guests applauded and staked himself to a handful of cigars. "He's a wonder!" whispers another guy, and ties into the one half of no per cent punch, which Alex's delightful wife has thoughtfully placed where it could madden us thirsty and constitutionally amended men. I made no comeback myself, because I had learned long ago that I had no chance of outpointin' Alex with my tongue. That baby has got too much stuff on the ball for me. So I just sit there and grit my teeth, and try to appear at ease, whilst at the same time I'm wishin' that the day would come when I'd see some guy go up against Alex at his own game and take him.

And then my prayers is answered!

THE curtains parts, and in bounces a tall, slim, good-lookin' young guy which has got pep written all over him from his brushed-all-the-way-back shiny hair to the tips of his equally shiny and freshly manicured finger nails. The embroidered white vest he's featurin' must of set him back a month's income, no matter if his name turned out to be Astor, and his dress suit is cut the way they'll be wearin' 'em about two years from now. He flashes a gold cigarette case, and when he taps the pill on the side of it with one lily-white hand, we are all treated to a look at what for all I know was the Koh-inoor diamond. His dress studs must of cost a coupla hundred, even if they was phoney. Although all the rest of us was garbed like wealthy millionaire clubmen, we looked like a set of bums alongside of this bird. I'll say the boy was class!

He was likewise a very fast worker. Havin' lit his cigarette, he swings around on us, rubs his hands together and lets forth a grin.

"Hello, people!" he sings out, wavin' a hand at all of us. "Glad to know all of you, and I can see it's mutual. I'm Paul Harris, of Kasotzky, McGuire, and Gratziana!"

"That's tough!" I says, glad of the chance to get relief somewheres. "What are they—acrobats?"

"Ha-ha," he grins, "we have with us a comedian, eh? No, my friend, they're not a vaudeville act, they're the biggest hardware house between Maine and California. Why, brother, we sell more hardware in a week than the average concern gets rid of in five years! Let us take shears, for example. Last month alone and unaided, I turned over 40,000 pairs! Penknives, 15,000 in three weeks, and half the time I was ill! Files, 38,000 in six weeks! Shovels—why, say, speaking of shovels—just how many shovels do you think I sold through my territory on my last trip?"

"Seven million!" I says promptly.

"Well, I could have if I had them!" he comes back. "No, not seven million, my facetious friend, but 65,000! How's that for being a hustler, eh? I sold, in round figures, just $100,000 worth of shovels on my last swing South!"

"Why don't you stop that?" I says. "They ain't that many shovels in the world, hey, Alex?"

ALEX ain't said a word since this baby begin to talk. He's standin' there gazin' at him like he's fascinated. Now he starts clearin' his throat and snappin' his fingers, kinda nervous. Alex hates to be outa the spotlight even for a second, and this guy had walked right in and took it away from him before he could get set.

"That's very—" begins Alex.

Monsieur Paul Harris don't notice him. He keeps right on.

"I don't want to appear as though I hate myself," he chatters, "but you must admit it takes a live wire to dispose of stock like that! Why, in Bluefield alone, a town of eleven or twelve thousand voters, I took orders for 1,500 razors in two weeks! In Charleston, I sold 2,000 picks and 850 gross of tack hammers in 10 days, in—"

"Eh—now—I—" butts in Alex, movin' closer.

"In Clarksburg I took 'em for 542 rakes, 60 dozen screw drivers and 100 plows!" Harris rattles away, not mindin' Alex no more than if he'd been in Fiume. "In Elkins I sold 150 razors and 42 lawn mowers in four days! Then I swung over to—"

"If you will—" says Alex, raisin' his voice.

"Fairmont," goes on Harris, throwin' himself into high; "in that burg I sold 10,000 feet of fence wire, and got three new customers! At Grafton it was the same old story, 400 shovels, 54 plows, 60—"

"Hey, wait!" bellers Alex, red in the face and about ready to bite all them shovels in half. At last he had met his equal—if not his *master*—and this Harris guy was just warmin' up!

"They told me Huntington was a tough burg!" howls the champion salesman of the world, not even lookin' at Alex, but wavin' his arms around kinda wild, "well, *I* hit it, and what happened? The first day I was there—"

"You sold 'em the Brooklyn Bridge, Grant's Tomb, Washington's Monument and Yellowstone Park!" bawls Alex, grabbin' his arm. "If you'll shut off that flow of illuminatin' gas for a minute, I'd like to—"

"The very first day I was there!" shrieks Harris, pullin' away and waggin' his finger in my face, "I sold 380 kegs of nails! In—"

"Shut up, will you?" yells Alex.

"Stick to it, kid, and make him like it!" I hollers, havin' the time of my life watchin' Alex's goat caperin' madly about the room.

"In Martinsburg I billed orders for 2,000 shears and turned down 1,000 more because the factory couldn't keep up with me. Now, sir, *that's* what *I* call salesmanship!"

HARRIS winds up all outa breath, and sinks into a chair, gaspin'. I was still applaudin' him, when Alex controls himself enough so's *he* can speak. The other guys in the room is all in the throes of the hystericals.

"Don't sell nothin' else to-night!" grunts Alex. "Try and relax for a few minutes." He throws me a wink. "What you have just modestly admitted doin' *does* show that with a little more experience you should make a pretty good salesman."

"I'm making two hundred a week!" announced Harris, gettin' his second wind and glarin' around like he dared anybody to deny it.

"Two hundred what—towns?" asks Alex, very cattily.

"Dollars!" snaps Harris, lightin' another cigarette and gettin' set again. "Of course you laymen don't understand this kind of salesmanship—I appreciate that. Why, men, you have to be *born* that way! It's an art, a gift, if I may say so. Now, in the city of Wheeling, I sold—"

"Just a minute!" barks Alex, his eyes glitterin'. "What you say interests me very much. I'm somethin' of a salesman myself, and—"

"Yeh? What's *your* line?" asks Harris, kinda sneerin'ly.

"Oh, I've handled a little of everything," Alex tells him, grinnin' at me.

"I see—I see," says Harris, noddin' his head. "Never been able to tie up permanently anywhere, eh? Well, stick to it, my boy, and you'll get there in time!"

Wow! Imagine handin' this to *Alex*, which has sold everything but Brazil, and would go on the road with *that* if they was enough jack in it!

Violence was prevented by the entrance, at this critical minute, of Eve, Alex's wife.

"Goodness!" she says. "Are you boys going to sit in this stuffy room all night? Come out here this instant; we have no one to dance with!"

"That's me!" says Harris. "I'll be right there, Mrs. Hanley. If I do say it myself, when it comes to dancing I shake a wicked hoof!"

He hooks his arm in Alex's before Alex can stop him, and starts draggin' him to the door. "Now the secret of salesmanship is this—" he's sayin' in Alex's ear as they go out, and friend Alex looks like he was about to become a victim of apoplexy! I grinned (*Continued on page 132*)

"Side-line Johnny"

And other men I have known who tried to do too many things at once

WE HAD a very promising young salesman in our company. He came to us from a small city in the Middle West about a year ago, and made good with a bang. His salesmanship was clean, and some of his reports took rank with those of our veterans. He got a raise a few months after he started with us, and we had our eye on him for rapid advancement if he kept his feet on the ground and went ahead.

But he wasn't satisfied. He wanted more money, and he wanted it quick. So he began to take on side lines.

Later, when the whole truth came out, we learned that, even in the short time he had been with us, this youngster had become notorious among the other salesman as "Side-line Johnny." Some of the men referred to him thus admiringly, but the wiser ones used the term as one of pitying contempt. For a short time he appeared to be getting away with it. We, of course, knew nothing about it at first, and he was patting himself on the back for being able to double his income by selling other goods for other people in his own territory with very little extra expenditure of time and effort.

Finally, our sales manager, who is a pretty shrewd fellow, noticed that this young man's sales average hadn't shown any improvement for some time. It hadn't gone down any, but it hadn't gone up. The territory, the condition of the trade, and his judgment of the youngster, all led him to believe something was wrong. So, after eliminating all other possible causes and fastening the situation on the man himself, the sales manager called up one of our customers in that territory, who happened to be a personal as well as a business acquaintance, and among other things he casually inquired how young Blank was getting along.

"All right," said the customer; "but he's taking orders for a sweeping compound on the side."

THAT settled it. Mr. Side-line Johnny was called in and had a talk with the sales manager. He was inclined to defend his side-line venture, justifying it on the ground of high living expenses, a dependent relative, and whatever of the usual reasons he could lay his hand to. The sales manager left the matter open and sent him to the vice president, who also left the case pretty much as it stood and sent the boy to me, because, I suppose, of my well-known interest in the younger blood that was constantly being added to the firm. I had talked to this lad once or twice, so we were not strangers.

"What," I asked, "did Mr. Odell say to you?"

"He said I ought to concentrate on my job, and—" The boy started off argumentatively, and I stopped him with:

"All right. What did Mr. Swanson say to you?"

"He said I had too many irons in the fire; but what I can't understand is—"

"Now, wait just a minute," I interrupted, "and perhaps I can explain. You think you ought to be allowed to continue your side-line work, don't you?" Yes, he said, he did.

"And you wonder why we frown on outside jobs. You have a lurking suspicion somewhere in the back of your head that it's because we're afraid you will land a bigger job somewhere else, or make more of a success selling something else, and be led into another line. In addition to that, you feel that we probably don't want to pay you what you're worth; that we don't want you to make any more money, because we're afraid it might give you the swelled head. Now isn't that about what you think?" He grudgingly admitted that maybe it was something like that.

"ALL right," said I; "we'll admit that that's the way you feel, and we won't hold it against you, because it is a perfectly natural feeling in a young man, despite the fact that it is wrong." He looked surprised, and I went on:

"We want you to earn more money. We'll do everything we can to help you earn more money. And we will give it to you just as fast as you do earn it. We probably never will give you quite as much as you think you're worth, because you, in common with all other men who are worth a tinker's dam, are bound to overrate yourself slightly, and the minute you get all *you* think you are worth, you get satisfied and cease to be worth it. But we'll keep within reasonable following distance of your estimate so long as you keep going ahead.

"However, handling side lines is not going ahead. It is going back. It is because we *do* want you to make more that we object to side lines. And I'll explain why: You have only so much mental energy to devote to work during the daytime. If you put *all* your energy into one proposition, that proposition is going to show the good effects of it. If you take *any* of your energy *away* from that proposition, it is going to suffer from it. I other words, if you buy a quart of cream to fill a quart pitcher, and pour a pint of it into another pitcher, you can't have a quart of cream in the quart pitcher. It is as simple as that.

"Now, when your main proposition suffers from lack of energy withheld by you, *you* are going to suffer. It is inevitable that you must lose on the big proposition in equal or greater ratio as you rob it to feed the lesser proposition. And therefore I say to you that, if you divide your mental energy between this job with us, which offers you a future, and smaller work for someone else, which offers you only a little better income *right now*, you are going to find that, in the *long run*, you will lose money, even though your side-line plan may double your pay check for a year or two.

"And what will it profit you to increase your $2,400 to $4,800 a year *now*, if it is going to keep you from getting $10,000 a year, or more, five or ten years from now?"

The boy saw the light and followed it. Suffice it to say that he is in line for a $5,000 job with us within the next six months.

I spoke that piece from experience. I *knew* I was right. Well do I remember, when I was getting $80 a week, how the general manager of a big company called me up and offered me $50 a week on the side to do about an hour's work a day for him, which I could do in the evening. I tried it one week, and quit. My friends berated me and my family branded me a fool. But I *knew* it couldn't be done.

The extra hour and the actual doing of the work didn't make any difference. If that had been all there was to it, I could have handled it easily. The rub came during the day, when I was engaged in my regular work. Some slight incident around the office would inject a thought or a plan or an idea about that outside work into my head, and distract me from the larger and more important work immediately at hand. Many an hour did I lose in this way that one miserable week I tried it. I found I wasn't giving the outside work *one* hour a day, but *several*.

Maybe there are geniuses in the world who can get away with it. I am not one of them. Nor do I think the vast majority of men belong to that talented class.

But I got my reward, and friends and relatives became suddenly silent on the score of what I had done. Within three months of the time I turned down the extra job I was more than making up that fifty dollars on my regular job. And, in addition, I had the satisfaction of having one of the high officials call me in to say that in his opinion my earning capacity would rapidly increase from then on. Also, within the week I was given an opportunity to pick up a few shares of the company's common stock at a figure considerably below the stock's quotation on the open market. Having saved a little money, I was able to take advantage of it.

I DO not mention my experience as typical. More often than not the upward curve doesn't begin so close on the heels of what at the time might seem like the passing up of a good proposition. But it will begin in due time in nearly every case. I have seldom known it to fail.

Another form of this vice of divided allegiance to the job is practiced by the man who, though he doesn't take on any side lines to *sell*, does take on a lot of mental side lines to think about. He calls them "bright ideas." I call them "job-killers."

Don't understand me as speaking slightingly of bright ideas. Bright ideas are excellent things to (*Continued on page 217*)

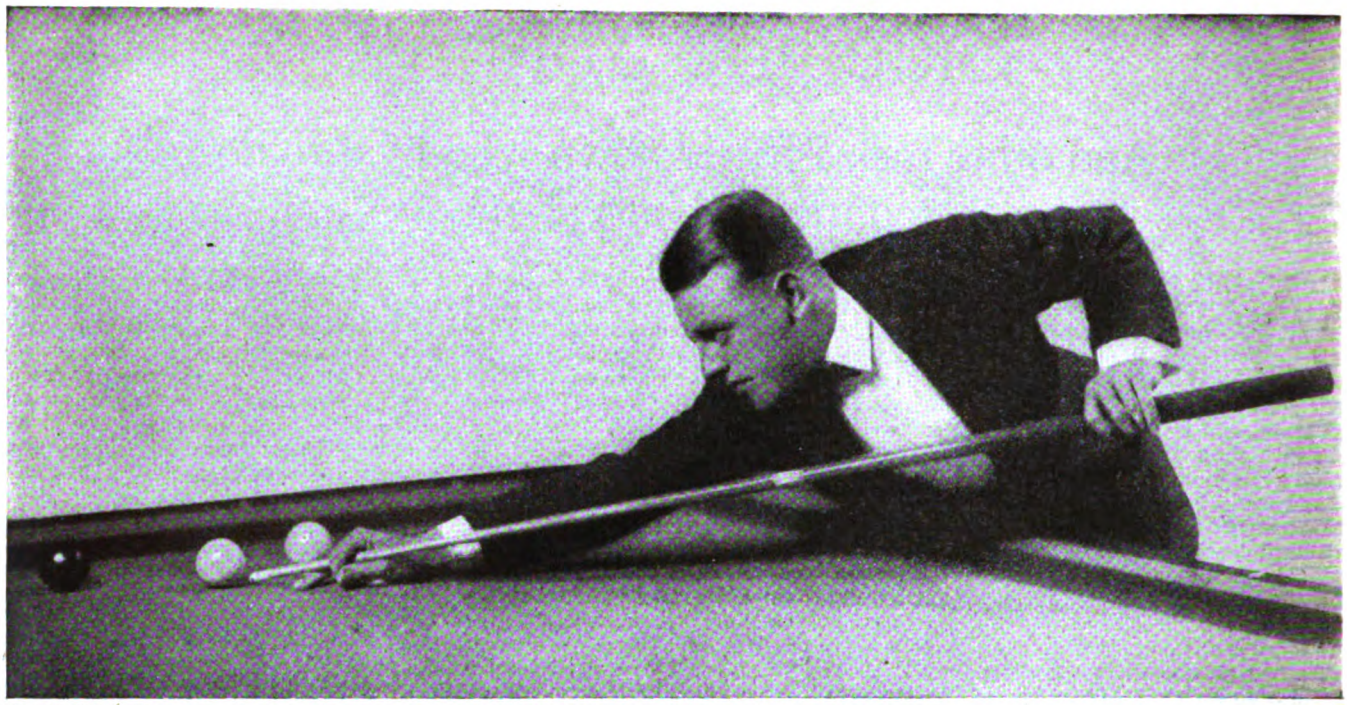


PHOTO BY WHITE STUDIO

WILLIE HOPPE

This is a photograph of the world's best billiard player—in action. Mr. Hoppe has held the 18.1 and 18.2 balk-line titles for the last six years. He gets an annual revenue of more than $25,000 out of chasing three ivory balls around a slate table covered with green baize—but it's unlikely that there is a single $25,000-a-year man in American business who takes his job more seriously than does the billiard champion. One of his precautions has been to insure his hands for $100,000

The Most Wonderful Billiard Player in the World

An article with a personal message for you—no matter if you never laid eyes on a billiard table

By Merle Crowell

WILLIE HOPPE is the greatest billiard player in the world. In a game that demands the ultimate of nerve plus patience, strategic brilliancy plus delicacy of touch, he stands so far ahead of the field that there is hardly a near contender for his title.

At the close of the championship tournament held last fall at the Hotel Astor, New York, a little bunch of billiard fans gathered around "Charley" Peterson, the famous fancy-shot artist, who had refereed all the matches. As they chatted over the high-lights in the five-day contest most of the talk turned to the wizardry of Hoppe, who had won every match handily and hung up a new world's record for average runs in a title event.

"How do you explain Hoppe's walk-away victory?" one old-timer asked the referee.

Peterson flicked a bit of chalk dust from the sleeve of his coat and thrust one hand deep in his trousers pocket.

"So far as I could see," he remarked, "it was this way: While the others were playing Hoppe, Hoppe was playing billiards."

Now, Peterson is not only a keen student of the game but also somewhat of a philosopher. His answer struck the keynote of the champion's whole career.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a seven-year-old boy climbed on a soap box in a one-table pool parlor and made his first shot with a cue. Through the intervening time his cue has been a "moving finger," pointing ever to a goal toward which Willie Hoppe has traveled with a singleness of purpose that makes one of the most impressive records in the annals of sport.

To me, the least interesting thing about Hoppe is his billiard title. One might almost call that incidental. A two-hour talk with this thoughtful, clean-cut, and ineffably modest knight of the green baize left me with the outstanding impression that if he had applied the same study, devotion, and sacrifice to any other activity he might just as surely have become a steel king or a master merchant. For the bedrock principles of successful achievement are always pretty much the same.

There are two sides to Hoppe's success: First, he has shaken loose from everything that could possibly hinder him. Then he has devoted all his released energies to everything that could possibly help him. . . . A simple formula, isn't it?

While still in knickerbockers, Hoppe found out that stimulants and tobacco tended to unsteady the nerves. So he has never smoked or taken a drink of intoxicating liquor. Fond of golf, he gave up the game because it seemed to tighten a tiny muscle in his wrist. Baseball, his favorite outdoor sport, he renounced so that he might take no chance on injuring his fingers.

No one in the billiard world has ever heard the champion swear or seen him lose his temper. These characteristics are not the mere by-products of a sun-cured morality. They are the definite outgrowth of a knowledge that perfect self-control is one of his greatest assets in the nerve-trying job of making three ivory balls behave.

"Lots of folks say I'm cold-blooded,"

Hoppe remarked to me, with a smile that had just a trace of wistfulness. "Be that as it may, I've at least found out that a billiard player can't afford to have 'nerves.'

"In my early years at the game, when I was doing some pretty unusual things for a kid of my age, my friends used to come in for the matches in which I was playing. It was nice of them, but it tended to make me self-conscious. Often, when I would decide on a certain way to play a shot, the thought would come to me, 'I wonder what they'll say if I miss this one.' As a result I sometimes changed my shot or else failed to make it.

"After a while, it struck me that a fellow who is thinking of two different things at once can't think quite clearly about either one. So I began training my mind to lose itself completely in the game. It helped right away.

"When I am in a match to-day I can honestly say that the shutters of my brain are closed to everything except three ivory balls on a green table. So far as I am concerned, there is no audience, and when my opponent is playing I'm so interested in watching the roll of the balls that I forget all about him, too."

Hoppe's sight-and-sound-proof concentration is the main reason why all attempts to "rattle" him are about as futile as the swish of hail against the Rock of Gibraltar. In the course of the latest 18.2 balk-line championship tournament a certain brilliant young player was not on hand when the hour of play arrived. While the crowd was waiting impatiently, he walked into the room and then went out again. Several minutes passed.

"He's trying to worry and upset you by keeping you waiting," a friend whispered to the champion.

Hoppe looked up with a little smile.

"If he beats me, it will have to be done on this table. He can't do it out there in the lobby," was his only comment.

When the game was finally started, the title holder administered one of the most crushing defeats of the whole series.

TWO of the ablest players in the same tournament had laid out a line of strategy to defeat Hoppe. They decided that whenever they seemed likely to miss they would leave the balls so widely scattered that the champion would have a most difficult shot.

"Hoppe didn't have to beat those fellows. They beat themselves," remarked Referee Peterson, after the tournament was finished. "I remember, for instance, how one of them left a particularly hard 'lay,' which Hoppe missed by a hair's breadth. As the other player walked past me on his way to the table he whispered tensely, 'I've got him going, Pete! I've got him going!' . . . As it turned out, he did have Hoppe 'going'—going so darned well that he finished his string of 400 the next time he came to the table. This was one of the incidents I had in mind when I remarked that 'while they were playing Hoppe, Hoppe was playing billiards.'

"The hardest game the title holder had in the tournament was given him by one of the veterans who had the wisdom not to try to 'beat Hoppe'—but to play his own game for all there was in it."

There are a few old-timers who deny that Willie Hoppe is the most brilliant player that balk-line billiards has produced. They tell you that when Jake Schaefer, the elder, or Frank Ives, that versatile genius of a past generation, were in their prime they were even more superb masters of the gliding ivories. In the present galaxy of stars—which includes such players as Cochran, the spectacular newcomer; Morningstar, Sutton, Jake Schaefer the younger, and Yamada, the Japanese wizard—there are men who are Hoppe's equal, if not his superior, in one or two of the half-dozen contrasting qualifications that an expert billiard player must possess. I have heard Hoppe remark that his own "nursing" game falls short of that brought to a perfect flower by George Sutton, the billiard dean of the Middle West.

There is one palm, however, that the champion wears by unanimous consent:

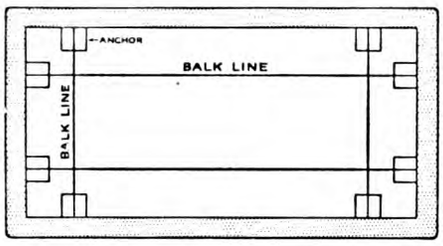
THIS is a billiard table. It has a slate surface, covered with a fine green cloth, and the raised cushions are made of a composition rubber. Although billiard tables are of various sizes, the standard professional table is 10 feet by 5 feet.

The American game of billiards is played with three balls: two of them white and one of them red. The ordinary billiard ball is $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches in diameter, although the balls used in championship tournaments are $\frac{1}{64}$th of an inch thicker—making their diameter $2\frac{25}{64}$ inches. In order to score a point, the player's own ball, after it is driven by the cue, must hit both of the other balls before it stops rolling.

The extreme delicacy of the game of billiards is reflected in the manufacture of the equipment. The balls are made of ivory taken from the tusks of elephants. Since each tusk, starting from the base, is hollow for about two-thirds of its length, the balls must be made from the remaining third. The average tusk furnishes only three billiard balls. After being "roughed out" the balls are put away to season for two years before they are finished. Under the most perfect conditions it is almost impossible to turn out two billiards balls of exactly the same size and weight.

Billiards balls are extremely susceptible to heat and cold. Unless a room has a temperature of at least seventy degrees, they lack resiliency. Yet if one were to throw open a window and let in a draft of cold air, the most perfect billiard ball might suddenly split. Any change in temperature of more than ten degrees in ten minutes is dangerous.

Running directly through the heart of each ball is a tiny nerve center, through which the tusk was fed. In one white



ball of each set, this nerve center has been drilled a short distance on both sides to allow for the insertion of ebony plugs of the same weight as the removed ivory. This ball is called the "spot" ball, and it is used by one player throughout the game as a cue ball. It would be unfair to have one of the cue balls of a different color, since white is the most perfect foreground to "sight" against.

If a championship match is held in winter, a new table is delivered at least two days before play starts. This is to allow all the chill to get out of the slate—otherwise the performance of the balls might be affected.

THE ordinary professional cue is 4 feet 9 inches long, although Mr. Hoppe uses a cue 2 inches shorter than this. It is made of two kinds of wood. The top half is of selected maple, and the bottom half is of ebony, rosewood, cocobolo or some other extremely heavy wood, which gives it extra weight. The tip is made of a specially selected leather which is prepared from hide taken from the cheek of a calf. The average professional billiard player uses about a 20-ounce cue.

In former years American billiards used to be played—as most neophytes play the game to-day—with the sole requirement that the player's cue ball come in contact with the two object balls.

Professional experts developed a "rail nurse," however, in which they kept the two object balls side by side, at a right angle to the cushion, and drove them slowly around the table (just like a yoke of oxen) at all times close to the cushion. Although this stroke required extraordinary delicacy, it really broke up the old-time game. Jake Schaefer once made 1,000 points a night for three successive nights, without missing a single shot, by using this stroke almost exclusively.

So the balk-line was devised, and has been in use ever since. Balk-lines divide into 8 rectangles all the area of the table that lies within a radius of either 14 inches or 18 inches from the cushion. In 14.1 or 18.1 balk-line billiards, when both object balls lie within one of these rectangles, at least one of them must be driven out of that space on the first stroke, otherwise the shot is a foul and the player loses his inning. In the 14.2 and 18.2 game the player is allowed two strokes in which to drive one ball out of balk.

The 14.2 balk-line game was the first one used. Within a few years, however, one or two of the world's best players discovered a way of beating the new restrictions. They maneuvered until they got the two object balls close to each other, but just across the line in adjoining rectangles, and kept them there while the cue ball was made to cuff back and forth across them in caroms of infinite delicacy. In a match game between Jake Schaefer and Frank Ives, Schaefer got the balls astraddle a balk-line and ran the game out.

To prevent a recurrence of this, an anchor space 7 inches square was drawn where each balk-line touched the cushion, and these became additional restricted areas, and are subject to the same regulation as the regular balk spaces.

He is the most careful player in the select circles of billiarddom.

"I doubt that Hoppe has ever made a careless shot in his life," one of the game's leading authorities said to me recently. "I don't mean by this that he is cautious or slow. Few players make up their minds as quickly or run off a big string more rapidly—and none of them hesitates less to try a daring shot if the situation demands it. But, no matter how fast he is playing, Hoppe is never casual or haphazard. He takes nothing for granted. If he were playing a 400-point match, and the score stood 395 to 15 in his favor, he would play as hard and accurately for the last five points as he played for the first five."

I mentioned this comment to Hoppe.

"Yes, I suppose that's so," he said thoughtfully. "Before every match I always think, 'Well, this man has a chance to beat me.' . . . Even if I think it's a slim chance, that's no excuse for my being overconfident or letting up a bit—is there?

"Every shot is the best I can produce. It makes no difference whether I'm in a championship tournament, or an exhibition match in some little city, or whether I'm playing all by myself. It seems to me that anything worth doing at all is worth doing not merely *well* but *just as perfectly as one can possibly do it.*

"Even if there were no other reason, I'd play as hard as I could in exhibition matches in order to give the public a square deal. Folks don't pay out their good money just to see *me*. They're spending it to watch the kind of billiards I have to play in order to keep the balk-line titles. They want to compare my game with the game of Tom Smith, the local champion, and decide what I have that Tom hasn't. Why, if I did less than my best, it wouldn't be keeping faith with those people.

"Of course there are lots of times on the road when the runs I make are much below my normal average, but it's usually because the table isn't exactly true. I can't say so to the proprietor of the billiard-room. It would hurt his feelings. So I merely tell him I guess I had an off day—and let it go at that."

"What's the main thing for the average billiard player to learn?" I asked.

"THE supreme importance of 'second ball' playing," replied the champion decisively. "Just making any single shot doesn't amount to much unless at the same time you are playing for perfect position on the shot to follow.

"Sometimes after a match I hear people say, 'It's no wonder Hoppe made such a big run. Most of his shots were easy.' . . . Probably they were—but they wouldn't have been if I had ever forgotten to play position. People who make this sort of comment would probably think that a business executive had little to do because he kept his desk clean.

"Every billiard player is frequently called on to decide between making a *sure* shot, that may throw him out of position for the next one, and trying for a hard shot that promises to leave the balls lined up perfectly. If he takes the former course he is developing a fatal habit.

"I suppose that's as true in life as a whole as it is in billiards. The world is choked up with men who fall short of their best because they are not good 'second-ball' players. There's the glib-tongued salesman, for instance, who overstocks a customer, or sells him something that isn't as good as he claims it to be. That salesman may be padding his commission check for a single week, but he's not playing position for the next shot.

"Take the men who wiggle out of disageeable situations by a lie, or borrow money for wild-cat speculation, or loaf on the job because no one is watching them. They may *get by* for a while, but it's not 'second-ball' playing. The easiest way never is."

This earnest, blue-eyed champion furnishes one of the best examples in the whole sporting field of a title gained and retained by hard work. He is eternally practicing—whenever and wherever he gets an opportunity. In the earlier years he was accustomed to spend hours on a single shot, repeating and repeating it until he was not only sure of "counting" but of gathering the balls again into perfect position. In his New York home he has installed a billiard table on which he can keep working (*Continued on page 237*)

Sid Says:

Paddle your canoe—watching the other fellow won't carry you up-stream

ON PAGE 52 begins an article about Willie Hoppe, the most wonderful billiard player in the world. In the article, "Charley" Peterson, who has refereed scores of great billiard matches, says of Hoppe and his showing in the recent national championship tournament:

"So far as I could see, it was this way: While the others were playing Hoppe, Hoppe was playing billiards."

My dear Mr. Peterson, if you have any more wisdom like that, give it to us. For clearness of expression, and general applicability to all lines of human endeavor, it beats anything I have seen in a long time.

Take, for example, the man who is always watching his competitor, always running him down, always seeking to discredit him. What does his criticism accomplish? Where does it get him?

Or take the man in an office who is jealous of another. Every moment that he spends in the idle pursuit of stewing over his rival's achievements is a moment taken away from the work of producing something that will attract worth-while attention to himself. Isn't it wonderful that human beings haven't enough brains even to be intelligently selfish! Can you beat that?

Or, take that other fool in an office, the man who tries to build himself up, not by producing anything himself but by seeking to minimize the absolutely tangible productions of others.

There is one game that the human animal never tires of playing. It is the game of trying to find a substitute for work—something to take the place of realities. Yet bricks are bricks; steam will scald; and pins will prick. And when the showdown comes—we all have to show results or back off the map.

I have always been interested in definitions of genius—the reasons why men of superlative achievement go so far. Here is a good definition. It comes from Walt Whitman. He said that Phil Sheridan was a genius. Then he added—"And genius is ninety-eight per cent directness, nothing more"

Think that over. It does mighty well. It matches with "Charley" Peterson's wise comment. The trouble with most of us is that, although we may be able to run a good race, we spend too much time off the track.

Ten Commandments for Salesmen

And you are a salesman—we are all salesmen

By Dr. Frank Crane

EVERYBODY is a salesman, one way or another. Not only the peddler sells the wares of his pack and the storekeeper the goods from his shelves, but the cook, plumber, farmhand and carpenter, as well as the lawyer, doctor, writer and preacher sell their services.

I am not going to approach the question from the standpoint of the Seller, however. I am going to approach it from the standpoint of the Buyer.

Now, I am one the busiest little Buyers in town; for I have been inveigled into buying more junk that I do not want than any one of my acquaintance. I have bought clothes that don't fit, washing-machines that the hired girl can't manage, books I never read, dresses my wife won't wear, pipes that won't draw, and almost every other conceivable merchandise, just because somebody knew how to sell me.

I will therefore give my idea of the qualifications of a Seller, not as one who knows the art of Selling, but from the standpoint of the Buyer. It may be of advantage for you to know the kind of a person who can keep on selling me things.

These elements of Salesmanship may be called THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF SALESMANSHIP, and are as follows:

1. Be Agreeable
2. Know Your Business
3. Tell the Truth
4. Don't Argue
5. Make it Plain
6. Remember Names and Faces
7. Be Dependable
8. Don't be Egotistic
9. Think Success
10. Be Human

Be Agreeable

IF THERE are two shirt shops in my block, and the salesman in the first has excellent goods cheap but is grouchy and unpleasant, and the second has inferior articles but makes me feel good whenever I enter his store, I trade with number two. So also will nine men out of ten. It is not sensible, it shows poor judgment, but we do it.

And I don't know that we are losers after all, for that agreeableness is worth something to us. Cheer is as valuable as silk. We can all use it.

I had occasion some time ago to sell an automobile and buy another. The one I sold was a fine machine, good looking, comfortable and sturdy. But I did not buy another of the same make. It was, let us say, a Jones machine. The new one I bought was a Smith. And the reason was that the Jones people were unaccommodating, snippy and unpleasant. After I had purchased my car of them they lost all interest in my welfare, and made me about as welcome as a burglar whenever I came around. Hence, good as the Jones make is, I ceased doing business with the Jones people, because life is too short to deal with sourballs. I bought a Smith. The Smith folks have been agreeable so far, but I have my fingers crossed.

The very first and greatest of the facts a salesman ought to learn is that Agreeableness is worth money. Courtesy, politeness and accommodation cost nothing, but you can sell them.

Of course, nothing must be overdone. You don't want to be too darned pleasant. When you smirk and scrape and wash your hands with invisible soap and water every time you see me, I get suspicious. Sunshine is good, but the sun can be too hot.

Don't lay it on too thick, but devote your time to me while I am in the throes of buying. Don't look bored, or supercilious, or go away and converse with somebody else, or tap your foot, or look pained when I don't fancy the purple sweater you have just told me is quite the rage. Just make up your mind to give me a good time if it takes a leg. It won't last long. I can't stay forever, and after I'm gone you can go out and get a glass of buttermilk. But while I'm with you act cheerful.

I am finicky, perhaps, and don't know what I want, and what I do know is wrong, and I have poor taste, and I'm a Rube anyhow, but don't forget that I have money in my pocket and your job is to get it out, and that the best known bait on the hook when you're trying to land a sucker like me is Agreeableness.

Don't be affected. Don't pose. Don't put on airs. The point is that what you are after, in fact, is not to get me to admire you, but to make me think you admire me.

Do you know that one great reason why we, especially we women, go shopping, is because we are tired of being snubbed and treated with indifference by those who know us at home, and want to talk to somebody that does not know us? Hence we pick you. You are paid to hand out Agreeableness, and we go to you for a dose. So don't be chary of it. Maybe we will spend some money with you. Better still, maybe we'll come again and spend some more.

But you may rest assured that if you are churly, gruff and brusque we will want as little to do with you as possible.

We are very trying, and ought to be more considerate, and you are tired, and so on, but "pigs is pigs," remember, and you must take us as we are, and anyhow you only have to work eight hours a day with us, and then you can go home and abuse your family and enjoy yourself.

Know Your Business

IF YOU are selling coffee, find out all about coffee from the time it is planted to the time it is consumed; get acquainted with all the countries where coffee is grown, with the companies that market it, with the various varieties of coffee, with what the poets have written of coffee, with what the doctors and the cranks say of it, with its history, its chemistry, its botany, its geography, its distribution and any other stray facts or fancies appertaining thereto.

So if you are selling automobiles, know all the automobiles in existence, here and abroad, and all about gas engines generally, and the petroleum industry, and the motor trusts, the cost of leather, and tires, and rubber, and machinery, and everything else.

You can do all this in your spare time, while the other salesmen are busy at pinochle. Consult the encyclopedia, and the trade papers, and the public library. Because you should be able to tell me at once anything I want to know, should I happen to ask you.

It is amazing what you can do with your spare time, and what your spare time can do for you. Almost all of you waste enough hours in four years to give you what might be the equivalent of a college education.

And remember it is what is in your brain that is your best capital. No man is worth much more than three dollars a day, from his chin down. From the chin up is what counts. I know of a bank clerk, for instance, who got a raise in salary the other day. For five years he had been studying Spanish in his leisure time just because he thought it might come in handy some day. He had waded through the grammar and read the literature and had made the acquaintance of a Spanish boy, with whom he spent many hours, until at length he was able to converse fluently in the foreign tongue. One day his bank wanted someone to go to Buenos Aires to take charge of a branch there. It was known that he had learned the language. He was examined, found qualified and was appointed to the post. He had been getting $2,000 a year. He went to Buenos Aires on a salary of $15,000 a year.

Make your spare time equip you. The secret of all success lies in saving the waste. And there is no waste so criminal as waste time. (*Continued on page 152*)

"Scattergood Baines," she said, "if you think you're going to boss me like you do Father, and everybody else in this town, you're mistaken. I won't have it. Understand that. I won't have it!"

Scattergood Meddles with the Dangerous Age

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL MEYLAN

SCATTERGOOD BAINES lounged back in his arm chair, reinforced by iron cross pieces to sustain his weight, and basked in the warmth from the old wood stove, heated to redness by the clean dry maple within. He was drowsy. For the time he had ceased even to search for a scheme whereby he could rid his hardware stock of one dozen sixteen-pound sledge hammers acquired by him at a recent auction down in Tupper's Falls. His eyes were closed and his soul was at peace.

Somebody rattled the door knob and then rapped on the door. This was so unusual a method of seeking entrance to a hardware store that Scattergood sat up abruptly, blinking.

"Wa-al," he said tartly, "be you comin' in, or be you goin' to stand out there wagglin' that door knob all day?"

"I'm coming in, Mr. Baines, as soon as I can contrive to open the door," replied a male voice, a voice that appeared incapable of expressing impatience, a gentle voice, the voice of a man who would dream dreams but perform few actions.

"Um. . . . It's you, hey? What d'you allus carry books under your arm for? How d'you calc'late to be able to open doors with both hands full?"

The knob turned at last, and Nahum Pound, long schoolmaster in the little district school on Hiper Hill, came in hesitatingly, clutching with each arm half a dozen books which struggled to escape with the ingenuity of inanimate objects. Nahum's hair was white; his face was vague, lovably vague. A man of considerable, if confused, learning he was.

"Well?" questioned Scattergood. "Got suthin' onto your mind? Commence unloadin' it before it busts your back."

"It's Sarah," said Nahum helplessly.

"Um. Sarah, eh? What's Sarah up to?"

"I don't seem to gather, Mr. Baines. She's—she's difficult. Something seems to be working in her head."

"Twenty-two, hain't she? Twenty-two? Prob'ly quite a number of things a-workin' in her head. Got any special symptoms?"

"She—she wants to leave home, Mr. Baines." Nahum said this with mild amazement. His amazement would have been no greater, and not a whit less mild, had his daughter announced her intention, to swim from New York to Liverpool.

"Um. Can't say's that's onnatural—so's to require callin' in a doctor. Live five mile from town, don't you? Nearest neighbor nigh onto a mile. Sairy gits to see company only about so often—or not even so often as that, eh?"

Scattergood shut his eyes until there

appeared at the corners of them a network of little wrinkles.

"I'm a-goin' to astonish you, Nahum. This here hain't the first girl that ever come down with the complaint Sairy's got! The's been sev'ral. Complaint's older 'n you or me. Dum near as old as Deacon Pettybone. Uh-huh. . . . She's got a attack of life, Nahum, and the only cure for it ever discovered is to let her live. Sairy's woke up out of childhood, Nahum. She's jest openin' her eyes. Perty soon she'll be stirrin' around brisk. When you goin' to drive her in, Nahum? To-morrer?"

"You—you advise letting her do this thing?"

"When you goin' to fetch her in, Nahum?" Scattergood repeated.

"She said she was coming Monday."

"Um. G'-by, Nahum."

This was Scattergood's invariable phrase of dismissal, given to friend or enemy alike. It was characteristic of him that when he was through with a conversation he ended it—and left no doubt in anybody's mind that it *was* ended. Nahum withdrew apologetically. Scattergood called after him, "Fetch her here—to me," he said; and automatically, it seemed, reached for the laces of his shoes.

A problem had been presented to him which required a deal of solving, and Scattergood could not concentrate with toes imprisoned in leather. He even removed the white woolen socks which Mandy, his wife, compelled him to wear in the winter season. Presently he was twiddling his pudgy toes and concentrating on Sarah Pound.

"After livin' out there," he said to himself, "she'll think Coldriver's livin'—and so 'tis, so 'tis. . . . More sometimes 'n 'tis others. Calc'late this is like to be one of 'em."

SCATTERGOOD was just thinking about dinner on Monday when Nahum Pound brought his daughter Sarah into the store. One glance at Sarah's face taught Scattergood that she was in suspicious, if not defiant, mood. If he had a doubt of the correctness of his observation Sarah removed it efficiently.

"Scattergood Baines," she said, "if you think you're going to boss me like you do Father, and everybody else in this town, you're mistaken. I won't have it. Understand that. I won't have it!"

Scattergood rubbed his chin and puffed out his fat cheeks and smiled with deceiving mildness, "Sairy," he said, "you needn't be scairt of my interferin' with you in your goin's and comin's. I'd sooner stick my hand into a kittle of b'ilin' pitch than to meddle with a young woman in your state of mind. I hain't hankerin' to raise no blisters."

"I won't stay penned up way out there in the country another day. I've got a right to live. I've got a right to see folks and to go places and—to—to live!"

"To be sure. To be sure. Jest itchin' to kick the top bar off'n the pasture fence. Most certain you got a right to live, and nobody hain't goin' to hender you . . . least of me. But there's jest one observation I'd sort of like to let loose of, and that's this: Your life's a whole lot like one of your arms and legs—easy busted. To be sure, it kin be put in splints and mended up agin, but maybe you'll go limpy or knit crooked, so's nothin' kin keep the busted place from showin'. Bearin' that in mind, if I was you, I wouldn't be too careless about scramblin' up into places where you was apt to git a fall. I calc'late, Sairy, that it's better to miss the view than to fall out of the tree."

"I'm going to see the view, if I fall out of every tree I climb," Sarah said hotly.

"Don't object if I find you a boardin'-house?"

"I'm going to board with Grandma Penny that was—Mrs. Spackles."

Scattergood nodded. "G'-by, Sairy. G'-by, Nahum."

He watched father and daughter leave the store with a twinkle in his eyes, not a twinkle of humor, but the twinkle that always came when his interest in life, always keen, was aroused to a point where it tingled.

"Calc'late to be kep' busy—more'n ordinary busy," he offered as an opinion to be digested by the old wood stove. Presently he added, "She's perty . . . and bein' perty is kind of a remarkable thing . . . bein' perty and young. Don't seem like God ought to hold folks accountable for bein' young, nor yet for bein' good to look at . . . but the's times when it seems like he does."

ON HIS way back to the store after dinner, Scattergood stopped at the Bank Corner, hesitated a moment, and then mounted the stairs to the offices above. A door bearing the legend, "Robert Allen, Attorney at Law," admitted him to a large bare office such as one finds in towns like Coldriver.

"Howdy, Bob," said Scattergood.

"Good day, Mr. Baines," said the young man behind the desk, who had suddenly pretended to be very much occupied with important matters as his door opened.

"Um. Busy time, eh? Better come back later."

"No! No, indeed. Take this chair right here, Mr. Baines. What can I do for you?"

"Depends. Uh-huh. Depends. . . . Calc'late to make a perty good livin', Bob?"

"No complaints."

"Studied it yourself, didn't you—out of books. No college?"

"Yes."

"Hard work, wasn't it? Mighty hard work?"

"It might have been easier," said Bob, wondering what Scattergood was getting at.

"Like to be prosecutin' attorney for this county, Bob?"

Prosecuting attorney! With a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars a year—and the prestige! Bob strove valiantly to maintain a look of dignified interest, but with ill success.

"I—I might consider it. Yes, I would consider it."

"Um. Figgered you would," said Scattergood dryly. "Hain't got no help in the office," he observed. "Need some, don't you? Somebody to write letters and sort of look after things, eh?"

"Why—er—I've never thought about it."

"If you was to think about it, you'd calc'late on payin' about six dollars a week, wouldn't you?"

Bob swallowed hard. Six dollars a week was a great deal of money to this young man, just embarking on the practice of his profession. "Guess that would be about right," he said.

"Got anybody in mind, Bob? Thinkin' of anybody specific for the place?"

Bob shook his head.

"Um. Nahum Pound's daughter's boardin' with Grandma Penny, that's now Mis' Spackles. All-fired perty girl, Bob. Don't call to mind no pertier. Sairy's her name. . . . G'-by, Bob. G'-by."

He walked to the door, but paused: "About that six dollars, Bob,—I was figgerin' on payin' that out of my own pocket."

Bob Allen was not accustomed to the oversight of employees—least of all to an employee who was very satisfying to look at, who was winsomely young, whose mere presence distracted his thoughts from that rigorous concentration upon the logical principles of the law. He did not know what to do with Sarah once he had hired her, and it required so much of his time and brain power to think up something for her to do that it is fortunate his practice was neither large nor arduous. It is no mean tribute to the young man that he kept Sarah so busy with apparently necessary matters that she had no occasion to doubt the authenticity of her employment.

Bob faced a second difficulty, due to his inexperience, and that was that he was at a loss how to comport himself toward Sarah, as to how friendly he should be, and as to how much he should maintain a certain grave dignity and reserve in his dealings with her. This was a matter which need not have troubled him, for Nature has a way of taking into her own keeping the bearing of young men toward young women when the two are thrown much into each other's company. Propinquity is a tremendous force in the life of humanity. It has caused as many love affairs as the kicking of other men's dogs has caused street fights—which numbers into infinity. Consequently, while Bob worried much and selected a number of widely differing attitudes, a thing which caused Sarah some uneasiness and no little speculation as to what sort of disposition her employer possessed, the solution lay not with him. It took care of itself.

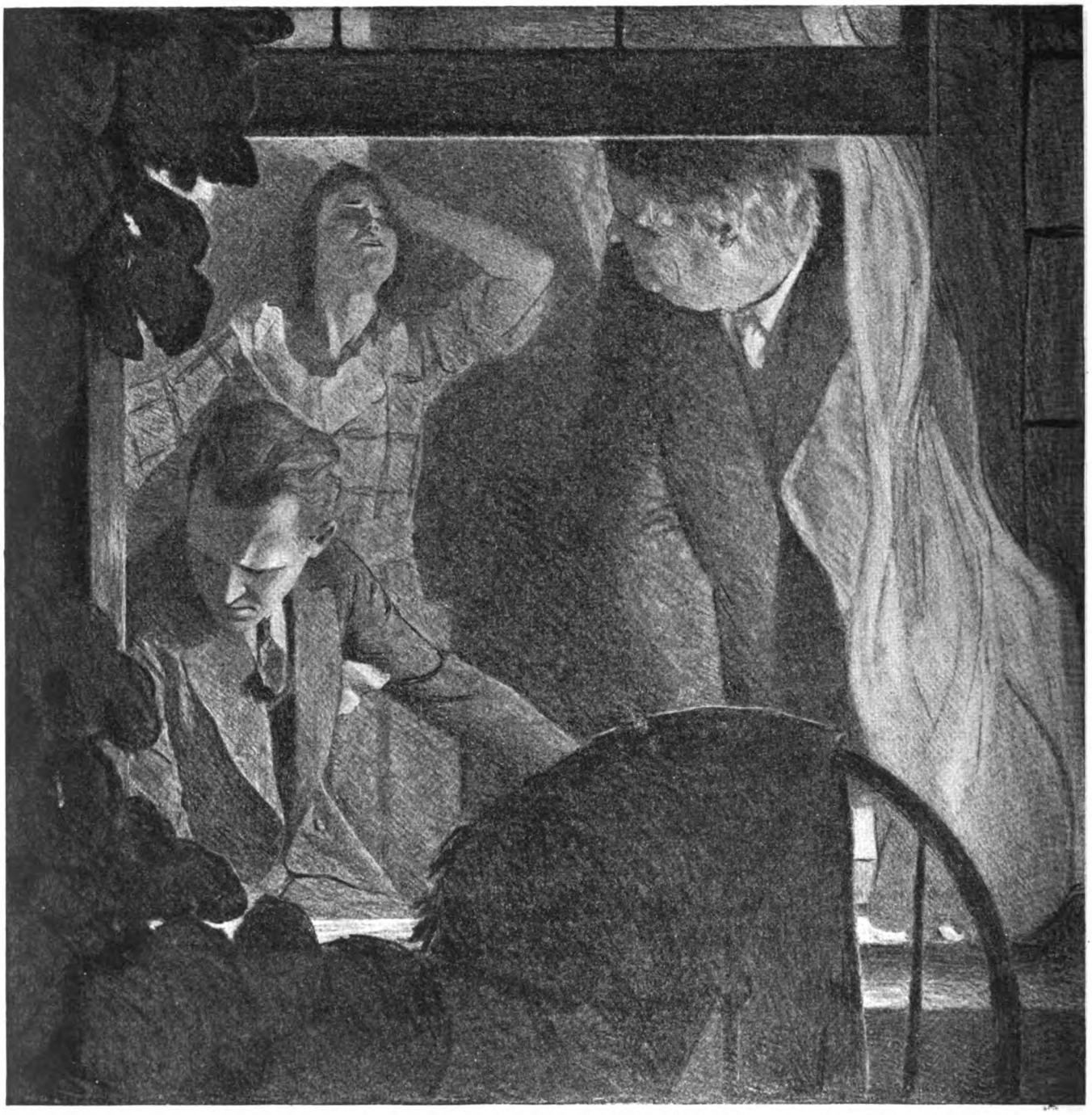
SCATTERGOOD noted the significance of symptoms. He made a mental memorandum of the fact that Bob Allen was seldom to be seen among the post-office loafers; that Bob preferred his office to any other spot; that Bob had ordered a new suit from a city tailor; that Bob wore a constant air of anxiety and excitement; and—most expressive symptom of all for a Coldriver young man—he became interested in residence property, in lots, and in the cost of erecting dwellings. Scattergood looked in vain for reciprocal symptoms to be shown by Sarah. But Sarah was a woman. What symptoms she exhibited were meaningless even to Scattergood.

"Bob," said Scattergood one auspicious day, "got any pref'rence for prosecutin' attorneys—married or single?"

"It depends," said Bob cautiously.

"Um. How's Sairy behavin', Bob?"

"She's—she's—" Bob became incoherent, and then speechless.



"Ten thous—" began Farley, but a swift, furious thrusting open of as Sarah Pound flung herself into the room. For a moment she

"Calc'late I foller you, Bob. Git your point of view exact. About prosecutin' attorneys, Bob, I prefer 'em married."

"Mr. Baines," said Bob, "if I could get Sarah Pound to marry me, I wouldn't give a tinker's dam who was prosecutor."

"Mishandlin' of fact sim'lar to that," said Scattergood dryly, "has been done nigh onto a billion times. Any idee how Sairy stands on sich a proposition?"

"She's about equally fond of me and the letter press," said Bob dolefully.

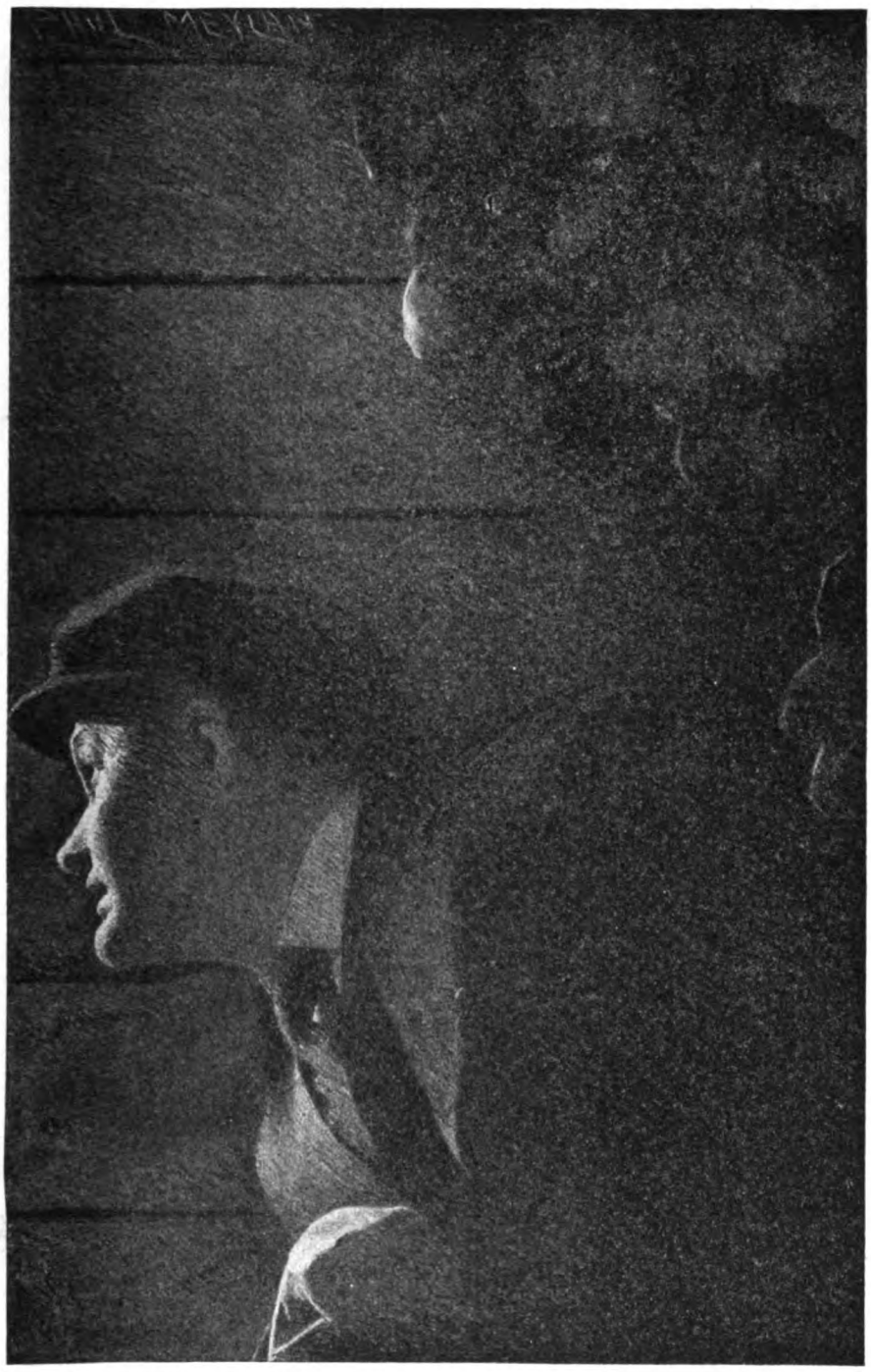
"Good sign," said Scattergood. Then, after a short pause, "Say, Bob, do they still rent out drivin' hosses at the livery? . . . G'-by, Bob."

BOB was astonished to find how easy it is to ask a girl to go driving the second time—after you have spent an anxious, dubious, fearsome day screwing up your courage to ask her the first time. He was delighted, too, because he even fancied that Sarah now discriminated between him and the letter press—in his favor. Bob came fresh and unsophisticated to the business in hand, which was courtship. Sarah had never before been courted, but she recognized a courtship when she saw it at such close range, and found it delightfully exciting. Bob did his clumsy, earnest, honest best, and Sarah, somewhat to her surprise, became more satisfied with the universe and with her share in its destinies. . . . In short, matters were progressing as nature intended they should progress, and Scattergood felt almost that they might be trusted to go forward to a satisfactory dénouement without his interference.

Then old Solon Beatty died!

This solved one of Bob Allen's problems: it furnished plenty of authentic work for Sarah Pound—for Bob was retained as attorney for old Solon's estate, which he found to be in an amazing state of confusion. Old Solon reluctantly left behind him property of divers kinds and in numerous localities, valued at upward of a hundred thousand dollars, split and invested into as many enterprises and mortgages and savings accounts as there were dollars! This made work. There were papers to sort and list, to file and to schedule—clerical work in abundance. It interfered with the more important business of courtship, but even in this respect it was not without a certain value.

"Who's going to get all this money?" Sarah asked one morning, after she had been listing mortgages until her head ached with the sight of figures and de-



the parlor door interrupted, was speechless with rage

scriptions. "Does Mary Beatty get it all?"

"Not unless we find a will somewhere. Everybody thought Solon's niece, which is Mary Beatty, would get the whole estate. Solon intended it should go that way, and the Lord knows she's worked for him and nursed him and coddled him enough to deserve it. Gave her whole life up to the old codger. . . . But we can't find a will, and so she won't get but half. The rest goes to Solon's nephew, Farley Curtis . . . under the statute of descent and distribution, you know," he finished learnedly.

"Farley Curtis? . . . I never heard of him."

"He's never been here—at least not for years. But he'll be along now. We're due to see him soon."

"Correct," said a voice from the door, which had opened silently. In it stood a young man of dress and demeanor not indigenous to Coldriver. "You're due to see Farley Curtis—so you behold him. Look me over carefully. I was due—therefore I arrive." The young man laughed pleasantly, as if he intended his words to be regarded as whimsical, yet somehow Bob felt the whimsicality to be surface deep; that Curtis was a young man with much confidence in himself, who felt that if he were due he would inevitably arrive.

"Mr. Allen, I suppose," said Curtis, extending his hand. "I am told you are handling the legal affairs of my late uncle's estate."

Sarah Pound eyed the newcomer, and as the young men shook hands compared them, to Bob Allen's disadvantage. To inexperience, any comparison must be to Bob's disadvantage; for Curtis was handsome, dressed with taste, and was gifted with a worldly certainty of manner and an undeniable charm. Sarah had never encountered all these attributes in a single individual. She drew on her reading of fiction, and knew at once that she was in the presence of that wonderful creature she had seen described so frequently—a gentleman. As for Bob Allen, he was big, rugged, careless of dress, kindly, without pretense of polish. . . . And, besides, to Curtis's advantage, there attached to him a certain literary glamour—of heirship, and a mystery due to his sudden appearance out of the great unknown that lay beyond the confines of Coldriver.

"I am in the dark," said Curtis. "All I know is that Uncle Solon is dead. It is proper I should come to you for information, is it not? For instance, there is no harm in asking if there is a will?"

"None has been found," said Bob, not graciously. He had taken a dislike to this stranger instinctively, a dislike which increased at an amazing pace as he noted Curtis's eyes cast admiring glances upon Sarah Pound.

"In which case," said the young man, "I suppose I may regard myself as an interested party."

"Yourself and Miss Beatty are the heirs—so far as has been determined."

"You have searched all my uncle's papers?"

"We have gone through them, but not so thoroughly as to reach a final conclusion. He was a peculiar old man."

"And no will has been found? No—other papers." Curtis smiled deprecatingly. "It is only natural I should be interested," he said, and smiled at Sarah.

"Was there anything special that you wanted to ask?"

"Only if there was a will—or other paper." There was a curious hesitation in Farley Curtis's voice as he spoke the last two words. "I'm glad, of course, there's not. Thank you. Think I'll stay in town till the thing is settled up. Probably see you often. Pleased to have met you." He included Sarah in the bow with which he took his leave.

FOR a few days Farley Curtis lived at the Coldriver House, then moved to Grandmother Penny's, where Sarah Pound boarded. Secretly Bob Allen was furious, without apparent cause. He had no reason to draw conclusions, for boarding-houses were scarce in Coldriver. What Sarah thought of the event was not so easily discovered.

Bob would naturally have discussed immediately the significance of Farley Curtis's arrival in Coldriver with Scattergood, for everybody in Coldriver went to Scattergood with whatever important occurrence that befell, but Scattergood was absent on a political mission. When he returned, Bob lost no time in laying the matter before him.

"Um. Calc'lated he'd turn up. Natural. . . . Acted kind of anxious, eh? What was it he said about a will—or somethin'?"

Bob repeated Curtis's conversation minutely.

"Um. That young man didn't suspect—he *knew*," said Scattergood, reaching automatically for his shoes. "What he wanted to know (*Continued on page 160*)

Get to the Point!

It's your idea that counts—not the history of it! The story and practical wisdom of a great Chicago banker who is a wonder at brushing aside time-wasting non-essentials

By Keene Sumner

FORTY-FOUR years ago, a seventeen-year-old country boy named Edmund D. Hulbert took a position as runner in a bank at Winsted, Connecticut. To-day he is president of one of the largest bank organizations in this country.

He was born on a farm about thirty miles from Hartford, and got most of his education at a typical country school. His ancestors, for two hundred and fifty years, had lived in Connecticut, so he was a bred-in-the-bone American.

He was brought up, as he puts it, to stand the gaff. He worked long hours at hard physical tasks, as every farmer boy of that time did. But this early training gave him a foundation of health which has served him well for more than half a century. And to-day, at sixty-one, he has the physique of the average man ten years his junior.

When he was thirteen he went to school in the winter and worked on the farm in summer. Then he had two years of advanced schooling in Winsted, Connecticut, and that brought him to the first decisive step in his career.

The head master of the school was also the teacher of physical science—and he had his own methods of teaching it. He did not care a whoop about discipline. Outside of class sessions, the boys might whisper, or talk, or even fight if they wanted to. But when they went into the classroom they were expected to know their lessons! And if they didn't, he would take them by the shoulders and thrash them for the good of their souls; or, at any rate, for the good of their minds.

This method of inculcating a love of learning impressed young Hulbert, although personally he did not need it. He was as eager to get learning as the teacher was to give it. And the study of physical science was so fascinating to him that there was no need of forcibly feeding it to him. His appetite in that direction was insatiable.

At sixteen, he was sitting up half the night to read books by Tyndall, Huxley, and Darwin. His one great ambition was to become a professor of physical science. He hated mathematics, was no good at figures, and he knew little, and cared less, about what went on in a bank.

According to our set theories—and they are good ones, too—this boy had about as much chance of becoming a successful bank president as a tadpole has of developing into a dog. But when we come up against a case like this, it is a good thing to remember something Sir Joshua Reynolds said a great many years ago. Sir Joshua was talking about genius. And as he was considered something of a genius himself, his view may be regarded as an inside one. At any rate, this is what he said:

"Genius is large general ability, accidentally determined in some particular direction."

The wish of his parents was what "accidentally determined" young Hulbert's general ability in the direction of banking. They wanted him to get a job in the National Bank of Winsted; and as the only kind of bank job for which he was qualified was that of runner, a runner was what he became.

In those days there were no telephones. Messages had to be carried by a messenger. Bicycles had not been invented. So the carrier had to go on his own two feet. The rôle of a bank runner was almost literally to run; and to keep at it pretty constantly, doing all sorts of small errands.

Twice a year, the Winsted bank handled a large number of coupons for its clients, and at these periods all the employees were pressed into the work. There were no adding machines then, nor any of the modern labor-saving devices. All the coupons had to be listed by hand and the work completed in one day.

At the first semi-annual coupon day after his advent as a runner, young Hulbert proved that he could use his head and his hands as energetically as his feet. He worked far into the night, snatched a couple of hours of sleep—with the office floor as his bed and a ledger for a pillow—and finished the job before the bank opened in the morning. And banks opened early forty-four years ago.

This won him a promotion to the bookkeeping department—work he did not like and for which he had no natural aptitude. But the important thing is that he did it! And he must have made good at it, for inside of two years he was promised the position of head bookkeeper if he would stay with the bank.

That was the "Go West, young man" period, however. And when one of the Winsted directors offered young Hulbert a small position in a bank in which the director was interested, at Winona, Min-

I Simply Would Not Dare to Make This Editorial Long!

MR. HULBERT speaks of useless conversation in business. He says that a man will come to him with a really good idea, for which he desires financial backing. But, instead of telling concisely what the idea is, and what it is intended to accomplish, he frequently wants to ramble off into a history of the birth of the idea—getting nowhere. He says that he simply *has* to choke these discussions off, and compel men to get down to brass tacks. If he didn't—the twenty-four-hour day would not be long enough to see him through all the propositions that are brought to him for decision.

Mr. Hulbert's experience recalls something told me recently by Walter Camp, the famous Yale athletic authority, a brother-in-law of the late Professor William G. Sumner, one of the wisest men of his generation. Mr. Camp says that Professor Sumner had three questions which he always raised whenever anything was put up to him. Here are they. You might hang them on your wall:

What is it?
How do you know it?
What of it?

Think those over. They are a trifle pointed, but it won't hurt you if they prick a little.

I don't know whether there is more idle "gab" in people's offices, or in people's houses. Probably in the houses—because a justifiable idea exists that we should relax outside of business. However, even our table talk would be more entertaining if we got down to business and told what we know, how we know it, and what of it. We might hear and deliver a couple of hundred thousand words less conversation in the course of a month, but what remained would grip our attention more.

Wouldn't it be fine if we could all talk less and say more! THE EDITOR.

nesota, the boy accepted it. He was only nineteen at the time.

When I asked Mr. Hulbert what had been the chief factor in his career, he laughed and said:

"Luck!"

Well, here's a sample of what he chooses to call his "luck."

At that time, Minnesota farmers were just beginning to buy modern agricultural machinery, and they were doing it largely on credit. The handling and collection of this farm implement paper was an important and lucrative part of the business of local banks. There were a great many Germans in that section; so this feature of bank work required a man who could speak German and be familiar with the condition of the farmers in that locality.

A few months after Hulbert arrived in Winona, the man who had handled the farm implement paper at the bank left without notice. Hulbert understood almost no German, and he knew nothing about the farmers of Winona County. Yet he applied for that position.

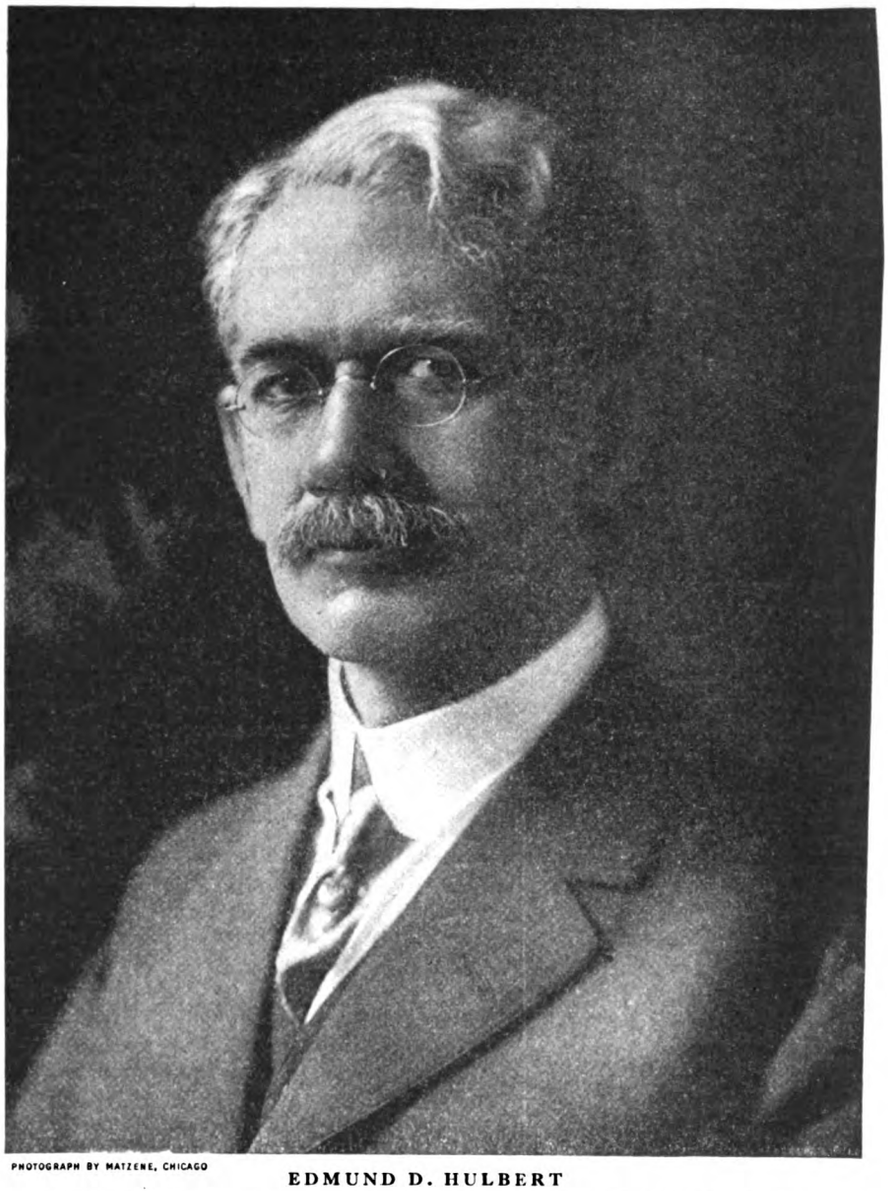
PERHAPS he calls it luck that he got it. The rest of us, I think, would give it a different name. It is a rather common thing for young men, when they are told that they must "show initiative," to ask plaintively *how* they can show it. Well, to apply for a job that requires a knowledge of German and of local farming conditions, when you know nothing about either of them, is one way. To plunge into a study of German, to move into a German boarding-house, and to spend every spare hour getting acquainted with the farmers for miles around, is another way. That is what young Hulbert did.

Before he had got far with this program, however, he had to meet a real emergency. A few days after he took over his new position, one of the officers of a large implement concern turned up at the Winona bank, and announced that he had come to examine their methods of handling his firm's notes from local farmers.

His arrival caused considerable consternation. What would the visitor say when he discovered a green youngster in charge of that part of the business? The bank officials were in a state of mind bordering on panic, for young Hulbert had not yet had time to grasp any of the details of his new job.

The way he handled the situation showed that he had courage and ingenuity, at any rate. Of one thing he was dead sure; and that was that he was *going* to know all about those notes, and that they were *going* to be handled all right. If he could only weather this first visit of inspection somehow, the next one would find him prepared.

On some pretext or other, he put the man off until the following day. And that night he sat up studying the notes, like a boy cramming for an examination. What he could not find out by a study of the notes, he supplied from his own imagination, with the result that the next morning his interview with the inquisitor was a brilliant success. That gentleman went back to his firm with the verdict that young Hulbert was the best posted man, in regard to farmers' credits, that he had found in all his travels! And for years afterward, Mr. Hulbert was actually pestered for information on the subject by people sent to him by this farm implement dealer.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MATZENE, CHICAGO

EDMUND D. HULBERT

Mr. Hulbert is a striking example of a man who has gained distinction in a calling he did not want to enter. His boyhood ambition was to be a professor. Instead, he is president of a great bank organization, formed by a merger of the Merchants' Loan and Trust Company, the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, and the Corn Exchange Bank of Chicago. He was born on a farm near Hartford, Connecticut, in 1858, and began as a runner in a bank at Winsted. He is married and lives in Chicago

He laughs, and shakes his head, over the exploit now. But it is interesting because it shows how much he was willing to stake on his belief that he was *going* to do the work satisfactorily, if he could only get the chance. And he did not intend to be robbed of that chance by circumstances.

He asserts that his next promotion really did come to him because of luck. About two years after he went to the Winona bank, the cashier died. No one in the institution was fitted to take the place, and all efforts to get in an outsider were fruitless. Finally, as a last resort, it was offered to Hulbert, who was only twenty-one years old at the time.

One reason why the position had gone begging was that the bank was not a strong one. A first-class cashier did not find it a tempting proposition. Young Hulbert knew this as well as anybody did. But he also knew, once more, what he was *going* to do if he got a chance. So he accepted the not altogether flattering offer.

THE man who was president of the bank at that time was not himself a banker. He was the largest stockholder, and held his office because of this fact, as was common in those days. His own business was flour milling. The National Bank Act of that period permitted banks to discount business paper to an unlimited extent, and it was a common practice of men controlling banks to fill up these institutions with their own business paper. This was an unsafe practice, and it also was a detriment to the bank's dealings with other concerns.

Under the circumstances, it was naturally assumed that the young cashier would be little more than a dummy, so far as any interference with the management was concerned. But the twenty-

one-year-old boy had his own ideas on this subject. As cashier of that bank, he held himself responsible for its soundness and its fair dealings. And when it came to loans, he put the president himself on the same basis as any other client of the institution. He refused to give that gentleman more than what he, the cashier, considered a reasonable amount of credit; and he declined to cash checks against anything in excess of this amount.

When the president could not get money from his own bank war was declared then and there. But it was the president who surrendered, not the young cashier. The outcome was a credit to both men. For, although the president might easily have removed the man who opposed him, he did not do it. Integrity of that quality probably struck him as too valuable to be lost. At any rate, he accepted the situation and the two eventually became fast friends.

IN 1895, the Merchants Loan and Trust Company, of Chicago, sent for Mr. Hulbert, who was then thirty-seven years old, and created for him the place of second vice president. Three years later he was elected vice president and director. And in 1916 he became president of the bank. Within the past year a merger of the Merchants Loan and Trust Company, the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, and the Corn Exchange Bank, of Chicago, has been put through, with Mr. Hulbert as president of the new organization, one of the most important in the United States.

The boy who wanted to be a professor is now one of the leading bankers of the country. He will have twelve hundred employees and forty officers under him. When he went to the Merchants Loan and Trust Company, twenty-five years ago, he hired everybody that was taken on. He has seen youngsters, who came in as errand boys, become important officials. He has watched their development. And in the meantime he himself has developed into the chief executive of the institution.

What is there, in an experience like that, which is worth knowing?

I asked one of his associates what were the outstanding characteristics of Mr. Hulbert as an executive. And after a moment's reflection he answered:

"I should say that it is his ability to impress people with a belief in his absolute integrity. And, in his handling of business propositions, it is the way he goes straight to the *essential point* and brushes aside the unimportant details.

"A man goes into his office to show him some new plan, spreads out a lot of papers, and starts in to tell the whole story of the inception and development of his scheme. But he doesn't get far. Mr. Hulbert pushes the whole thing aside, and demands a clear, concise statement of the idea and of what it is intended to *accomplish*."

When, later, I repeated this to Mr. Hulbert, he laughed and said: "I expect there is some truth in that. And I dare say it has sometimes seemed hard to an enthusiastic man, to whom his idea is as wonderful as a new baby to a young mother. But the president of a bank has to listen to many men every day; most of them wanting money—that is, credit. They do not realize that he has already handled hundreds of these requests, and that they fall into certain general classes. Each man's idea is all-important to him. And he wants to tell the whole story of how the idea came to him, and how he developed it at every single step. I'd *like* to listen to these details. But if I did, a twenty-four-hour day wouldn't be long enough to see me through it all.

"I want the *idea*, not the history of it. Then it is up to me to decide whether it is worth anything. To the extent that I pick out the good ideas, and turn down those that are not good, I can promote the success of this institution, and benefit everybody connected with it. I can do that better, I think, if I keep myself free of details."

"But aren't there certain details which an executive does keep in his own hands?" I asked.

"That seems to depend on the executive," said Mr. Hulbert. "James B. Forgan, one of the ablest bankers in America, is a man with an extraordinary knowledge of the details of his business. John J. Mitchell, another great banker, pays little or no attention to detail. Personally, I wish I were more of a detail man than I am. I could point out any number of successful executives, each following a different course. So I should say it would be impossible to lay down a hard and fast rule about it. The business of an executive is to get results. And each man follows his own formula for accomplishing this purpose.

"You cannot learn banking—and I imagine it is the same with almost any other business—from books. The only way to learn the practice of it is by experience. The most important principles are those not taught in books. People ask me what qualities a young man should have. And I, in common with a great many employers, have of course given that subject considerable thought.

"In things that are written for young men, and in talks to them, there is a tendency to elaborate on the importance of integrity. But that seems to me like telling a man he must have a head, a face, nose, eyes, and mouth. It goes without saying.

"THERE is a good deal of misapprehension as to what is *meant* by integrity, when it comes to business. You tell a boy he must have integrity, in order to succeed, and he is very likely to think you mean he must be 'good;' that he must not drink, or swear, or lead an immoral life. Then he looks around him and sees some successful business men whose private lives are rotten; and he thinks your talk about integrity is 'Sunday-school bosh;' just a sort of perfunctory goody-goody drivel.

"Of course I believe it is a hindrance, even to business success, not to lead a clean moral life. But I think it would clear a young man's mind on this subject to explain to him what is meant by *business* integrity. I think most men will agree that it means this: that when a man has given his word, he will *stand by it* through thick and thin; that he will carry out a business promise to the letter; that he will fulfill a contract, even though it brings him to the verge of ruin—or beyond.

"That, I believe, is the sort of integrity which is essential to business success. The man who does not have it *cannot* succeed. It is the foundation on which he must build. But to build on that foundation, a man must have other qualities. A good many men of unquestioned integrity have nevertheless failed to erect much of a superstructure on it.

"As to the other qualities a man should have, to become valuable to a business, or to himself *in* a business, I think I should place the greatest emphasis on his ability to make friends. A great many men do not realize this. Yet every head of a successful business knows that its most valuable (*Continued on page 266*)

PHOTOGRAPH BY HIGLEY & BARR

Can You Beat This?

HERE is a picture, taken about forty years ago, of Edmund D. Hulbert (the third from the left), and six of his subordinates in a bank at Winona, Minnesota. Mr. Hulbert hired all of these men; and, with the exception of the one at the extreme right, who is now dead, every one of them has achieved success in business. For instance, R. H. James is the head of a great lumber concern in Minnesota; J. S. Pomeroy is vice president and secretary of the National Bank of Minneapolis, one of the largest banks in the Northwest; E. S. Andrews is an important official of the Prudential Insurance Company. Mr. Hulbert in the accompanying article says that boys are much the same in natural ability. It is what they do with their natural ability that makes some outstrip others, that and the training they get after they go to work.

Second Instalment of "Wanted: A Fool"—

A Novel by PHILIP CURTISS

The Mysterious Girl—Who is She?

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN PRICE

What Happened in the First Instalment

ROBERT O'MARA, an ambitious young actor down on his luck, reads a whimsically phrased advertisement with the caption WANTED: A FOOL. Seeing in it a possible solution to his present difficulties he answers it. The next morning he receives a letter requesting him to call at a certain room in a very exclusive Fifth Avenue hotel. Upon entering he is confronted by two men, one of whom he afterward rightly sizes up as the house detective. The other, a tall, thin, rather unattractively dressed man of about forty years old, questions him closely and finally engages him as a kind of personal servant for his cabin in the country. The house detective lets slip the fact that the name of O'Mara's new employer is Pickering. Upon leaving the room O'Mara sees an adjoining door gradually close as if someone had been spying. His curiosity is aroused and then further stimulated when he learns at the desk that the name of Pickering is unknown at the hotel.

O'Mara prepares to leave for the country, but feels a pang of regret at deserting his profession when he gets a puzzled flicker of recognition from Zanski, the great producer, in front of a Broadway theatre. He arrives at Saddle Mountain, which he finds is in the sparsely settled foothills, many miles from the station, at the junction of the three states of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York, and is taken to the cabin of his mysterious employer by a farmer who lives across the lake. While smoking on the piazza on his first night there he is visited by Alec, the farmer's son, who enjoins him not to shoot if he hears strange noises around the place, and disappears without an explanation. O'Mara awakens suddenly in the middle of the night with the feeling he is not alone in the cabin. Crawling to the stairway he finds the big living-room lighted up and a girl in evening dress kneeling before the bookcase. From this point the story now goes on.

FEAR, men say, is largely an attribute of the unknown. Certainly Robert O'Mara, lying prone on the balcony of the cabin, peering, amazed, into the lighted room below, felt no emotion greater than absolute incredulity. Or, better, if he did feel any fear it was fear of the shock which the girl, kneeling casually at the bookshelves, must receive should she discover his presence.

There could hardly be anything in her appearance to inspire him with fear on his own behalf. Indeed, with an almost professional thrill he lay, muscles tense, and marveled at the scene, for a stage manager could not have directed it better. The contrast between the vague gloom of the shadows which still lurked in the corners of the huge room and the small space of rich, shaded glow from the great standlamp, between the rough dustcloths which still shrouded most of the surrounding objects, and the extreme luxury of the few furnishings which the girl had uncovered, between a rough pine table which stood at the edge of the circle of light and the exquisite dress and manner of the girl herself, all tended to focus the drama into that small space around the bookshelves as vividly as a spotlight could have done it.

O'Mara at first had found himself checking even his breathing, but the girl seemed to have lost all sense of being on the alert. As casually as if she had been in her own library she turned and adjusted the wick of the lamp, and then went back to her work; but the act gave O'Mara a flashing, momentary picture of something vividly familiar. It was not the girl's face. Or was it? No, he was sure it was not. In that second in which she had glanced in his direction he had seen a pair of large, thoughtful eyes, brown hair waved simply over a piquant, rather humorous face, now drawn into an expression of childlike intentness, and a slender, capable hand lifted up to the lamp. Yet it was neither face nor gesture that he seemed to recognize. It was her whole attitude. Lying there, scarcely daring to breathe, O'Mara had a persistent, tantalizing sensation of something well-known, something that he had seen or been thinking of only a short time before.

The girl, in the meantime, was calmly taking down one book after another, glancing into it, and replacing it on the shelves. By her air O'Mara knew that, so far at least, she had not discovered what she was seeking and as she worked, with greater and greater casualness, he himself, with greater and greater intentness, tried to imagine how in the world she had ever got there. There was an unhurried, unconscious note in her movements that told him she would never have been there unless she had been practically assured that she would be unmolested. On the other hand, the simple fact that she was there at all, on any errand, however harmless, at that time of night, marked her as being under compulsion from some very forcible motive.

He studied the pretty curve at the bend of her neck, the hair drawn up, rather maturely, at the back of her head. There still was something familiar about her, about her whole attitude; but any connection with anything he had recently seen or thought of still balked him. If he had not felt the boards of the floor under his hands and smelled the four-months dust of the cabin close to his face he might have convinced himself that he was dreaming. Suddenly he recalled the cryptic warning given him by the mountaineer's boy. Could he have meant this prowler? It seemed too incredible. What connection could there have been between that ingenuous yokel and this startling vision?

RAPIDLY, evidently with increasing disappointment, the girl below searched through the covers of book after book. Once, apparently, she had found what she sought. With one small volume in her hand she rose to her feet and went close to the lamp. One page she studied for minutes, then, carelessly whirring over the rest of the leaves, she returned to the shelves, put back the book, and went on with her search. Tardily, O'Mara tried to photograph in his memory the volume that had excited her interest. He might have done it had he not been diverted by the new view which the act had given him of the girl herself.

This closer view, however, changed little the impression which was already stamped on his mind. The girl was attractive rather than pretty. Her age apparently was between twenty-five and thirty, rather amusingly mature. She was dark and slender but, except for her very large, thoughtful eyes, no particular feature differentiated her from hundreds of well-bred, well-dressed girls whom he might have expected to meet anywhere except in that fantastic spot and at that fantastic moment.

The girl was still running rapidly through the volumes when she and O'Mara alike were startled into immobility by a sudden, echoing *snap*. It was only one of those eerie noises of contracting wood which may be heard with frightening loudness in any unoccupied building, but O'Mara was not yet enough of a hermit to know it, and the girl was in the midst of too uncertain an adventure to disregard it. Then, indeed, did O'Mara feel that his breathing had become stertorous. For a full minute, he would have sworn, the girl poised absolutely motionless, her head slightly bent with listening, one arm raised to the bookshelves. Un-

Almost on the instant a horse galloping furiously tore past him, coming but in that flash O'Mara had had time to see that on its back was a side-

consciously, in the glow of the lamp she made a most charming picture.

The snap was not repeated. Slowly the girl went back to her search, but even O'Mara could see that the nonchalance of her movements was gone. Once or twice she paused and listened without any reason, while over the books she was skimming inattentively. The watcher, still lying motionless on the balcony above, guessed that her stay would be short. His guess was accurate for, with one hasty look through a volume or two, the girl rose quickly, put on a cape, and began to rearrange the cotton dust covers over the shelves. Once some small object on top of the cases arrested her interest, but not for long. She examined it hurriedly, then finished her work and unexpectedly put out the lamp.

Curiously, in the sudden darkness which ensued, O'Mara, there on the floor above, could feel the presence of the girl with a greater closeness, with a greater intimacy. The walls of the room seemed to draw in around them. He now was certain that he could hear her breathing; he listened feverishly for the rustle of her dress.

For a moment, apparently, she stood absolutely motionless. O'Mara even began to wonder whether she was gone, whether she had some mystic means of dissolving out of the room. It would hardly have astonished him. After a moment, however, he heard a resumption of the soft sounds below—a chair moved harshly, a misplaced footstep; then the fine, dim circle of a tiny flashlight glowed out on the floor. Once more the scene became stagy, fantastic.

Steadily enough the dim circle of flashlight rested a moment on chairs and tables, and then disappeared out of sight under the balcony. O'Mara heard movements in the kitchen which, had he been standing, would have been behind him; then a door opened and closed with that same grating and scratching sound which had first waked him. Even then, for two or three minutes, he did not dare move. Partly his caution lay in the possibility that some other person might still be in the building, but more in the fear of frightening the girl.

THE sounds, however, had definitely ceased. Certain of that, O'Mara cautiously rose to his feet and felt his way around the balcony and into a room which must lie over the kitchen. The same hot smell of dead air and pine boards which he had noted on his first entry into the cabin greeted him in this room but, by feeling along the walls, he had no difficulty in locating the windows. At one of these he cautiously raised the sash and pressed his ear to the board shutters outside. He heard nothing, probably could have heard nothing even if there had been anything to hear. At last, very cautiously, he slipped out the hooks and pushed open the shutter. A rush of grateful night air, heavy with woodsy scents, came in to meet him, but that was all. On the floor by the sill he kneeled and listened intently. From time to time he heard the dropping of a dead twig, the little rustle of leaves, the other normal sounds of the forest, but that was all.

Chilled, at last he closed the shutter and went back to his cot, but not to sleep; no, hardly to sleep. Over and over in his excited mind he pictured every detail of that amazing scene which he had just witnessed. What in the world could it mean? What sort of a wilderness was this to which he had come? Lying there in the darkness he saw the girl kneeling before the bookshelves as vividly as if she were still before him, and every time his mind reproduced the picture there recurred that same tantalizing sensation of something familiar.

Suddenly, just as he was dozing off, there flashed before him a picture of a man with a broom. That was it! That was what he had been trying to think of—the moment, that morning, in which he had stood in front of the Adam Zanski theatre trying to convince himself that he was not a coward. But, still, what was the connection? Was it that the sight of that girl of his own class, the romance that might have been, had made him cringe again at the sense of his own failure, of his present humble position? No, that was not it. It must be some connection with the theatre, with the building itself. Hurriedly he ran over in his mind all the young women whom he had known who had played at the Zanski. In their sense of refinement and daintiness several of them might have reminded

from the direction of the cabin. The animal was out of sight in a flash, saddle, but that the reaching head of the horse was bare and bridleless

him of this girl, but still the connection seemed artificial.

Could it be that some scene in some play that he had watched at the Zanski was vividly like this perfect little scene of real life that he had just witnessed? Yes, that must be it. But what scene, what play, what heroine? That still escaped him, although he tossed and pondered until faint daylight made the green branches outside his window distinct and reassuring and the scene in the room below indistinct and incredible. His nerves relaxing, he fell asleep, to be awakened by the hot sun beating full on his closed eyelids.

VI

O'MARA threw off his blankets and leaped from his cot with the guilty feeling that someone was there to check up his tardiness, but his watch showed that it was only eight o'clock.

Still barefooted and in his pajamas, he went down-stairs and looked curiously at the dim, stuffy room. Was it his imagination that he seemed to detect a faint perfume? It need not have been. The air of the room had been absolutely motionless since the night before.

Yet was it all an illusion, a dream? The covers had been replaced. Everything was just as it had appeared when he had arrived. His Cinderella had been most lax about leaving any of the customary tokens. In vain he searched for the traditional slipper, the fan, or the glove. In vain. He had not misjudged those calm, capable eyes. They were not the sort to overlook little slips of that kind.

It was not an illusion, but O'Mara did not know what he could do about it for the moment. Romantic might be his introduction to the mountain cabin, but, after all, he was there for other things than to be romantic. He took down the heavy bar with which he had closed the front door and threw the latter wide open, letting the breeze from the lake sweep through the great room.

Outside it was a magnificent morning, one of those mountain days which have the vague look of early autumn and the feel of late summer, hanging suspended, as it were, between the two seasons. O'Mara stood for a moment with the cool breeze from the water whipping through the folds of his scanty clothing, then, stepping into a sheltered patch of sunlight, basked in a warmth like that of a greenhouse.

Below him the lake was deep, deep blue with crested little whitecaps and flashing patches of sunlight, but with no signs of life except a hawk hanging high over a distant pine tree. On the farther shore the woods were still heavy and green, and only up at one end, where an inlet apparently flowed, could he see one small maple of flaring red, the first sign of approaching winter.

Half an hour later, tingling from a bath among the rocks at the landing and glowing from his first home-cooked breakfast, O'Mara sat smoking his pipe on the piazza and watching a boat making its way toward him. A study of the lake in the daylight showed him that it was long and narrow and winding. Fitzhugh's little farm, he surmised, must lie at the far end, beyond a jutting shoulder of forest. Around this shoulder the boat was now making its way, plunging in a manner quite maritime in the tiny whitecaps. Alec, the boy, was the motive force and, as an oarsman, Alec seemed to be more vigorous than scientific. He kept going out of his way in wide curves and was obliged to look constantly over his shoulder. He was still puffing from his exertions when he came up the path.

"Wal, haow did you sleep?" he hailed jocularly.

O'Mara watched him, amused. "Fine," he replied. "Come on up."

The boy puffed his way up the spiral staircase and looked around him.

"You ain't done much," he said ingenuously.

O'Mara shook his head.

"There is plenty of time."

"You going to stoy here long?" persisted the boy.

"A year or two possibly," answered O'Mara.

The boy looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"Ther' ain't nobody ever stoyed here that long," he said.

"Why not?" asked O'Mara.

"Oh, some gawt lonely, and one gawt to seeing snakes and purple rabbits, and one had a foit with Paw, and one just walked off and never did come back. Then

Mr. Pickering told Paw to close up the cabin toit. I helped him."

O'Mara had no comments to make on this series of predecessors. Sitting there in the warm patch of sunlight, he felt too beautifully listless to do much of anything. Alec, however, hung around self-consciously.

"So you slept all noit then, did you?" he asked at last.

O'Mara turned to him mildly. "Why shouldn't I sleep?"

The boy turned red. "Wal, some toimes there are fishermen come up from the other side of the maountain."

O'Mara knew that the boy had had no fishermen in mind, but he pretended that he believed it.

"No fishermen bothered me," he replied.

"Wal, that's good," answered Alec, now having apparently reassured himself. "To-day, most loikly, you'll get the cabin opened up, and then if folks know someone is here they won't ever trouble you."

"Which reminds me," O'Mara suggested. "Do you know where there is a screw driver?"

"All the little tools are in the knoife-box in the kitchen, and the big tools are daown in the boathouse. Ain't you seen the boathouse, yet? They's a Saint-Lawrence skift thar they claim cost a hundred and twenty-foive dollars. Some noit you and me'll have to go bull-headin'."

"Delighted," replied O'Mara. He rose up rather lazily. "Well, I must be getting to work. Don't go."

ALEC, however, shook his head vigorously. "Paw's daown in the woods to-day and I'm supposed to be cutting corn. If he cotches me, he'll burn the hide off me."

Discipline was apparently a direct and simple matter in the Fitzhugh family. O'Mara, moreover, was not especially sorry to be left alone. As an opener of houses and cleaner of boats he did not think that he would shine in the eyes of this critical mountain boy. He preferred to master his new profession unwatched.

By mid-afternoon, O'Mara had swept the floors, uncovered and arranged the furniture, aired the bedrooms and located the blankets and linen. He stood back and surveyed his handiwork with that inordinate pride which a man accustomed only to mental work feels when he has accomplished the simplest mechanical feat.

Once opened and settled, the big room of the cabin was positively regal, or baronial rather, with the grandeur with which a Highland chieftain would have loved to have surrounded himself. With an excellent eye for the picturesque, the walls themselves had been left rough wherever possible. They were log outside and simple pine inside. The immense rafters at the height of a second story still had the bark on, while on one side was a great stone fireplace with a huge slab of granite suspended by a chain for a mantel. With this primitiveness as a background, the furnishings, however, were of a majestic richness which the rough walls only accentuated. Hand-carved chairs weighing fifty pounds stood around a dark, massive table, the top of which was two inches thick. A curious dark green tapestry of a kind which O'Mara had never seen covered most of the great wall on the opposite side from the fireplace, while in front of the hearth lay a grizzly-bear skin.

O'MARA'S first thought had naturally been to search for the book over which the girl had paused the night before, but the moment he had taken the covers off the rambling bookshelves, he saw the hopelessness of it. He had thought that its appearance and its exact location had been stamped photographically in his mind, but when he now tried to find it he discovered that the picture he carried in his memory could be duplicated in a dozen places in the shelves. The books themselves stood in hundreds, and in that variegated array which is dear to the actual book lover. Fine sets of the English classics stood beside paper pamphlets, old tomes bound in sheepskin stood beside modern handbooks. The collection ranged from rare sporting volumes with curious prints to catalogues and a treatise on plumbing and heating.

It had been a smallish book, he remembered, that the girl had held, a gray book, if he had seen correctly, standing beside a tall, thin book. He found that "Alice in Wonderland" was a small, gray book standing beside a tall, thin book, but so was "A Summer in Norway." So were "The Stones of Venice," and "The American Trapper."

O'Mara was about to abandon the quest for the present, when his eye was caught by a slender green volume, and he drew it out curiously. On the cover was printed in gold, "Three Plays," and on the title page, "Three Plays by J. S. Pickering."

Eagerly O'Mara carried the volume to the light of the window. Did that mean that "Pickering" was really his employer's name, or was it a professional pseudonym? A playwright? He didn't know whether he liked that or not, but a second glance at the title page calmed any distrust which he had had of meeting a fellow professional. The plays were "Privately Printed," and he knew what plays "privately printed" amounted to. A quick run through the pages confirmed his darkest fears. The three dramas were all of a type which had been epidemic among amateur playwrights three or four years before—mystic, symbolic things in blank verse, half Elizabethan, half Tommy-rot.

O'Mara read a few lines at random:

THE SOLDIER: And [illegible]ire, am too—
THE SAGE: But a slave [illegible] f things unimportant.
THE SOLDIER: What, I?
THE SAGE: Yes, you too.
THE SOLDIER: I know not fit [illegible]anguage.

O'Mara shook his head with a sad smile. He had not thought that of the cynical man in black. He replaced the volume on the shelves and went back to his dusting.

By four o'clock O'Mara felt that he could consider his house in order. His kitchen fire was going merrily and his kettle was bubbling. In the boathouse he found the same combination of roughness and forethought which he had found in the cabin. The building itself was crude, but, inside, the canoes hung in cradles and the skiffs in racks, while a float with barrels under it could be pushed out into the water on rollers. O'Mara eyed it all with approval, and then walked around to explore the other parts of the premises.

Sheer from the back of the cabin rose the wooded side of a mountain. A cliff it was, almost, at that point, but by the kitchen door there was a little weed-grown clearing and, from the far side of this, a trail or woods road seemed to lead off to the north between the lake and the mountain. Thoughtfully O'Mara explored this for a few hundred yards, but he found that he was hardly woodsman enough to tell whether or not anyone had been over it on the previous evening. In places the weeds seemed to be broken by footsteps or wheel prints, but then again, testing his eye, he found that he could seem to find footprints in the grass wherever he wished.

For half a mile farther he followed the road, then broke through the underbrush to the lake. His strenuous work of the morning, combined with the mountain air had given him a delicious languor. He found a jutting point of moss-covered earth, and sitting down with his back to a tree he lighted his pipe, content to remain there half dozing and watching the water lapping over the pebbles at his feet.

The sun was already a waning segment over the crest of the wooded mountain behind him. Already the cooling shadows were creeping down the forested slope and a fresh scent of ferns and damp earth arising. The lake was settling into a glassy calm, while near the opposite shore could be seen the indefatigable Alec rowing heavily, his boat leaving a wake like that of a water beetle. O'Mara watched him listlessly until he was a tiny figure clear up beside the red maple at the inlet. He saw the lad beach his boat and get out, then suddenly he sat up with interest, his pipe suspended in mid-air. From out of the woods beside the red tree he had seen a figure in white emerge and walk out to meet the boy. For a moment the two had stood there as if talking, then had disappeared into the forest together.

FOR minutes, motionless, O'Mara sat there until he saw Alec return alone, get into his boat and row back down the lake. The whole length of the still strip of water he watched him until he had disappeared behind the point. O'Mara rose and made his way slowly back to the cabin, but after supper, while he was smoking on the piazza, he heard the already familiar chug of oars and, a moment later, Alec came whistling up the spiral staircase.

"Evening, Mr. O'Maara," he hailed with a studied unconcern. "Oi've brought you some pickerel. They're already dressed."

He handed over a basket in which the fish were lying packed in damp grass and O'Mara thanked him, but the boy still lingered.

"Mr. O'Maara," he asked awkwardly, at last, "be you a play-actor?"

O'Mara looked at him in surprise. "An actor?" he repeated. "Why did you ask that?"

The boy looked at the floor and dug the toe of his shoe in a crack in the boards. "Oi don't know," he replied. "Oi was just wondering."

O'Mara sat smoking and looking at him in silence. (*Continued on page 171*)

The girl looked around, but not with alarm, merely casually, then, seeing O'Mara, she flushed suddenly crimson

How Much Time Do You Spend Turning Over Ducks?

By Ellis Parker Butler

LAST September, when I was in one of the small country towns of Iowa, an especially stout and good-natured and long-suffering woman told me about the worst summer she ever spent.

"Oh, dear!" she said, half laughing and half crying, "I don't see how I ever lived through it!"

Her husband is never very well and she worries about that more or less, and she does her own housework, as nearly everyone does in those small towns, and she had her two small children to care for that summer, and the meals to get, and she was trying to keep a garden going in the side yard, and the chickens fed, and the house was a two-story house.

It was one of those old-fashioned bully-for-the-corn summers, when you go to bed with the thermometer showing 90 degrees in the shade and it gets warmer all night, and, when you wake up in the morning, it is 95 degrees in the shade and no sign of cooler weather for the next eleven days. That is hard weather for an especially stout woman to stand, and just then the baby had the measles or whooping cough and had to be kept up-stairs so the other child—the three-year-old boy—would not get it.

That was bad, because the stairs were steep and narrow. They were so narrow that Mrs. Jones had to go up and come down sideways, for she certainly was an especially stout lady. She was so stout at that time that a nearsighted old lady next door called to her daughter and said "Emily! come out and see what a nice tent Mrs. Jones has put up for Clifford," and it wasn't a tent. It was just Mrs. Jones, in a white dress, standing on the lawn to get a breath of air.

"My feet!" she told me. "When I got up-stairs I just thought I would never come down again, not even if the minister called. Oh! my feet did ache so that summer."

But she did come down. She had to. Her grandmother was living with her. Her grandmother was so old she could not go up and down stairs, and needed quite a little attention, poor thing! and had to have it. She sat in a chair by the side window, looking out at the garden and at the street beyond, rocking placidly, and when she wanted anything she would call Mary (Mrs. Jones), and Mrs. Jones would sigh and come down the narrow stairs sideways, and attend to Grandma and go up the stairs again—sideways.

Grandma was a nice old lady, and Mrs. Jones loved her, but she was insistent. She had raised Mrs. Jones, and after twenty-five or thirty years she felt she had a sort of proprietory right in her and that it was necessary for her to manage Mrs. Jones, so to speak. She had an insistent, commanding way with Mrs. Jones.

If little Clifford, playing in the yard, fell down, Grandma would call Mrs. Jones. She would sit in her chair, her hands folded in her lap, and raise her voice as one who is to be obeyed. She would call "May-ree! *May*-ree! come and pick Clifford *up!* May-ree! *May*-ree! come and pick Clifford *up!*" Then she would listen for Mary's feet on the floor above, and if she did not hear them she would begin again, "May-ree! *May*-ree! come and pick Clifford *up!* May-ree! *May*-ree! come and pick Clifford *up!*"

Of course, Clifford, knowing Grandma would call until Mary did come down, would not pick himself up, so Mary just had to come down. She would come down the narrow stairs, sideways, and pick Clifford up, and put him on his feet, and go up-stairs to the baby again and, just as she got herself seated, Grandma would call again:

"May-ree! *May*-ree! Somebody's at the *door!* May-ree! *May*-ree! Somebody's at the *door!*"

So Mary would groan tragi-comically and get onto her poor feet and come down the narrow stairs sideways and go to the door and tell the peddler she did not want any aluminum coffee pots to-day.

Grandma, meaning no disrespect, was the watchdog of the home.

"But, oh my! it wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been for the duck!" Mrs. Jones told me.

It seems that someone, a neighbor, had given little Clifford two ducks—cunning, downy little yellow balls of fluff—and he loved them and cherished them just the way a small boy does love and cherish such things. For two days they were the apple of his eye and the core of his heart, and after that Mother had to feed them.

ABOUT the time when the ducks began to be gawky and to look half-picked a horse stepped on one and Mrs. Jones buried it in the back yard, but the other got to be a full sized duck and it would have been quite a satisfactory duck if it had not taken, somehow, a disease that Mrs. Jones called the "topples." She had never known a duck to have the "topples," but from what she told me I am sure the "topples" is an inconvenient disease for a duck to have in a hot Iowa midsummer, when the baby has the measles on the second floor, and one weighs over two hundred pounds, and the stairs are narrow and steep, and there is a garden in the side yard, and a grandmother at the side window.

Mrs. Jones told me that when a duck has the "topples" it topples over on its back and can't get up. It will start out in a perfectly unconcerned and ordinary duck manner and waddle along entirely oblivious and unsuspecting until it reaches a rough spot and then, suddenly, it topples over onto its back and lies there helplessly, unable to get up again, kicking its feet in the air and quacking in panic-stricken tones at the top of its voice, as if it were being murdered in a brutal and inhuman manner.

Mrs. Jones said that any rough ground was enough to upset that duck, and that the garden in the side yard was all rough ground, and that the duck simply would not waddle anywhere except in that garden. If it was put on its feet twenty yards away it would waddle straight for the garden, and waddle a step or two and topple over on its back, waving its feet in the air and squawking "Q-u-a-c-k! Quack-quack-quack! Q-u-a-c-k! Quack-quack-quack!" until someone came and up-ended it again. She said that when the duck was on its back it could be heard two miles away.

THE moment Grandma, at the side window, saw the duck on its back, and heard the duck, she would call Mary.

"May-ree! *May*-ree! Come and turn over the *duck!* May-ree! *May*-ree! come and turn over the *duck!*"

And the duck would squawk:

"Q-u-a-c-k! Quack-quack-quack! Q-u-a-c-k! Quack-quack-quack!"

And in a moment Grandma would call again, a little louder:

"May-ree! *May-ree!* come and turn over the *duck!* May-ree! *May*-ree! come and turn over the *duck!*"

And up-stairs Mrs. Jones would sigh "Oh, dear!" and put the baby on the bed, and put a pillow to keep the baby from falling to the floor, and come down the narrow stairs sideways and take her two hundred and odd pounds out to the garden, and pick up the duck, and set it on its feet, and go into the house again and up the narrow stairs sideways, and take up the baby and seat herself in her rocking chair and—

"Q-u-a-c-k! Quack-quack-quack! Q-u-a-c-k! Quack-quack-quack!"

"May-ree! *May*-ree! come and turn over the *duck!* May-*ree!* May-*ree!* come and turn over the *duck!*"

Mrs. Jones told me that was about the worst summer she ever spent in her life, and I believe it. She said that sometimes, when the duck began quacking and Grandma began calling, she felt as if she must scream; the quacking and calling had got on her nerves so. She said there were times, when she was up-stairs and the baby was crying and her feet were so sore and the day was so hot, when she just hated to go down and turn over that duck. She said she even became hysterical over it, and laughed and cried at the same time, but in the end—with Grandma chanting away "May-ree! *May*-ree! come and turn over the *duck!*"—she always went down and turned the duck over.

The trouble with most of us is that we spend too much time turning over ducks. Of course, Mrs. Jones could not kill the

up-stairs baby, and she could not kill the down-stairs grandma, but I know a sudden and effective operation for curing a duck that has the "topples." I have seen it done. It is done with an ax. The operation requires the expenditure of less than a minute of time, after which the duck can be picked and cooked and eaten, and no longer requires to be turned over.

Most of us find life an interesting and satisfactory affair, taking the general run of it, but every one of us has some pet duck or other that we turned over once and, for that reason, think we have to turn over forever more, and it comes close to making life a misery. That pet duck gets to be such a nuisance that it spoils our days. I have had enough pet ducks of my own to start a barnyard and I have been like everyone else—I've never had the gumption to get the ax and get rid of the nuisance quick and for all time. They have taken twenty per cent of my joy of living, and I have let them hang around and do it, when all they needed was one whack of an ax.

If the number of groans I have groaned when I have heard that this or that human bore "is down-stairs, do you want to see him?" were placed end to end they would reach three times around the world, with enough left over to tie a bowknot. One of my ancestors must have been a jackass, I have such ears for listening. I am what is called a "good listener." When I listen my face assumes an eager, keenly interested expression, my ears bend slightly forward, and my eyes seem to sparkle with keen delight at the talker's words.

FOR years I have sat on the edges of chairs and beamed and wriggled my ears and sparkled my eyes at interminable, maddening, soporific old noodles and young blobs of egotism who were boring me to the verge of hysterics. I have sat and listened while my wrist nerves ached from boredom and my soul went sick at its stomach from weariness, and I would smile and pretend I was interested, and sit there grinning like a stuffed ape, all the while wishing the bore was in Gehenna. In one evening I have swallowed so many yawns that I swelled up like a toad.

I did not have to suffer this. If there is anything that drives away an unwanted intruder quicker than "Mr. Billhack is in conference and cannot see you," it is for an author's wife to say "Mr. Butler is writing now and I cannot disturb him." There seems to be something sacred about an author when he is writing, and even leather-headed bores apologize and go away when the fact is announced, but I have not let that keep me from my bores. The bores were one of the ducks I had to turn, and when old Grandma Habit yelled at me "El-lis! El-*lis!* come down and talk to the *bore!*" I groaned and came down and let him—or her—talk to me for hours.

We are all too kind-hearted when it comes to dealing with bores. You have your bores, just as I have mine. They come to see you when you don't want them to, and they stay longer than they should, and waste your time, and weary you, and profit you nothing in this world, or the other world to come, and yet you let them waste your time. If one or two do die you accumulate more of them and nurse them along and wish a street car would run over them before they have a chance to come again.

I have had a bore come to my house in the evening and sit there solid hours on one of my chairs and talk about himself and his affairs the whole time, and interrupt me if I tried to bring in even such a harmlessly mutually interesting subject as the weather, and come again the next week and the next week, and never stop coming until he died. I certainly must be tough or I would have been the dead one.

Your genuine bore is a tough-skinned, thick-skulled egotist and that is why he is such a nuisance to you and me, who are kind-hearted. We hate to hurt anyone's feelings, and the bore is so wrapped up in himself and so interested in himself that we fear that he must be tender-skinned. If you have a sore thumb it forces itself on your attention just as a bore does, and sort of talks about itself to you and won't be ignored, and you know a sore thumb is tender, so you imagine a bore must be. That is why you will give an interesting friend only a few minutes and then give a bore three hours. One of the societies I am going to start is a Society for Showing Bores the Shortest Way to the Street.

Another is a Society for Showing People Who Want to Start a New Society the Shortest Way to the Street. I don't want to be interviewed by any more Society Starters. In my opinion there are already in this country enough Clubs, Associations, Societies, Orders, Leagues and Unions, and six thousand four hundred and thirty-two more, and the only associations I want to help organize are a few of my own. If I am to have to spend any more time turning over organized association ducks I want to be the paid secretary; I don't want to listen for two hours to the paid organizer and his or her inane, transparent flattery and then be asked to pay five dollars a year, dues. That duck is a dead duck with me. The society that interests me most this year is the Society for Improving the General Condition of the Ellis Parker Butler Family.

The Amalgamated Order of Duck Turners I do not have to start; it already exists and you are probably a member in good standing, and doing your share of annoying things and things there is no sane reason for doing.

ALL last winter, out in California where the nights are cooler than many imagine, I took a large polka-dotted coach dog down cellar every night and covered him with two gunny sacks, a pair of old trousers and an old coat so he would sleep comfortably and not chatter his teeth out during the night, and he was not my dog or the dog of any of my family. For several years I groaned every Sunday morning because I thought I had to "tell" the comic supplements of two Sunday papers to my young children. I have let insurance agents talk me into buying insurance I did not need, and book agents talk me into buying books I did not want. I have read hundreds of manuscripts sent me by authors who could not write and have sent them honest criticisms that only made them hate me. I have sent autographs to children who did not enclose return postage. In time these things get to be as maddening as having to go down a steep flight of stairs sideways twenty times a day to turn over a pet duck, but we keep right on doing them. Most of our lives need a few more axes in them.

Some of the modern medico-psychologists—if that is what they are called—have been digging into this matter of the small, unnecessary annoyances we put up with, and are beginning to doubt whether patience is the virtue it has been cracked up to be. They say that if we repress our natural feelings of irritation we break out in some other way. If I let some old bore come and maunder at me endlessly, and sit and bear it, instead of kicking him down the front steps, as I feel like doing, I am repressing something in me that will break out as boils or falling of the hair, or hoof and mouth disease or night sweats or some other misery.

You remember the story of Job, of course. Job was the man who set out to win the World's (*Continued on page 182*)

Is There Such a Thing As Being Too Nice to Bores?

"ONE of my ancestors must have been a jackass, I have such ears for listening," says Ellis Parker Butler. "I am what is called a 'good listener.' When I listen my face assumes an eager, keenly interested expression, my ears bend slightly forward, and my eyes seem to sparkle with delight at the talker's words.

"For years I have sat on the edges of chairs and beamed and wriggled my ears and sparkled my eyes at interminable, maddening, soporific old noodles and young blobs of egotism who were boring me to the verge of hysterics. I have sat and listened while my wrist nerves ached from boredom and my soul went sick at its stomach from weariness, and I would smile and pretend I was interested, and sit there grinning like a stuffed ape, all the while wishing the bore was in Gehenna. In one evening I have swallowed so many yawns that I swelled up like a toad."

Meade brought one hand flat down on the oil-cloth. "When I paid the last of Father's debts I swore

Dollars and Sense

By Kay Cleaver Strahan

MEADE HASTINGS turned the key in the stubborn lock and let himself into the tiny dark hall of his apartment. It was a truculent March evening with dripping skies and wet winds, clinging as tenaciously as a miser's fingers to winter, yielding no promise of the adjacent spring; and here at home, after a trying day in the office, was no warmth, no light, no welcome.

He hung his damp overcoat on the hall tree and felt for the light switch. It clicked, but no light flared out, and he swore softly to himself. It had been at his suggestion that they had decided to do away with the switch, thus saving what he called the petty waste of that convenient method.

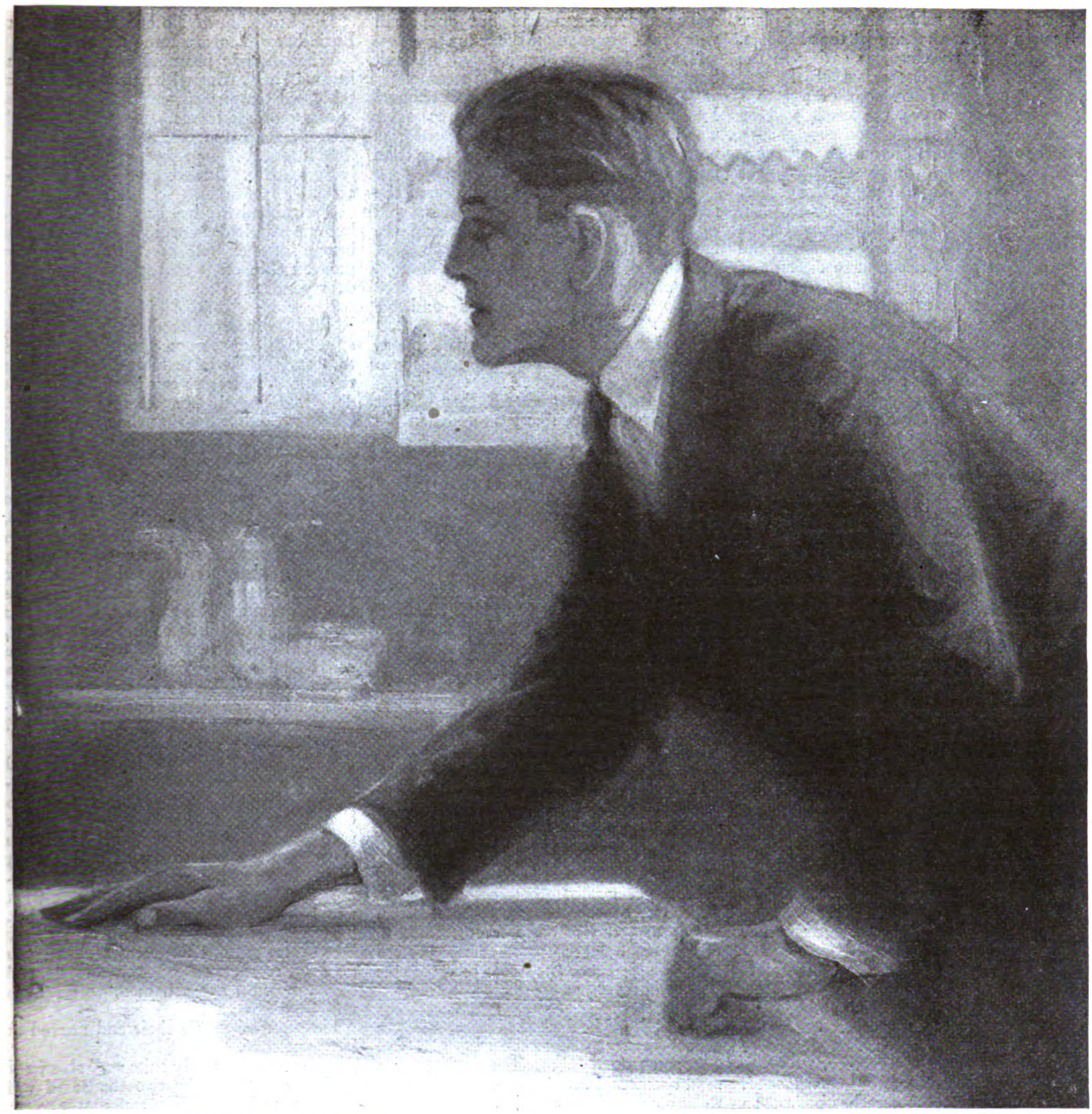
Through the dark, cold living-room and dining-room he groped his way, remembering, as he went, with a feeling half of guilt and half of resentment, that he had forgotten to kiss Lutie good-by that morning.

He supposed that was the reason she had not met him at the door. Well, it hadn't been his fault that breakfast was late! But neither, he admitted with his quick justice, had it been Lutie's fault that Junior had been ill with a cold, and so responsible for the delay.

He swung open the final door and stepped into the steaming warmth and light of the ten-by-twelve kitchen. Lutie was standing by the gas stove, poking some chops in the frying pan with a fork.

Over her house dress she was wearing a big and ugly plum-colored sweater. The house dress, on their honeymoon, had been blissfully pink, and the sweater in that same moon's light on a California beach had been softly white and snuggly. But the pink gingham had faded, and the white wool had gone into the bubbling dye pot, a martyr to the demon Durability.

She gave a startled squeal when he came



cloth of the table. It smacked. "No!" he said. I'd never bend under another load of it"

How Lutie jarred her husband out of a rut

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CLYDE SQUIRES

in, dropped the fork and ran to meet him.

"Sneaker-ee-ker!" she accused. "Can't you whistle? I was listening, but those rubber heels spoil all my wifely welcomes. Booey! but you're cold! Come stand in front of the oven. Hasn't it been a perfect heck of a day?

"Junior's lots better," she rattled on, "I bound him and gagged him and kept him in bed all day, and this evening he was shouting for 'much and mill-uk'."

"Did you call a doctor?"

"No. It was only a sniffling cold. Of course, if he had been croupy—but he's all right; snoozing away like a little old sweet sinner right now. It is you, Pud" (from "Hastings" Lutie had evolved Hasty-Pudding and contracted it to Pud), "who should see a doctor—"

"Two dollars and a half," Meade interrupted irritably, "to have a doctor tell me I have a cold—"

"And that you smoke too much," Lutie flipped in.

"Since I've been rolling my own," he defended, "I haven't spent fifty cents a week on tobacco."

Lutie straightened her lips into a line that was not a smile.

"I wasn't thinking of it in dollars and cents," she said. "Every day that you feel rotten you are spending just so much of Junior's daddy, and my Pud. Serious stuff! Now, let me see," she murmured abstractedly, as she began a search of the shelves. "Where did I put that Paris-green? No matter, here's the prussic acid."

Meade chuckled. He didn't feel particularly humorous, but it was impossible to ignore Lutie's nuttiness.

"All right, then," she turned, "but I warn you it isn't safe to scowl at the cook. Pour the coffee, dear, while I take up the potatoes, and then, as Mrs. De Vere's butler said at the Duke's dinner, 'set up and fall to.'

"It isn't," she said as she took her place opposite him at the table, "that I object, my dear Mr. Hastings, to eating in the kitchen. The cheery growl of the gas oven, the odor of the spat of potato I dropped on the stove, the kettle soaking peacefully in the sink, give a cozy shanty atmosphere. That I'll admit. But my artist's soul craves completeness. A goat in the doorway, now! A pig in the corner, perhaps. And chickens underfoot. Ah, as Mayme Marr said that day when she put borax instead of baking powder in the biscuits, 'W'y is perfection so difficult of attainment!'"

He glanced across at her quickly. Lutie had numerous brands of nonsense; indeed, she dealt in it almost exclusively. But this particular sort, he knew, was put on with difficulty for a disguise.

"Tired, Hon?" he asked.

"Uh-huh. Woman's pride wounded. Janitor has spurned my charms again. I went to the basement, and I kow-towed, and I said, 'Dear Mr. Jappy Janitor, I think you are the handsomest man. And the goodest. And the most charming. Only and but, in our apartment, number thirty-three, there is no heat."

"'Your dust-cap,' said he, 'is of a pattern bewitching. The powder on your pinkish nose'—it happened to be blue—'is as white as the snows of Fujiyama. But the ridiculous small rent you pay is thirty-five per. So, says the owner of this building, the warmth of your gratitude to him, for not raising the rent on you, will have to heat you until the sun comes to do it.'"

It was a gay little speech, but somehow it was as out of tune as a hotel piano.

"Lutie," he insisted, "what is the matter? Did you get a letter from Mother advising you to put Junior to bed at night?"

"You'd never know that this pudding was made with stale bread and waterglass eggs, would you?"

"I'll say not. But come through now with the trouble."

"Well—" she brought it out reluctantly—"I had a letter from Beth Perry to-day. She and Charlie are coming West this summer to visit Beth's mother, and I could tell from her letter that they were planning to visit us on the way."

"But, Judas Priest!" he whooped, "there isn't anyone I'd rather have than old Charlie—and Bet! Don't you want them?"

It was time to sigh—but Lutie did not. She whistled.

"I'm not going to worry about Charlie and Bet," asserted Hastings. He understood her meaning as well as if she had written it out for him. "They'll take us as they find us. Thank the Lord, it will be warm in the summer."

"Yes, it will be warm in July," said Lutie. She rose and began to pick up the dishes.

DISQUIETING, oppressive memories of last July in that apartment came to him: memories of Lutie, with Junior beside her, trying to sleep on the birdcage-like balcony; of himself on a park bench, dozing with weariness but dreading the very thought of home.

"We'll have to give them our room," Lutie announced, "and we'll have to sleep in the wall bed in the dining-room."

The dining-room had but one small window. It opened on the court.

"It is a long time until July," he said, hopefully, "maybe they won't come."

"Good old Charlie and Bet!" chatted Lutie enthusiastically. In many ways she was an exceptional woman, but she was not, you see, too exceptional. Her next remark was further proof of this.

"Charlie," said she, as she scoured the potato kettle, "must have done very well to be able to afford a Western trip the first year after they bought their home."

"They didn't pay cash for their home," Meade defended.

"No one ever did but us—and we haven't."

He shot a sharp glance in her direction, but she was busy putting soap-scraps into the economy soap-shaker.

"I'll bet," he produced then, "that they haven't saved any more than we have."

"Can't entertain them with our bank book, though. . . . If you are preparing to dry these for me don't use that oven cloth. Get a clean tea towel from the drawer. No—on the other side."

As Meade bent over the drawer on the other side he realized that he was hotly angry. He looked about him for something upon which to vent his ill humor, and saw the gas oven, its door open and its long lines of blue flame dots blazing away, running up the gas bill with each tick of the clock. He reached and turned it off. "Might as well burn bank notes for heat!" he muttered, under his breath.

Lutie shook her hands out of the dish-water and took the towel from him.

"I've finished with the washing," she said, "I'll dry these. Slip into the bedroom and get your smoking jacket and take a peeky-week at Junior. He has his Jemima in bed with him and the old black woolly thing makes him look so white and cunning. Poor little sardine, he's had a pesky day of it. Might as well have been up as not, if the place hadn't been so deadly cold. Here," from one of the old sweater's pockets she took a flashlight; "and whatever you do, don't waken him."

IN THE cold, dark bedroom, after a satisfactory peeky-week at Junior and Jemima, Meade's anger fluxed into a mild shamefacedness. He was a nice one, to be cross with poor little Lutie, who had worked so hard, these four years; had done her own cooking and washing and sewing, and had never complained. Good old Lutie! with never a cheep because of that darned dowdy hat and coat she was wearing this winter. Economical as the dickens, too! Never wasted a scrap of anything; made Junior's rompers out of his daddy's old shirts. Best little mother in the world.

Five years before, had some dauntless person, possessed of foresight, approached Meade Hastings and suggested to him that, five years hence, he should be thinking of Lutie Grant in terms of the work she could do and the money she could save, using at the same time such adjectives as dowdy, and poor, then that dauntless foresighted person would have been in for a few dangerous moments.

Pity may be akin to love, but it is an obnoxious poor relation. Let any modern wife discover that her husband is pitying her, and then—be careful.

Did Lutie know? No one can tell what Lutie knew, because Lutie never told.

When Meade returned to the kitchen he found her sitting with her elbows on the table, her temples covered with the palms of her small red hands. It was an unusual attitude for Lutie.

"Headache?" he asked, sympathetically if inanely. Lutie never had a headache.

She rubbed her head as if it did ache, but she said it did not. Then she made a bridge of her fingers and rested her pointed chin on it and gazed away into over yonder.

MEADE remembered, suddenly, that Charlie once upon a time had wished to marry Lutie. He looked at her. It would not be fair to say that he had not definitely looked at her for many months. He knew, didn't he, that she was wearing a dowdy coat and hat that winter? Yes, he had looked at her; but now he looked again.

He discovered that her eyes were the same bright honest blue; but her cheeks, which had matched the pink gingham on their honeymoon, still matched it; and it, you will remember, had faded! Her hair was the same ruddy bronze; and he noticed, almost with surprise, that it was as prettily dressed as he had ever seen it. Was that a white thread caught in the coils? He looked again. No, it was not a white thread. That old sweater surely was a holy fright! And those lumpy-looking shoes. Poor Lutie, she was seedy and no mistake.

"Meade," she began abruptly—she had a most disconcerting way of firing point-blank, of never even giving a fellow a chance to put his hands up—"we have saved four thousand dollars. Will you agree to take two thousand and pay it down on that house we saw in Sunnymeade? One more thousand will get what new furnishings we need, and our clothes. That will leave our thousand in Liberty bonds and stamps untouched. Will you do that, so that we can seem decent, and be happy and not ashamed, when Beth and Charlie come?"

He slumped in his chair and stared at her in silence.

"That place exactly suits us," she went rapidly on; "and the two thousand will pay for half of it. We can pay the remainder at thirty-five a month, if we can't do better, and we'll be saving our rent if we do that."

"Now, Lutie," he objected, with a savor of condescension, "you know that by the time we count the interest on our money, the depreciation of the house, the taxes—"

"Never mind," she said, with an alien note of weariness, "if I don't know it, I should! I've heard it often enough."

"While as for spending a thousand dollars for furniture and clothes! My dear girl—that is preposterous."

"But, Meade, we are ragged. I haven't a corset without half the steels broken. They—hurt! Nor a nightgown that isn't mended. You haven't an undarned shirt, and I daren't rub the spots on your other suit hard, for fear I'll rub a hole. To say nothing of Junior and his patchy-watchy panties."

"Nevertheless, I can't believe it will take a thousand to put us in shape."

"I counted five hundred for the new house furnishings."

"Lutie,"—he was very gentle with it—"have you forgotten our vow, before we were married, that we would never go into debt?"

"No, I remember. I remember a lot of things about before we were married."

It was too enigmatical to be wholly satisfactory, but he continued: "And do you remember how, when Junior was born, we vowed he should have the best education a boy could have?"

"Junior," she mused, "is two years old."

"You are tired to-night." He must be patient, always. "And you are over-excited. You'll see things more sensibly in the morning."

"You mean, then, that you won't consider it? The little house nor—any of it?"

"My dear girl—"

"Don't bother with the dear girl part. Just answer my question; yes or no."

"No, then."

"You'll be willing to let Beth and Charlie come out here and find us—*me*—like this?"

He did not answer. His lips tightened and his eyes narrowed. It was a danger signal and, for once, Lutie stooped to wheedling:

"Please, Pud dear, get out your pride and imagination, and think how it will seem to meet Beth and Charlie at the station and bring them here. We have done the sensible thing in saving until we could get a start. I've wanted to, as much as you have, you know. But now we have the start, and this saving is getting to be sort of an obsession with us. We've come to the place where it is harder to spend a dollar than it is to save it. That isn't safe. There are whole lots of things in the world more important to save than money—youth, and health, and—though it does sound like Mayme Marr—vision."

He turned and looked up at her. Jove, but she was pretty! And — wise. Naughty, of course. Frightfully. The dog-gone little liar! Like some of those fascinating, intriguing women in books

MEADE brought one hand flat down on the oilcloth of the table. It smacked.

"No!" he said. "When I paid the last of Father's debts I swore I'd never bend under another load of it."

"That was different. Your father had borrowed money with insufficient securities—"

"No!" Again he smacked the table.

"Don't *do* that!" said Lutie. "I can do it, too."

She slapped a pink palm on the table, and roared, Yes! "It isn't effective, you see. That sort of dramatics went out long ago. The thing now is repression, tense tones, 'n' everything like that. I'll show you." She clasped her hands in front of her on the table, threw back her head and mumbled throatily: "Would you barter when your wife's honor is at stake? Would you—"

"Cut it!" he interrupted; "I'm not in the mood."

"But it is a pill," she warned him. "I was trying to hide it in the apple sauce. If you won't have it that way—here goes. I've lied. It is partly your fault, because you'd never write a home letter. Anyway, when we moved here to Hargreave Terrace after Junior was born, I wrote home that we had moved into our own home. Said—it was silly of course—that you weren't willing to risk our health in stuffy apartment houses. Three thousand miles seemed a safe distance, and I've kept Mother and Dad happy with descriptions of our house, and our garden, and Junior's sand pile. When I'd need a new dress I'd buy it, over the left, and send descriptions of it to the girls, Ruth, and Beth and Eula, and all of them. It's been fun—sort of.

"To-day, when Beth's letter came I answered it. I've mailed it. I told her that we had sold 238 Hargreave Terrace, and were moving to 3011 Colonial Avenue, Sunnymeade, and would be settled when they came."

She made a bridge of her hands again, and rested her pointed chin upon it. She looked at him squarely out of the

(*Continued on page 188*)

An Expert at Searching for Missing People—and Some of his Strange Experiences

ELEVEN years of hunting for lost people has given me deeper respect for humanity, greater belief in the natural goodness of the human race and a stronger conviction that there is a Spirit abroad in the world Who directs our lives with a loving desire to benefit us."

Thus does J. Otis Swift, director of the Department of Missing People of the New York "World," sum up his impressions of his service in an unique branch of metropolitan journalism. Although practically every big city paper maintains a record of missing people, none of them has specialized on this branch of journalism to the extent that the "World" has in creating a separate and exclusive department for keeping indexes, cross indexes, answering thousands of letters and coöperating with the police and private detective agencies in this and other countries.

Otis Swift, familiarly known in newspaper circles as "Harbor Master of the Port of Missing Men," is, first and foremost, a humanitarian. It was his love for his fellow man, his sympathy for distressed relatives of mysteriously vanished persons that called the Department of Missing People into being.

It is a well-known fact that police departments throughout the country pay little or no attention to missing people unless foul play is suspected. In many cases, detectives, after a talk with a mother, father, husband or wife, facetiously remark, "I don't blame anybody for running away from a person like that."

Failing to get any satisfaction from the police, the anguished relatives turn to the newspapers to give publicity to their bereavement. It was this multiplicity of appeals from relatives which enlisted the sympathies of Swift.

"The Department of Missing People grew into being," says Swift, "because of the many letters received from all over the country asking the 'World' to print items describing missing relatives or friends.

"These letters multiplied on the editor's desk, and as many of them, laboriously scrawled and stained with tears, were full of human interest, my sympathies were aroused."

As these piteous appeals began to accumulate, it occurred to Swift that a record should be kept of them other than the newspaper's regular "morgue" or clipping bureau. The result was the creation of the Department of Missing People, in which was filed every letter, note, or other scrap of information about a missing person, together with a complete card index. Eventually Swift evolved an elaborate and complicated cross index system which he alone understands. This cross index system contains all the information Swift can obtain about the missing man, woman or child.

As a result, sometimes a mother in Texas will write to him and ask him to find her lost son, giving the names of her husband and other children. The item is printed in the Missing People Column. Perhaps the lost son never sees it. Years after, though, he may write to Swift and request him to help find the mother or sisters. Swift refers to his card index, and finds the names and addresses of mother and sisters in Texas. Letters are exchanged by the long separated relatives, and perhaps a reunion effected.

"Probably ten thousand people have been reported to the 'World' as missing in the eleven years I have conducted the department," says Swift. "Counting everyone reported as missing, the number would be far greater, for many people reported by their relatives or friends are immediately found and no search is made for them.

"Perhaps the average number of persons reported directly to me as missing in a year would be a thousand. Many of these are found before an item can be printed and others are located through my investigations for material to incorporate into an item. Therefore only a few hundred such items get into print. So many people are reported daily as having disappeared that metropolitan newspapers cannot find space to print them in their news columns unless there is probability of some tragedy connected with their disappearance which would make it a news story of interest to the general public."

In consequence of his long, specialized service, Swift has evolved a number of interesting theories concerning the why, wherefore, and when of running away, disappearing and vanishing.

"I think more boys and men run away," says the Harbor Master, "than women and girls. The early spring is particularly a time for boys and men to disappear. In the spring the ancient wanderlust, the inherited urge to migrate, to pull up stakes and wander to a new camping grounds, stirs in the blood of most human beings. Most people can understand their own desire to move from one neighborhood to another in the spring, yet they cannot understand their relatives' irresistible inclination to run away at the same season.

"It is a harking back to the days when migratory hordes of half-human beings, having passed the winter in caves for protection against cold and ice, wandered forth to happy hunting in the forests. Our intellects are things of this life, and store up the impressions we have received since birth. But our subconscious minds have been handed down from mother to daughter, and daughter to son through millions of years, and retain faint memories of our cave days, migratory, and shepherd days. In the spring, when the smell of warming loam intoxicates, and the perfume of burning brushwood wakens the imagination, these old, old longings to wander off across the world as nomads and gypsies, take possession.

With dissatisfied, depressed, weak-minded or unfettered people, the desire to roam becomes stronger and stronger. And some day a man or boy, we'll say, slips away from home, and wanders along country roads. Friends and family wonder what has become of him, and perhaps never find out. More men and boys than girls and women succumb to tle urge, because they are freer. The dangers of the road, family love and filial devotion keep most girls and women at home. But sometimes they, too, "move on," not knowing often why they go, but impelled by a desire to go.

"Disappearances are not confined to any particular social class. There are more poor people than rich and, therefore, more poor people disappear; they have fewer responsibilities to hold them back. Drink was a fertile cause for broken home ties and families wrecked by sudden and inexplicable disappearances. With nation-wide prohibition prevailing, I believe there will be a decrease in disappearances.

"Boys and girls often disappear because they have rebelled against the harsh, militaristic, unsympathetic government of parents who continually chide and scold them. Many heart-breaking disappearances have been directly traceable to the fact that parents were martinets who made 'home' anything but a place calculated to cause a longing to remain there permanently.

"Both boys and girls run away because they want to earn their own livings: to buy good clothes, to have amusement, and to be independent. In the case of boys, comparatively few of them come to harm. Thrown upon their own resources, they very often make good men, returning after many years for a heartbreaking search for parents they deserted in youth.

"I have come to think that only weak-minded girls get into serious trouble when they go out to earn their own living; but there is always an element of danger to any girl who is alone in the world.

"There is no 'chief cause' of the disappearance of human beings. The reasons are innumerable: Financial troubles, drink, domestic infelicities, shiftlessness, family discord, step-parents, loss of memory, violent tempers, overwork, shame, the inherited urge to move, and, perhaps, the white slave trade, are responsible in most cases. There is usually some reason that seems good and valid in the mind of the person who disappears.

"Complete changing of names and initials, change of vocation, moving to distant localities, severing all connection and communication with old friends, never having photographs taken that might get into the newspapers, coloring of hair, changing arrangement of beard, whiskers or mustache are some of the methods adopted to foil searchers.

"With modern methods of tracing people by descriptions, individual characteristics,

J. OTIS SWIFT

Whose job is to find missing people. He is at the head of a bureau maintained by the New York "World" for that purpose

habits and mannerisms, handwriting, finger prints, habits of dress, preferred amusements, etc., it is difficult for a person to fake a disappearance and remain in oblivion if any decided or determined effort is made, say by an insurance company or police authorities or private detectives, backed by plenty of money, to find them."

Swift's work is not confined to seeking persons who have disappeared from American homes. At some time or other during his service he has hunted for inhabitants of practically every civilized country, and has reunited families coming from remote places on the globe.

"A great many requests come to us from Ireland, England, and Scotland from relatives of people who emigrated to America years ago," says Swift. It is often very difficult to find the exact Jim Smith among all the Jim Smiths in America who came from Yorkshire forty years ago, and never wrote home. But sometimes we find him, or his descendants.

"I remember the case of an East Side Russian woman whose young son, about fourteen years old, disappeared when she married a second time. The stepfather was a widower with children of his own, and was evidently unacceptable to the runaway lad. We investigated, and found the boy had really vanished. His picture was printed, together with his description. After many weeks he was discovered working on a farm in upstate New York, and giving great satisfaction to his employer. He refused to return home, and his mother requested that he be arrested. He was not arrested; but the local justice of the peace talked him into a promise to return to his mother. The lad even bought a railroad ticket to New York City and boarded the train, but he did not arrive at the station where his mother stood waiting to welcome him back.

"Months afterward he was found working on another farm in another part of New York State. Upon being requested to return home, he disappeared again. We located him several times after that, but he was adamant in his refusal to return to his parent.

"Years went by, and the little East Side mother grieved. The war came on. Our boys were going to France and the trenches—that was a time for frantic search for disappearing youths. The little mother appealed to me again, this time from a cot in Bellevue Hospital where she was dying, the doctors said, from a broken heart. His picture was printed again, with his story. A nice girl whom the boy had met in school and loved, and who had sent him to fight for his country, wrote to the mother, giving his company and regiment. The mother wrote, telling him how proud she was to have him fighting for humanity. She did not ask him to return, only to stay and fight like a hero and visit her grave if he ever did come back. She forgave everything in her joy that he had proved himself a man—a real man, after all.

"The letter that came back, written with a lead pencil in the mud and grime of the trenches and smeared with kisses and tears, told her of the shriek of shrapnel overhead, and of his determination to fight until the war was won or he was called upon to make the supreme sacrifice. The letter cured the little grieving mother and, I presume, her boy came back to her, for I have never heard of his death, although I invariably scrutinized the casualty lists for my missing people.

"Another case that particularly interested me was that of a Boston boy. He was too young to enlist legally. He just disappeared. He was apprehended after he had volunteered as a nineteen-year-old recruit—he was but sixteen—and his mother got him out of the ranks. He disappeared again in a short time. All items printed were unavailing until the war was half over—and then came a message that he had died bravely, cheering as he forded a little stream in France.

"I get hundreds of letters from well-to-do men and women in the West who were sent out as orphans from the East to be adopted into loving and protecting families in new states. Most of them know only their names, and almost nothing about their parents or the tragedies that sent them out to find new homes. They love and honor their new foster parents. Many of these men and women are influential, prominent, and are looked up to and respected in their communities. But one and all have a never-resting longing to find their own blood relatives, to bring cheer and comfort to the father and mother and sisters and brothers they saw, perhaps, through only two or three months of their babyhood. Very few of these people ever find their relatives.

"The 'inside stories' of many disappearances are so sad, touching and affecting that they arouse all the sympathy of

which I am capable. They spur me to my utmost endeavors. They place me in the position of one honored with the keeping of sacred secrets that cannot be divulged under any circumstances, yet few of these life stories have any disgrace connected with them."

There have been many mysterious disappearances during Swift's service, but the one that puzzled him most, and still does, was that of little Jimmy Glass.

"Mystery faced those who tried to trace Jimmy Glass, four years old, who disappeared from Greeley, Pennsylvania, May 12th, 1915," says the Harbor Master. "His father, Charles Glass, of No. 13 Linau Place, Jersey City, had suffered a nervous breakdown and had gone to Greeley with his wife, Jimmy and two younger children to rest. They were staying at a house about three hundred feet from the Greeley post office.

"Mrs. Glass and her daughter, Madeline, went to the post office on the morning of May 12th, leaving Jimmy standing behind a hedge on the lawn. The boy's father was looking at the little fellow from a window in the house. Mr. Glass turned his head away for only a moment. When he looked out again Jimmy was gone.

"Sheriffs and farmers, detectives and newspaper men searched land and water for weeks. A big pond was drained. Gypsy camps were raided in vain. The search continued for months—until the present, in fact—but not a trace of the child has been found. I have heard of cases in which people disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them, and closed up again, and the disappearance of little Jimmy Glass convinces me that this simile is not overdrawn. I am still looking for little Jimmy.

Like most of us, Swift has his troubles. One of his chief annoyances is the difficulty he experiences in making found people stay found.

Recently he received a letter from a soldier who explained that, although his name was Polish, he was really an Irishman, born in Dublin; that he had changed his name, and wished to locate his brother, who had also dropped the Polish monica, and, so he had heard, was in the United States Army.

This looked like a hopeless case, but not to J. Otis Swift. Obtaining some genealogical data from the searching brother, Swift went to work. The family name had been Walkeit, but marriages had brought several other middle names. The searching brother had changed his name to Wheeler. The brothers had not parted friends. Therefore, Swift "doped it out" that the missing brother probably would not take any name beginning with the letter W.

Swift "had a hunch" that, since one brother retained the letter W in his name, the other brother might hold on to some other letter in the name. Walkeit was a name which readily separated itself into two names. So, Swift convinced himself that the missing brother had adopted the name Keit or something like that—at all events a name beginning with K.

After weeks of hard work Swift located a Private Keight in a regiment quartered at the same post with the searching brother. He immediately notified the searcher. Upon receiving Swift's letter, the inquirer journeyed to the barracks of the adjoining regiment, and found his brother asleep. He left a pair of boots, to which he attached a note reading, "You don't know your own brother. I have looked you in the face many times since you came here. I will come over to see you to-morrow." Leaving the boots and note, the happy searcher returned to his own quarters. The next day he returned to his brother's bunk, only to find that he had been sent to Texas that morning with a detachment of soldiers. By the time a letter was sent to Texas, the missing brother had been transferred to another branch of the service, and to another army post.

LOUIS A. MACMAHON

Invented a Washing Machine to Save His Mother's Strength

FORTY years ago William Voss was a young wood carver. He is still a young man in soul. But then he was a youth in years with the soul of an artist who leaned toward the grained surfaces of wonderful woods as a medium for expressing himself.

Every night when he went to his home his thoughts were to help lighten the load and the tasks of his mother. As he helped her, and watched, it dawned on him that the most tedious drudgery of all the home work came on Monday when the washtubs and washboards, the clothes-lines and rinse pails were dragged forth from the cellar. It was ever a back-breaking job to do the weekly washing—it was the one thing of all things that calloused the hands and wrinkled the dear face of his mother.

So this youth thought; and in his spare moments he planned how to lighten her work. Then the drudgery of washday obsessed him, and he gave over all his time to solving this problem for his mother. In three weeks of planning and cutting and trying he contrived an affair which he lugged home one night on his back. It was made of wood and was cylindrical. But it was cylindrical in just the opposite way from the old-fashioned washtubs. Inside was a drum attached to a handle. And this drum was contrived to do the rubbing of the soiled clothing.

FREES STUDIO, IOWA

WILLIAM VOSS

Forty years ago he was a young wood carver. To-day he is a great manufacturer of washing machines. The machine he invented first came into his mind because he thought it would lighten the household work of his mother

This description sounds unromantic. But the world's greatest romance was built into the contrivance—a man's love for his mother.

On the next Monday it worked. And the drudgery which had always started the week was eliminated. The cleansed clothes were on the line long before noon. And the smile and the kiss the young William got with his noon dinner sent him back to his shop with new soul put into his carvings of wood. He worked with a new spirit in his heart.

So it is that the first washing machine was built, not with the idea of commercializing it, but created out of a son's love for his mother. Mr. Voss did not think at the time that a great washing-machine factory would arise from his idea.

But step over the forty years that have passed: In Davenport, Iowa, the workmen are tearing down half a block of residences to make room for doubling the capacity of a great four-story factory where thousands of modernized washing machines are being turned out to lighten an important part of domestic drudgery. And away in an upper room is stored the first crude device—a mute yet eloquent tribute of a son's love and thoughtfulness.

JAMES A. THORSON

A Newspaper Woman Who Has "Arrived"

A NEWSPAPER man's prerogative is putting his feet up on the desk and smoking cigars. But the fact that a woman correspondent can't do these things and still appear womanly, does not in the least deter her from chances to make good. Mrs. Harvey Parsons, of Topeka, the capital of Kansas, has attested the truth of this statement by her own experience. The operation required two years and some months.

There has always been some question in her mind as to who was responsible for her success, Kansas or herself. Kansas has produced cyclones, William Allen White, prohibition, and Governor Allen's industrial court. On the other hand, when she entered the correspondence end of the newspaper game, Mrs. Parsons knew less about it than China does about why it lost Shantung. She was novice from the ground up on July 15th, 1916, when she went to work, and she was a woman. Now she is earning all the way from one hundred and seventy-five to two hundred and twenty-five dollars each month.

There is some small difference between covering a club meeting and a session of the legislature. The woman who works on a daily newspaper has the companionship of other women of her profession. Mrs. Parsons, in handling news for the Kansas City "Journal," and Eastern papers, is thrown entirely on her own. At the start, she admits, she felt a sense of fright, but she soon got over it. In the meantime, she never let the United Press and the four papers she was corresponding for know she was a woman. She signed her stories and telegrams, "R. H. Parsons." After they learned she was a woman, they didn't fire her, because she was doing her job well, and that was all they required of anyone.

"That business of not being able to put my feet up on the desk is one of the greatest drawbacks I have to encounter as a woman," said Mrs. Parsons, speaking of the disadvantages of women aspirants in the correspondence game. "You can't do legitimate reporting, especially of a Kansas legislature, without putting your feet up on the desk, and I'll admit it."

At the recent special session of the Kansas legislature two senators tried to put through a resolution that would give Mrs. Parsons and the lady stenographers the privilege of hoisting their feet up on the desk whenever they pleased. It fell flat. Too many of the senators depend on a Sunday-school vote for their election, and, besides, they were having labor trouble.

MRS. HARVEY PARSONS

Who reports the session of the Kansas Legislature for the Kansas City "Journal" and Eastern newspapers. In a "man's job" she has made surprisingly good

"There is another difficulty," said Mrs. Parsons. "I find that in covering committee meetings during the legislature, or any other good-sized gathering where I am not known, my presence is too conspicuous. Somebody either gets up and gives me a chair or stops to introduce me. When the governor hands me steen copies of a statement to the press he says: 'Give it to the other boys.' Everybody on the run at the statehouse calls me 'Pars.' A woman correspondent must reconcile herself to many names."

Socially, she is Mrs. Harvey Parsons; in a business way, R. H. Parsons; among the newspaper men, Pars. Mrs. Parsons objects to being called Mrs. Ruth Parsons, because that puts her in the widow class, which she decidedly isn't.

Mrs. Parsons believes that women who are entering fields along with men must to a degree acquaint themselves and understand the atmosphere of the environment. It must be an equality footing. There can be artistry in profanity without giving offense, and newspaper men are more or less famed for their perfection of the art.

"Unless women are willing to overlook little things with absence of intention behind them," she said, "the men will look on their entrance into men's fields with hostility. A man does not have to be chivalrous openly to respect the woman. Especially is this true where they are brought into daily contact and into momentary irritations of the work."

Before she was able to write comprehensive stories, Mrs. Parsons was compelled to learn what she calls the "thirty-four department languages of the statehouse." This was her first big task. After she had managed the methods of collecting her material, the methods of writing them into readable and interesting style came gradually but surely.

With many men taken away by the war, new fields were opened to her by their absence. She took her training period while they were taking theirs at the camps. When they returned she gave back to them the correspondence for papers which they had turned over to her during their absence. By that time she had her own market established.

"A statehouse correspondence job such as this," said Mrs. Parsons, "is by far and away the nicest thing that a woman can do in this line. It avoids most of the rough work of local reporting; but you have to be better posted on news in general and what's going on in the world."

Here is a new field for you, ladies. Don't crowd.

CHARLES HOYT

Says a Man is a Fool if he Won't Take a Chance on Himself and His Town

ONE morning in 1892, a strange young man walked into the office of the president of the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, at Spokane, Washington, and, purely on his nerve, borrowed five hundred dollars for his first business venture.

Twenty years later, that same young man, with the same nerve, walked into the office of the president of the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company, one morning, and signed his name at the bottom of a check as president.

That young man was R. L. Rutter, and he's still the president. But in addition he is president of the Western Union Life Insurance Company, which he himself founded and developed; president of a bank at St. Joe, Idaho; director of several large financial institutions in Spokane, a member of the board of directors of the Spokane branch of the Federal Reserve Bank, and has his fingers in any number of financial pies in and around Spokane.

Mr. Rutter's career began, when, in 1891, not long out of college, he came to Walla Walla, Washington, to buy wool for a Philadelphia firm. The West appealed to him, and he thought it the place for a young man to make good. Having already fulfilled the first order, he decided to complete Horace Greeley's immortal

advice, and "grow up with the country."

Whereupon, he resigned his position, and went to work in a Walla Walla fruit orchard, picking peaches for one dollar per day and his "keep."

The manager of the Solicitor's Loan and Trust Company, an Eastern institution, with offices at Walla Walla, picked him for a rising man, and gave him a job at the magnificent salary of fifty dollars per month. And his career as a business man of the West had begun.

A few months later he was sent to Spokane, then just beginning to be a town, to make some collections for the company. Spokane looked like the town for him, he thought. He asked for the solicitor's office in Spokane. He was told that the company was making no loans from that office, but that he might have the interest from the outstanding coupons to maintain an office. He took it.

"I took a chance on the town and the business," he said. "You know, a fellow's a fool who won't take a chance on his town and his business. He'll never get very far."

"My offices were next door to the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company. I had met the president, Henry Richards, but he didn't know me. One day I saw a chance to make a lot of money if I had a little to invest. So I went to Mr. Richards, put the proposition up to him, and offered to split profits and loss if he would lend me the money—five hundred dollars. He did. He told me afterward that he liked my nerve, and that was why he loaned it to me. Well, we made about fifteen hundred dollars on that investment.

"In 1894 they asked me to become one of their vice presidents. Of course, by that time I had made money, had saved it, and had some money to invest. So I accepted the offer. I made up my mind I was going to be president of that bank. I never planned to do anything else, any more than I planned to fly to the moon. It took me twenty years to get here; but here I am. David Starr Jordan once said: 'The world stands aside for the man who knows where he's going.' And that's literally true.

"When I came into the bank, we had on deposit $17,000, and I thought that when we had $100,000 we would be a full-fledged bank. Well, we had it in two years. And in the meantime ten other banks had failed. They just hadn't bet hard enough on the community, and we had.

"In 1906, we began to feel the need of more money to develop the resources of the town. A life insurance company is the greatest single accumulator of money in the world; and I at once thought of a life insurance company for Spokane. The Western Union Life Insurance Company is the result. To-day the company does business in fifteen states, and the last statement of business was $49,000,000. How did I do it? I bet on the community. Did it by playing the game.

"Hard work beats genius in this world. Getting to be the head of a concern is nothing so remarkable. Plenty of men could do it if they set their minds to it—and were willing to pay the price. Especially if they pick a job carefully, and then *stay with it!* Nobody ever got anywhere by jumping from place to place.

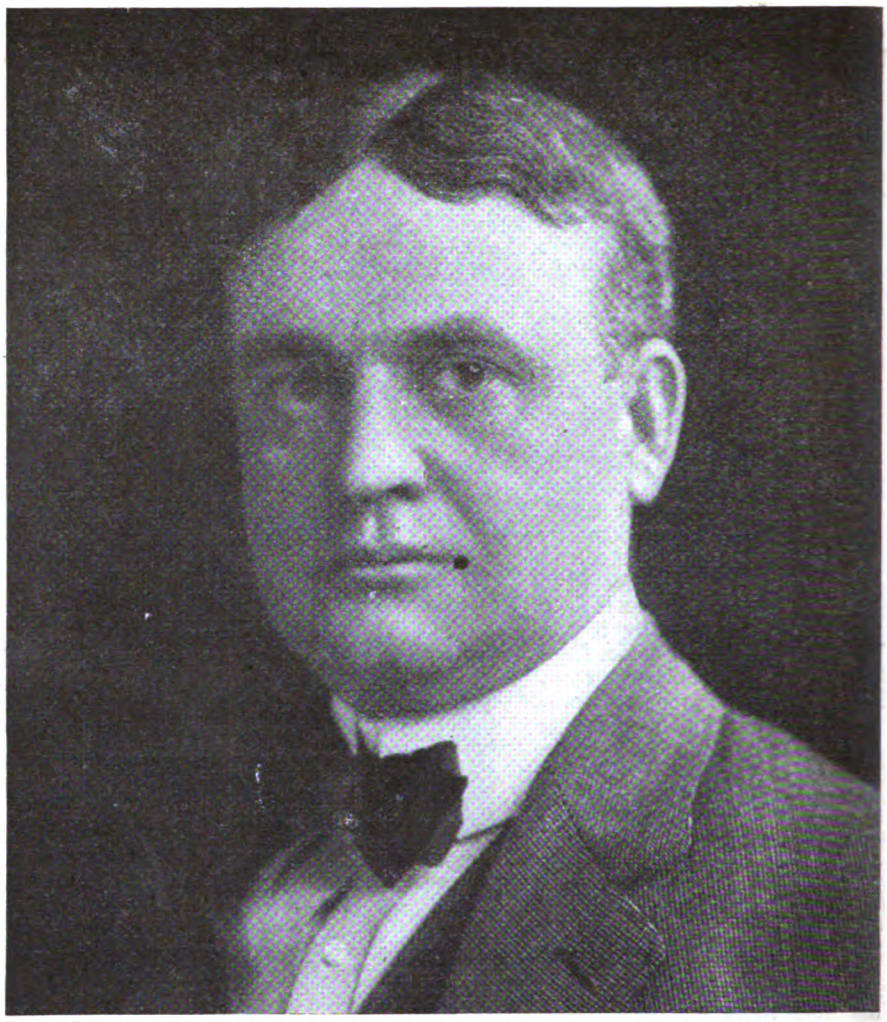


PHOTO BY "LIBBY ART STUDIO"—SPOKANE

R. L. RUTTER

Who says that hard work beats genius in this world. He is president of the Spokane and Eastern Trust Company and he also heads several other important businesses. He went West as a young man, and "grew up with the country"

"The penalty of winning out is to make business your first consideration and your pleasure. Anybody can get to the top if he will learn to do his work a little bit better than the other fellow can do it. It is so simple it is almost foolish.

"It's the little daily job, coupled with everlasting persistence that puts a man ahead.

"There are three things that stand in the way of achievement—selfishness, thoughtlessness, and lack of self-control. Those faults are always apparent to everyone except those who possess them. It is a good plan to watch for them and try and overcome them in advance."

Mr. Rutter is an indefatigable worker. He has to be, because he keeps his finger on the pulse of all his various enterprises. More often than not, he works fourteen hours a day. And he enjoys it thoroughly. He has a keen sense of humor and a remarkable ability to remember everybody's face and name. He always has time to stop and talk a moment. He likes people, and people like him.

His recreations are bowling and swimming—both because they may be enjoyed alone if he finds it more convenient to take his recreation when his friends are busy, and because they offer a maximum of the exercise he must have to keep fit, with a minimum expenditure of time.

He has four children—three fine girls and a splendid red-blooded, two-fisted typically Western young son, whom he expects soon to take into the Western Union Life Insurance Company.

"Here are some of the things I have tried to impress upon my son in order that he may make a success in life," he told me:

1. Save. Make it your first care to save something out of your salary. Unless you do, you can't take advantage of opportunities. Put something away before you do anything else. Learning to save money teaches people to save everything—time, energy, supplies. And the theory that the employee who saves money will not be advanced is all bosh. The modern concern is eager and willing to increase the pay of the employee who can save, because that employee is invariably a good one. Others who do not save may be good, but a saver is always a good employee.

2. Decide where you're going in business, and head that way. And don't stop till you get there.

3. Study your business in all its details, however minute. Know it thoroughly. And never quit trying to learn more about it.

4. Don't forget to devote a reasonable amount of time to your church, as well as whatever money you can give it. You cannot be a success unless you do.

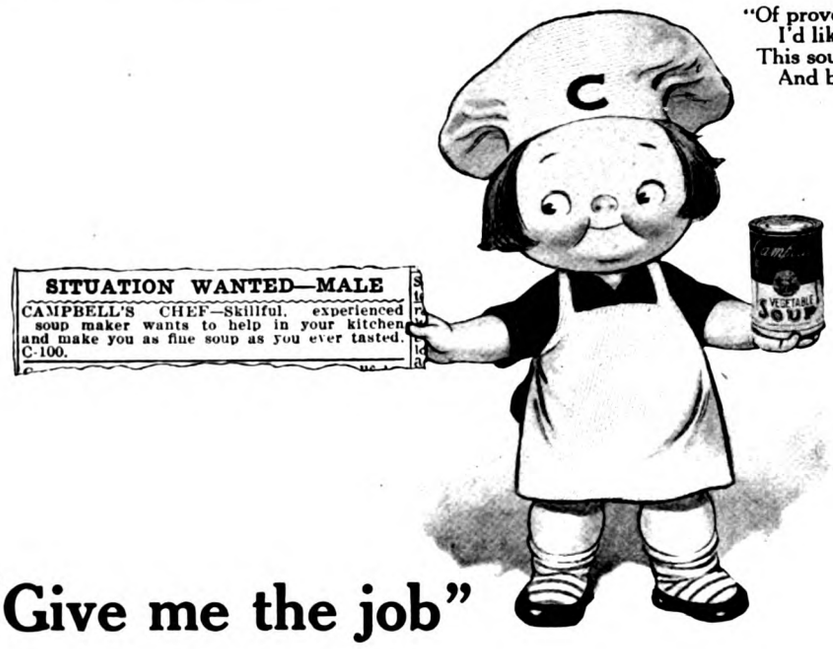
5. Keep physically fit.

6. Be interested in your work.

7. Take your pleasure in your office rather than at the club or a cabaret. It will put you ahead much faster."

BETTY DISHON

"Of proven skill and high repute
I'd like to work for you
This soup supreme is my long suit
And bound to suit you too."



"Give me the job"

There is no better body builder than good vegetable soup. But making it at home means not only retail cost of materials but labor and cost of preparing and cooking them.

Even then you are unusually fortunate if the result is anywhere near so good as Campbell's Vegetable Soup.

The choice nourishing vegetables we use, the fresh herbs, wholesome cereals and hearty beef stock are cooked and blended in the way to bring out their utmost tenderness, flavor and nutriment.

No trouble for you. No cooking cost. No waste. But a delicious strength-giving soup and economical too.

Why not enjoy it today?

21 kinds **15c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

First

Miss Case stood beside the New Edison and sang.

then

—the lights went out. Case's voice continued.

but

THE recital was at Carnegie Hall this afternoon—the Edison Company asked me to go to it and report, in my own way, just what happened—I did.

There was a big bunch of New Yorkers there—

A pleasant gentleman in an Ascot tie introduced the phonograph, which stood unemotionally in the center of the stage through the ordeal, without a suspicion of self-consciousness.

Then Miss Case. She draped her beautiful self in an almost affectionate posture against the phonograph. One of her own song recordings was put on the instrument, and they, Miss Case and the phonograph, sang together. Then she would stop and her other self would continue—then together again—I looked away and then back again—it puzzled me to

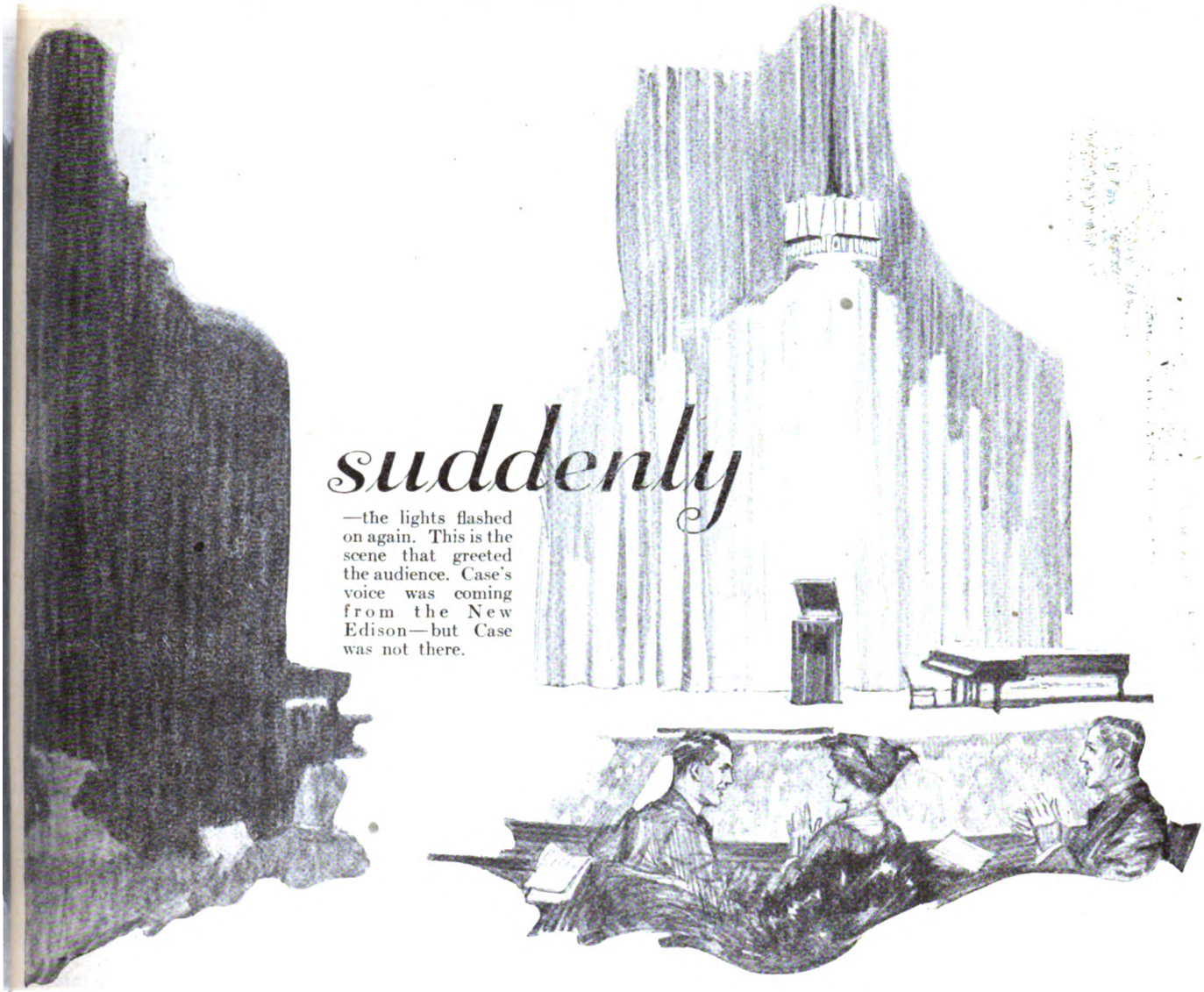
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

describes triumph of Edison's new phonograph on March 10th before a distinguished New York audience that packed Carnegie Hall. RE-CREATED voice substituted for living voice—in darkness—and no one detected the substitution.

See New York papers of March 11th: "Times," "Sun and New York Herald," "Morning Telegraph," "Evening Mail," "Evening Sun," "Globe" and "Evening Telegram."

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"



Anna Case had gone

determine which was at the bat! She sang a charming duet with herself, too—one of them doing the alto business—I couldn't say which.

Then the tallest pianist in the civilized world, sometimes called Victor Young, played a charming thing accompanied by himself via the phonograph—lifting his fingers away from the keys now and again—I could SEE him stop playing, but I couldn't HEAR him stop—the recording was so exact. It was remarkable. Most piano selections on a reproducing instrument sound like Mamie Hooligan beating the old family box, if you recall the ones you've suffered through.

Then the big stunt of the recital—the dark scene. Miss Case began singing with the phonograph. At a certain stanza the house was suddenly darkened. The song went on. I was shooting my ears out like periscopes to detect the second when she would stop and leave the stage. I was sure I got it! But she seemed to be back again! Then I knew I was being completely deceived.

The flood of light came on again—but no Anna! Only the self-possessed and urbane phonograph standing there singing away. It might have been the singer herself—only it wasn't so good looking!

It was quite wonderful and the audience applauded and laughed. Two girls behind me said "Goo-gracious." It was both charming and astonishing.

James Montgomery Flagg

Statement of A. L. Walsh, Director of Recitals for the Edison Laboratories:

"The instrument used at Carnegie Hall, New York City, on March 10th, 1920, is an exact duplicate of the original Official Laboratory Model, in developing which Mr. Edison spent more than three million dollars for research work. Every Edison dealer in the United States and Canada now has in his possession an exact duplicate of the instrument used at Carnegie Hall, New York—and will guarantee it, without quibble or question, to be capable of sustaining precisely the same tests as those made at Carnegie Hall on March 10th, 1920."

* * * * *

If you do not know the name of the Edison dealer in your locality, write us and we shall be glad to send you his name and address and a copy of "Edison and Music." Thomas A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J.

June Mornings

Bubble grains on berries

Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar — any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

June Evenings

Whole wheat steam exploded

For suppers, float Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They seem like tidbits, but every flaky globule is a grain of wheat made easy to digest.

June Afternoons

Airy, nut-like confections

For hungry children, crisp and douse with melted butter. Then Puffed Grains become nut-like confections, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a garnish on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Prof. Anderson's Creations

In Puffed Grains every food cell is blasted by a steam explosion. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Thus digestion is made easy and complete. Every atom feeds.

The grains are toasted, crisp and flimsy. They taste like nut-meats puffed. Never were grain foods made so inviting.

But remember the great fact. Every element is fitted to digest. They are ideal grain foods which never tax the stomach.

In summer serve at all hours, and in plenty. Keep all three kinds on hand.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

3369

Stories of Winning and Losing in Wall Street

(*Continued from page 13*)

he was dreaming of steam yachts and Fifth Avenue mansions, the blow fell. The Northern Pacific panic dropped into the Street; his profits melted away like mist before the sun, and on the night of May 9th he was in debt to the bucketshop to the extent of five thousand dollars, or so they claimed."

Have you known of anyone who has gained anything permanently by playing tips and hunches, or acting on so-called inside information, or rushing into the market with the crowd?" I asked.

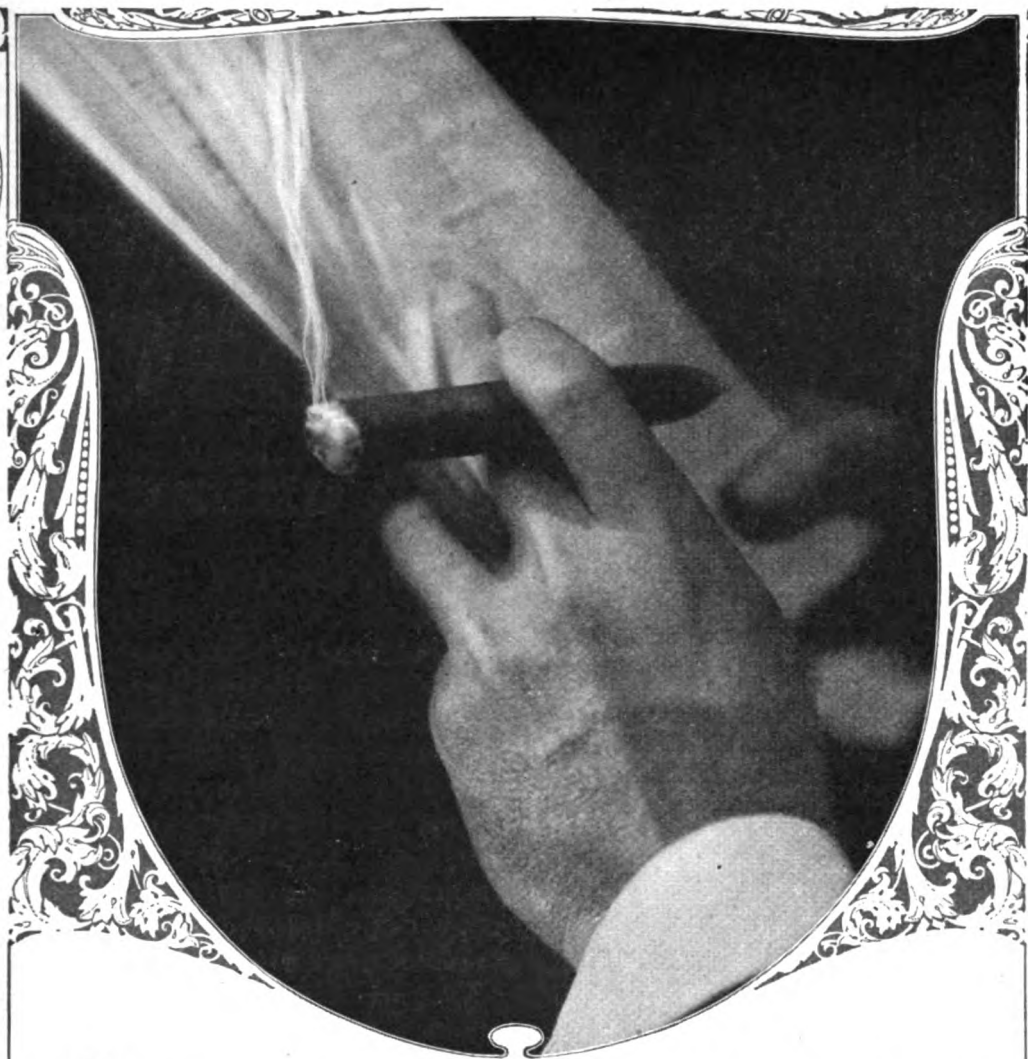
"Why," he replied, "it may be that now and then a man has picked up a few dollars in this way, and then has had the really remarkable strength of mind to quit for good. But if by gain you mean anything substantial, anything that a man could not just as well have gained in some other way with far less danger, and often with a great deal less trouble, I do not know of a single case. No, not a single case. I have seen thousands try it, but not one succeed.

"Tips, of course, usually are spread around for a well-calculated purpose. When you have a lot of stuff to unload, there's nothing like tipping off other people to take it off your hands. And what people seem unable to understand is that inside information, even when it is genuine and is given to you in all good faith, may be bad information for the very reason that it is inside information. For it is often the case that the nearer you are to a thing, the less able you are to judge it correctly.

"THE saying that you never can tell is one that applies strictly to Wall Street. The professional traders make their money, not by escaping losses, but by making their profits outbalance their losses. A quick readiness to take a loss is one of their indispensable characteristics. But a loss they easily could afford to take might prove ruinous to another. Hence, as they are responsible men, they are mighty chary about giving information to outsiders, no matter what they may know or think they may know, or how confident they may be of their own judgment. Thus, it is pretty safe to say that most tips and inside information which get to the public come either from men with an ax to grind or from irresponsible sources.

"But let us say that you do happen to hit the market right with a tip. You may think you are lucky, but the chances are that you would have been a great deal better off if you had lost. For a loss might have cured you of your fever. Here is the case of a young man who seemed to be unlucky at the time, but really wasn't:

"Back in 1905 or 1906, he burst in on me one day and said, 'What do you know about International Power? I overheard some brokers talking about it last night, and I think they are getting ready to put it up."



ROBT. BURNS
Invincible
(Actual Size)
2 for 25c
(13c for 1)
Box of 50—$5.75

Good news about Full Havana Filler

ROBT. BURNS is "good news" all the way through, from his *full Havana filler* to his imported Sumatra wrapper.

He's still being made according to the "good faith" formula which means so much to modern smokers. Here it is:

Robt. Burns' Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. His neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

The better class of dealers gladly testify to Robt. Burns' high standing in their several communities. They'll tell you (from their own experiences) how unwise it is to offer "just-as-goods" to men who have an understanding with this modern full-Havana-filled cigar.

General Cigar Co., INC.
DEPENDABLE CIGARS
119 West 40th Street, New York City

Robt. Burns Cigar

HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY?*

Imagine Your Car Freshly Painted!

RATHER different from its present forlorn, down-at-the heel appearance? Yet the car is probably as good as it ever was. All it needs is a new dress. Don't stop at imagining! Paint it!

Do the work yourself in a few hours at the cost of a coat or two of

Murphy Da-cote Motor Car Enamel

The old boat will look like a new car in a glass case! And not so far out of the way at that. This wonderful enamel protects and beautifies like a coating of tough, glass crystal.

Repeated washings will not dim its lustre. It will wear as well as the original factory finish. Dries overnight. Easy to put on. No sags or wrinkles or brush marks. Made by the makers of the famous Murphy Automobile Varnishes. Most fine cars are finished at the factory with Murphy materials.

Da-cote is furnished in black, white and ten beautiful colors. For sale by dealers everywhere.

Murphy Varnish Company
NEWARK CHICAGO

The Dougall Varnish Company, Limited, Montreal, *Canadian Associate*

"I told him that this stock was practically without intrinsic value. As a matter of fact, the International Power Company has now for many years been defunct, dead. But at that time it was one of those so-called specialty stocks which are periodically manipulated by insiders. The previous year it had soared up to 200 or more; then the price had melted away, and for months it could be bought below 30. But now it was becoming a little more active, and as it crept up above 40 the gamblers began to watch it again. In fact, the tip was passed around: 'There is something doing in International Power.'

"My words had no effect on my young friend. He had a hunch, and although he never had gambled in the market before, nothing could stop him from playing his hunch. He had about a thousand dollars in the savings bank. The next morning he drew all his money out, and bought a hundred shares of International Power at 46, as I remember it. Of course I can't recall the figures exactly, but what I shall give you will be approximately correct.

"MY YOUNG friend's purchase was made soon after the market opened. At 10:30 his broker 'phoned him that the stock was selling at 56. He was a thousand dollars ahead. At noon when he went out to lunch he looked at a ticker and found the stock quoted at 78 or so. He was now ahead more than three thousand dollars. He rushed down to the broker's office, and by the time he got there the stock was selling around 85. He now had nearly four thousand dollars profit. The broker advised him to sell. 'No,' he said, 'I won't sell under 92.' Even as he spoke, the stock jumped up to that figure. Then he said he would not take a cent less than a hundred. You see how your greed grows by what it feeds on. It's practically always the case.

"When my young friend left the broker's office, he asked that the price of his stock be telephoned to him at 2:30. At that hour the broker 'phoned that the stock was back to 89. Again advised to sell, my young friend hesitated; waited ten minutes, and then found that the price was 85. He decided to 'phone again at ten minutes to three, but he no sooner had hung up the receiver at 2:40 than the price began to melt away. In five minutes it dropped 30 points and was around 55. At ten minutes to three, the young man, thoroughly frightened, ordered the broker to sell at the market. Before the order could be executed the stock had dropped to about 36, where the young man's was sold.

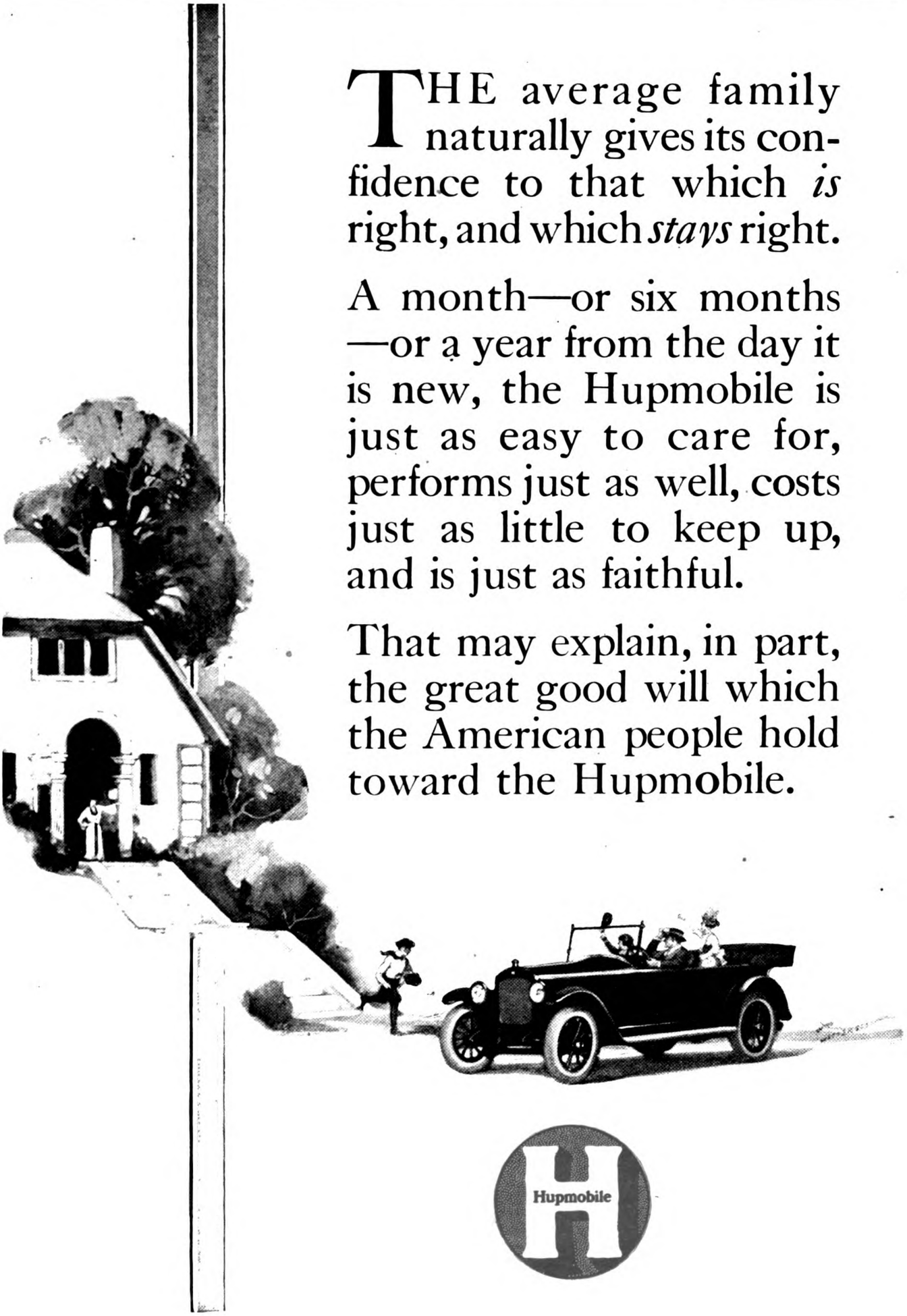
"Thus, after having had a paper profit in hand that day of between four and five thousand dollars, he wound up by losing the thousand dollars of margin he had put up in the morning. Whisk went all the savings he had accumulated through hard work!

"Seemingly he was unlucky, but as this dizzy experience cured him for good and all of any desire to speculate, he got off comparatively cheaply. The most unfortunate ones are those men and women whose speculations for a time were so successful that they were encouraged to keep at it, to keep on dreaming of getting a fortune without working for it. If this fever stays in your system for any length of time it is sure to leave you perma-

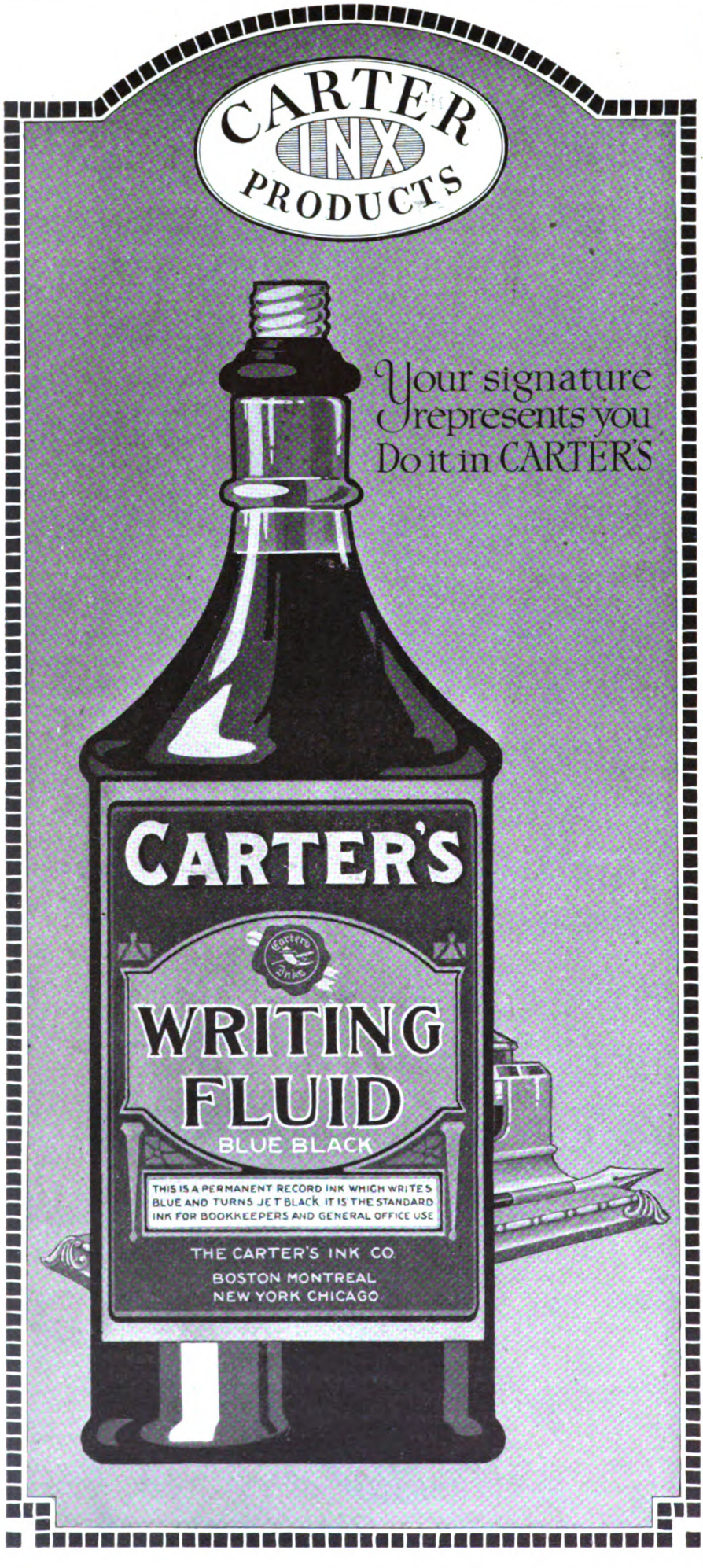
THE average family naturally gives its confidence to that which *is* right, and which *stays* right.

A month—or six months—or a year from the day it is new, the Hupmobile is just as easy to care for, performs just as well, costs just as little to keep up, and is just as faithful.

That may explain, in part, the great good will which the American people hold toward the Hupmobile.



Hupmobile



nently disabled—with no capacity left to buckle down to real work; nerve shattered, self-respect gone, only a ghost left of your old self."

Mr. Moody paused, and then said a thing which I found very impressive, coming as it did from a man in his position.

"I hope," he quietly remarked, "that I, for one, shall never have the misfortune to make a lot of money quickly.

"Here is something," he went on, "that every young man and woman who may be tempted to speculate in stocks ought to consider: You will find, I think, that the partners of every first-class brokerage house have made among themselves an iron-clad agreement that none shall ever do any speculating. These men surely may be said to be on the inside. Why have they found it necessary to make such agreements? Think it over.

"The best tip anyone can give you from the inside is this:

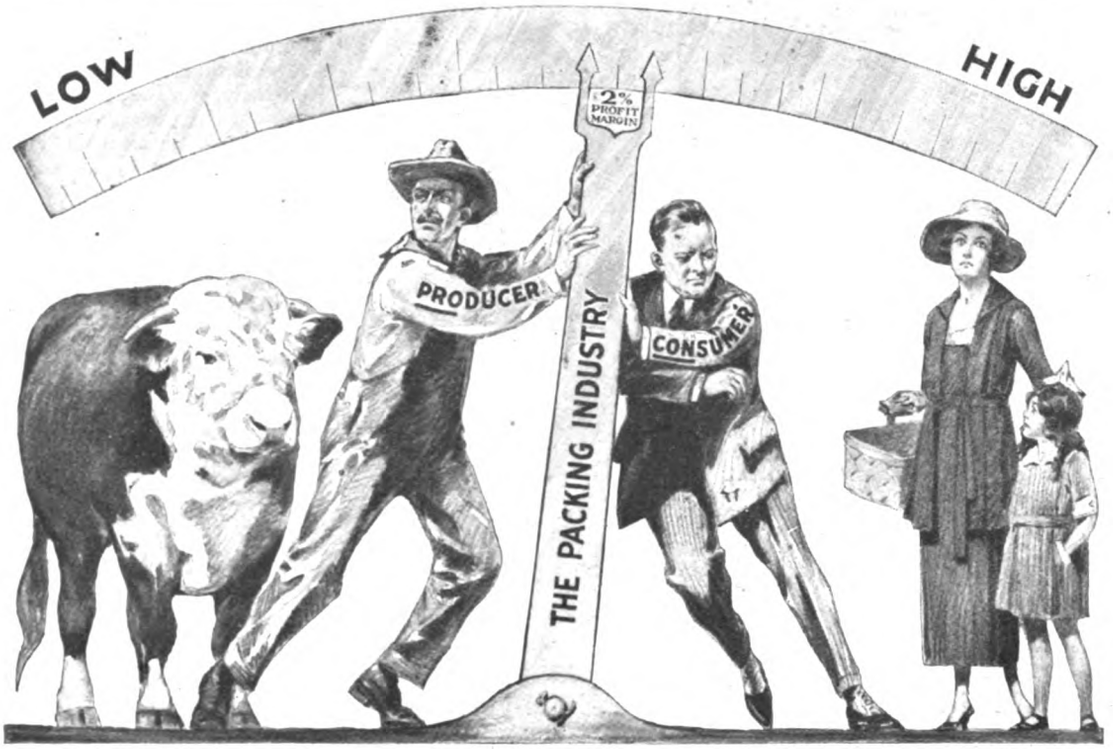
"If you have saved any amount up to, say, a thousand dollars, keep it in a savings bank. As your surplus begins to amount to more than a thousand dollars, you can afford to rent a safe-deposit box, and that will make it entirely practicable for you to begin thinking of purchasing securities yielding more interest than a savings bank can afford to pay.

"At this time Liberty bonds can be bought at prices yielding a larger return than you can get from a savings bank. And if these obligations of the United States Government should become unsafe, then there will be no safety in any savings bank. But that won't happen. If you have any amount less than, say, five thousand dollars, you do well to keep it in Liberty bonds. But as your surplus begins to amount to more than this sum, then you can begin to think of other things. Undoubtedly you will then do well to seek disinterested expert advice, or the disinterested advice of others having a broader experience than yours; but, whatever else you may then do, you should set out to study and to master the principles of investment, so that in the last analysis you may be able to act on your own judgment.

"LET me emphasize the importance of this study. In no field can it be said with greater truth that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing than in the investment field. The longer I live, the more reason I have to believe that, great as are the sums regularly lost in out-and-out speculation, still greater sums are lost in investment, or so-called investment. On account of their ignorance of the first and most elementary principles of investment, thousands every year are led to put money into so-called investments which are really the worst kind of wild-cat speculations when they are not out-and-out swindles.

"These schemes usually take the form of mining and oil promotions, but a really classic example of how easily thousands of investors can be separated from their money is seen in the case of a 'guaranteed egg company,' which was organized here in New York a few years ago.

"The promoters of this company sent broadcast a roseate prospectus offering seven per cent guaranteed preferred stock at par, with a large bonus in common stock. Careful inspection of this document revealed the fact that the prospec-



The "Pro" and "Con" of Meat Prices

BECAUSE of the present high cost of feeds for livestock, of labor, equipment, buildings and farm machinery, the producer must endeavor to obtain proportionately high prices for his meat animals, to cover increased cost of production.

On the other hand, because of the increased cost of everything the consumer must buy, he is contending for lower prices of meats and other food supplies.

Between Producer and Consumer the Packer operates, paying prices determined by the daily competitive market, and selling for a very narrow margin of profit.

Adverse or favorable seasons, scarcity or abundance of crops, industrial conditions, the general level of prices, foreign exchange rates and business conditions—all of these and a hundred other factors have their influence in determining prices of both livestock and meat products, and ***all are beyond the control of the packer.***

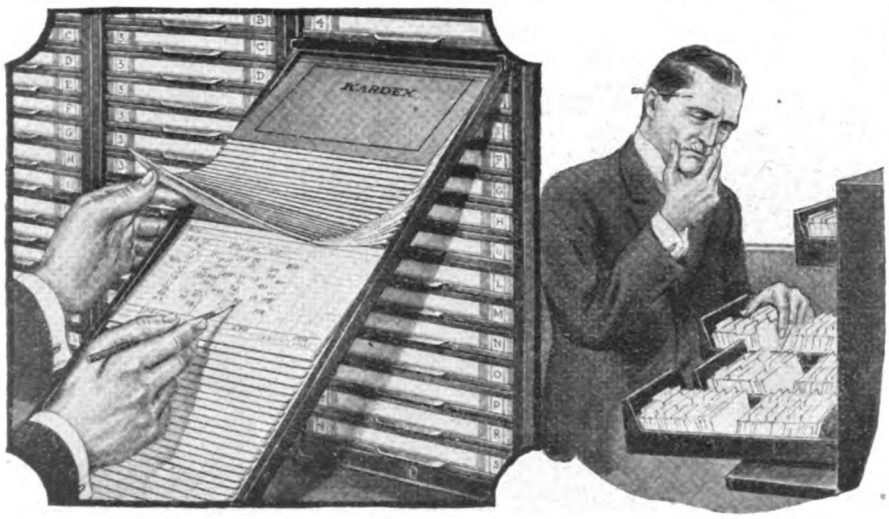
But because of the highly developed efficiency of the packing industry, a continuous cash market is maintained for livestock, and a fit and plentiful food supply is placed within the reach of consumers everywhere in all seasons of the year.

In performing this service, Armour and Company's profit is so small as to be inconsequential in its effect on the price of meat or livestock. Regardless of whether prices are high or low our profit over a period of years has averaged only 2% on volume of sales, or only a fraction of a cent a pound.

All this indicates the great need of the big packing industry, which must be allowed to function unhampered and unshackled, if the interests of both Producer and Consumer are to be safeguarded.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

5323



Looking ~~for~~ at it!

You look *for* cards when they're hidden away one behind another in card drawers, and sometimes you look *for* them a long time when they're mis-filed. You fumble over a dozen cards to find one.

But you look *at* records in Kardex. The name, title or other important data is always in plain sight. A glance locates the card you want—a flip of the finger shows you the required data. You make entry or get data from either side of the card without removing it. That means no possibility for mis-filed or lost cards.

The speed and ease of locating cards in Kardex effects a saving of from 50% to 75% in record keeping. Instantly accessible records encourage their use in planning and deciding. That means no guesswork, no oversight.

Kardex will accommodate your present cards. The change from card drawers to Kardex is easily and quickly made.

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KARDEX
Cards in Sight

tive earnings were to come from the sale of eggs at high prices, said eggs to be laid without fail at a certain unceasing rate by several thousand hens. These hens, apparently, were supposed to do the double work of hatching new broods of chickens and laying their regular guaranteed proportion of eggs. It also seemed to be assumed that only hens, and no roosters, would be hatched, that every hen could be relied upon to remain in the pink of egg-laying condition, and that every egg would be good. Indeed, the essence of the 'guarantee' on the preferred stock appeared to be wholly based on the theory that the hens somehow had been forced into a promise to lay eggs night and day, if need be, in order not to permit the preferred-stock dividends ever to lapse. Though the company's only tangible property, aside from the chickens, was a farm of twenty acres situated about thirty miles from New York, the company was capitalized at nearly a million dollars.

"POSSIBLY you have heard the story of the man who boasted that from his one hundred and twenty-four chickens he was getting one hundred and twenty-three eggs a day.

"'That,' said a friend of his, 'is certainly a remarkable record. Dear me! One hundred and twenty-three eggs a day from one hundred and twenty-four chickens! But, see here, now, what's that other chicken doing?'

"'Oh,' said the boaster, 'he keeps the books.'

"Well, to anyone who stopped to analyze it, that whole guaranteed stock proposition was just as absurd as this story. Despite this fact, the promoters sold enough stock to yield them more than eighty thousand dollars in cash. And I was told on good authority that most of the subscriptions came from New York City people who probably didn't know any more about *that* kind of chickens than the company's chickens knew about the preferred stock upon which they were assumed to have dividends. Soon after this exploitation, the promoters quietly folded their tents and stole away, with the result that the people who bought the stock still are waiting for their 'guaranteed' dividends upon their 'permanent investment.'

"It would appear to be the fact these days that many people who know enough to keep out of mining and oil swindles will readily bite at almost any other kind of bait. Many of the slickest schemers know this, and therefore have taken to propositions which, as in the case of the guaranteed egg company, have a thoroughly legitimate *sound*.

"The methods for promoting all these schemes have in recent years been reduced to a science. Experience has proved that, aside from women, the most vulnerable class is made up of ministers, doctors, teachers, and other professional people. What makes these people 'easy' is, of course, their lack of familiarity as a class with business principles in general.

"But there are others, as is well known by the concerns which make a business of supplying classified lists of prospective investors, lists that often fall into the hands of slick gentlemen who have shady mining and oil propositions. These lists are classified into $10 investors, $25 to $100

investors, $100 to $500 investors, and investors having up to $10,000 or more.

"The $10 investors mostly are made up of those who are in the habit of taking occasionally a flyer to this extent; their idea being that what they invest may turn out to yield a big profit, but that in any event their loss will be small. This class particularly appeals to the swindler, for the reason that even if his scheme is exposed, the amounts individually invested are so small that it would not pay any single person to appeal to the law, and such investors are too widely scattered or too unintelligent or indifferent to act in concert. The number of names on these $10 lists sometimes runs up into the hundreds of thousands. They are the principal means for floating all schemes of the cheaper and more openly fraudulent variety.

"The $25 to $100 list is made up of Methodist and Baptist ministers, country doctors, teachers, barbers, waiters, nurses, and others who are able to set aside up to $100 a year. Such a list is used for slightly more pretentious schemes, and schemes which now and then may not be utterly devoid of merit.

"The $100 to $500 lists are made up of college teachers and professors, Episcopal and Presbyterian ministers, the more prosperous doctors, small Wall Street lambs, mercantile clerks, some country merchants and other thrifty people who annually accumulate a few hundred dollars. In addition to being used for the promotion of more pretentious frauds, such lists sometimes are used to promote perfectly sound and legitimate enterprises.

"The lists covering people having up to $10,000 or more largely explain themselves. These lists often are used by schemers; but as the people on them usually are those who are more cautious or have a wider business experience, they are not particularly popular with the get-rich-quick fraternity.

"YOU constantly hear in the investment world half-truths, which are all the more dangerous because they are true in part. Some of these half-truths are: Stick to first mortgages; never buy an unsecured note; never buy a common stock; never buy an industrial bond; never buy a non-cumulative preferred stock.

"The man who insists on first mortgages, and considers nothing else, will almost surely come to grief. There are thousands of first mortgage bonds which are more speculative than many common stocks, and there are hundreds of common stocks which are better than many bonds, and better than any other types of security. For example, there are certain first mortgage bonds on parts of the Erie Railroad which are far inferior in investment value to certain fifth or sixth mortgages on the same railroad system. An unsecured obligation of the General Electric Company, or of the United Fruit Company, is far superior to the so-called secured note issues of some railroads. As for common stocks, there are few better investments than Union Pacific common, General Electric, and the Standard Oils. As for industrial bonds, some are of far higher grade, are more strongly secured, than many railroad bonds of standard character. As for non-cumulative preferred stocks, what issues have given a

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Always look for this signature on the package—

W. K. Kellogg

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better account of themselves for twenty years than American Sugar Refining preferred, and American Car & Foundry preferred?

"These things I mention just to indicate how much there is to learn about investment, and how great the necessity is to study investment principles as your surplus funds begin to mount. You will find, however, that such a study will become more and more fascinating; that, as your devotion to your vocation produces a surplus, your study of the way to take care of your surplus will constitute a mighty pleasant avocation.

"One thing this study will bring home to you is that never can you get something for nothing, that there is a natural tax on everything which cannot be dodged. To those who may not be able to make such a study now I would strongly recommend the reading and the digesting of Emerson's essay on 'Compensation.' This will show that you must pay in some way for everything you get, pay at once or in the end; and that the people who seem to get something for nothing, either in the end lose that something, or in the end pay for it two or three times over."

SAMUEL A. DERIEUX has written another unusually interesting animal article for next month's magazine. Mr. Derieux tells us about the four-footed denizens of the zoo, and explains why the bear and the monkey are the most popular animals in captivity.

The Devil Cat Meets Her Match

(*Continued from page 31*)

spoke to her of trading possibilities, which he did understand, and she barely paid attention. He made direct suggestions for her benefit and, in other words, she told him to mind his own business.

And Murchison, being neither invertebrate nor under fear of being fired, suddenly put his head back and laughed heartily, whereupon, if eyes could but have slain, David Murchison would have wilted and withered up into nothingness. Being solid, however, he did nothing of the sort; but from that moment a state of stark war existed between them. The girl snapped necessary orders at him like the cracking of a whip, and Murchison delighted both in carrying out those orders as no mate on board the "Nainsook" had ever done before, and in ignoring the girl-skipper's studied disdain.

There were moments when there came a clash of wills which brought fire into the eyes of both—the purple hue of anger into those of Bab Trenton and the light of mastery into those of the man. Never, after that first momentary hesitation in carrying out orders, did he question her complete authority as captain of the "Nainsook." The mastery over her that he made her feel was an infinitely deeper matter. It was purely a personal thing,

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James Cady Ewell

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and just as Murchison never allowed it to interfere with his duties as mate, the girl never exercised her authority as skipper to crush him. For the girl was a girl, and human nature is inexorable.

The mate had almost forgotten the sixty-five per cent of darning in the stocking and the fact that there was no spare gaff top-s'l on board to replace the rotten canvas in case it blew away; but a dozen days on board brought several similar things to his notice, and the climax came when Tanyi, the colored boatswain, informed the mate that the crew were going to quit the ship at Tampico unless their wages were paid.

It came as a smashing revelation to Murchison. For the first time, it really dawned on him that all was not well, in a financial sense, with Bab Trenton, and he winced at the idea. Not that there was anything remarkable about it. Murchison had been on South Sea trading craft too often not to know how that sort of thing can happen. The contents of the ship's safe dwindling, one or two unsuccessful trips, an unexpected bill for repairs after a gruelling which barely left the vessel afloat, food for all hands to provide continually, and then the eternal problem of wages mounting up.

"Crew get their wages at Tampico," Murchison replied, steadily returning the black's gaze, and wondering how in the name of pink thunder he was going to broach the matter to Bab Trenton.

But the opportunity he sought never arose. Before his watch was up, gusts of wind began to tear out of the so'west like shells from a ten-inch gun. Gradually the gusts lengthened, until the "Nainsook" was being pounded by a living gale. The Kanakas were jumping to obey the mate's orders when the skipper came on deck. She watched Murchison without interference, until all was snug. Then:

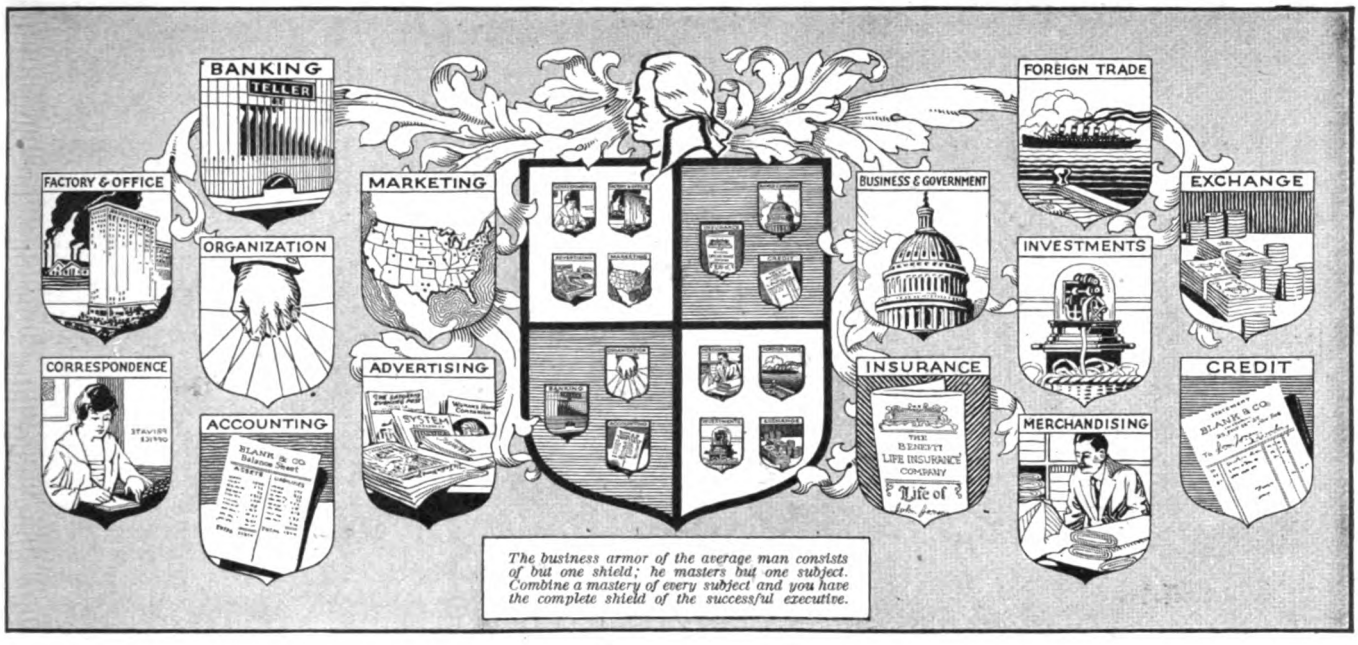
"This is what I've been anticipating for days," she sang out to the mate. In trying to make her voice heard above the wind's scream in the rigging, she put her face closer to his than it had ever been. The sea was rising rapidly and the schooner cavorted. Holding onto a stanchion, the girl-skipper swayed slightly. Murchison steadied her, for a second, with a strong hand on her shoulder.

"She'll ride it out like a duck," he shouted back. He knew that she had no doubt on the point. Before Tanyi had spoken to him it would never have entered Murchison's head to offer such a comment.

THROUGHOUT that night and all through the next, the "Nainsook" withstood the onslaught, gray swirling torrents sweeping over her deck.

Murchison remained on watch constantly, refusing to snatch even forty winks, but eventually Bab Trenton peremptorily ordered him below, where he slept for several hours, only to be awakened, as is the way with sailors, on feeling a different movement of the ship. The "Nainsook" was pounding and rolling, but she had changed her course.

Murchison, wide awake in an instant, slipped up on deck. The wind had abated somewhat, but a terrible sea—one vast expanse of racing, white-capped, watery mountains—was running; and the mate caught sight of a vessel wallowing and



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A MAN may be a first-class salesman, and remain a salesman all his life.

He may be a first-class accountant; or engineer; or superintendent; or departmental head and—in spite of all his ability and hard work—never rise beyond.

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From salesman to president

"WHEN I located in Nebraska as a salesman for the Cadillac automobile," Mr. Hansen wrote recently to the Alexander Hamilton Institute, "a representative of the Institute found me, and persuaded me that I might just as well try for the big prizes in business as for one of the mediocre ones. The decision to enrol in the Modern Business Course and Service was a turning point in my life.

"I knew something about selling already. But now I began to see business as a whole, and the relation of each department to it. Advertising and costs; accounting and office organization; the control of men and corporation finance—all these elements, which are necessary if a man is to succeed in business for himself, came to me with the Institute's help.

"When the opportunity arrived I was ready for it. We organized our company and the first year did more than a million-dollar business.

"In my judgment, the reason why so many men never get into business for themselves or fail after they do get in, is because they are not prepared for their opportunity when it comes."

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Cycle Dept., THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE CO., Dayton, Ohio

"Ride a Bicycle"

rolling in the trough, straight ahead, two or three miles away. It was a steamer, and something was wrong, diabolically wrong, with her. She appeared to be entirely out of control, and lay broadside on to each avalanche of water. But, worst of all, she was evidently perilously near the sinking point, for she lay so low in the water that her well deck was practically submerged all the time. Murchison could see that some signal had been flown, but the bunting had all become ribbons. He turned to Bab Trenton, who was standing on the poop, leveling her binoculars at the distressed vessel.

"She's pretty nearly a goner," he said. "Can you see anybody on board?"

The girl shook her head and handed him the glasses. For a full minute he glued his eyes on the steamer, which they were now rapidly nearing. An abandoned ship wrecked on the shore usually inspires the landsman with vague melancholy, but an abandoned ship, adrift on the ocean, has a vastly different effect on the mariner who sees it. The chance to salvage a steamer is one of those things that sea-captains dream about, with blissful ideas of the wealth it would bring; but such things rarely happen outside of dreams. Murchison looked searchingly at the girl.

"It's only about a hundred miles to Tampico," he said, "and the gale's half spent."

"I can't make her name out," said the skipper. "She's so low in the water."

Then the steamer rolled her bow clear for a few moments.

"The first three letters are L a z," the girl said eagerly. "Oh, yes, 'Lazette.' I don't know her. But she's a plum well worth picking. Get the longboat ready, Mr. Murchison. You'll have to handle it carefully with a sea like this running."

Murchison did not move. A wave thundered against the schooner's side. Fiercely driven spume smacked their oilskins and stung their faces. The girl turned to the man in blank amazement.

"That longboat wouldn't live sixty seconds," Murchison declared slowly, with a curiously set face.

They were alongside the steamer now.

"*You yellow cur!*" the skipper sneered. "After this, keep out of my sight till we get ashore. I'll go myself. Tanyi, drop that boat overboard."

WITH his face still set strangely, Murchison went forward, while Tanyi and the Kanakas were loosening the longboat's lashings. They had just got her ready to launch when the mate returned. Bab Trenton was watching him closely. An exclamation of chagrin came to her lips when she saw that he was bearing a heavy ax. Divining his intention, she slid her hand beneath her oilskin for something that was always handy, day and night. Murchison raised the ax to crush in the side of the boat. There was a sharp crack and a bullet whizzed across the deck, but the ax smashed its way through a plank, and the longboat was useless.

The bullet had passed through the fleshy part of Murchison's arm, but he ignored the wound. Again the girl raised her revolver. There was a tense moment during which Bab Trenton felt her trigger finger tightening.

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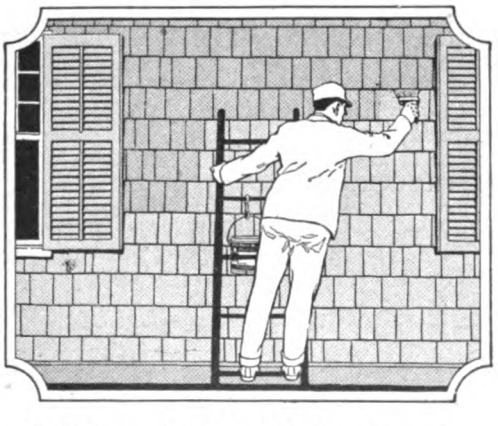

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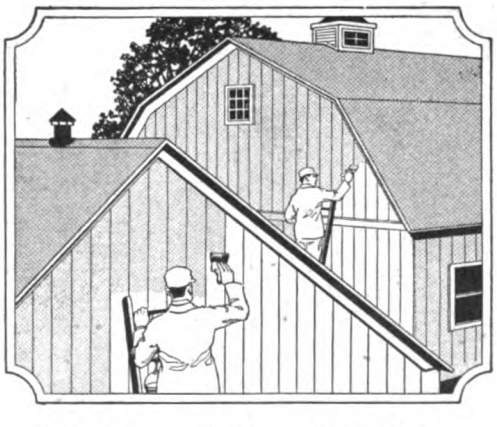

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For occasions and all occasions.

"Put that gun down, and leave this job to me!" the man shouted, facing her.

"Leave it to *you!*" She laughed bitterly. "And what, under God's heaven, does a white-livered coward like you think you can do now! See, there's a mist coming up, so we sha'n't even be able to stand by her till the sea goes down. And I didn't ask you a second time to row across. I was going *myself*. There isn't a nigger on this boat hasn't more pluck than—"

HE CAME back to the poop, although the girl still had the revolver in her hand, and silenced her roughly with a gesture.

"I said, leave this job to me," he declared fiercely, staring squarely at her. A puzzled frown swept over the girl's face, and there came the faintest twitch of her mouth as her eyes fell on a dark stain on the mate's sleeve where the bullet had gone through.

He turned on his heel and dived down the companionway. Several minutes elapsed before he returned, with one of his pockets bulging and a life belt strapped around him. In his hand he held a length of thin line, one end of which he fastened to his waist. Handing the line to Tanyi, he gave the boatswain careful instructions, and as soon as the schooner was dead to windward of the steamer, he slipped over the side and became lost in a welter of churning foam.

All this Bab Trenton watched with very little outward sign of interest. It was only when the man actually disappeared into the wildly turbulent sea that her expression changed. Then she herself took the wheel, and held the schooner up into the wind. Her strong brown hands gripped the spokes nervously, for the plunging schooner was perilously near the other vessel, and a collision would have been disastrous. Every added second that he remained in the water multiplied the chances against the choking human being trailing astern, battling for something more than his own life.

"He was right; no boat would have lived in this," she muttered. "God grant that he makes it!" And human nature being what it is, the thought of salvage became entirely banished from her mind for the space of several limitless minutes. Now and again she caught sight of Murchison, perched momentarily on the crest of a wave. He was nearing the steamer. It would be miraculous if he were not dashed to pieces against its steel plates.

"Slack away that line, Tanyi," she called out at last, and several fathoms of the rope slipped through the black's hands. It was touch and go now. Everything depended on the degree of strength Murchison still had—that, and chance. A giant wave toyed with the schooner, pouring an overwhelming torrent over her entire length, and passed on at racing speed, leaping like some remorseless living monster toward the man. Bab held her breath. The wave crashed broadside onto the steamer, which became engulfed. And then the half-swamped "Lazette" emerged slowly from the tumult, after the fashion of some wounded sea monster struggling to the surface for air.

Wild exultation surged through Bab Trenton. Murchison was on the steamer's deck, spent and exhausted doubtless, but he was living. She could see him move, clutching one stanchion after another until he reached a place of comparative safety. The wave had swept him on board, and the line around his waist saved him from being carried beyond.

Working his way aft, Murchison made fast the line that was dangling in the water between the two vessels, and Tanyi lowered away a manila hawser, which Murchison drew to the steamer. Then he waved his arm as a signal to proceed, and disappeared into the after wheel-house. A few minutes later the sails of the "Nainsook" were bellying, the hawser tightened, jerked, and came nigh to snapping. There was a steady strain. Slowly, painfully, the "Lazette" swung out of the trough, and the two vessels were moving. A few knots an hour was all they made, but Tampico was only a hundred miles away from the "Nainsook's" dancing prow. Each time a wave larger than the rest careered past the schooner and hurled itself upon the "Lazette," Bab turned and watched with an anxious face.

"And," she said aloud once, "I called him yellow!"

IT WAS dawn on the following day before, stiff and weary, she handed the wheel over to Tanyi, and went below for something to eat. Land had just been sighted. The moment she entered her cabin her eyes fell on an envelope addressed to her. Murchison must have put it there before he left. Her fingers were not quite steady as she tore it open. Inside was a brief note and something else. The note said:

> I'll make it, if I can; but in case I don't, there's enough money enclosed to pay the crew at Tampico. They're getting nasty. Three weeks ago the "Lazette" was reported with cholera on board, so keep well off her if you tow us into port. I'm taking some disinfectant with me, and I'll soak in it, so I'll be all right.
>
> You're going to marry me, Bab, sooner or later, so make up your mind to it. And if you make up your mind soon, you might run the Stars and Stripes up to the masthead so that I can see it.
>
> Yours ever,
> DAVID MURCHISON.

Bab read it all through again, and then, going over to a locker, selected a strip of bunting. With a queer feeling in her breast she raised it to her lips, and hastily slipped up on deck. With her own hands she fastened the flag to the signaling halyard, and raised it in a ball to the masthead. At last she gave a tug. The flag "broke" and fluttered in the breeze.

In the after wheel-house of the derelict astern, a grim smile came over the features of a man whose eyes had been fixed on the schooner's masthead ever since dawn had first shown him its faint blur. Old Glory was telling an old, old story in a new way.

"NOW Wasn't That Just Like Father!"—a story next month by Frank Hurburt O'Hara—will appeal to the following members of the family: Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters. If you can keep out of that list, you are at liberty not to read it. Otherwise, don't miss it.

Good Health Largely a Matter of Will

(*Continued from page 33*)

history, the structure of the bones, the placement of the muscles, the position of the vital organs, all indicate that the human animal was intended to spend much of his time on all fours. Happily for us on the whole, our early ancestors found that they could see farther and fight for their existence better on their hind feet. But that decision decreed a constant battle against the force of gravity for the rest of mankind. In the years of our youth, before the inevitable sag caused by the downward pull of gravity, we feel but little ill effects. But time tells, and my records here will prove interesting.

I find that, up to thirty years of age, the abdomen averages about four inches smaller than the chest. About this time the ratio begins to change, and at forty I'm apt to find the abdominal measurement larger than the chest. Now bear this important fact in mind: it is not that there is more fat there than before, but that the *organs of the chest and abdomen have sagged*, due to the *relaxation of the tone of the abdominal muscles*. It is distinctly not a coincidence that it is just at this time that the man comes in to me and says:

"I don't know why, but I haven't got the snap and the staying power that I used to have."

THE reason, granted that there is no definite organic disease taking place, is plain. This sagging of the vital organs has resulted in their greater or less disordered functioning, with good health, one hundred per cent good health, clearly an impossibility. Correct this (still assuming that the postural defect is the only one with which this individual has to contend) and good health returns just as naturally as light comes into a room when you pull up the curtains.

A wrong poise of the body, besides being the cause of many of life's little ailments, is frequently the cause of organic disease. A prominent Boston specialist, unusually successful in the treatment of various forms of rheumatism, devotes his first attention to correction of the various postural defects. From a study of my records I am convinced that one of the important factors in the causation of stomach and intestinal disorders, including gastric and duodenal ulcer, is that of abdominal relaxation.

Because of the placement of their pelvic organs, women suffer much more frequently from bad posture than men. The development of the abdominal muscles is of prime importance to her. I know of nothing much more vicious than the "débutante slouch."

To stand correctly, to keep the body well poised, with each organ placed so that it can function properly, is much simpler than is ordinarily supposed. *Just stand as tall as possible!*

I'll show you how! Here's a measuring stick, and here's a mirror. Coat and shirt off, please! Now look at yourself—a bit pot-bellied, chest somewhat flat, shoulders sagged, with a bit of unnatural curving forward of the spine. Height just five feet ten inches. Now! Pull in your abdomen and then pull it up! Hold it in, please, and look at yourself. Abdomen is in, chest is deeper, shoulders are squarer, spine straighter, head better poised. Height, a little over five feet ten and *one-half!*

OF COURSE, being "tall" isn't the consideration. It is keeping the vital organs in place so that they can do their job without hindrance, in other words, so that you can "be well."

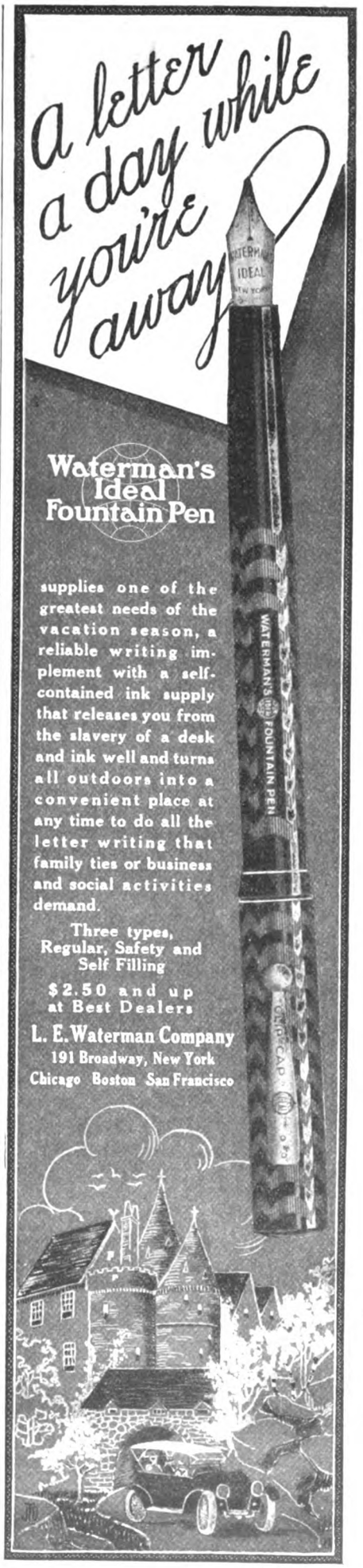
This "abdomen in" means deeper breathing, better circulation, better functioning of the abdominal organs, a better poise of the entire body, so that you won't have to "gather yourself" in order to make the next step. All this means more efficient living.

In the matter of circulation, it is particularly important. Among numerous other things, a relaxed abdomen generally means that a good deal of the blood that ought to be coursing through the body, revitalizing the tissues and washing out the toxins of fatigue, carrying warmth to the extremities, etc., is lying sluggishly in the large abdominal vessels.

This has been shown by an illuminating experiment with rabbits. A wild rabbit, with muscular development—especially of the abdomen and thighs, because of its active life—at its best, and a tame hutch rabbit, with its soft, flabby muscles, are both secured in an upright position "on their hind feet." The tame rabbit's abdomen bulges out, while the taut abdominal muscles of the wild rabbit keep the abdomen flat or concaved. The tame rabbit will collapse regularly inside of three hours, and autopsy shows that the blood has practically all sagged into the greatly relaxed abdominal vessels. In other words, the rabbit has bled to death within its own abdomen. The wild rabbit—without this abdominal relaxation—will be alive and well at the end of three days. A tame rabbit, with a tight abdominal binder, thus preventing this sagging of the blood, remains alive and well.

The point of this, as with all animal experimentation, applies directly to the human being. Many of us are sagging around "on our hind feet" with circulation at a low ebb, precisely as with the tame rabbit. Try it yourself on the next winter day when hands and feet are tingling with cold. Alternately tightly contract and relax your abdomen for twenty times, and see how the extremities warm up. Or you who suffer with cold feet, try the same thing in bed. Or, better, "get the habit," and notice the improvement in general tone within a month.

"Getting the habit" is the important thing. Patients often say, "But I can't hold myself that way all day.



Washing dishes in summer

IT'S a pretty hot job if you have to heat up the whole house for a little hot water. Of course our grandmothers had to do it, then cart it all over the house. There was no other way.

But now-a-days, with a Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater in the cellar, we simply turn the faucet and draw as much hot water as we need. Nobody suffers from the excessive heat of coal or gas range.

For kitchen, bath, laundry or lavatory, the Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater will deliver rust-free hot water in any amount at the rate of ONE CENT for ten gallons. All you do is turn the faucet. No striking matches, lighting fires or shoveling coal.

The Pittsburg Automatic Gas Water Heater can do this because it knows more than a human about saving gas. For every bit of gas burned it hands out the equivalent in hot water. Just get your gas company or plumber to install one for you. Then pay for it in ten easy payments. In a short time you will wonder how you made out so long without it.

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Architects see Sweet's Architectural Edition, Pages 1294 to 1297.

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Automatic Gas Water Heaters

It tires me dreadfully." Of course; they've never used those muscles. But if the muscles of their legs and spine did not have the habit, they would be in a heap on the floor most of the time. I've had some patients with badly relaxed abdomens who, when told to contract their abdomens, didn't "know they had any muscles there."

First should come regular abdominal exercises, in bed or on the floor, morning and night, so as to get the muscles under control. To help during the day, I am apt to tell the patient to connect the pulling in of the abdomen with some small task frequently done during the day, such as the opening of a door (for the housekeeper), reaching for the telephone (for the business man), or stepping up to the blackboard (for the school-teacher). Take any little thing that is frequently done, and "pull in" whenever you do it. Another excellent help is to start off every walk with your abdomen pulled way in for the *first block*. Then forget it; but your muscles and nerves won't, for you have *set the standard* for that walk. It is as easy to form a correct habit as a wrong one, if you do it as frequently.

THE second of my four essentials in the attainment of good health is Diet. Here I cannot be so definite. Correct posture for one is correct posture for another, but not so with diet. Diet is about the most highly individualized need that I know of, and any blanket prescription is apt to err in regard to an individual. There are, however, certain facts about diet which have an almost universal application. There is no doubt that in this country, on the average, men and women eat too much; that they eat too much meat, too little of vegetables and fruits, and that they partake too largely of stimulants. "Digging one's grave with one's teeth" is a favorite pastime in America.

There is no invariable rule for measuring the quantity and kind of food an individual may eat, except by that individual himself. When the amount and kind eaten have been brought to the point where the individual keeps permanently in the highest state of efficiency, he is eating correctly; but this cannot be determined without careful study of the individual needs. There is no doubt that men and women overeat largely because of the "kick" in foods. They overeat meats because meats are stimulating, and they like the resultant "kick." They overdrink on coffee and tea for the same reason. When foods are reduced by the omission or the great reduction of all stimulants and condiments, people are much less likely to overeat. We should eat simply and with moderation.

As an instance of how simply a man as heavy as I am can eat and work and flourish, I will quote my personal dietary.

For breakfast, fruit, toast, one cup of coffee, two tablespoonfuls of cereal. For lunch, a glass of half milk, half cream, a plate of crackers, and a piece of pie. These two meals have practically never varied for the past several years. For dinner, a soup or a salad, three vegetables, bread and butter, milk, and a dessert. I rarely eat meat, not oftener than once a week. On this diet I keep myself up to normal weight, and up to as near one hundred per cent efficiency as I dare to quote, and

up to a full one hundred per cent of the joy of being alive.

I believe that I am going to live longer because of the régime. But that is a natural result, and one in which I am not as vitally interested. The main issue is that I shall be able to live each day at my best, so that if I die to-morrow through an aëroplane falling upon me, that is, by accident, I shall not have missed anything from life. Life is intended to be lived fully day by day, not in futures. The fact that living at my best day by day provides for living twenty years hence is, after all, a side issue.

My menu may not sound attractive to the man or woman who is accustomed to a diet loaded with stimuli, a diet in which meat, coffee, and alcohol figure largely. But I am eating for optimism. It is a literal fact that the dispositions of the lower animals, at least, can be controlled by their eating. In a series of laboratory diet tests on monkeys, the results were remarkable. For one week the monkeys were fed upon a proteid diet heavy with meat and beans. At the end of the first three days the monkeys began to be dull. They swung about the cage very little; life seemed to weigh heavily upon them. In another two days they slumped down, held their heads in their paws, and took very little interest in anything that was happening.

By the end of the week the cage was filled with a band of melancholy pessimists, who took no exercise, were willing to look at nothing offered to them and regarded the world with sad and dreary eyes. Then the diet was changed. For a week they were fed only vegetables, cereals, and fruit. In three days they had brightened up; in five they frisked about in their old happy fashion. At the end of the week, they were a band of optimists. Continuing the experiment, it was found that they could be made into optimists or pessimists at will, merely by a change of diet.

REFERRING now to humans, I find it true that the heavy protein diet which is habitual with so many persons does make for pessimism. Counteracting influences of the type that men, and not monkeys, are subject to may permit a man who feeds for pessimism to remain an optimist, *but he is working under a handicap*. Fruits and well-cooked cereals, vegetables and the essential salts and vitamines obtained in milk, butter, cheese and milk products generally, with very little protein from meats, form an ideal diet. At the present time I am asking all my patients not to eat meat oftener than twice a week, and I am asking some of them (of the so-called herbivorous type) to eat it less frequently than that.

I am almost invariably asked why I do not forbid coffee. To answer this question it is well to recall that, as far as we can learn, there is no race or tribe of men, however barbarous and ignorant, which has not found in some form the stimulant caffeine, and used it. This raises a very nice question as to whether a stimulant so universally sought for and used is not an actual human need, a question which I am not prepared to answer. But the regulation of the amount of this caffeine stimulant is important. A cup of ordinary, well-made coffee contains approximately five grains of caffeine, and a cup of tea

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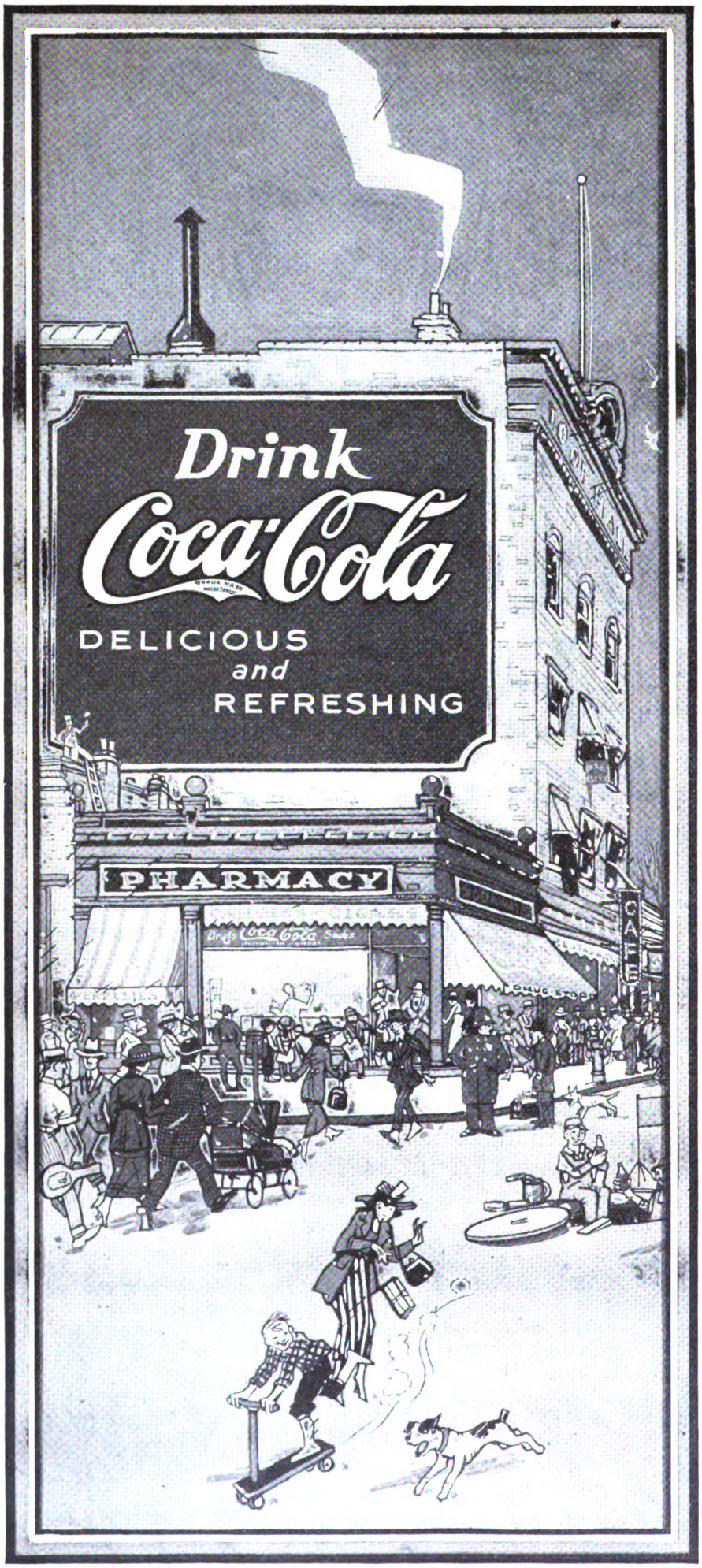

contains three grains. As a physician hesitates to prescribe to a person, needing it, over eight to twelve grains of caffeine daily, it is reasonable to ask a human being to limit his use of the stimulant to considerably less than that. The average consumption of tea and coffee, running all the way up to two cups of coffee and three cups of tea daily, would make a total of nineteen grains of caffeine, an amount of stimulant which should by no means be allowed.

There is one other "blanket" prescription concerning diet which I have no hesitation in giving. It is this: Be certain that when your vegetables are prepared your cook does not throw all their valuable mineral salts and vitamines down the kitchen sink. Your body needs them. The best method of cooking vegetables is with the skins on. When this is impossible, steam them or cook them slowly in very little water and use that water as a basis for soups.

The free use of greens and fruits in our diet is of great importance. They both contain large proportions of the mineral salts and vitamines so essential to our well-being. Even a well-balanced diet of carbohydrates, fats, and proteids—as far as calories (heat units) alone are concerned—may be totally deficient in these highly essential mineral salts and vitamines, as witness the widespread beri-beri of the Far East, the pellagra of our Southern states, and the many cases of "under-nourishment" which every physician is so constantly seeing where the mere *amount* of food is plainly not the cause. Milk, as a container of these substances, is a highly valuable food, and should be used freely by old and young. Growing children should have not less than four glasses of it a day, and an adult can take a glass at each meal with benefit.

Do not be afraid to drink plenty of water. The adult of average weight needs at least six glasses daily. Recent laboratory experiments with humans have shown that the old idea that it should not be taken with meals is entirely wrong. But it clearly should not be used to *wash down* the food.

AFTER posture and diet come rest and relaxation. There are a number of nervous, fidgety people who have no idea how to relax. Sometimes this is due to actual physical causes, but more often it is accompanied—and sometimes caused wholly—by poor mental balance. I have never yet seen a man or woman worn out from mental *work*, but I have seen hundreds of them worn out from mental worry and lack of balance. Just what degree of mental effort a human being is capable of if he keeps health and balance, I think none of us really knows, but for most of us it is not the load we carry but the *way we carry* it that pulls us down.

I had one case recently which will show what learning to relax can do for a man. This man has a business which has a rush period of four months a year. During this time he would go to his office and work from seven in the morning to ten or eleven in the evening. Each year, at the end of the rush period, he would find himself almost a physical and nervous wreck. This clearly was not as it should be, so he wisely sought advice. At the beginning of the last rush period, we arranged for a

suitable dietary and also for, what was more important, a rest period in the middle of each day. At a certain hour his stenographer left his office; the 'phone was cut off, the shades drawn, and he lay down and deliberately relaxed body and brain. He stayed there for twenty minutes, when his stenographer reappeared, roused him, and business went on. As he is a man of great intelligence he was able to accomplish complete relaxation in a few days. He kept this up the four rushed months, with the result that he came to the office at eight o'clock and left at seven (instead of the former seven A. M. to eleven P. M.), accomplished his work without strain and worry, ended up the period of rush in excellent health, and did more business than he ever had before.

I urge that women patients, who have the opportunity, lie down early in the afternoon every day. This not only helps rest and relaxation but it relieves the strain put upon the body by the upright position, and I recommend the same treatment for any man who is sufficiently master of his daily work to make his own program. A man or woman who learns to relax occasionally while working will have no need of "vacations," and will need no time for recuperation; it will come every day with work. But it should be realized that "relaxing" does not mean lying down and continuing to worry over life's difficulties and sore spots; it means loosening the clothing and sprawling out as one would sprawl on a green turf with the sun full on one, and forgetting everything. Most people fall asleep easily after they learn to relax thoroughly.

AND last in my blanket prescription for a normal scheme of living comes work in the open, in the garden, among the flowers, or at the wood pile. I do this the first thing in the day because of its convenience. I work two hours, and no call takes me from it. It is the easiest thing in the world to let imaginary duties call you away from this, a prime duty. This prescription is not for farmers, who naturally work in the open, or for laborers who work in the open at day's work. But it fits the majority of the men and women who call on me for advice. Getting out of doors at work or at play is an essential for the hundred per cent efficient and optimistic person.

What does it cost to keep well? Relatively, in dollars and cents it costs little. Remember, *it is normal to be well.* Most of our ailments, outside of infectious and organic diseases, come from bad habits of personal hygiene. It ought to be obvious that you can't correct bad habits with medicines. Bad habits must be corrected by good habits, and then good health comes in as a natural and logical result. The first cost, then, is to find out what is wrong about the way you're living, and how to correct it. After that—always remembering that just now we are not dealing with organic diseases—the main expenditure is in will power. And, happily, if you have but little of that, you can create it. Correct posture doesn't cost anything, except will power.

As to diet, the simplest life is much the cheapest, easiest, and best. The average family is paying much more for food than is necessary to keep that family up to the highest point of efficiency and well-being,

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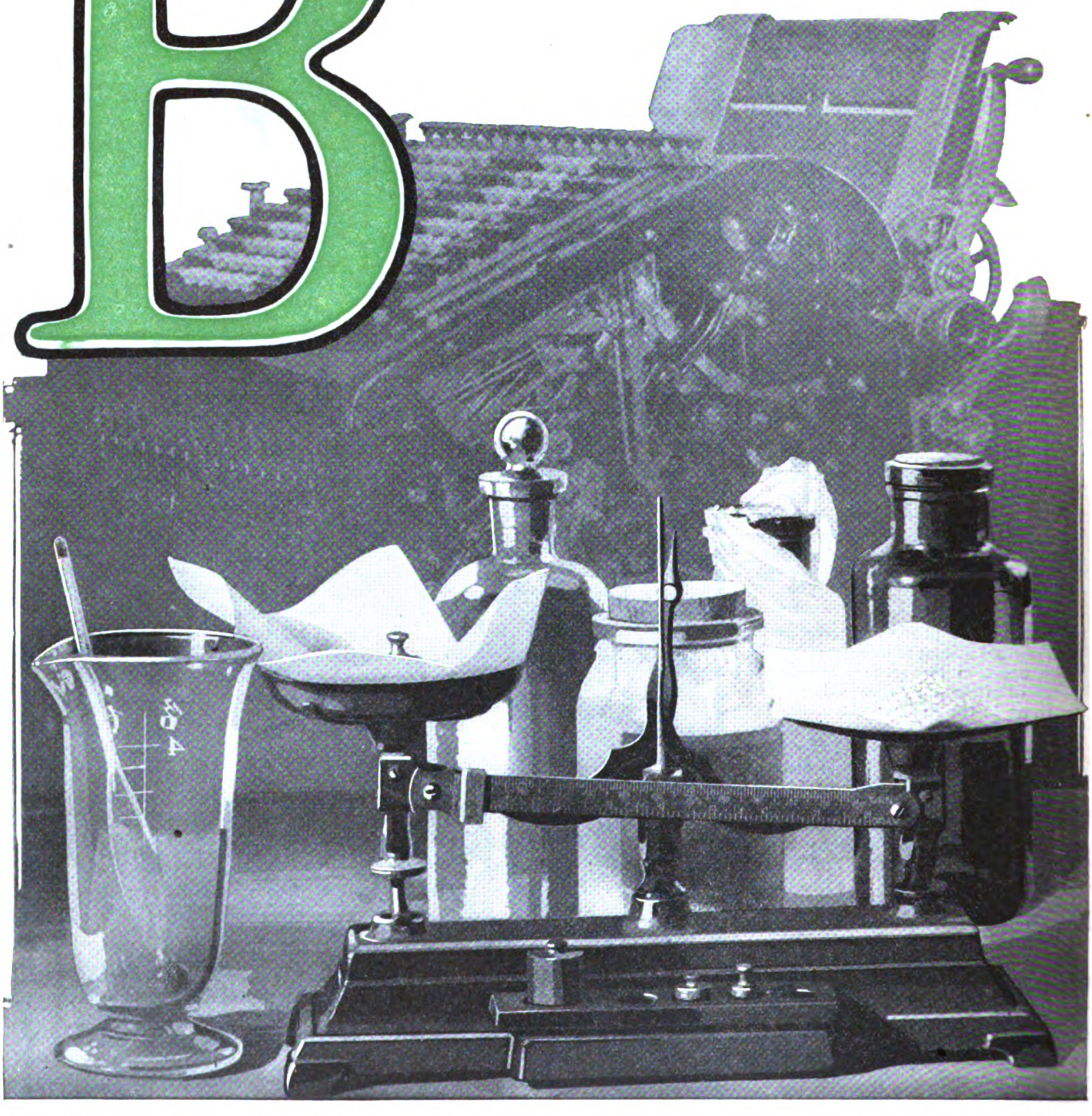

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HERE'S a little equation in bookkeeping algebra:

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Maybe it wouldn't work in exactly the same figures in *your* business but I'd advise you to find out how it *would* work; for if you are a wholesaling firm like ours—or any other that has a ledger-posting, trial-balancing job, you'll find that equation, as we have, a prescription for profits.

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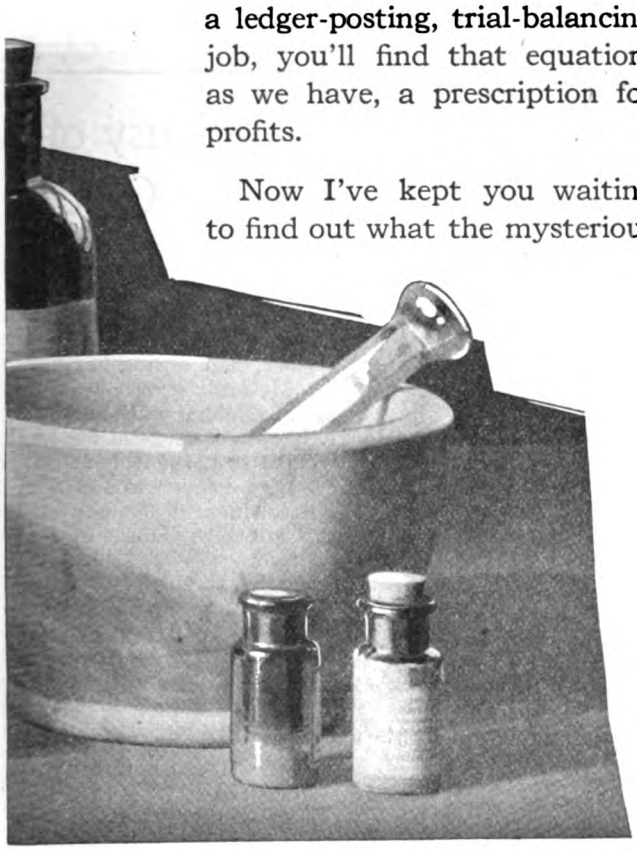

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¶ The extent to which your sleep builds you up depends upon its *quality* rather than its length. If you do not wake up fully refreshed, you can depend upon it that your body has not functioned properly during sleep—that your sleep has not been of the right quality.

¶ In seeking the right quality of sleep, bear in mind the intimate relation of your mattress to your physical requirements.

¶ Ease of contact, the elimination of hard, lumpy "packing" under the weight of the body at those points where the pressure is greatest, the balanced distribution of the weight of the sleeper, and conformity of the mattress to the chosen sleeping position are absolutely necessary to the right quality of sleep. These are the attributes of

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which have made it for nearly a half century, a thing apart from the ordinary mattress and an effectual aid to sleep.

¶ The Sealy cotton is inseparably interwoven by the exclusive Sealy Air-Weave Process into a single, light, fluffy batt, five feet high. This batt is then gently pressed down to the required softness, buoyancy and generous depth of the mattress.

Your request will bring charming covering samples and the names of Sealy dealers in your locality.

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"A Pillow for the Body"

if the food were wisely chosen and prepared.

Relaxation doesn't mean the expenditure of a cent. *Work in the open* presents perhaps the greatest difficulty for some of us. Many can have no garden in this abominable city herd life of ours, some have no wood pile (having to take that form of exercise vicariously through the coal miner), but almost all of us have to *go* to work. Get up a bit earlier, then, and walk, *being sure* that you start off the first block with your "abdomen in."

Really, good health attained and kept by good living habits doesn't cost you money. Instead, it makes you better able to earn it.

The cost of preventable diseases, through their extended years of inefficiency as well as cost of treatment, throughout the country as a whole, would present startling figures. The time has come when the physician must be interested primarily in the health instead of the sickness of his patients. His livelihood must come from their weal, and not from their woe. Medical schools must teach how to maintain health as well as how to care for and cure disease. The time has come when the physician who *thinks in terms of health* finds his clientele eager and willing to coöperate with him, not in the curing of a disease, but in the living of life at its fullest, freest, and best.

The Jealousy of Mother McCurdy

(*Continued from page 41*)

seclusion of her room, and in spite of the exciting intricacies of hastily donning the discarded gown, and setting her hair to rights, Mrs. McCurdy's voice was heard in a stream of rambling questionings:

"Jimmy boy, stick yer head out av the windy. I take it the neighbors will be gatherin'. D'ye happen to see, now, if Mrs. Doherty is hangin' out her windy? 'Tis no small stir this will make in the district."

Much may be accomplished in little time, even in the matter of ladies' toilettes, when the will is back of the action. In a wonderfully short time Mrs. McCurdy was ready, quite conscious of the magnificence of her costume. True, the old plaid shawl that served as headgear hardly kept pace with the gorgeousness of the new cloak, but, as Mrs. McCurdy observed, "'Twould set off the cloak better by way of contrast."

On Jimmy's arm she descended the long flight of steps to the pavement, bowing just a little stiffly to two or three of the neighbors who were to be seen among the little gathering of admiring youngsters. Mrs. McCurdy took occasion to whisper to her son:

"What a blessin', Jimmy, that the corporation set that street lamp right foreninst our place!"

Of the adventures of that night of nights Mrs. McCurdy was almost too dazed to take full note. Afterward, however, in recounting them to admiring and envious friends, the recital would lose nothing in the telling. Of the ride to the

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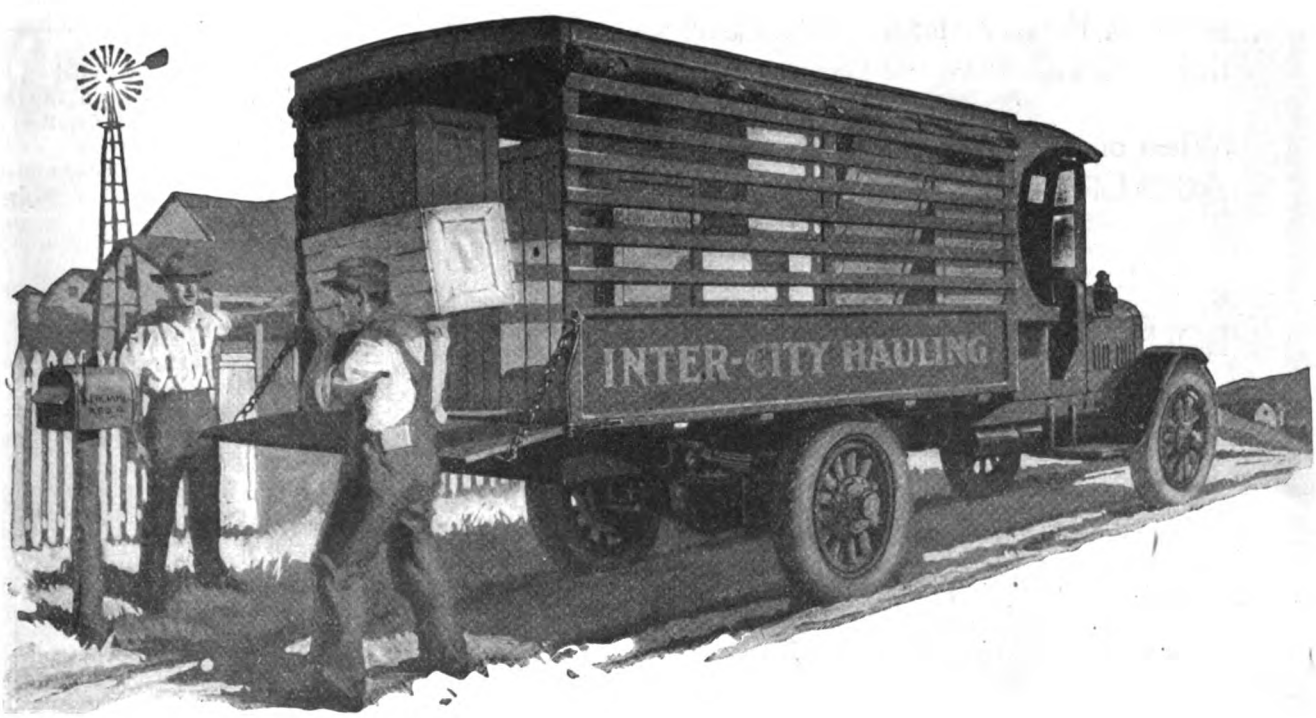

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theatre in the luxurious leather-padded depths of the taxi; of the "iligant" man in green and gold who opened the taxi door for them, helping her out as though she were "a duchess no less;" of the exciting moment when she sought the usual stairs to the "first veranda," but the gentlemanly ticket man said, "Right ahead, madam," and there they were walked right up to the front of the theatre, so near "ye cud 'most be touchin' the men in the band if ye had a mind," and where grand ladies and gentlemen were sitting all done up in evening clothes, though Mrs. McCurdy admitted that the "indacency of some of them women-folk, settin' there with next to nothin' on that ye cud see, was amazin'"—these things were not lightly to be passed over.

OF THE show itself Mrs. McCurdy took away but a vague recollection, except that she wept a great deal, and laughed still more, and came away "feeling satisfied inside," which perhaps is, after all, the acid test of any entertainment.

The excitement of the affair held her up until they were pretty well home—they condescended to take the electric on the return journey; but by the time they reached the door Mrs. McCurdy was glad to lean rather heavily on Jimmy's arm. Again she experienced that queer fluttering at her heart.

On the pavement below their own tenement Mrs. McCurdy paused, glancing upward.

"Jimmy, look! There's a light in our windy. Did ye ferget to shut it off, Jimmy? It was too excited I was meself to notice."

But Jimmy only laughed happily.

"Don't you be worrying, Mumsy. Let me help you up."

But when, twice during the negotiation of the long flight of steps, the woman stopped to rest, breathing heavily with the exertion of the climb, Jimmy spoke in quick anxiety.

"You're tired out to-night, Mumsy mine. It's a good holiday you'll have to be taking."

"Lissen to the boy, will ye now! A holiday! An' who wud be gettin' my Jimmy's meals, and carin' fer his clothes an' things if not his old mother?"

At the sound of their footsteps on the upper stairs the door above flew open, framing an eager little figure.

"Many happy returns to you, Mrs. McCurdy."

"Why . . . Lissie! It is Lissie, isn't it now? I can't see very well comin' out av the dark like."

"Yes, Mumsy, it's Lissie. She wanted to help in the birthday surprise."

"Sure, 'twas good of her to think of comin'," said the woman slowly. "Leave me set down, Jimmy. I'm a bit . . . done in . . . those stairs. . . ."

"Let me fetch you some tea. You'll be better for it, Mrs. McCurdy. Help me serve it, Jimmy, it's just about ready."

Mrs. McCurdy watched the young people disappear behind the dingy green curtain that served, between meals, to shut off the cooking end of the room. She unloosed her cloak, letting it slip wearily from her shoulders. Reaction came after the excitement of the evening. She sank down on the threadbare shabbiness of the

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Whose Birthday comes in

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sofa; her head bobbed down presently, dozing off.

The cuckoo clock struck eleven. Mrs. McCurdy sat up. The silence that had fallen seemed accentuated by the sound of occasional murmurings from beyond the curtain, and the sizzling of water on hot metal. Mrs. McCurdy rose uncertainly, investigating.

On an improvised seat in the corner two figures sat. Evidently the conversation was a very confidential one, for what there was of it was carried on in low, intimate whisperings. But then, of course, there are other ways of speaking than with the tongue, if one understands the methods. The kettle spluttered angrily on the stove, spitting spitefully in its state of neglect.

A little smile forced itself to Mrs. McCurdy's face. Perhaps that, and the mist that came to her eyes so quickly, might be due to memories of the time when Patrick had come "a-courtin'" in the old days and in another land. But then, in a sudden sweeping surge, came a great flood of loneliness to her own heart. Had not another come now to take her place with Jimmy? It brought another spell of faintness to her, even while she upbraided herself for such folly. Her hand went out, as though clutching for some support.

"Jimmy!"

"Mumsy!" Jimmy was on his feet now; but one arm was still around the waist of Melissa, who stood beside him. Rapture shone through his momentary confusion. "Mumsy, Lissie . . . Lissie . . . and I . . . have . . . that is. . . ."

Mrs. McCurdy nodded, mechancially.

"I understand . . . Jimmy lad."

"Aren't you going to . . . kiss Lissie, Mumsy?" His voice betrayed sudden anxiety. "You're not . . . angry or . . . anything? Mumsy, you're sick again!"

He sprang forward quickly, tenderly catching the little figure that lurched into his outstretched arms. A nightmare of fear came to the woman; her arms gripped convulsively about the lad's neck. It seemed as though everything was losing reality, receding from her.

"Quick, Jimmy," it was Melissa's voice, "run for the doctor. I'll tend her meanwhile."

The words conveyed nothing to the swooning woman. She only knew that somebody was trying to take her Jimmy from her, and clung the tighter to him.

"Yer all I've got, Jimmy . . . all I've got . . . no one will be takin' . . . ye . . . from me. . . ." Her voice trailed off into silence, with the coming of unconsciousness.

IV

"SHE'LL be all right now, but what she needs is absolute rest for some weeks at least." Thus the doctor, bowing himself out the door. Mrs. McCurdy stirred uneasily on the bed, murmuring to herself:

"Is it rest he's after sayin'? Small chance is there av that, did he but know it."

"Better, Mumsy?" It was Jimmy, leaning anxiously over her. His voice seemed to come from a distance.

At the foot of the bed stood Lissie, regarding her with equal anxiety. But every once in a while the girl's gaze wandered from the sick woman to the tall

young man leaning over the bed, and then, indeed, a light shone in her eyes that illuminated the soberness of her expression. Somehow, standing there with the light shining down on her wealth of dark hair and her fresh, pretty face with its quiet gray eyes, she touched a responsive chord of memory.

"So like my own Norah wud have been," Mrs. McCurdy told herself.

A great gravity had settled over the young people. The radiant enthusiasm was gone. A vague comprehension that this was her doing came to the sick woman. Presently it took more definite shape in her mind. Long time she regarded the girl before she spoke.

"Child, come here." Melissa obeyed.

"Lissie, . . . ye must be forgivin' an old woman her—selfishness. I wud not be wantin' annyone better for my Jimmy than you, Lissie girl. 'Twas just that I was . . . not myself . . . and feelin' a little . . . lonely. Jimmy's been so much to me. He's all I had since Patrick and my little Norah went. I'm thinkin' yer very like Norah yerself, child. Let me kiss you, Lissie, . . . an' you, Jimmy. Now away with ye an' lave me, for 'tis gettin' late, an' ye'll have things to say to each other before you part to-night—an' the future to plan . . . together."

"Mumsy, it's all planned, isn't it, Lissie?" Jimmy's face was radiant again.

"Yes, it is, Mrs. McCurdy. Jimmy's been saving up, and soon we'll be able to take a little cottage out away from the noise and the smoke, and Jimmy will come in every day to work. It's just the dearest little place, with a bit of a flower garden and room for lots of vegetables. And we've picked out the nicest room you ever saw for you, where the sunshine comes streaming in most of the day, and the flowers climb around the window in the summer time. It's—"

"HOW you talk, child, as though 'tis an old woman ye'd be wantin' to bother with in yer married life." But the eyes of the woman were shining.

"Mother McCurdy,"—Lissie's eyes were glistening strangely too—"not a step will Jimmy and I go unless you come along, too, to mother us. I've always wanted a mother—you see mine died before I can remember; and I think I know how Jimmy feels about his mother."

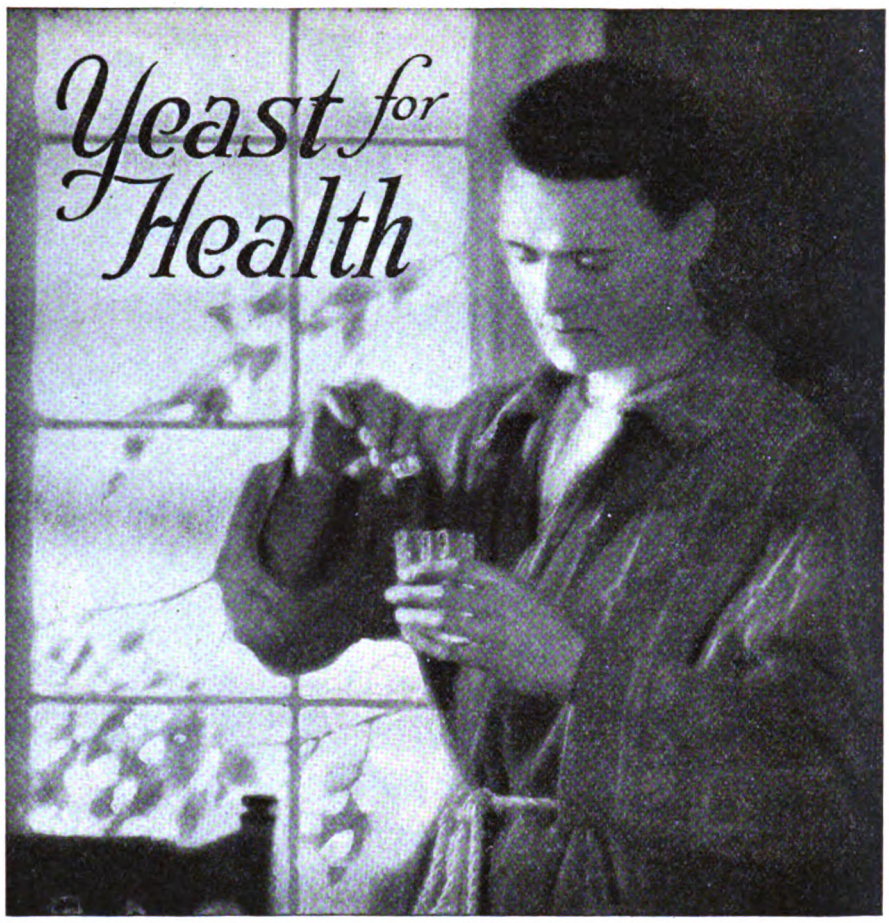
Mrs. McCurdy stared across the room for a moment of silence. Then she spoke very quietly:

"My Jimmy's been a rare son, Lissie. It's proud of him, I am, and I don't care who knows it. I might av known he'd niver be forgettin' his old mother. Which puts me in mind that niver a word of thanks have I given him for the wonderful surprise he's given me this night. Lissie, 'tis an amazin' thing to say, but niver wanst in all these years has he failed to remember my birthday treat."

Involuntarily Lissie's glance sought Jimmy's, but of course Mrs. McCurdy put Jimmy's sudden hot color down to his usual dislike of praise. A modest lad, Jimmy!

"Cuckoo," said the bird, knowingly, hopping impudently out of his home in the clock.

But nobody ever told Mrs. McCurdy how near her Jimmy came that night to forgetting.



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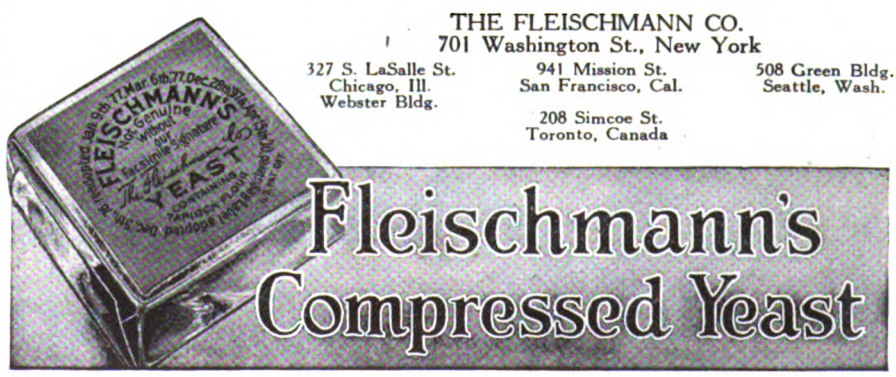

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The Dear Old University of Hard Knocks

(*Continued from page 37*)

and in making up. An hour before the curtain rose on "Charlotte Corday," I was in the wings, all made up, waiting for my brief scene, which would not be called, however, until the play was well under way. I sought the stage hands and bothered them by forcing conversations. Surely they must know that at last Guy Bates Post was an actor.

The action of the play moved along. The moment of my scene approached, and every passing minute made me more nervous. Bellew was playing Marat and Mrs. Potter played Charlotte Corday. Bellew was sitting with his feet in the medicated bath which rotten old Marat habitually took for his ailment, and Simone (Mrs. Everard), his mistress, was on the scene with him. My cue to go on the stage had come. I missed it. Someone in the wings gave me a push forward.

The "business" of my entrance ran this way—I knocked on the door; Mrs. Everard said, "Who's there?" I yelled, "The printer." She said, "Come in"—at which I was to open the door and enter the room—the stage.

I got as far as the knock. Then I fell into a cold funk. "Who's there?" came from the stage.

I gulped a couple of times but the words stuck in my throat.

"The printer," whispered the prompter.

I gulped again.

"Who's there?" came again from the stage.

"Never mind your line," hissed the prompter. "Open the door, you fool! Go on!"

I opened the door. I forgot that there was a wooden cross brace six inches high over which I had to step. I strode forward, tripped, and sprawled my length on the stage. "Ha! Ha!" roared the audience. One of my wooden shoes flew off. I forgot to put it back on. I limped across the stage, one foot bare. I stole a glance out toward the audience. I could see nothing, no "vague sea of faces." All I saw were blinking rays of light rising from the footlights, like heat from a wheat field. I could not think of a thing, my mind was an utter blank.

Mrs. Everard prodded me. Bellew, to "cover" the situation, hurriedly improvised. Pounding the table with his fist, he thundered, "What do you want?"

I hadn't the faintest idea what I wanted. Mrs. Everard kept prodding me; Bellew kept pounding the table, repeating, "What do you want—Well, what do you want?"

I CLUTCHED at my memory and tried to rescue my lines. I got my mouth open. A grunt was all that came out. Bellew saw it was hopeless. I held a paper in my hands—the printer's proof of Marat's list of nobilities to be executed. I should have handed this paper to Bellew.

"Take the paper, Simone," he shouted.

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Mrs. Everard snatched the paper out of my hand.

"Take him away," roared Bellew. "Take him away!"

Whereupon she caught me by the arm and pushed me in my trance to the door. I had "played" my first scene without saying a word and, due to Bellew's clever improvising, the audience had not suspected it was stage fright.

I slunk into the wings, half aware of the prompter's eyes fixed on me with a murderous glare, and I tried to hide myself behind the scenery. My heart was broken. Of course, I would be fired. After a while I plucked up courage enough to go to the dressing-room which actors playing small parts used in common. I was thankful no one was there. The act came to an end. I prayed no one would come in.

Presently came a knock on the door. "Mr. Bellew wants to see you." With heavy heart, I followed the call boy. I could imagine what was coming, a scathing bawling out, then "fired"—my hopes smashed.

I must have looked like a ghost when timidly I knocked at the star's dressing-room. Bellew was changing his make-up. He spoke without looking up from his mirror and grease paints: "My boy, that was a ripping good make-up you had—a ripping good make-up."

I stammered something. Oh, if he'd only fire me and have it done with. You know how sometimes in a moment when it seems everything is tumbling about you, a little irrelevant thing will hold your attention. Intently I watched Bellew penciling some furrows around his mouth. Then he spoke, and I started.

"You were very much frightened, weren't you?" I apologized as best I could. "I understand, my boy, Now tell me about that make-up. It was splendid. Where did you get it?"

THE warmth and humanness of the man made me feel better, and I blurted out to him how, after he had given me the part, I had gone to the Chicago public library and looked up reference books that had colored plates of the types of the Reign of Terror period.

"Then I bought the kind of wig I wanted, Mr. Bellew. I got an old clay pipe, broke the stem almost off and burned it, so it would look old. I painted my hands and legs so I'd look like the unkempt printer."

He laughed.

"Well, you surely looked unkempt and ugly. You looked the part—a ripping make-up. Now, my boy, we'll go over the lines again, and to-morrow night you'll be all right."

Stammering my thanks, I backed out of his dressing-room. What a wonderful feeling! To seem to be looking disaster in the face and then to find hope. From that moment, I would have cut off my right arm for Bellew. The next night I spoke the lines after a fashion, and he bore with me. For nine weeks I played the part and was supremely happy. Later, while we were playing Rome, Georgia, disappointment clouds gathered again. I was given two weeks' notice of dismissal. They were cutting down expenses, eliminating all but essential parts from the play. To lose my job was a serious thing for me. I was just a youngster and it was a long, long way from Rome to Seattle.

So I went to Bellew and told him that I was willing to work for him in any capacity whatever; all he need pay me was a bare living wage. He was sorry, but they had to cut out small parts, and there was nothing that I could do. A wild idea came to me.

"You need a valet, Mr. Bellew," I proposed. "Let me look after your clothes, help you during your changes. I'll be assistant property man, too."

He deliberated. "What is the least you can live on?"

I thought a long time, mentally making every possible economy.

"You pay my railroad fares," I proposed. "I'll pay for my hotel room and board and meet every other expense on twelve dollars a week."

HE TOOK me up and I was with him for two seasons before the show went under. Followed years of knocking about, living from hand to mouth, playing with second-rate road companies, playing in stock companies in almost every city and town the length and breadth of America. As an actor I suppose I was pretty bad. I tried to take stock of myself. Why wasn't I getting on? I began to study the methods of successful actors. The day I did that, I made a big step forward, for I admitted to myself that acting is not entirely an inspirational thing, that because the desire, the spark, is in one to act, it does not of a necessity follow that one *can* act. I learned the importance of that which is called technique. I realized that the man who has it in him to act, and who is without technique, is just as helpless as is the man who has it in him to sell, but who has never thought studying the methods of successful salesmen, worth while. I studied like any college grind. I worked like a beaver. If the University of Hard Knocks were to be my Alma Mater, I would at least get everything out of the course that faithful work could give me.

I got the idea, too, that I should broaden myself mentally if I were ever to accomplish anything on the stage; that it was imperative that I should have a general knowledge of many and varied subjects that had nothing whatever to do with the theatre. What gave the performances of men like Bellew more distinction than mine? It was quality, I decided, the quality of the man. That lay in his culture. And at a late day, I sought to give myself culture. I read omnivorously. I took to visiting art museums, to attending recitals of good music whenever the opportunity offered. I systematically sought to qualify myself to appreciate all the arts. Year after year I spent, denying myself the smallest things, the extra ten cents for a cut of pie at dinner, so I might afford the things that would make for my spiritual betterment, that would broaden me. In the light of the vision ahead, I was willing to stand the passing years of slavery.

I struck up an acquaintance one day with a college professor in the smoking car, when our company was making a "jump." I was frank to state to him my case and my ambitions. He was a splendid elderly man. "You are in good physical condition," he said, "as hard as a nail. How do you keep yourself that way?"

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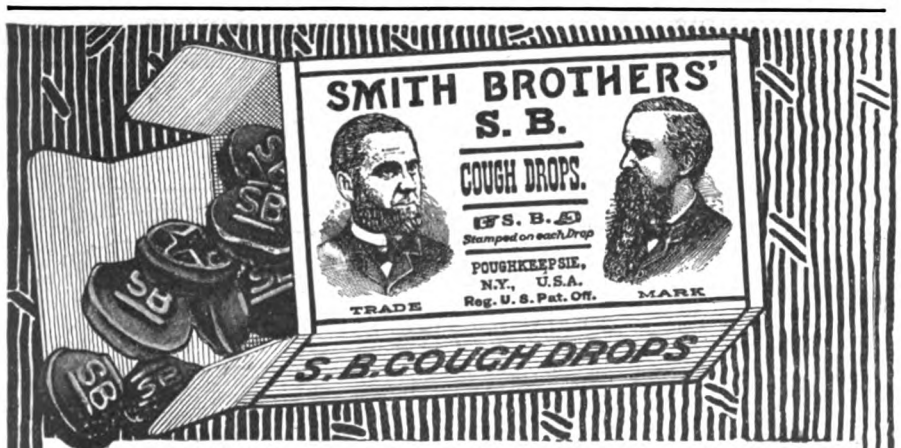

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I have never forgotten that. How many of us exercise our brains?

Then came the day when I was in New York, seeking an engagement. If ever a man was broke, I was. My room rent in a cheap rooming-house was not paid. I had one suit, quite frayed, one shirt, one pair of shoes with the soles perilously thin. When I washed my linen I had to stay in bed until it dried. Would the luck never turn? Years and years of sheer hard work, conscientious effort behind me, and I was no further along materially than I had been that ridiculous evening when I sprawled my clumsy length on Kyrle Bellew's scene and forgot my lines. But there was this difference: I was sure of myself, should the chance come. I had prepared myself for opportunity.

When things were darkest, Charles Frohman's office called me on the telephone and asked me to come right over. "Mr. Frohman wants to see you." How in the world did the great Frohman ever know of the existence of Guy Bates Post? I never learned. I remember hurrying from the house and looking up a friend.

"I've got a chance to land a part with Frohman," I said; "I want your advice. Shall I ask for sixty a week?"

My friend laughed. "If you tell him that, he'll think you're rotten. Ask him for a hundred."

A hundred a week! And me with thirty-five cents in my pocket and my room rent unpaid! I had never had over thirty-five dollars a week for an engagement before; and to be asked to go with Frohman was like being invited to go to heaven. But a hundred dollars a week! Surely—There is that danger that when Opportunity comes to many of us when we are down we are tempted to place ourselves on a bargain counter. I had to fight myself to bring myself in a mood to ask that salary.

At the Frohman office, Joe Humphreys looked me over. "This is a rush job, Mr. Post. We open next Monday" (it was then Tuesday). "You've got to jump out of town, join the company, and get the part quickly."

I told him I had had much experience playing stock, and that it would help me to get the part in short order. He then took me up to meet Charles Frohman, who was very gracious and charming.

"Yes," he said; "you're just about the type, Mr. Post, I've been looking for." And he added, "We've been hearing complimentary things about you." He paused. "What is your salary, Mr. Post?"

I FELT the quarter and the dime in my pocket, disconcertingly recalled that I had never been paid more than thirty-five dollars a week, but said, "One hundred."

"That is all right, Mr. Post. Tell Mr. Humphreys to get your railroad ticket. Join the company at once. We come to New York to open Monday evening. It is now two o'clock; the train leaves at five. That will give you time to get your baggage ready."

Of course I did not tell him that I had all my baggage on my back. I left him, feeling I was in a dream world, and went down the stairs completely thrilled. I was with Frohman. Moreover, I had a good part. And we were coming in to New York for a Frohman first night! The goal was near, after more than ten years.

Fortunately, the character I portrayed in the play was poor, too. My own clothes dressed the part perfectly. So I would not wear the same suit throughout, I borrowed an old pair of trousers from the stage manager, and these I wore in the first act. My costume for the second and third acts was my own single, solitary suit. So I did open in New York, wearing my own street clothes. An assistant, today a manager in New York, was outraged at this, but Frohman was big and fine. "Had I known," he said, "I would have advanced you plenty."

The morning after the opening I discovered to my astonishment that a well-known New York critic had broken the column of his story to insert a little headline involving my name, and to write something concerning my performance, phrased in a most laudatory vein. I was flabbergasted. Now, the fact that this critic was behind me meant worlds. I have never, and can never, forget the debt I owe him. The spiritual encouragement was tremendous. Overnight, I had "arrived."

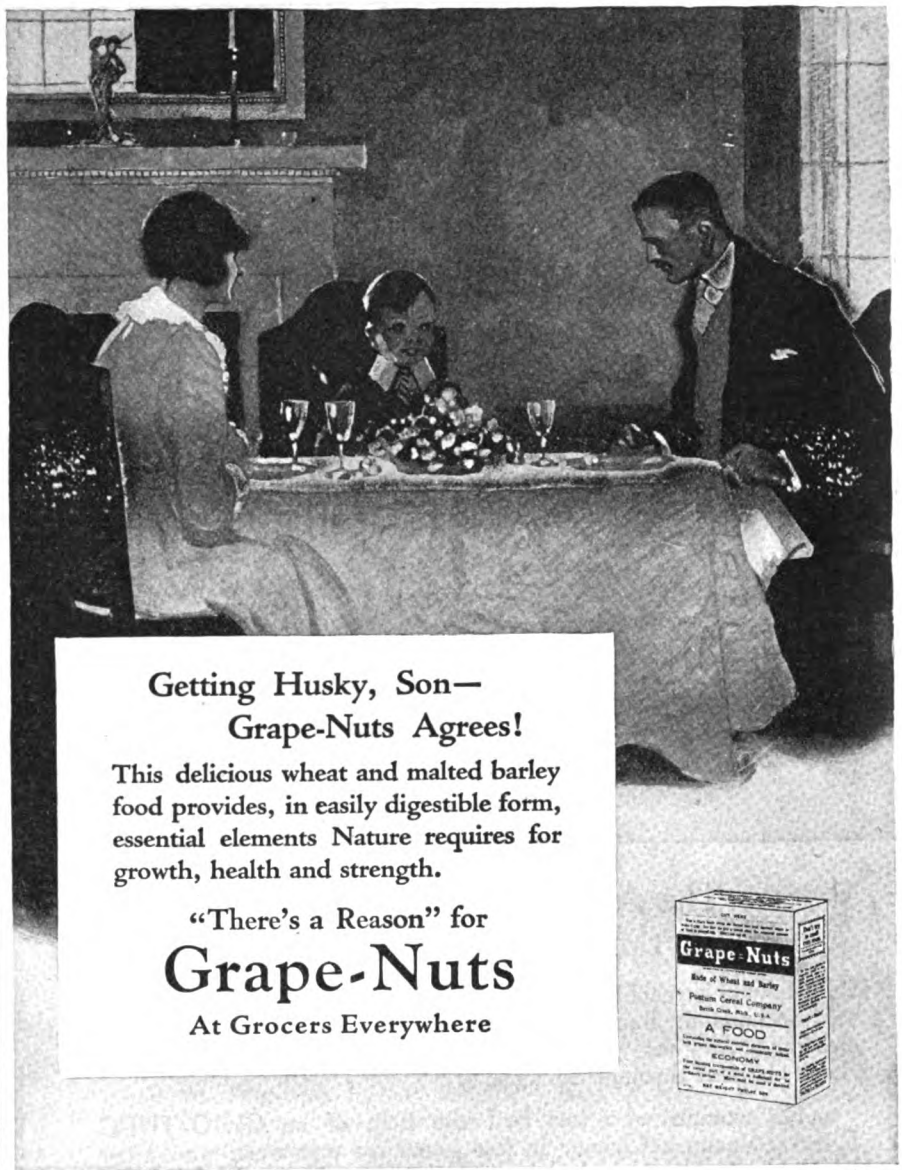
AFTER a time came Paul Armstrong's "Heir to the Hoorah," in which I was starred. At last I was having the chance to put into execution on a big scale all the theories of stage technique that had been gained only after years of downright hard work. Then came Rupert Hughes's "The Bridge," a failure, but for me a step up, for the dramatic critics were behind me, and that means so very much to an actor. It meant my being brought to the New Theatre, and to the leading rôle in Edward Sheldon's powerful play "The Nigger." Thirty-six weeks of starring in "The Nigger" on the road followed the New Theatre engagement, and I saw again those dear old audiences, so kind in the days when thirty-five dollars a week had been the limit of my pay. That tour on the road, my first as a star, made me love the road more than ever. It freshened and broadened my outlook on my work after so long a time in New York.

The tour of "The Nigger" at an end, I was offered a starring part in Edward Childs Carpenter's play, "The Challenge." It was a failure, and we closed in Rochester. I returned to New York and was at breakfast the next morning when the telephone rang.

"This is Mr. Tully talking," said the voice on the 'phone. (I did not know Tully from Adam.) "I have a play here, 'The Bird of Paradise' is the name. I want you to play the leading part for me."

Of course, a star's rôle won, one does not eagerly relinquish it. I suggested to Mr. Tully that I had these ideas, and he said, "Play any part you want. I'll send the play right up to you. Read it. There are two good men parts—take either."

At that time New York had not heard of Richard Walton Tully or "The Bird of Paradise." When I read his play it took me off my feet. I found in it what I had, been seeking—the thing its author had, big human understanding, sympathy, and wide ideas of life. And when one met Tully one could not but take a shine to him, so boyish, earnest and sincere. His fine imagination and keen sensibilities, his splendid matured youthfulness took hold of men. He had the thing I had been seeking in plays. It was the beginning of a



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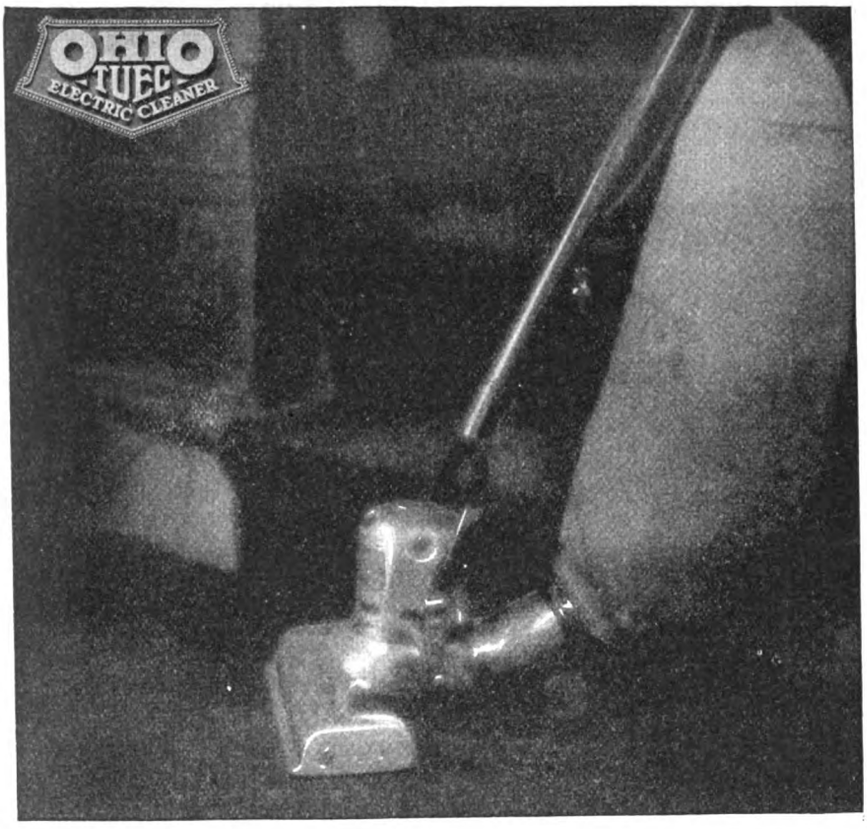

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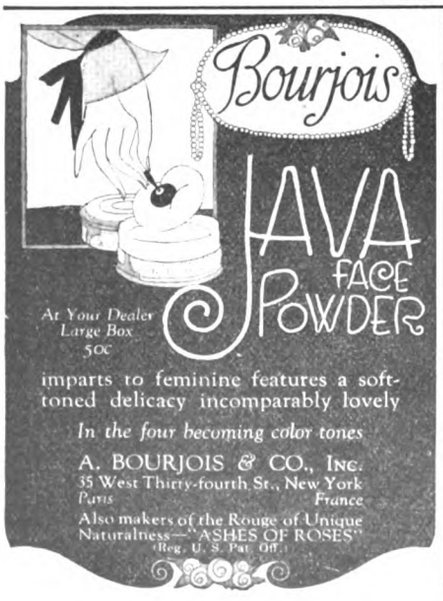

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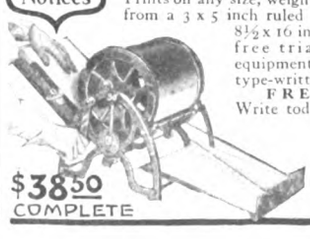

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wonderful friendship that blended into business, nine years of it to date, with never a jar between us.

"Well," Tully demanded, "what do you think of my play?"

"It's wonderful," I said.

"And you'll do it?"

I hesitated. Neither of the two male parts was a star part. One man went up, "climbed up to the light," while the other male character went down, disintegrated and degraded.

"Yes," I decided on the impulse. "I'll do it—the beachcomber."

"Fine!" he exclaimed, and waved his hat with his refreshening humanness, the will to let himself go.

So we went up to Rochester and opened, and came down to that memorable Daly's Theatre and had our New York opening. What a fight! The first weeks we lost heavily, then broke even, and finally took to the road—oh, wonderful discerning Road! And "The Bird" was made. The road put it over, liked it for seven years, and still likes it.

But I had my own career, of course, and I began to talk of leaving the cast. I wanted to climb back to that hard-won estate of stardom. One day I asked Tully, "Why don't you write a play for me?" He said he would.

Presently he came to me, "How would you like to play Omar Khayyam. Say the word and I'll write a play from the 'Rubaiyat.'"

The idea took me off my feet. The audacity of it—Omar. It was typical of Tully. There was no character I would rather have done. I told him so.

"Good," said Tully, "we'll have the play and we'll call it, 'Omar,' he mused, 'Omar, the Tentmaker'!"

And so it was done. For three years in New York and on the road I reveled in the color and humanness of the part. Three years seems to be my duration in a play, for then came "The Masquerader," now in its fourth year on the road.

Yes, I am a star—but what a fight for it!

Paul and West Virginia

(*Continued from page 50*)

at him like a wolf, and *that* didn't help him none either.

About a hour later, I run into Alex standin' in a corner all by himself and tappin' one foot on the floor as nervous as a hydraulic drill. He's watchin' Harris dancin' with his wife, and he looks like he's ready to try his hand at manslaughter. This is what I've been waitin' for, for a coupla years!

"Well, Alex," I says, "it looks as if you had met your master at last! You gotta hand it to this Harris guy, hey?"

He swung around on me like a flash.

"He's a big, loud-mouthed four-flusher!" he snarls. "Eleven tenths of that stuff he told us was lies. I bet I can take him out on the road and beat him at his own game!"

"Better lay off him," I says. "You never sold no hardware and—"

"What difference does *that* make?" he shoots at me, "I'll sell it *now!* If I don't make that big false alarm quit, I'll go back to Vermont and spend the rest of my days pitchin' hay. I'm gonna make him a proposition to-night that—"

"Forget about it," I says, just careless enough to make Alex wilder than he was, if that was possible. "You gotta expect to get licked now and again. This Harris person outclassed you, that's all!"

Alex glares at me and grinds his teeth.

"I'll bet you any amount you can raise that I can sell more hardware than Harris in a week!" he hollers. "Now, what d'ye say?"

"Don't get so excited!" I whispers. "Everybody's lookin' at you." I pulled him further into the corner. "That Harris and your wife certainly make a fine-looking couple, don't they?" I says. "You'd think they'd been dancin' together all their lives!"

He give a growl like a enraged wildcat, and beat it outa the room.

SOME charmin', but reckless young damsel then insisted that I at least make a stab at dancin' instead of standin' in the corner by myself like a umbrella stand, and after we have wrestled from one end of the room to the other without either scorin' a fall, I deposit her in a chair, brung her a goblet of this alleged punch, and quit. I drift into the smokin'-room again just as Harris has got half a dozen innocent bystanders cornered, includin' the quietly ragin' Alex, and is pourin' it into them.

"Why, when I got this Southern territory," he's bellerin', "it was the lemon of the office. Our business down there wasn't hardly worth while carryin' on our books. Man after man tried it and failed to make the slightest impression. Then *I* went down—that's where the *born* sales specialist comes in! In two months I had built it up until—"

Alex butts right in.

"Mister Harris!" he says, very cold, "I like to see a man fond of his profession; but they's a time and place for everything. I don't think my guests is dyin' with anxiety regardin' how many shears and hammers you get rid of every time you open a order book. My idea was that they come here to enjoy themselves. But whilst we are on the subject, I don't agree with your argument that a man has to be born a success. Birth's got nothin' to do with it! Any feller that's got ambition, determination and sand can crawl to the top of the heap in any line without no further assets—they're doin' it every day. Now I, for instance, never sold no hardware in my life, but I'm willin' to bet you a thousand dollars that I can go down in *your own* territory and make more sales than you do in—let's say—a week!"

Harris looks surprised for a minute and gets a little red, but when he sees we're all watchin' him he throws back his head and laughs.

"I admire your nerve, old man," he sneers; "but, really, I don't want to win a bet as soft as that! I like a little action when I put up my money, and—"

"You'll get it!" interrupts Alex briskly. "Where's this territory of yours where you sold 'em everything but the Pacific Ocean?"

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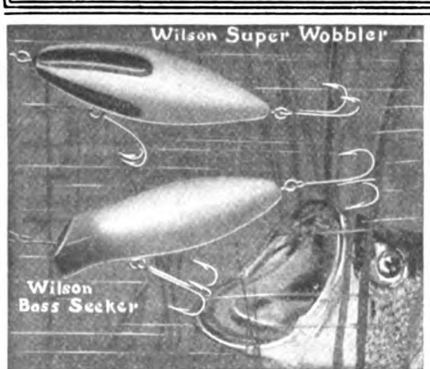

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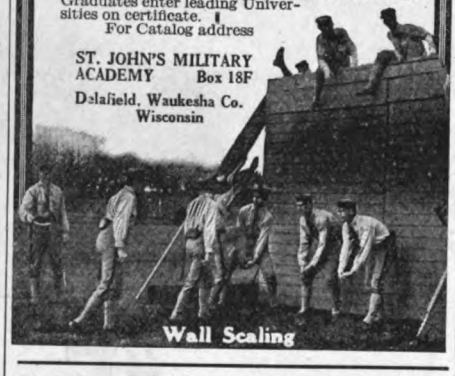

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Give Clicquot to the children—the mild ginger content counteracts the chill of a sudden cold drink.

When there's a party at your house, Clicquot is the thing to serve. People can't agree on many drinks, but *everybody* loves Clicquot!

Keep plenty of it where you can get it quickly. That means you'd better buy it by the case from your druggist or grocer.

Clicquot Club Ginger Ale is made of purest Jamaica ginger, the juice of selected lemons and limes, the finest cane sugar, and sparkling spring water—carbonated just right.

THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY
MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

"West Virginia," says Harris. "In fact, I'm going down to Charleston next week on my second swing. But, really, I—"

"Is it a bet?" demands Alex.

"Well, if you insist, I suppose *I* might as well pick up your thousand before someone else gets it," says Harris, lookin' at us.

"Fair enough!" snaps Alex. "Now, as I understand it, we both go down to Charleston next week, sellin' hardware. At the end of the week, we'll meet and compare notes. The one with the highest amount of sales wins! There it is, plain and simple and with no frills to it. Right?"

"Right!" nods Harris, with a grin. "And I warn you this will be the easiest thousand I ever made in my life!"

"Try and get it!" says Alex.

I WAS out in the hall talkin' to Harris when he was goin' home. He had sold a extremely good-looker the idea of escortin' her home, and was waitin' for her to excavate her cloak from the pile in the bedroom.

"You're goin' up against a tough baby in Alex," I says to him. "That guy could sell a electric fan to a Eskimo!"

"Maybe," says Harris. "But he can't sell enough hardware in Charleston to pay his railroad fare there and back, if he's the greatest salesman that ever lived."

"Why?" I asks.

"Wait till your friend tries it," he chuckles, with a odd look on his face. "*He'll* find out. The only reason I didn't bet him a million is because I haven't got it!"

With that the girl come along, and he beat it.

Bright and early the next A. M. Alex calls me up to ask whether I'll shoot down to Charleston with him for a few days and watch him work. He says the trip will do me good and, apart from that, he'd like to have me there to see the various expressions chase themselves across Harris's face when he lost. He didn't have to coax me a bit, because I had made up my mind I'd be there, anyways, but not for the reasons Alex mentioned. If they was one chance in a million for this Harris guy to trim Alex, I wanted to be present when it took place!

On the way down to the station, Alex tells me his suit case is full of samples and price lists, which he got from a New York hardware house, the general manager of which is a pal of his. He says the thing that puzzled him was the fact that this guy had advised him to lay off Charleston, and try some other burg for a starter. *Why*, he don't know. However, he says, he ain't worried about that part of it and before the week's over this fathead Harris will be yellin' for the cops.

Suddenly he stops dead in the street, and yanks out his watch.

"By ginger!" he says, usin' his favorite Vermont oath, "I was supposed to go over to Governor's Island to-day. There's a sale of army automobiles—trucks, tourin' cars and the like—and a bright feller could pick up the lot for almost nothin' and clean up on 'em! Dang that Harris feller! Wait here a minute—I'll 'phone my office and send a agent over there to grab them up for me. I oughta drop this fool hardware thing and go over there myself; but I'd bust a arm before I'd let that Harris whelp get the best of me!"

The first mornin' in Charleston, Alex routs me outa bed in the middle of the night, or, in other words, eight A. M. He's been up a hour and is champin' on the bit to go out and hardware the burg to death. He hires a tar baby for the billet of carryin' his sample case, which hefted like he was figurin' on sellin' nothin' but anvils, and we are all set.

Alex immediately picks out the biggest hardware store in Charleston, and him and his man Friday goes in, leavin' me on the sidewalk feelin' like the lookout for a band of bank robbers. In about half a hour, Alex comes out lookin' very serious. He don't say a word to me, but continues on to the next place. He's in this one about fifteen minutes, when out he comes again with his hat jammed over his head and his jaw set very hard. I am on the brink of askin' him a coupla natural questions, but he shuts me off.

"One more stop," he grunts, "and then we're through!"

We make the one more stop. It's a good-sized hardware store on the main street. Alex squanders about ten minutes in this place, and then he comes out, grindin' his teeth and mutterin' under his breath. He gives the dinge a buck, sends him on his way and calls a taxi.

"You cleaned up pretty quick, didn't you?" I says. "We hardly been out a hour!'

For answer, Alex hurls the sample ase into the back of the cab, tells the bandit on the seat to roll us over to the hotel and drawin' himself into the furthest corner, shuts up like a clam. Questions from me brung nothin' but grunts, and even *my* weak intelligence could see that all had not gone well with the boy in his first attempt to make the hardware trade of Charleston lay down and roll over when he snapped his fingers. At the desk in the hotel the clerk hands him a telegram, which he read with the same interest as if it was a page from the telephone book.

"From my agent about that government sale of autos," he says, in answer to my inquirin' looks. "He got three hundred and fifty of 'em for me. I wish now I had stayed in New York and attended to that myself instead of comin' down here on this fool's errand. The idea of *me* fallin' into a trap like this!"

WHEN we get into the room, he sits down on the bed and buries his face in his hands.

"Speakin' of hardware, as people will," I says. "How many sales did you actually make this mornin', Alex?"

"None!" he snarls, jumpin' up and beginnin' to walk back and forth across the room, "not a single sale—and, what's more, I don't expect to make any!"

"Then you *lose*, hey?" I hollers, dancin' around the room. "Well, well, well! So you fin'ly admit this Harris guy was too fast for you, hey? Wow! Wait till I get home with this story! Wait till—"

"Shut up, you fool!" hisses Alex. "Who said I lost?"

"Why, the bet was—" I begins.

"I know what the bet was," says Alex bitterly; "but I got the best part of a week yet. That big four-flusher Harris double-crossed me!"

"Double-crossed you?" I repeats, kinda dazed. "Why—how could—"

"I'll tell you how!" bellers Alex. "*I never had a chance to win that bet!* Every decent-sized house in this town that handles hardware in quantities is tied up with the firm Harris works for with a iron-bound contract. They *can't* buy from anyone else! About a year ago, Harris's general manager came down here with a proposition that was planned to build up the firm's Southern business. He offered these people here unheard-of discounts, backed by a gigantic advertising campaign, to make a exclusive contract with his house for two years; they, in turn, to guarantee a certain amount of re-orders. The retailers and jobbers here snapped it up, and all that Harris has to do is come down here every few months, yank out a order book and copy off what they need. He don't have to *sell* anything, the business is here waitin' for him. A born salesman, hey? Why, there's no competition, and no new firm can possibly bust in here till the two years are up. No wonder they told me in New York to keep outa Charleston!"

"And no wonder Harris told me they was absotively *no* chance for him to lose!" I says, without thinkin'.

"So he told *you* that, too, hey?" growls Alex. "He knew he had a sure thing, and yet he took my bet. The big bluff!"

Suddenly he stops walkin' up and down, lets forth a whistle and claps on his hat.

"Get on your things and come with me!" he hollers; "I think I can beat that feller yet!"

In a minute we are down at the desk in the hotel.

"Got a dictionary here for a minute?" says Alex to the clerk.

They had. Alex thumbs it over feverishly, stops at a page and runs his finger down it. Then he busts out all over in a grin.

"Meet me here at noon," he says. "I think I'll have a little surprise for you and Mister Hardware Harris!"

With that, he flashed out the door.

TWELVE o'clock and a grinnin' Alex arrived at the same time, also a kid, pagin' him. Alex admits his identity and the kid comes back in a coupla minutes with—Harris.

"Hello!" he says, with a sarcastical smile; "in going over my route I found you'd been ahead of me and, incidentally, that you were stopping here. Thought I'd drop in on you, because I've cleaned all up and I'm leaving here on the next train for Wheeling. Ah—I—er—I suppose you're ready to pay that bet now, aren't you—as long as we're both here? Of course, you were to have a week, but I think you've—ah—convinced yourself this morning that I can outsell you in—ah—Charleston, what?"

"Well, that I can't say—yet," says Alex, smilin' back pleasantly. "Fact is, I'm pullin' out to-day myself. I've done about all the business I can handle, and I'm ready to call it a week. As you say, we might as well settle up right now. How much do your sales total?"

Still with that wolfish grin, Harris yanks out his order books.

"Let's see," he glances at 'em. "Just $46,575 will represent my week here. I guess that wins, eh?"

"I don't think you understand me," says Alex, very pleasant. "I said, how much did you *sell*, personally?"

"Why—why, all of it, of course!" frowns Harris.

"No, you didn't!" snaps Alex. "That business was all handed to you without a single effort on your part. You just walked in them stores; they read off the order, and you walked out again. A errand boy could do the same. These houses have *got* to give you a certain amount of orders to keep their contract with your firm and get the big discount that goes with it. I found out a few things more: The reason they don't order by mail is because your uncle is vice president of the people you work for and is tryin' to give you a chance to learn the game. That's why you get the railroad ride down here a coupla times a year.

"You knew you were trickin' me on that bet, because you knew no other salesman could come in here and get a respectable order, the way everybody's tied up, yet you went ahead with it. All right! Now, we'll take *my* end of it, and I'm gonna demonstrate to you what a *real* salesman—not a *taker* of orders, but a *maker* of orders—is! When I found you had double-crossed me, did I sit down and weep? No! What did I do? Answer—*I went out and sold exactly $69,800 worth of hardware right here in Charleston in three hours, and two thirds of it went to the houses you've just left!* That amount beats you by some $20,000, so if you will kindly hand me your check for a thousand, we'll consider the matter closed!"

I NEARLY fainted, and Harris jumps about three feet in the air.

"You sold—you— Why, you *couldn't* have!" he chokes. "They wouldn't *dare* buy from anybody else! Why—it—it would be a breach of contract! Why—I defy you to show me your orders!" he winds up, outa breath.

"Sure!" grins Alex, draggin' a sheaf of papers outa his pocket. "Look 'em over!"

Harris snatches 'em nervously.

"What's all this stuff?" he snarls, runnin' through 'em. "These are orders for automobiles! Our bet was on a definitely named article—hardware!"

"Right!" says Alex. "And *I* win! Wait—I'll show you."

He skips over to the hotel desk and comes back with the dictionary.

"Accordin' to Webster," he says, openin' the book, like he was gonna preach a sermon from it, "accordin' to Webster, hardware is the followin'—" He stops and clears his throat. "'Hardware. *Manufactured goods or wares made of iron or other metal.*' Now, even a novice like *you* knows that automobiles is exactly that—manufactured goods made of iron or other metal. If you wanna hold up payin' the bet on any technicality, let me remind you in the interests of good sportsmanship, that *you* neglected to state when you bet me you could outsell me in hardware, that the sales had been *guaranteed* your house before you ever came down here! Since I left New York, my agent bought three hundred and fifty used autos for me at a government sale. It was merely an investment on my part—I'm always potterin' around with somethin'—and I looked to a quick turn-over for my

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Stropping keeps the tiny teeth of the blade in perfect alignment—provides a smooth, keen edge for every shave.

A new sharp shaving edge every morning

YOUR *own* particular shaving difficulty—doesn't it really revert to a dulling razor blade?

That annoying pull when the razor fails to cut cleanly—the painful scraping that often results when you bear down too hard—the bother and expense of putting in a new blade every so often—***all*** these troubles can be traced directly to a razor blade that has lost its first keen edge.

No shaving edge, whether it is a barber's straight razor or a safety razor blade, can keep its original keenness for more than one or two shaves. The barber, who is an expert at keeping his blade in condition, strops his razor every time he uses it—often during the process of shaving.

Stropping—that's the real secret of shaving comfort.

Why safety razor blades should be stropped

There's no real difference between the edge of a barber's straight razor, and the edge of a safety razor blade.

Look at a straight razor or a safety razor blade under a microscope and you will see hundreds of tiny saw teeth. More than 1500 of these teeth have been counted on an ordinary safety razor blade. Shaving bends these saw teeth out of line, makes them *irregular*. These irregular teeth catch in the beard, pull the tiny hair follicles and scrape the skin. That's what makes shaving so unpleasant, so annoying.

Of course safety razor blades should be stropped—but, unfortunately, none of them admit of stropping without the use of extra paraphernalia, or separate devices. And even then it is a question whether or not they are *correctly* stropped.

You don't need to put up with the discomfort of fast dulling blades—nor with the bother and expense of putting in a new blade every so often. You can insure a keen edge for every shave if you use the AutoStrop Razor.

A razor and stropping device combined in one

Built into the frame of the AutoStrop Razor is a remarkable self-stropping device, simple and efficient, which renews the fine, keen edge of the AutoStrop blade day after day. It smooths the tiny teeth of the blade back into alignment before they have become irregular enough to dull the edge.

You don't have to take the razor apart nor even remove the blade. Just slip the strop through the razor head, and move the razor back and forth along the strop. The blade turns over, then slaps down on the strop at the end of each stroke just as the blade of a straight razor does in the hands of a skillful barber. In 10 seconds you have a new, sharp shaving edge.

So efficient is the AutoStrop Razor in renewing the shaving edge that 500 cool, comfortable shaves are *guaranteed* from every package of AutoStrop blades.

For cleaning, the blade of the AutoStrop Razor opens like the leaf of a book. Simply release the blade and hold it under the water faucet. Rinse and dry—that's all there is to it. No parts to unscrew—nothing to take apart and reassemble.

The same lever that releases the blade also adjusts it for close or medium shaving. At a touch of your thumb you can instantly set the blade for exactly the kind of shave you want.

In fact the whole AutoStrop Razor is so simply, so efficiently built that it sharpens, shaves and cleans without taking the razor apart or removing the blade. No other safety razor offers this advantage.

Don't put up any longer with the pull and scrape of unstropped blades. Begin tomorrow to get the comfort of a new sharp shaving edge every morning. Ask your dealer about the AutoStrop Razor free trial plan.

No skill necessary

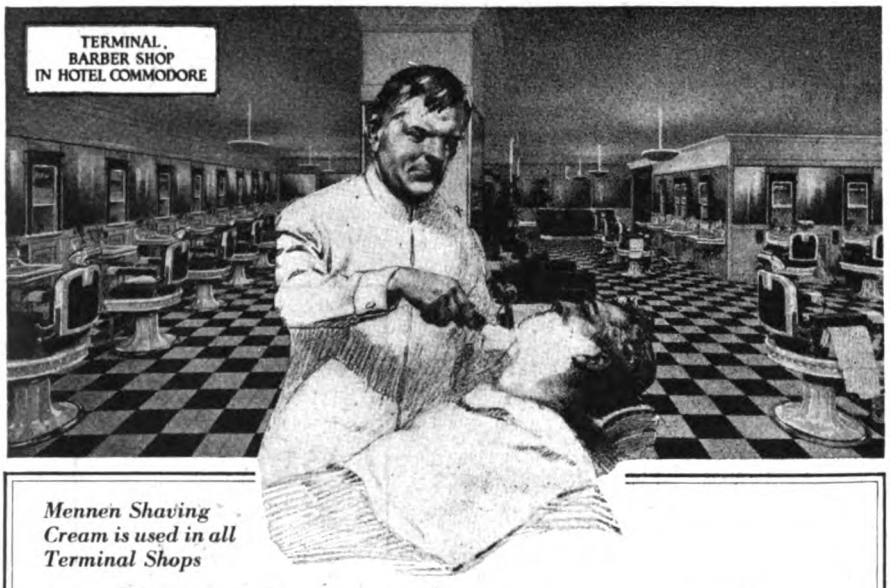
No skill in stropping is necessary to renew the fine keen edge of the AutoStrop Razor blade. Just slip the strop through the razor head and pass the razor back and forth along the strop. You don't have to take the razor apart nor even remove the blade.

Like the leaf of a book

The AutoStrop Razor blade opens for cleaning like the leaf of a book. To clean, simply hold under the faucet, rinse and dry. Nothing to unscrew—nothing to take apart and reassemble. The same lever that releases the blade adjusts it for close or medium shaving.

AutoStrop Razor
—sharpens itself

Standard set consists of:
silver-plated, self-stropping razor,
selected leather strop,
twelve blades,
all in neat, leather case.



Mennen Shaving Cream is used in all Terminal Shops

In a Good Natured Way,

I have occasionally taken a crack at barbers because they persisted in the unscientific practice of rubbing in lather with fingers. In a way it wasn't fair because hard, caustic soap has to be rubbed in to soften the beard, even partially.

But it never occurred to me that barbers would ever use an expensive preparation like Mennen Shaving Cream, which costs a quarter of a cent more per shave than ordinary rubbing-in soap.

Yet the unexpected has happened—in a big way, too. 'Ever been facially reconstructed in one of the palatial Terminal Barber Shops in New York? I don't want to offend other barbers, but as far as I know these are the finest and cleanest shops in America. The photo shows about half their shop in the Hotel Commodore. Others are in Hotel Pennsylvania, Waldorf and Equitable Building—ten all told in New York.

All Terminal Shops now use Mennen's—*and don't rub it in!*

The Terminal President, Joe Schusser, wrote me a nice letter about it. For six months he experimented personally with every known shaving soap—hard, powdered or creamed. He meant to use the best of everything if it broke him.

Mennen's won by a mile.

Then Mr. Schusser trained his barbers to keep their fingers out of the lather, using a sterilized brush only.

To say that customers are enthusiastic is a restrained way of describing the results. And Terminals have millionaire trade—multi, hereditary and profiteer.

They shaved over a million men last year. I guess my work of training men how to enjoy shaving is about accomplished. If the barbers are coming through I don't see how any man who respects his face can hold out much longer. Try it this summer—with cold water. The big tube costs 50 cents.

It holds so much more cream than an ordinary sized tube that it is really economical. I will send a demonstrator tube for 15 cents.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Jim Henry
(*Mennen Salesman*)

profits. I didn't think it would be *this* quick; but when I found you had whipsawed me, I consulted Webster, found that I was within my rights, and went right back over the ground I had just covered.

"This time, I interviewed the heads of delivery departments. As I bought them autos in a large lot I got 'em dirt cheap, and was able to price 'em so attractively to the buyers that they simply couldn't neglect the opportunity as a matter of sound business. Well, I got rid of all but one of 'em. The head of the biggest hardware store here took fifty for the suburban delivery service. He strikes me as a good sport. I think if I dropped back there and told him the whole story, mentionin' *your* part in the thing to bear me out, he'd prob'ly buy that last car, just so's I could say I cleaned up here, and—"

"I'll pay—I'll pay!" mutters Harris, gettin' pale and yankin' out his checkbook. "And—ah—of course, I wouldn't care to have this go around. I—I—mean I don't see any necessity of having this fool stunt carried to my uncle—he—he don't understand these things and—"

"All right, we'll forget it!" smiles Alex. "But—just a minute whilst you're makin' out that check—make it for $1,175. A man like you on the road all the time is a fool for givin' the railroads all his money! You prob'ly have fifty stops in this state that you could make by auto just as well, hey? Now that one car I got left—good as new—just stood me $175, and you can have it at cost. First place, you're a friend, and then again I do yearn to go outa Charleston sayin' to myself, 'Well, Alex, for your first attempt up against a *real live* salesman, you done pretty well!' Of course, I could take it back to that hardware man and—"

Harris swore, kicked over a innocent waste basket and then wrote the check as ordered.

"Thanks!" grins Alex; "I'll have that car shipped anywhere you say. And now—I gotta be movin' along. I wanna get back to New York quick because they might have been another one of you *live* ones come in since I left, and I don't wanna miss him!"

H. C. WITWER has turned loose a typical flood of humor in his story "Ellen of Troy," which appears next month. This tale is not only funny, but it also has the thrill of real suspense, and a surprise at the end.

It Never Fails to "Pan Out"

THE Forty-niners used to shake gravel around in a pan, washing out the lighter stuff and letting the gold settle to the bottom—hence our saying that a thing does or does not "pan out." Recently there has been put in action on the Yuba River, in California, a giant dredge, weighing over two thousand tons, which handles from twelve thousand to fifteen thousand tons of gold-bearing alluvial deposit a day at a cost of about five cents a cubic yard. It makes washing "pan out" where the Forty-niner would have quit in disgust.

Where I Live—And Why I Like It

FIRST PRIZE

"Man Made the City, But God Made the Country"

THIS quotation arrested my attention a few years ago, in an advertisement of suburban lots.

I was living at the time in the most artificial environment in America, for I was a cliff dweller in a New York City flat; young, ambitious, four years married, and with two children. I was getting along financially better than most in my line, which was managing the sales of a large publishing enterprise.

My life had always been in cities. My only taste of the great outdoors came from the week or two of camping and fishing at which I spent my meager summer vacation. These brief outings gave me a sense of physical and mental well-being that was a revelation. During the rest of the year my life was perhaps no different from that of other men of my station. My sedentary habits kept me so far from the way nature intended me to live that I ate too much food that was too rich, drank convivially when I did not want to, stayed up too late, and slept with a subconscious knowledge of the never-ceasing street noises.

As the years went on, it became the exception rather than the rule for me to feel fit. Instead of a keen zest for my work, I had to drive myself to it. It became easier and easier to put off important decisions and to sidestep the disagreeable tasks or delegate them to others. Chronic nerve and stomach ills developed.

Then came a period of dissension and office politics. To the surprise of my associates I resigned. Almost overnight I sent my household effects to storage, loaded my family into my automobile with a few personal effects, and hit the trail. Like the dog who knows the right medicine when he is sick, I wanted to get away from the stone, brick, and mortar to the green grass, the vast open spaces, and the smell of the pines. I headed north and went up, up into the hills, with the lightest heart I had carried in years. I hunted and fished and did chores about the farmhouse, with no thought but to get my fill at last of those pleasures from which I had always been so cruelly snatched when just getting into the swing of full enjoyment. Several flattering offers to return to my old calling in the city were promptly rejected. The solemn warning of my associates that three months, at the most, would cure me of my itch for country life, had been disproved. And finally, just as winter had set in in good earnest, I saw the opportunity that I had dreamed of—that every right-thinking man must hope for—a chance to get into business for myself on the right basis. Not only did it enable me to capitalize all my previous business experience, but it landed me in a tiny hamlet in the heart of the hills, with woods and lakes all about.

After nearly two enthusiastic years,

GRAFLEX

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Rochester, N. Y.

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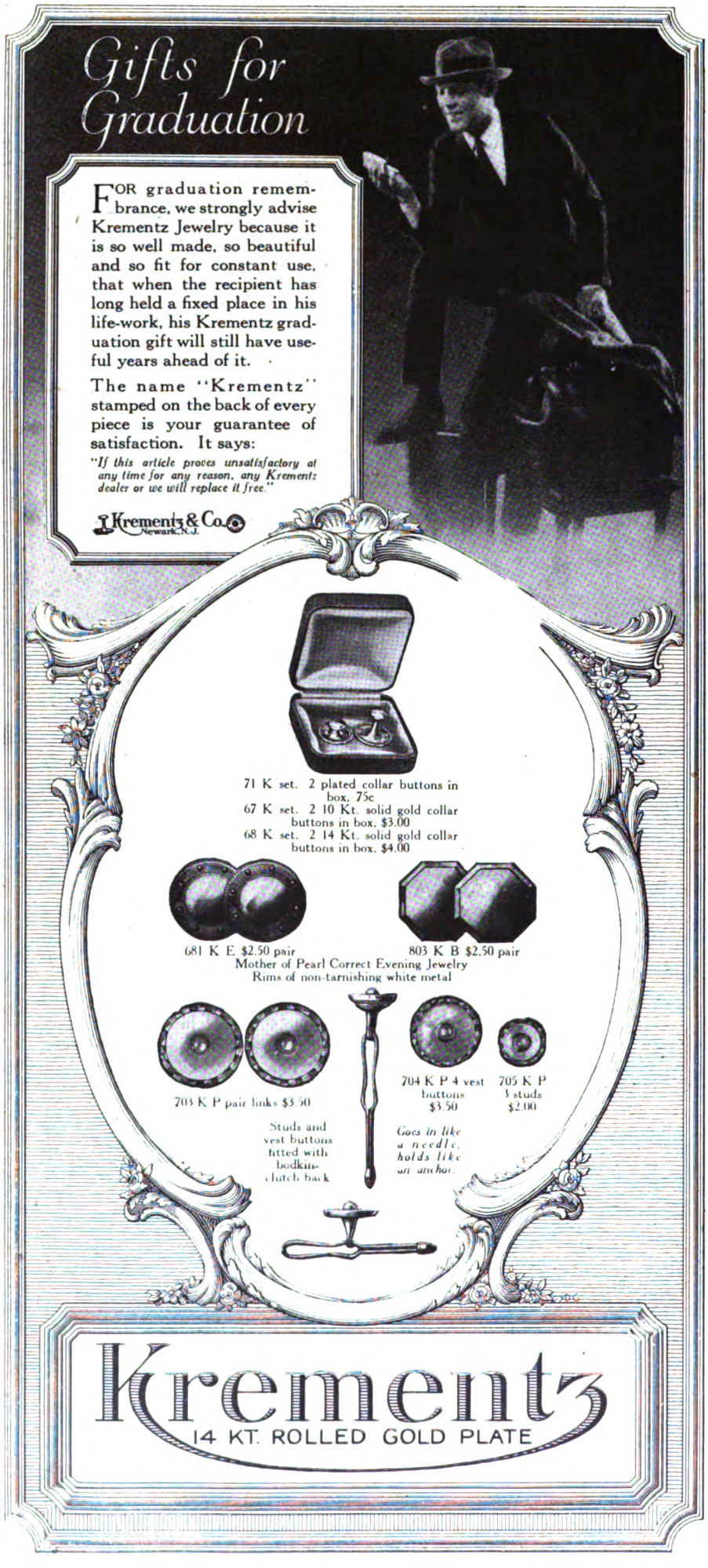


here are some of the advantages I claim over my benighted city brethren:

1. Compared with what I have been used to in the city, my expenses seem ridiculously small. I have a good dwelling, lighted with electricity, with modern plumbing throughout and a splendid hot water heating system, for which I pay one-fourth of what my last city apartment cost. My vegetable garden has proved a pleasant source of recreation and exercise, and has provided half our edibles at the expense of a few dollars for seeds and implements. I hunt and fish whenever I feel like it, not only gaining health and pleasure thereby but adding measureably to the family larder.

2. I can devote my attention uninterruptedly to the big problems of my business without the distraction of frequent visitors, telephone calls, and the deadly business luncheon.

3. My physical condition and that of my family is vastly better. We eat like horses, sleep like babies, and enjoy life with the courage and buoyant spirits which come only from sound health.

4. My children have the advantage of a good graded school within ten minutes' walk of my residence, which is all they would get in the city.

5. My automobile is the connecting link with all the city has to offer—when I want it. It is the magic carpet which transports us quickly and cheaply to larger communities for shopping, theatres, and restaurants.

6. Socially, we have the best of good times. Instead of the expensive artificial pleasures of theatre, cabaret and restaurant, we have learned to entertain ourselves in a more wholesome and equally enjoyable way.

As a result of all this, I was able the other day, on my annual settlement, to deposit in my bank several thousand dollars, over and above my running expenses, these including a considerable income tax, a new car of the better grade, and several trips. This is twice what I ever saved within the same length of time in the city.

L. K.

SECOND PRIZE

Where Everybody Knows Everybody, and All Are Proud of Their Town

I LIVE in Omaha, Nebraska, and I would not live any place else. It's not a big town; but it's clean and healthy, and we grow exactly like a healthy youngster. We have never had a boom, or hard times.

I am a court reporter, and have been for ten years. I like the judge I work with, not *for*, and all the lawyers who practice in our court. We call each other by our first names in Omaha, and everybody is obliging and accommodating and friendly. I never go to the theatre without having some of my friends in front of me, back of me, and across the aisle; and if the play is good and I like it, I know those friends are getting the same enjoyment and rest from it that I am. I speak to a score of people in every block as I go down the street and run into a lunch-room and see a half-dozen people to nod and smile to.

I like New York, and have been there a good many times. I like to go there with a pocketful of money, go to all the operas and shows, the big hotels, and into all the book shops, and "look at the ocean," and everything, and spend more money than I can really afford, just as every visitor to New York does; but "the best of the journey is getting home." I can stand only about three weeks of it and then, broke and tired and homesick, I get on the train.

We had a tornado a few years ago that destroyed our finest residence district, but no Omahan lost any time weeping about it. We just took up another notch in our good citizenship belt, and went to work and built it up with finer homes than had stood there before, and everybody smiled the same old smile the day after it was over that they had smiled the day before.

Everybody knows everybody else in Omaha. We know all about each other, the good and the bad. It's too small a town to be very wicked and get by with it, —and yet it's big enough for everyone to take a pride in it and want to get up close to the wheel, and do his and her share in making it a good town to live in.

M. A. K.

THIRD PRIZE

Likes It Because It's Home

I LIVE in Newbury, Vermont, a village about one hundred and seventy miles northwest of Boston, on the banks of the Connecticut River.

Ours is a comfortable village home: an acre of land on a bluff; big two-story house, over a hundred years old, surrounded with maple and elm trees.

I like to live where I live, because it's *home*. Mother, wife and children are there. Old neighbors are there. Familiar hills, valleys and streams are there. It's *home*—and that's all there is to it.

I feel sort o' neighborly with all of America east of the Mississippi, from wandering over it so much; but when I finish a trip I want to go straight to Elmbank, which is a name we gave to our home.

Just now, I'm in Dixie: dry sidewalks, clear skies, mild climate—while letters from home tell me of snow even with the top rail of our picket fence, howling blizzards, and zero weather—*but, I like the snow.*

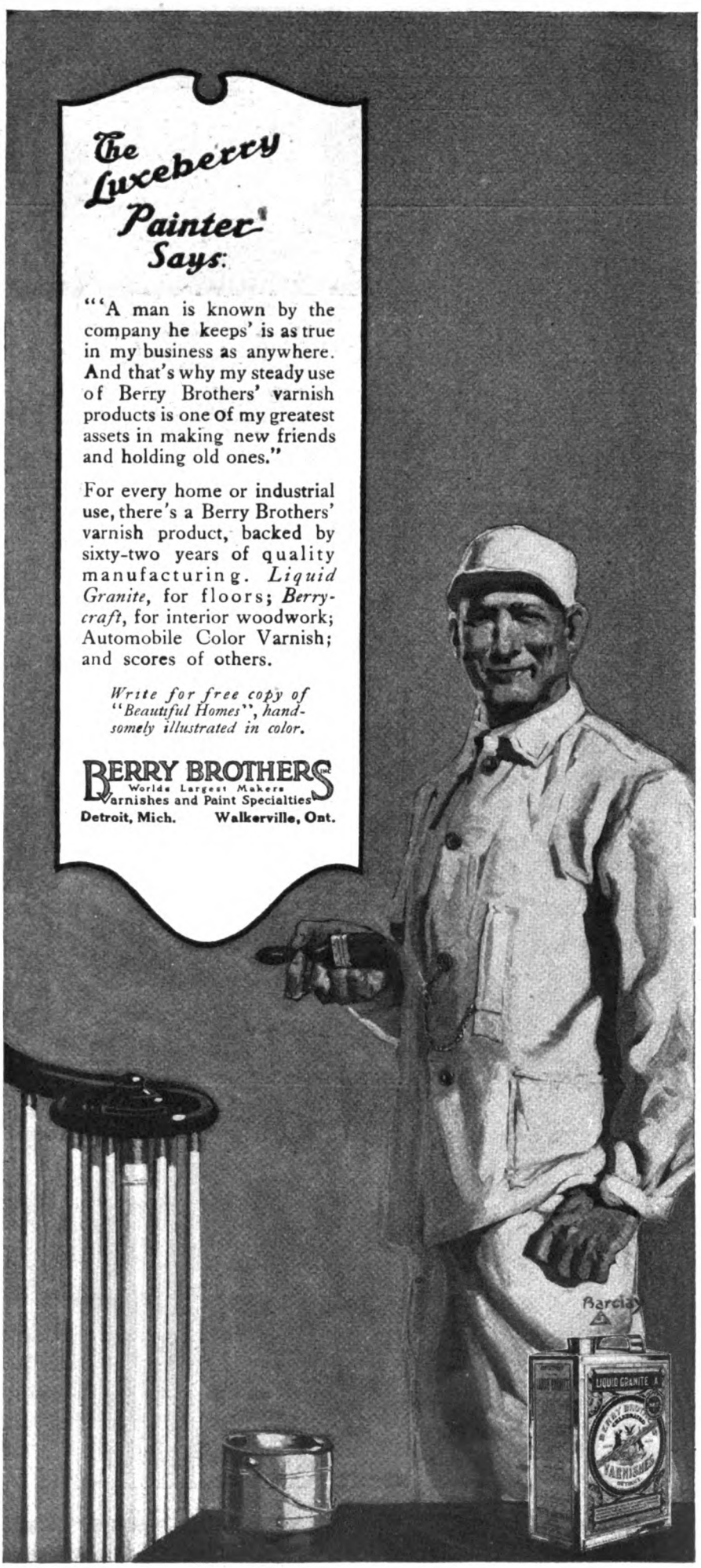
In New York, where Charlie Towne delights to be, they have no room for snow; but in our village we roll it down in the roads and keep it as long as possible.

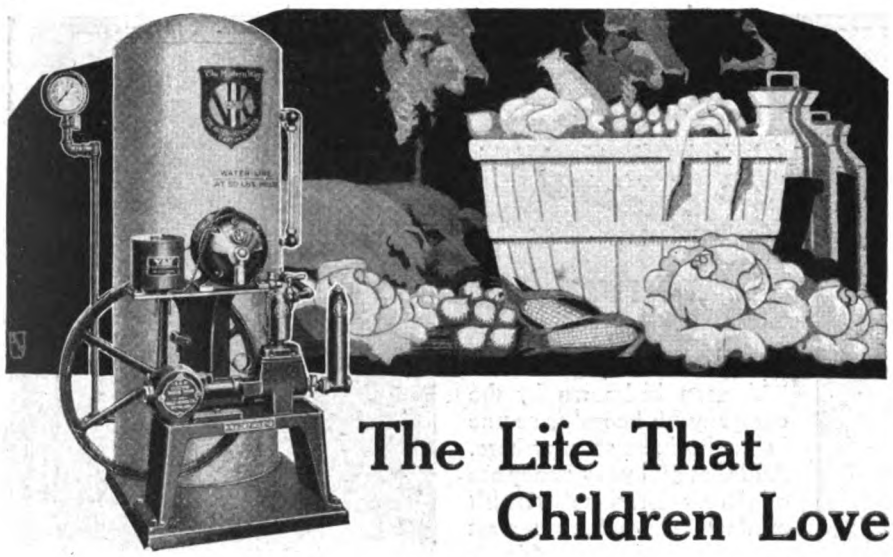
We bank the house with it, and my little girls go snow-shoeing and ski-ing in it, and the cold weather is good for folks. Makes 'em tough and healthy.

Sometimes we have fog from the river, which some people say causes throat trouble; but it also protects our squash vines from the early frosts.

A man from Nebraska, after a trip through the Berkshires, was asked how he liked the scenery. He said: "Didn't see no scenery, too many darned *hills* in the way."

I can heartily sympathize with our good Western people of the plains who love the old song "A Home on the Prairie for Me;" but I prefer to sing "Hurrah! for Old New England and her Cloud-capped Granite Hills," and the one spot in those hills for me is where I live. C. R. T.





The Life That Children Love

Green vegetables, farm animals, luxurious lawns and flowers, clean surroundings—these are only a few of nature's gifts made accessible everywhere by the modern automatic V-K Water Supply Systems.

No one has quite fully realized the part played by the Vaile-Kimes Water Supply Systems (pioneers) in extending the home builder's territory. They have opened up whole new regions to modern improvement, and year by year more people of the best sort are finding their way out to health and beauty in the country.

The coming years will see the greatest movement in this direction ever known. Take advantage of our help. Our engineers may be consulted at any time without charge.

V-K

WATER SUPPLY SYSTEMS

Electric, Gasoline or Kerosene

Average operating cost, one cent a day

These systems are absolutely without a rival. They have essential, exclusive, patented features which make them trouble proof, dependable and economical. None other can use the patented V-K Koltap, which brings cold water direct from the well without passing through the tank, nor the V-K self-priming pump that starts on the first stroke and never clogs, nor the V-K patented wiper that keeps water from the oil chamber, nor the special V-K clutch-type motor, nor the V-K oil distributing device, nor the V-K automatic self-starting and self-stopping switch.

These features are the product of fifty years of pump building. No matter what electric lighting system you install, be sure to buy a V-K Water Supply System for best results.

Ask your plumber or jobber in plumbing supplies today about V-K Water Supply Systems.

THE VAILE-KIMES COMPANY

Dept. A. M. 620, Dayton, Ohio

The Largest Manufacturers of Domestic Water Supply Systems in America

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK TODAY

The Vaile-Kimes Co., Dept. A. M. 620, Dayton, Ohio.
Gentlemen:—Please send me, without obligation, a copy of your book, "The Modern Way," which tells about V-K Water Supply Systems.

Name.....

Address.....

Mail this Coupon Today

Ten Commandments for Salesmen

(*Continued from page 55*)

Tell the Truth

ALL success that is permanent and continuous depends upon observing the law of averages. Even in playing poker. Or marbles. And much more in regular business.

And the trouble with a liar is that the averages are all against him. He only has one chance in a hundred. Human society is so organized that the truth has an enormous advantage. You may get by with a lie, and you may lose out by telling the truth; also, you may guess which card of the deck will be turned up first, and how many beans are in a gallon jar; but you can't make much of a living at that sort of thing. Every lie is a gamble and gambling is poor business.

Tell me the truth about the book or the typewriter you want to sell me. For a lie has as many lives as a cat, and you never know when it is going to return and sting you.

If you are in a business that necessitates deception, quit it. It's a wide world, and there are plenty of concerns that want honest men.

Be thoroughly honest. Don't sell me anything unless you sincerely believe I need that thing more than I need the money it costs. In this way you earn your own self-respect. You come to regard yourself as a useful servant of society, as an agent of the common good, and not as more or less of a grafter. And you may rest assured that any benefit you gain at the price of your self-respect is sure to turn out by and by a loss.

Don't Argue

SUGGEST. An ounce of Suggestion is worth a ton of Argument.

When you suggest, it means that you get me to arrive at my own conclusion. When you argue it means that you force me to arrive at yours. And what you want to do is to make your conclusion mine, and lead me to it.

Guide me deftly to the decision you wish me to make. Don't shove. Let my mind amble along its own gait.

The greatest teacher in the world was Jesus. He never argued. He suggested. You remember, He told the story of The Good Samaritan and added, "Go thou and do likewise!"

I have known few men to be convinced by argument. And no women.

When you argue with me, and beat me down by your facts and figures and logic, I may say you are right. But I go home and think it over, and unless I can arrive at the same conviction myself, by my own processes of thought, I don't stick. I come loose the next day. But when you are skillful enough to suggest and induce me to persuade myself, then when you put your blank before me and hand me your fountain pen and say "Sign here"—I sign.

And that's what you want. You don't

want to demonstrate that you are more clever than I, you want me to put my name on the dotted line. You are not playing at precedence. You are after fruit. Or you ought to be.

All argument arouses antagonism. I am stubborn and vain, you know, and if you don't want to get this mule to balking, handle me gently.

Make It Plain

CONSIDER this commandment to be said in a loud voice. Because I want all you gentlemen and ladies who expect to sell me neckties, real estate, or oil stock hereafter to hear it.

Make it plain!

I would like to whisper that into the ear of every preacher as he is about to discourse, to every teacher that stands before her class, to every lawyer when he rises to address the jury, to every life insurance agent who wants to secure my name upon a policy of his company, to every Senator and Congressman and Legislator, to all diplomats, and to newspaper reporters, and to the people who write the double-leaded and indigestible essays on the editorial page, and to poets, and story-tellers, and to mothers with their children, and to scientific gentry who would explain deep subjects to us, and to all orators, argufiers, writers and enunciators whatsoever, who attempt to use articulate speech either vocally or graphically.

Make it plain!

Don't use technical terms that are unfamiliar. Don't use any word unless you are sure I understand it. For what I do not comprehend, what seems misty, I make plain in my own way, to myself, and usually got it wrong.

If I ask you what's the matter with my motor car, don't tell me that the carburetor has got tangled up with the differential and the timing chain has circumnavigated the pet-cock, and it will be $27.50. All I understand is the last word. Speak to me in words of one syllable, for I, the buyer, am lowly and simple, and if I don't catch your meaning I think you are trying to cheat me.

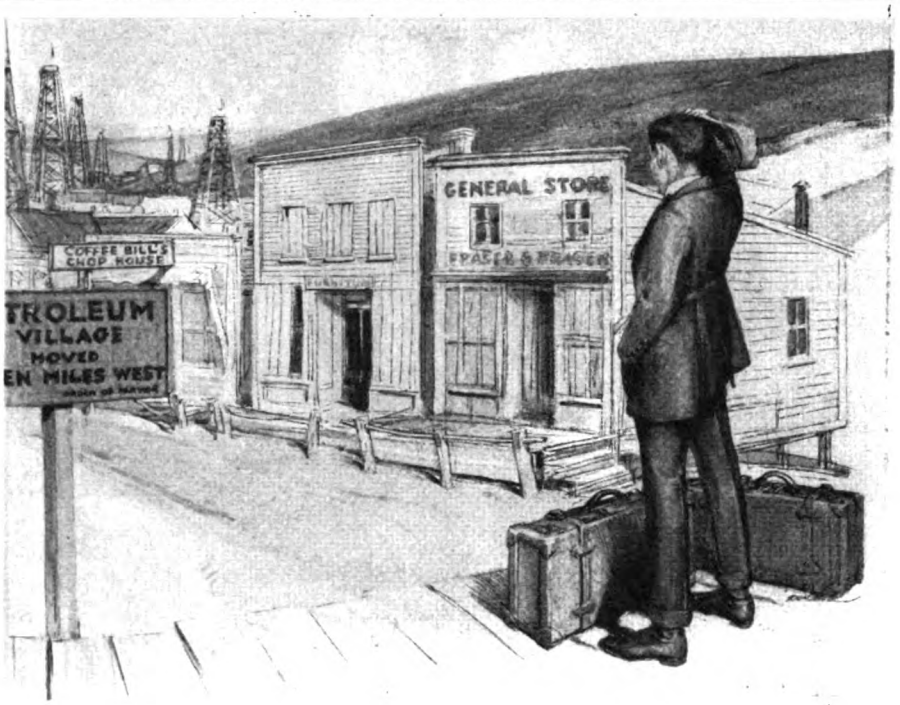
Remember Names and Faces

MY NAME is Crane. Don't call me Greene. Or Clay. Or Graham.

It should not make any difference to me, but it does. I think I am somebody. Most of the time I am thinking about myself. To me I am the most important person in the universe. I can laugh when you don't remember the name of the President, or the heavy-weight champion, or when you call Mr. Rockefeller John L. instead of John D., but when you get My name wrong, it wounds me deeply. I may not seem to care, but I do.

Everybody hates to be classified. Each of us thinks he is Individual, somewhat of a Personage. So don't act as if I were just A. Customer, one of a crowd, a Common Noun. I am not just another man who wants to be waited on; I am George W. Mee; and when you make that fact prominent I am tickled; and the roll in my pocket begins to loosen, and the bills thereof yearn to go over and join you.

Remembering names and faces is not difficult. All you need is practice and system. Get a little book. Set down in



When Petroleum Village Moved West—

THE wells ran dry. Then oil was discovered over the hillside. Within a month, Petroleum Village had moved ten miles west.

Only a little village! A change of only ten miles! Yet none too small to escape the all-seeing eye of Rand McNally.

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Rand McNally

More Work in Less Time

Any machine that will get more work out of employees and **help to keep them happy** is worth having. The old way of stamping the day's mail often compels working those ten minutes or half hour overtime that so disgruntles office help.

That method is slow, slovenly, wasteful of time, and stamps too, compared with the modern method of **Multiposting mail.**

Wherever sheet stamps are used, loose stamps are **sure** to accumulate—and loose stamps are **sure** to involve **stamp losses.**

Moreover, this is a day of accurate accounting, when the use of supplies, stocks, money must all be recorded, in the interests of economy and efficiency. Does your office account for postage **used** as well as that **bought?**

MULTIPOST

Postage Stamping Equipment

enables stamping mail in **one-fourth** the time it takes to do it the old way, is far neater, more sanitary and systematic, keeps stamps **locked** in rolls in one place instead of scattered, does away with stamp losses by preventing spoilage, misuse and theft, and permits **accurate accounting** of postage **as it is used.**

The Multipost line embraces machines for the smallest users of stamps up to the largest. You can start with a simple Multipost Stamp Affixer and later add other equipment as your need requires.

Sent on Free Trial

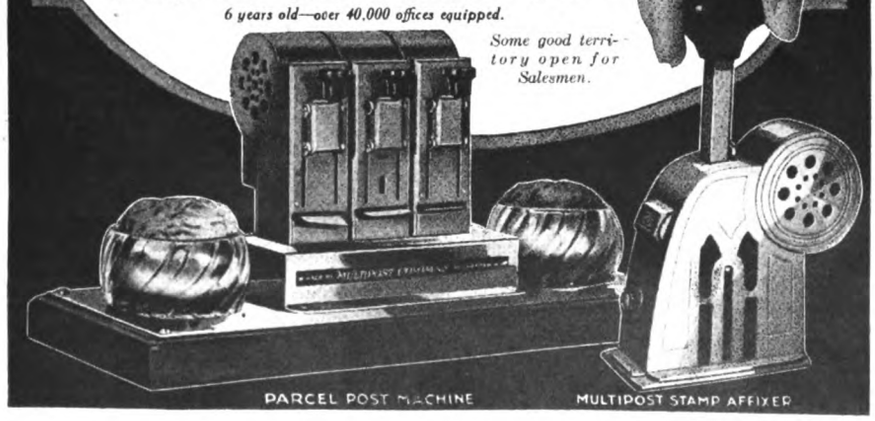
To **prove** its usefulness to **you,** in **your** office, and on **your** mail, we are willing to send machines on **Free Trial,** without advance payment or other obligation than to remail to us if not satisfied.

Write at once for free Descriptive Booklet; or, to save time, ask for a Multipost Stamp Affixer or Parcel Post Machine on Free Trial.

Multipost Company Rochester, N. Y.

6 years old—over 40,000 offices equipped.

Some good territory open for Salesmen.



it the names of those with whom you may have to do business. Note some peculiarity of each one's face or figure. Study the list in your leisure hours. You ought to know your customers as you know your alphabet.

Inform yourself about me. Ask how my boy is getting along in school. Tell me that you are glad to hear that my wife is up and around again, or that I have got that railroad contract I was after. To me these things are a deal more vital than the League of Nations, or even yesterday's baseball game.

Don't be afraid of flattering me. Bless your soul! every living man loves flattery as a monkey loves sugar, and if one says he does not, you can flatter him by telling him he cannot be flattered.

Be Dependable

NOTHING in this wide world pleases a man more than doing for him just what you promised to do. Keep your word, even in little matters. If you say you will be at my office Friday the Thirteenth at 10 A. M., be there on that date at 9.45 A. M. I like you when you wait for me, and I hate you when I have to wait for you. And what you need in your business is for me to like you. For then I am most likely to subscribe for your encyclopedia.

I remember once a Swede who lived nine miles from town promised to pay me six dollars by noon of a certain day. That day there was a flood. The street-cars were not running. At eleven forty-five into my office came the Swede. He had on rubber boots up to his hips. He had walked all the way to town, nine miles in the slush, to keep his word. I could have kissed him. He stands out as a morning star in my memory. If he has any trouble at the Day of Judgment I would like the privilege of saying a good word for him.

If you say you will be at my place at a certain time, be there. Or telegraph. Fifty cents spent on the Western Union is a good investment, if it starts favorable vibrations in my mind, and creates the impression there that you are anxious to have me think that you would rather break your neck than your promise.

There is no part of your personal assets more valuable than to be known as a man whose slightest word is as good as his bond. It is the people who are punctilious about keeping their word who naturally gravitate to positions of trust. Lying, or forgetting, is expensive, even for a politician.

Don't be Egotistic

DON'T show off. I don't want to know how smart you are. It doesn't interest me how much you know, and how handsome you appear.

Turn the spotlight on Me. I'm It. Talk about Me, not yourself. The fisherman does not bait his hook to please his own taste in worms; he seeks to please the fish.

Hence, swallow your vanity. It drives me out of your store. Don't be haughty, chesty, positive, touchy, intolerant or indifferent. Just be natural and bow at My shrine. It's all in a day's work.

You don't have to be a hypocrite. Only

be self-controlled. Be master of yourself, if you want to be master of the situation. Let me be insolent and unreasonable, and vacillating, and irritating. What do you care, so long as you can sell me a $900 overcoat? You keep your temper with children, why not with customers?

And if you are working for a corporation, don't let your egotism cloud your loyalty. Stand up for the House. Let the good name of the Concern be to you as the apple of your eye. That never fails to make a good impression on me. For, I reflect, if you are unfaithful to them, why should you be faithful to me?

Don't be too humble. Don't be a Uriah Heep. In everything we must keep a sane balance. Be polite, but not obsequious; pleasant, but not grinning; dignified, but not starched; friendly, but not familiar. Success is like walking a tight rope.

Think Success

WHEN you start out in the morning, and one of those fool premonitions comes to you that this is going to be a bad day, put it out of your mind, think of something else, forget it. A destructive thought can do you more harm than your worst enemy.

Speaking of enemies, don't have them. Don't fight, don't get even. Ignore. Life is too short for grudges and vengeance. Go on. Let the other fellow stew. You keep sweet. Nothing can punish him worse.

If a man doesn't like you, keep away from him. It's a large, roomy world. And, thank God, there is always another side of the street.

I have heard a good many debates. And the best debaters are those that pay little attention to their opponents' arguments, but go ahead constructively and establish their own position. No good comes of conflict. It is coöperation that produces. Find the people you can work With, and don't waste energy and time on those you have to work Against.

Here also you must keep your balance. Don't be overconfident, or too visionary. But remember that when you approach me to sell me a house on Pritania Street, there must ooze forth from your manner the quiet conviction that it is the best house in town for me.

Don't look failure, and don't talk it. Don't tell stories of failure. Talk about the winners. Breathe prosperity. I'm a shy bird, and all the time I'm eating the crumbs you scatter, I'm looking out for a hawk or a hunter, and one of those gloom and hard-luck ideas is likely to make me fly away and never come back.

I want to see Success in your eye, in the way you use your hands, in your clothes, in your clean collar and shiny shoes. I want to taste its honey in your speech, and hear its fluttering Cupids in your conversation.

Because success germs make me buy, and failure microbes hold me back.

Be Human

THIS is the last and greatest commandment. You are a Human Being. That is why your firm pays you. If the House did not think it needed a Man it would have sent a catalogue. You are commissioned to make friends. For all business

40 minutes' use

Shows the way to whiter teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

This test requires four minutes daily for ten days. To millions it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

The glistening teeth you see everywhere now should lead you to learn the way.

That cloudy film

Teeth are clouded by a film. By a viscous, ever-present film. You can feel it with your tongue. Modern research has traced most tooth troubles to it.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. If not removed it hardens. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so much escapes the tooth brush. Thus well-brushed teeth by millions discolor and decay.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The new method

A dental cleaning removes the film-coat, but that is periodic. The need was for a daily film combatant, and science long has sought it. The way has now been found. Able authorities have proved its efficiency. And now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

An ideal tooth paste has been created to meet all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. And this new film combatant is embodied in it.

A quick convincing test

We now supply to thousands daily, a quick, convincing test. And we urge every home to make it.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Science, however, has discovered a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be daily used on film.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Compare your teeth now with your teeth in ten days. Then decide for yourself the way to beauty and to better protection. This test is most important. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 395

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Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Only one tube to a family

She is not at fault for torn, frayed or ripped garments—buttons off—or a gray look to the clothes. If you compel her to use a wash-board, it's the fault of the method—not the laundress. Provide her with a Federal Electric Washer and notice the instant change. Its smooth wooden tumbler tosses the clothes from side to side in a surfy wave-like swirl of suds—just a gentle but noticeably effective washing action and the garments are made fresh, white and spotless in a few minutes time. No metal touches them. The clothes are always washed in clean sudsy water. The dirt settles and stays in the Gravity Groove in the bottom of the tub.

The Federal is distinguished by its blue and white scheme of enameled decoration—all metal construction—beauty of design—simplicity and safety. All moving parts are enclosed.

Let us send you our booklet describing the many distinctive features of the Federal and also the name of your local dealer. The Federal may be purchased on an easy monthly payment plan if desired.

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State and 87th Streets, Chicago, Illinois
91 New Montgomery St. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. **627-649 West 43rd St. NEW YORK, N. Y.**
Branches in all large cities

If you have children in your home, let us send them a Kiddies' Kutout model of the Federal. The cutout pasted up will give you an idea of the individuality of the Federal.

MADE FROM ARMCO RESISTS RUST

FEDERAL
Electric Washer

The Washer with the Wave Action

SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!

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You listen to the living voice of a native professor pronounce the foreign language, over and over, until you know it. Our records fit all talking machines. Write for booklet, particulars of trial offer, easy terms.

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This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at **quarter** usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an **expert** is worth a **dozen** other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings **right to your home** the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. **All music free.** Diploma granted. Write today for free book.
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prosperity rests at bottom on friendship.

Hence, put the human touch in your salesmanship.

Laugh. Not too loud, nor too often, but laugh. Not at me, but with me.

Be good-natured. Keep all trace of bitterness out of your speech. Nothing is so contagious as good humor. Don't be flippant, nor smarty, but be genial. Don't take things too seriously.

Remember, I am the garden where you want to grow your crop. So warm me with the sunshine of your optimism, water me with the rain of your sympathy, hoe me and plow me with your genuine interest in me, plant in my mind your carefully selected facts and inducements, and don't forget that you cannot raise corn and potatoes with a club nor a wet blanket.

Selling goods is about the most human transaction there is. Conceive it so. Get it into your mind that you are doing me a real service, that you are a useful public servant, that it is really to my advantage to buy your cash register, that I will be the happier for it; and do not give place to the notion that you are a sharper, a confidence man, trying to induce people to get what they will regret.

Selling goods, as I said before, is a great business. It is noble. It is worth any man's while, or woman's either. The world has always regarded the professional people, such as doctors, preachers, actors, authors and lawyers, as a little higher than mere tradesmen, conceiving the former to be in a way useful servants of the community, and the latter to be out only for the money. But we are coming to a better understanding, for we are realizing that the business man, after all, touches humanity most intimately of all. It is he that feeds, clothes and provides tools for the great household of mankind. And ethics, high principle, a sense of responsibility and a civic conscience are even more necessary in the Salesman than in the Talker, Producer or Ruler. The moral tone, and the degree of civilization, in a community, is best determined by the character of its Salesmen.

Scattergood Meddles with the Dangerous Age

(*Continued from page 59*)

was—has it been found? Um. . . . Not a will. Somethin'. Somethin' he's afraid of bein' found. . . . Hain't the kind of feller I'd like to see spendin' Old Solon's money. Guess you and me'll go through them papers agin."

So, with minute care, Bob and Scattergood examined the documents and memoranda and receipts and accounts of Solon Beatty; but no will, no minute reference to Farley Curtis was discovered. They went again to Solon's house to question Mary, and to rummage there, with the hope of falling upon some such hiding place as the queer old man might have chosen as the safe depository of his will. Mary Beatty was not helpful; middle-aged, with wasted youth behind her, she

was even resentful that her meticulous housekeeping should be disturbed.

Scattergood and Bob sat down in the parlor, discouraged. It was evident there was no will. Solon had neglected to attend to that matter until it was too late. Scattergood wiggled his feet uneasily and stared at the motto over the door.

"Solon didn't run much to religion," he observed.

"No," said Mary Beatty.

"Um. Have a Bible, maybe? One of them big ones?"

"Up in his room, Mr. Baines. It always lay on the table there—unopened."

"Opened it yourself lately, Mary? Been readin' the Scriptures out of that p'tic'lar book?"

"No."

"Um. Got a kind of hankerin' to read a verse or two," said Scattergood. "Come on, Bob. You 'n' me'll peruse Solon's Bible some."

The huge Bible with its Doré illustrations lay on the marble-topped table in old Solon's bedroom. Scattergood opened it—found it stiff with lack of use, its pages clinging together as if their gilt edging had never been broken. Bob leaned over Scattergood while the old man rapidly thumbed the pages.... He brought to light a pressed flower, and shrugged his shoulders. What moment of softness in the life of a hard old man did this flower commemorate?... A letter whose ink was faded to illegibility! Even Solon Beatty had once known the roseleaf scent of romance.

"Nothing there," said Bob.

"The reason folks seldom find things," said Scattergood, "is that they say, 'Nothin' there,' before they've half looked.... The' might be any quantity of things in this Bible that we hain't overhauled yet." The old man stood a moment frowning down at the book. "Births and deaths," he said to himself. "Births and deaths—and marryin's." Rapidly he turned to the illumined pages on which were set down the family records of the Beattys. "Um. Jest sich a place as he'd pick out.... What you make of this, Bob?"

SCATTERGOOD loosened a sheet of paper which had been lightly glued to the page. "Hain't got my spec's, Bob."

The young lawyer read it, reread it aloud:

"I, Farley Curtis, one of the two legal heirs of Solon Beatty, of Coldriver Township, do hereby acknowledge the receipt of Ten Thousand Dollars, the same to be considered an advance of my share of the said Solon Beatty's estate. For and in consideration of the said Ten Thousand Dollars, I hereby waive all claims to any further participation in the said estate, and agree that I will not, whether the said Solon Beatty dies testate or intestate, make any claim against the said estate, nor upon Mary Beatty, who, by this advance to me, becomes sole heir to the said estate."

Bob drew a long breath. Scattergood stared owlishly at Mary Beatty.

"Now what d'you think of that, eh? Shouldn't be s'prised if that was the i-dentical paper that was weighin' on the mind of young Mr. Curtis. Shouldn't be a mite s'prised if 'twas."

"What is it, Mr. Baines?" asked Mary Beatty. "A will?"

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"Wa-al, offhand I'd say it was consid'able better 'n' a will. Ya-as. Wills kin be busted, but this here docy-ment—I calc'late it would take mighty powerful hammerin' to knock it apart."

"And, Mary," said Bob, "if I were you, I shouldn't mention the finding of it."

"Not to a soul," said Scattergood. "We'll take it mighty soft and spry, and shet it up in Bob's safe. . . . Anybody know the combination to it besides you, Bob?"

"Nobody but you, Mr. Baines."

"Oh, me! To be sure, me."

"And Miss Pound."

"Um. Sairy, eh? 'Course. . . . Sairy."

WITHIN twenty-four hours everybody in Coldriver knew a paper of great significance had been discovered affecting the heirs to Solon Beatty's estate, and that the paper was locked in Bob Allen's safe. Bob had not talked; Scattergood certainly had been silent, and Mary Beatty solemnly averred that no word had passed her lips. Yet the fact was there for all to contemplate. Farley Curtis devoted an entire day to the contemplation of it in his room at Grandmother Penny's. That evening he invited Sarah Pound to drive with him. She found him a delightful and entertaining companion.

Sunday was still two days away when Bob looked up from his desk to say to Sarah, "This Beatty matter has kept us so busy there hasn't been any time for pleasure. You must be tired out, Miss Pound. Wouldn't you like to start early Sunday and drive over to White Pine for dinner—and come back after the sun goes down? It's a beautiful drive."

"I'm sorry," said Sarah, flushing with a feeling that was akin to guilt, "but I am engaged Sunday."

Bob turned again to his work, cast into sudden gloom, and wondering jealously what was Sarah's engagement.

Sarah, not altogether easy in her mind, nor wholly pleased with herself, endeavored to justify herself for being so lightly off with the old and on with the new. She compared Bob with Farley Curtis, and found the comparison not in Bob's favor. Not that this was exactly a justification, but it was a salve. Sarah was in the shopping period of her life—shopping for a husband, so to speak. She was entitled to the best she could get. . . . and Bob did not seem to be the best. Farley was sprightly, interesting, with the manners of a more effete world than Coldriver; Bob was awkward, ofttimes silent, lacking polish. Farley was solicitous in small matters that Bob failed utterly to perceive; Farley was always skilled in minute points of decorum, whose very existence was unknown to Bob. In short, Farley was altogether fascinating, while Bob, at best, was commonplace. Yet, not in her objective mind but deep in her centers of intuition she was conscious of a hesitancy, conscious of something that urged her toward Bob and warned her against Farley Curtis.

On Sunday Bob saw Sarah drive away with Curtis—and spent a black day of jealousy and heartburning. During the succeeding two weeks he spent many black days and sleepless nights, for Curtis monopolized Sarah's leisure, and Sarah seemed to have thrown discretion to the winds and clothed herself against fear of Coldriver's gossip, for she seemed to give her company almost eagerly to the stranger. . . . And Coldriver talked.

Bob spoke bitterly of the matter to Scattergood.

"Um," grunted Scattergood, "don't seem to recall any statute forbiddin' any young feller to git him any gal he kin Eh?"

"No. But this Curtis—there's something wrong there. He isn't intending to play fair. I—he's got some kind of a purpose, Mr. Baines."

"Think so, eh? What kind of a purpose?" Scattergood had his own ideas on this subject, but did not disclose them. It was in his mind that Curtis cultivated Sarah because of Sarah's propinquity to a certain paper which the man had reason to believe was in Bob Allen's safe.

Bob's face was set and stern, granite as the hills among which he had been born and which had become a part of his nature. "If he doesn't play fair; if he should—hurt her—I'd take him apart, Mr. Baines."

"Calc'late you would," said Scattergood tranquilly; "but there's a law in sich case made and pervided, callin' that kind of amusement murder."

IT WAS not Scattergood's custom to publish his emotions, nevertheless he was worried. He appreciated the state of mind which had brought Sarah to Coldriver—the spirit of restless, resentful youth demanding the world for its plaything. He knew Sarah's high temper, her eagerness for adventure. He knew that thousands of girls before her had been fascinated by well-told tales of the life to be lived out in the world of cities, of wealth, of artificial gayeties . . . the lure of travel, of excitement. . . . And Scattergood did not covet the duty of carrying a woeful story to old Nahum Pound, the gentle schoolmaster.

His uneasiness was not decreased by a bit of unpremeditated eavesdropping that fell in his way the next evening. Farley Curtis was talking, Sarah Pound was listening—eagerly.

"You can't understand what living is," the man was saying. "How could you? You haven't lived. Here in this backwater you will never live. You move around in a fog of monotony. Every day the same. But out there! Everything! Everything you want and can imagine is there for the taking. A beautiful woman can take what she wants—that's what it's all for—for her to help herself to. Life and excitement and pleasure—and love. They are all out there waiting."

Sarah sighed.

"Did you ever try to imagine Paris, London, Madrid, Rome?" he went on. "You can't do it. But you can see them. I—I would take you if you would let me . . . if things fall out right. I'm poor . . . but with this Beatty money I could take you anywhere. It would give us everything we want. . . . Half of that money belongs to me rightfully, doesn't it?"

"I suppose so."

"But I may not get it."

She was silent.

"There is a paper," he said, "and that paper may stand between you and me—and Paris and Rome and the world." He paused, and then said caressingly, "Won't

you go with me, Sarah—away from this? Won't you let me take you, to love and to make happy?"

Presently she spoke, so low her voice was scarcely audible to Scattergood. "I don't know. . . . I don't know," she said.

Scattergood had heard enough. He stole away silently. The time had come to act, if he were going to act—if no woeful story were to be carried to old Nahum Pound concerning his daughter. He might even be too late. The lure of great cities and foreign shores might have done its work, and Farley Curtis's eloquence have served its purpose.

IN THE morning Bob Allen was early at his office. His first act was to open the safe to take out a packet of papers he had been laboring over the afternoon before. . . The packet was not where he had placed it the night before. He remembered distinctly how he had shoved it into a certain pigeonhole. It was not there. He found it in the compartment below. Bob was not easily startled or frightened, so now he paused and took his memory to account. No. The fault was not with his memory. He had done exactly as he remembered doing. Somebody had opened that safe since he closed it; somebody had fingered its contents. He caught his breath, not at the fear of loss, but in sudden terror of the means by which that loss had been brought about, the person who might have been the instrument. . . . Furiously he began going over the contents of the safe—money, securities, papers. Everything seemed intact. But one thing remained—the little drawer. He had put off opening that, because he dreaded to open it, for it contained the paper that excluded Farley Curtis from a share in his uncle's estate. Bob compelled himself to turn the little key, to open the drawer. It was empty! . . .

Bob walked slowly to his desk and sat down, his eyes fixed upon the safe as if it fascinated him. . . . Facts, facts! His soul demanded facts. Those at hand were few, simple: First, the safe had been opened by someone who knew the combination. Three persons existed who might have opened it, or betrayed its combination: Scattergood, himself, Sarah Pound. Second, he knew he had not opened it nor betrayed the combination. Third, he was equally certain Scattergood had not done so. Fourth—he groaned!

Bob comprehended what had happened, why Farley Curtis had wooed Sarah Pound so persistently. It was not out of love nor desire, but for a more sordid purpose—it was to win her love, to blind her to honor, to make a tool of her and, through her, to secure possession of that bit of paper which stood between him and riches.

Presently Sarah Pound entered. Bob could not force himself to look at her, did not speak. She gazed at him curiously, and when she saw the grayness of his face, the lines about his mouth and eyes that advanced his age by twenty years, she felt a little catch at her heart, a breathlessness, a sudden alarm.

"Miss Pound," he said in a voice which he himself could not recognize as his own, "you needn't take off your hat. . . . You—you actually came back here! You were bold enough to come again to this office. . . . I fancied you would be gone from Coldriver." His voice broke queerly. "I suppose you realize what you have done—and are satisfied with the price—the price of forfeiting the respect of every honest man and woman you know! That is a great deal to give up. It ought to command a high price—treachery. . . . I hope you are getting a sufficient return. . . . It means nothing to you, of course, but—I loved you. I thought about you as a man thinks about the woman he hopes will be his wife . . . and his children's mother . . . so it—pains—to find you despicable. . . ."

Sarah's little fists clenched, her eyes glinted.

"How dare you!" she cried. "What affair is it of yours what I do? You're a silly, jealous idiot!" With which childish invective she flung out of the office.

In an hour Bob Allen was calmer, and so the more unhappy. His mind cleared and, being clear, it directed him to carry his trouble to Scattergood Baines.

"Um. Gone, eh?" said Scattergood. "Sure it's gone? Um."

"Yes, and Sarah Pound will be gone, too. How dared she come back to my office. . . . Now she'll go with Curtis."

"Shouldn't be s'prised," said Scattergood, waggling his head. "I heard Farley a-pointin' out to her the *dee*-sirability of Paris and Rome and sich European p'ints, last night. . . . You calc'late Sairy took the paper?"

"What else can I think?"

"To be sure. Um. . . . Paris, Rome, London. Might be argued into stealin' it myself, if I was a gal. Um. Ever see a toad ketch flies, Bob? Does it with his tongue. There's toad men, Bob, that goes huntin' wimmin the same way—with their tongues. Surprisin' the number and quality they ketch, too. What was you plannin' on doin', Bob? Goin' back to your office, wasn't you? And keepin' your mouth shet? Was that the idee? Eh?"

"I don't know what to do, Mr. Baines."

"Didn't figger on droppin' around to Grandma Penny's boardin'-house about eight sharp, did you? Eight sharp. . . . And kind of settin' down quiet on the front porch? Jest settin'? Eh? . . . G'-by, Bob."

AFTER Bob left the store Scattergood sat half an hour staring at the stove, then he left the store to its own devices and wandered up the street toward Grandmother Penny's. He encountered Sarah Pound as she came out through the gate.

"Howdy, Sairy," he said cheerfully. "Havin' consid'able amusement with life—eh?"

"I've been enjoying myself, Mr. Baines," Sarah said, making an effort at coldness and dignity.

"Bet you hain't enjoyin' yourself enough to warrant your doin' a favor for an old feller like me, eh? . . . This evenin', for instance?"

"I—I'm going away this evening."

"Um. Goin' away, eh? Alone? Or along with somebody?"

"That's my own affair."

"To be sure. To be sure. But the train don't leave till nine, does it. Couldn't manage to do me a favor at eight?"

"What is the favor, Mr. Baines?"

"Tain't much? Sca'cely anythin' a-tall. I calc'late to be a-settin' in Grand-

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"Yes," she said shortly.

"Promise?"

"Yes."

"G'-by, Sairy."

AT FIVE minutes before eight Scattergood Baines rapped at Grandmother Penny's door and asked to speak to Farley Curtis. "Tell him it's somethin' p'tic'lar ree-gardin' the Beatty estate," he said, and stepped into the parlor. Farley appeared almost instantly, dapper, his usual courteous, self-possessed self. Scattergood began a peculiar and roundabout conversation, after the manner of a man who fears to broach a subject plainly. Farley showed his irritation.

"Mr. Baines," he said, "suppose you get down to business. I'm going away this evening."

"To be sure. To be sure. It's overlappin' eight now, hain't it?" Scattergood paused, listening. He fancied he heard someone approach and halt just outside the door. He was certain that a chair creaked on the porch outside the window. . . . He cleared his throat and drew a big yellow envelope from his pocket.

"Calc'late I'm ready for business, if you be. . . . Which d'you calc'late is most desirable—havin' half a loaf, or no bread?"

"What do you mean?"

"You come to Coldriver on business, didn't you? Money business?"

"Why I came is my own affair."

"Certain. Certain. But things gets noised about. Things has got noised about concernin' a paper that stands betwixt you and half of the Beatty estate. Heard 'em myself." Scattergood waggled the envelope. "I hain't exactly objectin' to makin' a leetle quick money myself—supposin' it kin be done safe, and the blame, if the' is any, throwed somewheres else. . . . Now, Mr. Curtis, what kind of a course would you foller if that paper we been talkin' about was to fall into the hands of a feller that felt like I do about makin' money?"

"What do you mean?" Farley demanded, moving forward eagerly in his chair.

"Hain't good at guessin', be you?"

"That paper doesn't worry me," said Farley.

"Calc'lated on havin' it before you took the train to-night, eh?"

Farley scowled.

"Uh-huh. . . . Wa-al, I wasn't seein' sich a chance to make a dollar slip by. The way you was figgerin' on gittin' that paper, Mr. Curtis, won't work. I know. Uh-huh. I know because I got ahead of you. I got that paper myself. And we kin deal if I kin be made to feel safe. . . . Most things leaks out through wimmin. Hain't mixin' any wimmin into this, be you?"

"No."

"Um. . . . How about Sarah Pound?"

Curtis shrugged his shoulders.

"Calc'latin' on takin' her away with you to-night?"

"Not now," said Farley.

"Seein's how you can't use her to git this paper for you, eh? That it?"

"Yes."

"Calc'lated on marryin' her, didn't you?"

"Fiddlesticks," said Mr. Curtis harshly.

"Understand me, I hain't takin' chances. If this gal's mixed up in this, I don't deal."

"Do I look like a man who would let a silly, backwoods idiot of a girl stand between me and money. I'm through with her. She's no use to me now. You've said that yourself. She's nothing to me."

"Good! I got the paper right here, and I'm a-listenin' to your offer for it. . . ."

"Ten thous—" began Farley, but a swift, furious thrusting open of the parlor door interrupted, as Sarah Pound flung herself into the room. For a moment she was speechless with rage. Shame would come later.

"You contemptible—contemptible—contemptible—" she cried breathlessly. "It was a thing like you I—I could choose! . . . I could throw away a man for you! . . . For a suit of clothes and manners and a lying tongue. . . . I could compare Bob Allen with you—and choose you! Oh!"

"Sairy," said Scattergood.

"But I never would have done it—not that. I'd never have taken that paper. You know I wouldn't, Mr. Baines. Say you know that!"

"Wa-al," said Scattergood dryly, "the' hain't no tellin' how fur a woman'll go when' she's bein' bamboozled by a scamp—so I kind of insured ag'in your takin' it by takin' it myself. . . . Er—Mr. Curtis, if I was you, I'd sort of slip out soft by the back door. Bob Allen's a-waitin' for you on the front porch. . . . There's a train at nine."

Scattergood put a clumsy arm about Sarah, who, the moment her wrathful energy ebbed away, sobbed and sobbed and sobbed with shame and fear.

"Hey, out there," shouted Scattergood, "git a move on you."

BOB ALLEN needed no urging. His arm was substituted for Scattergood's, his breast for Scattergood's—and Sarah made no complaint. "I wouldn't . . . I wouldn't . . . You thought I did," she murmured.

"I thought that," said Bob brokenly. "How can you ever forgive me? I—but I love you, Sarah. Won't that make up for it."

"You—believed it," she repeated, and Scattergood grinned.

"Dummed if she hain't managed to put him in the wrong. . . . You can't beat wimmin. . . . She's put him in the wrong."

Scattergood peered at them a moment, saw what filled him with perfect satisfaction, and discreetly withdrew. He went out and sat on the porch and beamed up at the stars. He sat there a long, long time, and nobody called him in. He got up, pressed his nose against the window, and rapped on the glass.

"Everybody forgiven and fixed up," he called, "so's I kin git to bed with an easy mind?"

There was no answer. He had not been heard—but what he saw was answer sufficient for any man.

Wanted: A Fool

(*Continued from page 66*)

Had Pickering thought it necessary to convey that information in the simple telegram announcing his arrival?

"Did your father say that I was?" he asked suddenly.

"Oh, gawsh!" exploded the boy. "Paw don't ever say nothing."

He looked down at the floor and twisted his foot unhappily, while O'Mara stared at him thoughtfully. He did not want to let the boy go until he had solved this enigma.

"What do you know about play-actors?" he demanded at last.

"Me?" retorted Alec. "Oi don't know nothing," and, try as he would, not another word could O'Mara get out of him.

"Wal, Paw'll be wondering what's come of me," said Alec at last with elaborate nonchalance.

The twilight had deepened into darkness while the two had stood on the piazza. The boy made his way down through the trees, and at the landing O'Mara saw him light a lantern in his boat. He heard him jump in and the boat go slapping out into the water, the lantern bobbing with the motion. For a moment the speck of light was lost behind the boathouse, and then O'Mara saw it appear again, gliding slowly, not toward the farm where the irate father was supposed to be waiting but up toward the inlet, quite in the other direction.

VII

TEN days followed without a sign of the strange adventure which had greeted O'Mara's arrival, ten golden days, which passed with such dreamy quiet that O'Mara soon ceased to count them, lazy, hazy days when the tang of autumn served merely to make the warmth of the sun more precious, crisp nights when the chill of the fragrant pine woods made a castle of luxury of the fire which O'Mara now built on the big stone hearth in the evenings.

His second night, in spite of himself, O'Mara lay sleepless, tense and expectant. The night passed in silence, and so did the next and the next, and the next, until O'Mara began really to wonder whether his vision had not been an hallucination of his overwrought nerves. During the days, he fished some, walked some, and read a great deal. Still more he simply sat in a boat, smoking his pipe, and watching the blues and greens of the water, the forest, the hills, glutting that sensitive, delicate craving for beauty which had, perhaps, as he had hinted to Pickering, been the basic reason for his falling short in the practical exactions of his profession.

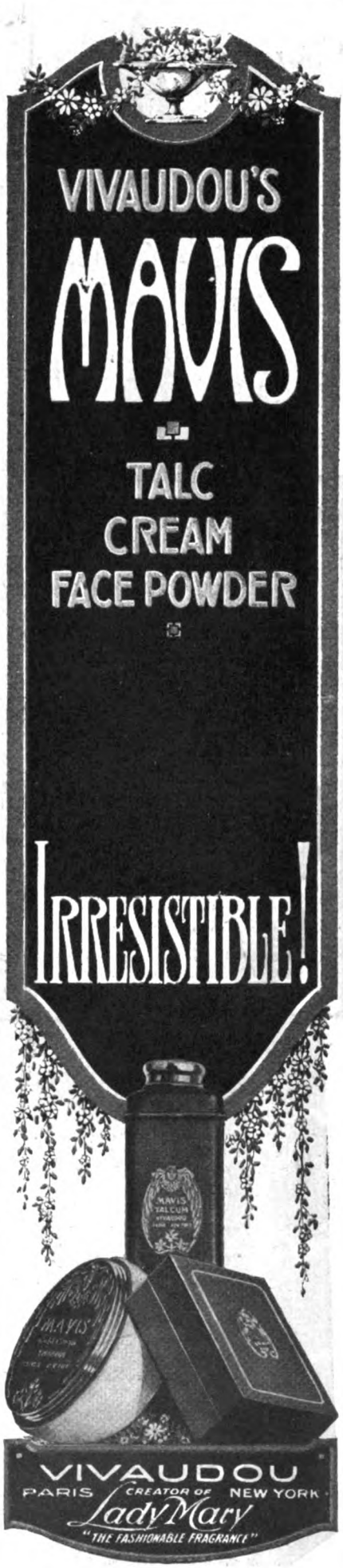
With Fitzhugh and his family he had become fairly intimate. He rowed over every morning for milk and eggs, and sometimes again in the evening simply for sociability, but from the increasing intimacy he had learned little. The old mountaineer was of a different type from the lowland farmer, more ignorant but, curiously, more sophisticated. He could neither read nor write, yet his viewpoint was much more that of a man of the world than that of the valley farmers whom O'Mara had known. He lacked their piety but equally lacked their pettiness. It may have been his life of battling with the elements, or it may have been that almost military viewpoint which seems to be inherent in the woodsman. He had none of the garrulous curiosity of the usual rural New Englander. He asked no questions and volunteered no information, which made O'Mara's position simpler in one respect and more difficult in another.

Of Pickering especially the mountaineer never spoke, until the tenth day when he rowed over to bring the news that the man in black was coming on the following evening. O'Mara could hardly quarrel with the fact that the master of his own house was coming back to it, but equally he could hardly escape regret that his complete independence was soon to be over. He had still, however, one day of undisputed possession, and this he felt that he must use in a project which he had had in his mind ever since his first night in the cabin. He was resolved to explore the overgrown road which led away from the clearing on his side of the lake, for he could not escape the impression that the girl who had been his mysterious visitor had come by that way.

After lunch he set out. For a mile or more the road, as he found, led along the side of the lake, at some points skirting close to the rocky shore, at some points circling behind a wooded knob and showing the water only at intervals. At no point did it seem to have been frequently traveled.

Beyond the upper end of the lake, near the inlet, the road turned to the west and climbed over a pass of the mountains through woods that became deeper, with larger trees and less underbrush. At the very summit of the range the horizon opened and, in a wide sweep, O'Mara could catch a view of the valley beyond. Very far in the distance he could see a low range of hills, on the nearer side of them farms and one or two scattered houses, but all the immediate foreground was forest, and into the forest he plunged again as soon as he began the descent. From time to time, both on this side of the mountain and on that from which he had come, fainter wood roads or trails led off from that which he was following.

ALMOST from the moment it commenced to descend the road began to give signs of more use. It was still very rough and unmarked by hoof prints or wheel tracks, but it was no longer grown up to weeds. A few yards farther along, another road led into it from the north and, from that point on, it showed signs of travel. Near the foot of the mountain was a little unpainted farmhouse, its gray walls quaint in their bower of hollyhocks and red trumpet vines growing up on strings. A woman in a sunbonnet, drawing water with an old-fashioned well sweep, looked at O'Mara curiously, but he passed on. A little farther the forest ended entirely.



He came into open pastures, close-cropped and stubbly, with the whole view of the valley before him.

O'Mara stopped to look round him. This was apparently the valley which he had glimpsed from the top of the ridge. He recognized at a nearer view the farms and hillsides. Perhaps two miles away he saw a tiny train of three cars crawling along like a toy toward an equally toy-like station, but he saw no town.

THERE was a musical clanking behind him, and a boy leading a cow with a swinging bell on her neck came down beside him. The boy looked at him expectantly as he passed and O'Mara hailed him.

"What station is that?" he asked, pointing to the distant toylike building.

The Fitzhugh accent was not, evidently, peculiar to the lake.

"Noiver's Falls," answered the boy.

"Niver's Falls?" repeated O'Mara. "Where are the falls?"

"The falls?" said the boy. "Ther' ain't any."

"And where is the town?"

"The taown? Ther' ain't any."

The boy stood, apparently glad of the chance to give information, but O'Mara could find little to seek.

"Who lives in that house I passed back on the mountain?" he did ask at last.

"That haouse?" repeated the boy. "Oi do."

"And who lives in those houses the other side of the valley?"

"Which haouses? Those haouses? Nobody lives in that one to the roit. Sam Harkness lives in that one to the saouth."

O'Mara tried to find some common ground.

"Do you know Alec Fitzhugh?" he asked.

"No, Oi don't know no maountaineers," snapped the boy promptly.

O'Mara wondered just what entitled the lad to consider himself a lowlander. He smiled, and evidently the boy did know more then he liked to pretend.

"He must be old Three-State Fitzhugh's boy," he suggested.

The nickname caught O'Mara's ear. He remembered what Alec himself had told him during his ride up the mountain. It was evidently a claim to fame. The boy himself volunteered the story:

"He lives in three states. His kitchen stove is in Connecticut, his table is in Massachusetts, his front door is in New York, and he sleeps in all three. They say that if he has a bad dream he can roll over and cross the loine into New York."

"Don't people ever have bad dreams in New York State?" asked O'Mara.

"Oi'd have bad dreams if Oi lived on the maountain," replied the boy cryptically.

The cow had been persistently pulling and attempting to turn back. The boy gave a jerk at the rope.

"Come on, Daisy," he ordered. "She's gawt a calf, and she don't want to leave it."

"Can you blame her?" asked O'Mara.

"Can you blame *us*, with milk at twelve cents a quart?" rejoined the boy.

He went on down the mountain with his reluctant charge, leaving O'Mara surveying the landscape. For several miles in both directions he could see the whole valley, but he could see no spot from which a girl in evening clothes could be expected to emerge, even had it been evening. There was no use in going farther and, somewhat disappointed, he turned to trudge back up the mountain when suddenly, gazing up, he stopped in amazement. On the very crest of the range, directly above him, its windows flashing red and fiery in the afternoon sun, its pointed towers rising out of the trees, stood an immense, castlelike red stone mansion.

So utterly startling was the apparition in that lonely countryside, but yet so superbly fitting to the great mountain crag that it occupied, that O'Mara could only stare at it in dumb bewilderment. What sort of a fantastic fairyland was this? He turned to call to the boy, but the latter was already far down the hillside alternating a song with masterful objurgations to his reluctant cow.

The connection between that mountain castle and the clue which O'Mara had come to seek was so obvious that his mind had leaped to it almost before his eyes had really accepted the fact of the castle itself. It was so little less than a castle in its construction and in its commanding, warlike position that O'Mara instinctively called it that on the impulse, but further study showed that it was in reality an immense chateau of a country house.

But just where was it, how had it ever managed to perch itself up on that summit? O'Mara looked to right and to left for the explanation. From the base of its towers, continuing them as it were, dropped a sheer, perpendicular cliff several hundred feet in depth, a blank wall of straight rock, broken only, half way up, by a single gnarled fir tree which grew in a crevice, appearing like a bent and crippled assailant hopelessly, painfully, trying to make the ascent. On both sides of the rock cliff were the curtains of unbroken forest. To the north, O'Mara now saw that his own road had wound down around it shut off by the trees. Somewhere in the forest to the south, somewhere on a mountainside hardly less steep than the cliff itself, must lie the approach to the mansion.

UNTIL the trees toward the top of the range cut it off from his view, O'Mara kept his eye on the red stone castle, trying to locate its position. Being on top of the range, he judged that it must be much nearer to Pickering's camp than it was to the valley, but still he saw that the approach must come from the south, from the western, the New York State side. It could come no other way. One of the little side trails which he had passed might lead to it possibly, but none of them could have been the real entrance.

When he reached his home slope of the mountain and the final stretch of the road leading along the lake O'Mara was more than ever tempted to explore the side trails leading up the crest, where he now knew that the mansion lay perched, but the afternoon was well gone. Already the hills on the other side of the water were tinged with crimson, while the forest wall under which he walked was growing mystic with deepening shadows.

He did not expect Pickering until the following day, but the man was eccentric. If he should come before he was expected, O'Mara did not wish to be found absent. He hurried along in the increasing gloom

of the twilight forest, then suddenly paused. He thought he heard a crashing of underbrush, then running. His heart beating quickly, he stepped back into the bushes. Almost on the instant a horse galloping furiously tore past him, coming from the direction of the cabin. The animal was out of sight in a flash, but in that flash O'Mara had had time to see that on its back was a side-saddle, but that the reaching head of the horse was bare and bridleless.

Bursting back into the road O'Mara started for home at a run. He had not far to go, but, a few hundred yards from the cabin, he saw a thing which checked him again. Tied to a big white birch was hanging the bridle with only the chin strap broken, the curb chain tangled in a mass of reins. To O'Mara it seemed as if a great wave of physical relief went over him.

More slowly, but with no calmer heart, he walked on to the cabin. The kitchen door was locked just as he had left it, but he knew that the kitchen lock meant nothing to his unknown visitor. He entered and with tingling nerves walked through the still rooms. Then he called "Hello!" in a strange, husky voice. Not even an echo answered him. He looked at the books. They had not been disturbed. He walked through the rooms up-stairs. Nothing had been touched.

Having searched the cabin from top to bottom, O'Mara went out again to the tree where the bridle had been suspended. It was gone. In those five minutes in which he had been inside someone had taken it. Puzzled, O'Mara stood looking to right and to left. He listened for sounds in the bushes. He saw that the bark of the tree had been chafed and the earth at its foot pawed up where a horse had been hitched. In the fresh dirt lay a tiny strip of the chin strap. He stooped to pick it up, and as he did so he saw something white fallen in the leaves of a bush.

It was an envelope bearing on the flap the crest of the Berne-Stafford hotel. On the face of it was written in pencil:

"*Is this the man?*"

"O'Mara stood hesitating with the envelope in his hand, then opened it. Inside was a clipping from a newspaper. It was a picture of himself!

WITH trembling hands O'Mara stared at the clipping, then at the envelope, then back at the clipping. He recognized it as the reproduction of one of his professional photographs, but no photograph of his had been published since he had gone to war. He looked on the other side. There was only a fragment of an advertisement:

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Hastily, O'Mara tried to count back over the days of which he had lost the reckoning. "NDAY"? That could be nothing but "Monday." This was Wednesday the seventeenth. The picture had been published in some New York paper only two days before. For minutes O'Mara stood there trying to find any possible clue, then putting the envelope into the front of his shirt, he walked slowly to the cabin.

VIII

IT WAS Fitzhugh, Senior, who made the trip to bring Pickering up the mountain on the following evening, and O'Mara had his turn of waiting with the lantern in the farmyard. Alec sat beside him, as usual eager for talk, and O'Mara mentioned his encounter with the boy leading the cow.

"Oh, he's a farmer," explained Alec, not without contempt.

The subtle distinctions of mountain caste were too much for O'Mara. Just as he had failed to understand why the other boy had disclaimed being a mountaineer so was he now at a loss to see why Alec did not think of himself as a farmer.

"They're *afroid* of us—the farmers," explained Alec further. "They think we'll knoife 'em."

Boylike, he evidently relished the reputation, but O'Mara questioned no further.

The swinging lantern and the clanking of harness came at last around the curve through the trees, but as the wagon drove into the barnyard Fitzhugh, Senior, alone climbed to the ground.

"Mr. Pickering didn't come," he announced shortly. "He ain't coming. "Alec," he added, "you go up by the bars in the lot and git me my corn cutter. I left it sticking into the bar post."

"Oh, Paw!" protested the boy, but the father cut short his argument.

"No fiddlin' now. You git along 'fore I warm ye!"

Sulkily the boy went off into the woods, and hardly had he disappeared when Pickering walked out of the darkness. O'Mara judged that it was no time for questions, and silently led the way to the boat. Pickering said hardly a word as O'Mara rowed him across the lake, but he did exclaim at the open fire which was blazing in the big living-room. He rubbed his hands as he stood before it and looked around at the clean, well-arranged room.

"Good!" he exclaimed.

A moment later he added, "O'Mara, you'll do. You prove my theories. I always said that a gentleman would make a better butler than any butler who ever lived, if he wanted to try it."

"You forget that I have had training—as a stage butler," suggested O'Mara.

The mood of the man in black changed suddenly and inexplicably.

"Rot! I don't believe that you've ever *been* an actor," he retorted. "Actors wear patent leather shoes and starched blue collars with purple ties."

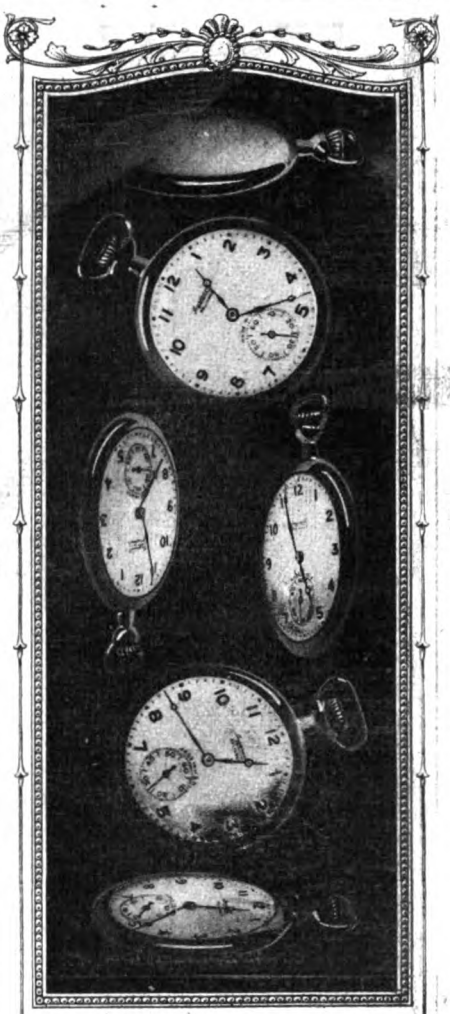
"I don't happen to be that kind of an actor," replied O'Mara.

"And that's the reason that you couldn't earn a living. I don't doubt it. The cheap, the tawdry, the imitation, that's what there is money in. Thank heaven, I don't have to work. I would break someone's head."

Pickering turned, and for a moment stood staring at the fire, pursuing the thought, then with his usual querulousness he burst out:

"O'Mara, why don't you act in some of Zanski's plays? That's where you belong. He is the only artistic producer in America."

O'Mara flushed, for it was uncanny. Was that one rebuking moment in front of the Zanski theatre to follow him as a Nemesis?



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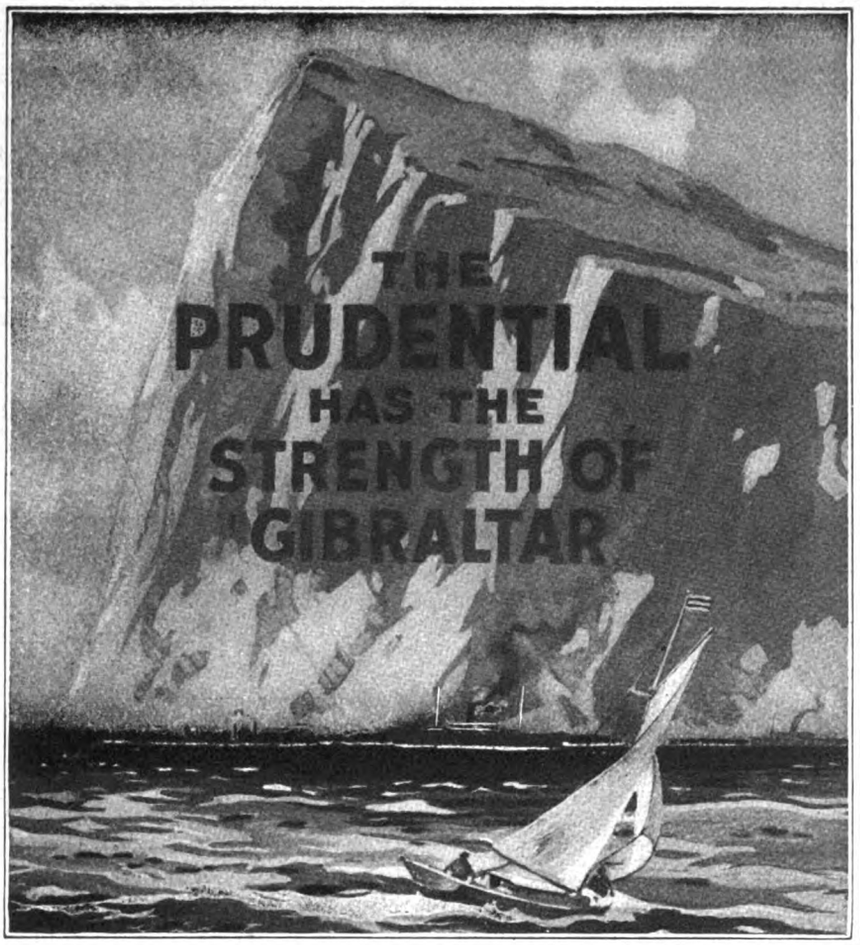

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"I told you that I was unable to find work in anyone's plays," he replied quietly.

In the moment of silence that followed he caught sight of the other man's hands. They were trembling incessantly. Combined with his sharp, pettish manner, O'Mara could make a very shrewd guess as to what had caused that. The man had been drinking for days.

Pickering's mood, however, was only superficially bitter. His cynicism was, in a way, as much imitation as that against which he had been perfunctorily railing. Probably he realized it himself, for after a moment he dropped it and became friendly enough. When O'Mara served supper Pickering took his seat, and then saw that O'Mara still remained standing.

"Oh, sit down," he commanded. "Don't be an ass."

O'Mara arranged another place for himself, and Pickering added:

"By the way, O'Mara, it may interest you to know that I had you looked up in the city. You are just what you say you are."

"Thank you, sir," replied O'Mara in the voice of the stage butler.

PICKERING chuckled but he said no more. After supper, while O'Mara was washing the dishes, he sat in front of the fire smoking a cigar, the aroma of which awoke in O'Mara sad recollections. It was a pure Havana, but Pickering did not offer him one. His good nature, like his conversation, apparently ran in jerks. When the cigar had been finished he threw the stub into the fire and went upstairs, coming down again in knickerbockers and a sweater.

"O'Mara," he said, gruffly, "I'm going out."

"Very good, sir," replied O'Mara, unconsciously this time.

Pickering took no notice, but left by the front door. When he had finished his work O'Mara went down to the boathouse. The skiffs and canoes were all there. The owner of the cabin had not gone on the lake. There was only one other direction in which he could have gone—that by which O'Mara himself had gone on the day before. It was midnight when he returned, but O'Mara had stayed up to keep the fire going.

Pickering came in as before, silent and glum.

"Don't wait up for me," was all that he said.

O'Mara took this as a dismissal and prepared to go up to bed. As he banked the fire in his stove and put out the reflector lamp in the kitchen, he saw Pickering already sunk in a chair before the fireplace, a cigar clamped tight in his lips and staring fixedly at the flames. He tiptoed into the living-room and toward the stairs, but Pickering saw him and called sharply:

"O'Mara!"

O'Mara stopped and, without looking around, Pickering went on:

"O'Mara, do you like it up here?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Pickering."

"Oh, cut that out!" snapped Pickering viciously.

"Yes, damn you," corrected O'Mara quietly.

Pickering turned with a smile. "That's better. Now I can talk to you."

Again he turned back to the flames, and for a long time was silent, while O'Mara waited. At last he began:

"O'Mara, you are a man of imagination. You wouldn't have been an actor if you hadn't been—not your kind of an actor. You wouldn't have answered my advertisement if you hadn't been just the same kind of idiotic, romantic fool that I am."

O'Mara thought that silence was the best answer to that. He stood so stolidy that Pickering turned again sharply and demanded:

"Am I talking to a blank wall? I ask it in a purely scientific spirit."

"I am still not quite sure just whether or not I am paid to be a blank wall," answered O'Mara. "Valets generally are. I can be a blank wall if necessary. If you wish to know whether I shall miss one iota subscript of your meaning, you can be sure that I shall not. I throw in the words 'iota subscript' merely to reassure you of what you evidently wish to know—that probably I am a man of more education than you are yourself. Reverting to the valet manner, to show that I still can step back into my place, I add 'Will that be all, sir?'"

Pickering laughed outright. "O'Mara, you're a jewel."

HE LOOKED back at the fire and went on, "I had something to say very bitterly—melodramatically. Now I can say it almost humorously. I wish I could tell you, O'Mara, what I have been going through. You would revel in it—drama, sheer drama, not melodrama, just sheer, bitter, inevitable drama, long-drawn-out and thin and with no punch at the end, just fading away. It is your kind of drama, O'Mara, the kind that the public wouldn't pay you a living for. I wish I could tell you."

"And can't you tell me?" suggested O'Mara. "I ask it in a purely scientific spirit. Don't forget the iota subscript. Besides," he added in a lower voice, "I have been here ten days. Except for purposes of answering advertisements, I am not—a fool."

Pickering turned suddenly.

"Have you seen her?" he demanded.

"I have."

"Have—have you spoken to her?"

O'Mara shook his head. "She has never seen *me*—that I know of."

He added a moment later, "Do you wish to tell me now, sir,—or damn you?"

Pickering was silent, then he smiled:

"I was thinking, O'Mara, how difficult it will be to pay you money after this. I wish I could tell you. I am just in that mood of self-pity to want to tell you, but that would spoil it. That would make it just melodrama, not the gray drama that it really is, the real drama that slowly fades out. Go to bed before I do tell you."

O'Mara came down at daybreak, but Pickering was still there, still staring at the dead embers, ashy pale and with a cigar still clamped in his teeth. He paid no attention as O'Mara opened the house and went out for his swim, but when O'Mara came back he had gone to his room. In half an hour he came down, dressed again in his customary black clothes and, as if the simple act of changing had been a night's rest, he was perfectly calm and matter-of-fact. He was

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leaving at nine o'clock, he announced, and his instructions were simple.

"O'Mara," he said. "I am going abroad. At least, you may not hear from me for a long time—it won't do to lie to you, will it? I hope you will stay here. It will be part of the game. Don't ask me why, but if you ever have to go, go. Just turn in the keys to Fitzhugh. I want you to run things differently now. I am leaving you money. Buy everything in your own name—for cash. Pay Fitzhugh twenty dollars a month. Pay yourself anything you like. If people talk, I don't tell you to use your own discretion. You will do that anyway. I think you know now that I am not really insane. If it will help any, I will tell you that I really am not. That is all."

And it was all—practically. At the other side of the lake Alec, apparently, had been sent on another mythical errand. Pickering offered his hand to O'Mara and, seating himself beside Fitzhugh, drove away.

O'MARA watched the rickety wagon disappear through the trees, then turned to the lake and rowed slowly home. He was in no mood, however, to spend the morning at the cabin. With Pickering's departure he welcomed the return of the lazy freedom in which he had luxuriated for the past week, but with their queer, cantankerous talk still echoing in his mind he also felt a restlessness, an uncertainty, which kept him from settling into his routine. As was also natural, he was somewhat worried, but not as much as he might have been now that he had had a chance to study the man with whom he was dealing. In Pickering's assertion that it would be a long time before he would hear from him, O'Mara put little faith. His common sense told him that no such situation as that in which he found himself could long continue, but, still more than that, running as an undercurrent through all the brave talk of the man in black he had seen a queer streak of weakness, of vacillation which, he knew, would never allow Pickering even to keep his own secret.

At the cabin O'Mara changed his light skiff for a flatbottom boat and rowed slowly up to the inlet, ostensibly to fish for pickerel, but by his pretense he did not even deceive himself. Ever since that evening when he had seen the slender figure in white emerge from the woods to greet Alec, he had found himself rowing almost daily up toward the inlet with less and less attempt to explain his motives.

This morning he did not even drop his anchor or bait his hook, but, pulling farther and farther, nosed the bow of his boat into the very inlet itself. At the mouth of the brook, as he had already found, was a sandbar which impeded further progress, so, drawing his boat on the little stretch of beach, he started exploring on foot up the banks of the stream. It was tedious work. Alders and willows in clusters forced him away from the banks into spots where the treacherous moss concealed holes of black mire, in which he floundered aimlessly. In fifteen minutes he had made barely three hundred yards, and, seeing nothing ahead of him but swamp, he turned to make his way back to the lake. The return was even more difficult. He floundered and

scrambled until, a dozen yards from the lake he struck harder ground when, walking more quietly on the easier footing, he slipped through the final patch of alders and stopped in amazement. Seated on the bow of his boat, staring moodily at the water, was the girl of his midnight visit.

For seconds O'Mara stood there watching her and, as before, she seemed utterly unaware of his presence. She was dressed in a heather tweed suit, this time, with a little tweed hat, and her profile was toward him, but, in spite of the full opportunity that he had to study her, O'Mara could find no recollection of having seen her before except on that one weird occasion. He moved a stone with his foot, and it went rattling over the pebbles of the little beach. The girl looked around but not with alarm, merely casually, then, seeing O'Mara, she flushed suddenly crimson and rose to her feet.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I thought that this boat belonged to the farmer's boy."

The next instant, however, she really caught sight of O'Mara's face and she started back with a smile of broad incredulity.

"Why, Mr. O'Mara!" she exclaimed. "What in the world are you doing here?"

O'Mara looked at her, puzzled. Facing her now and hearing her voice he was more certain than ever that he did not know her, but she seemed to know him perfectly well. He advanced toward her uncertainly.

"I am at Mr. Pickering's cabin," he said, but at his words the girl's eyes opened suddenly wide and startled.

"Mr. Pickering's?" she exclaimed.

For answer O'Mara could only stand there, looking at her in puzzled fashion, while she stood returning his look, her eyes growing larger and wilder and her whole frame beginning to tremble. For minutes it seemed that they stood there gazing into each other's eyes. At last the girl's lips slowly parted.

"Mr. Pickering's?" she repeated in a queer, husky voice. "But Jack Pickering is dead!"

(*To be continued*)

OVER 80,000 persons will be killed in this country this year—not by war, or famine, or pestilence, but by accidents which may happen to any of of us. In an article next month, Keene Sumner will give some astonishing facts which everybody ought to read.

Trouble Arithmetic

Don't learn this by personal experience

TEN seconds stolen from work make one distraction.

Ten distractions make one mix-up.

Ten mix-ups make one agitation.

Ten agitations make one nervous habit.

Ten nervous habits make one nervous wreck.

One nervous wreck, divided by wife and children, makes one unhappy family.

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IN Japan, South Africa, Italy, England—in all important countries—are great commercial banks which can give the facts as to credit, markets, individual character and business methods that are needed by American business in foreign trade.

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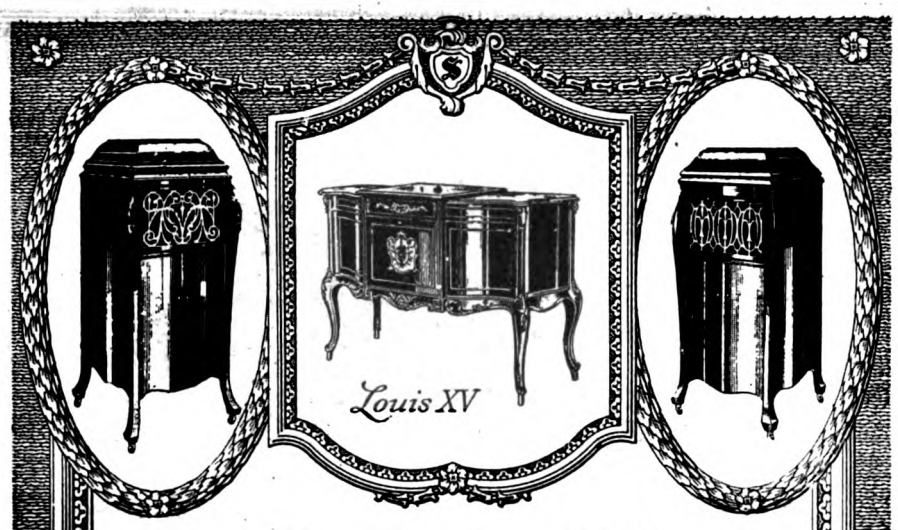

The Perfect Gift

Bringing eventful school commencements and important weddings, June, the loveliest of the months, is here. There must be chosen presents reflecting good wishes and good taste. To select an appropriate gift (once a task) is now a pleasure.

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MORE THAN $100.00 A DAY

Clare Briggs drawing one of his "When a Fellow Needs a Friend" cartoons.

CLARE BRIGGS, the man who draws "When a Fellow Needs a Friend," receives more than $100 a day. There are many other cartoonists whose income would look good to a bank president.

If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have in you the making of a great cartoonist. Developing natural ability is the surest road to success. Through the Federal School of Applied Cartooning, the 30 most famous cartoonists of America teach you. What this school will do for you by mail in your spare time is told in the 32 page book, "A Road to Bigger Things." It contains studio pictures of Briggs, McCutcheon, Sid Smith, Fontaine Fox and the other stars on the Federal Staff. Write for your FREE COPY today. Just tear out this advertisement, put your name and address in the margin and mail it now.

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK TODAY

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF APPLIED CARTOONING

065 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota

How Much Time Do You Spend Turning Over Ducks?

(*Continued from page 69*)

Championship Cup in the Patience Class, and made such a record that we still say "as patient as Job," just as we say "as old as Methuselah" and "as strong as Samson."

Job had plenty of trouble. He was quite a John D. Rockefeller for his day and happy and contented, but one afternoon a messenger came running and told Job the Sabeans had broken loose again and had raided the ranch and made off with Job's five hundred she-asses and five hundred yoke of oxen.

Job probably said something like: "Well! Well! you don't mean to tell me!" and just then another messenger came panting, and said a big fire had broken out and burned Job's seven thousand sheep and most of Job's servants.

"Quite a fire," Job said pleasantly, but he had hardly said it before another messenger came at a dog trot and saluted, and told Job it had been a bad day for camels in the Land of Uz, because the Chaldeans had come over the border and gathered in Job's three thousand camels, killing the camel herders.

BUT still Job did not get up and howl. He was a patient man. He probably said, "I've been suspecting those Chaldeans were trying to corner the camel business for quite some time," and let it go at that; but his troubles were not yet ended. As if they were trying to complete the set, another messenger arrived just then and told Job the roof of his eldest son's house had just fallen, killing Job's seven sons and three daughters. It was then Job made his justly celebrated remark: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

In my opinion Job was making one of the biggest mistakes of his life. It is well enough for a man to be patient, but a man can be too patient, and I think Job was. Almost immediately he broke out in the most celebrated case of boils on record—"boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown." A modern medico-psychologist would say Job's repressed emotions simply had to burst forth in boils. An ordinary man would have got up and howled when his five hundred she-asses and five hundred yoke of oxen were nabbed by the Sabeans, and it would have been good, honest emotion spouting in a natural way; and when he heard the fire had killed his seven thousand sheep he would have ranted around and cussed the prairie fire, and it would have relieved his feelings a lot; and when the news came that the Chaldeans had annexed his three thousand camels he would have ripped around and pulled out a couple of handfuls of his hair, and felt better after it. And when the news came that all his children had been taken from him in a moment he would have done as you and I would do. He would have wept. Job bottled up his feelings and they came to his surface in boils.

© 1920
"Save the Surface Campaign"

A school room Lesson too seldom learned

SCHOOL days are rough days for school furniture; there is hardly any varnished article that has to stand what desks and chairs in the school go through.

Their salvation is surface protection. Ordinary wear and tear leave their surfaces uninjured. It is a hard test but varnish is equal to it!

Interest to you lies in what it teaches.

It teaches that in your own home you can have the same protection.

You know better than anyone else what the good floors and good furniture in your home have to stand. You *know*, but do you think much about it? Do you accept it as a necessary evil or do you realize that by keeping every surface intact under a tough, enduring protective coating you will save your property—save replacing furniture—save repairing, indoors and out?

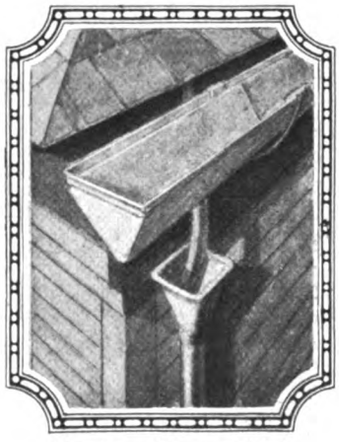
The surface is the danger point. The surface is the point attacked. Whether property be wood, metal, stucco or concrete the surface is the place where deterioration tries to get a foothold. It has *no chance* if there is always a protective coating in the way.

Look at all your property from this extremely important angle. Save the surface and you save all.

¶

Let us send you a copy of the illustrated booklet we have prepared, showing how easy it is to prevent property loss—perhaps you have overlooked a surface problem that this book will remind you of. Address: Save the Surface Campaign, Room 632, The Bourse, Philadelphia, Pa.

The paint has peeled off—the putty is breaking away, the surrounding woodwork is splitting. Here is a case where the surface was left unprotected with disastrous results. Actual falling out of the glass is a very real danger. Keep an eye on the surface conditions of your window sash and frame.



Many people never think of their eave troughs until a leak occurs. Eave troughs cannot be expected to last indefinitely unless given surface protection. Inspect them frequently. Paint them thoroughly.

THIS ADVERTISEMENT

***issued by** the Save the Surface Committee, representing the Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests, whose **oducts, taken** as a whole, serve the primary purposes of preserving, protecting and beautifying the **umerable** products of the lumber, metal, cement and manufacturing industries, and their divisions.*

"SAVE THE SURFACE AND YOU SAVE ALL"- *Paint & Varnish*

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You Can't Step Ashore from a Motorboat Afire

WITH a boat afire off shore, the passengers must kill the flames or jump overboard and swim for their lives.

Pyrene Fire Extinguishers will prevent a fire tragedy in your gasoline power boat.

Federal laws recognize the gasoline peril by requiring fire protection on all power boats over 24 feet long.

Pyrene kills gasoline flames while water only spreads such fires. $10. Sold by ship chandlers, hardware and electrical supply dealers and garages. Approved by United States Steamboat Inspection Service and the Underwriters' Laboratories.

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And then what happened?

Job, 2d Chapter, 11th Verse: Now when Job's three friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came to mourn with him and to comfort him.

Job, 2d Chapter, 13th Verse: So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights. . . .

And three fine, old hearty bores they must have been, too!

Job, 3d Chapter, 1st Verse: After this Job opened his mouth and cursed his day.

I don't blame him. It was time he said something, after those three old fellows had sat there seven days and seven nights, sprinkling dust on their heads and condoling with him in a nice, gloomy silence, just about as cheerful as three old buzzards on a fence waiting for an old horse to die.

Those three old bores were of no use to Job. And he got them just the way you and I get our bores; he let them come and pester him with their talk for year after year until he felt they had a sort of legal claim on his time. They were three of the ducks Job thought he had to keep turning.

I'D LIKE to see you put down in one column the time you spend with people you like and whose company you enjoy, and in another column the time you let yourself be robbed of by people you don't like, and don't care a hang for, and wish you never had to see again. And the time and patience you spend doing things you don't have to do and don't want to do.

As between Job and Jonah and Jonah's whale my admiration goes to the whale. When the whale had enough of Jonah he got rid of him. And he never swallowed him again. If I had swallowed Jonah I would have thought, probably, that having swallowed him, it was for some reason my duty to keep him swallowed, and I would have cruised around all the rest of my life with Jonah inside of me, and I would have struggled along with an uncomfortable bearing-down sensation in my stomach and my hull submerged so deep forward that my tail would be sticking out of the water from noon till night.

There was an old lady once who liked wintergreen drops—the little white candies with wintergreen flavor—but by accident she told one of her grandchildren she liked peppermint drops. It was a mere slip of the tongue, and she really detested peppermint drops, but the child brought Grandma a bag of peppermint drops the next time she visited her, and Grandma sat there and ate them and said how good they were and how she was enjoying them, and the little grandchild beamed with pleasure and told another grandchild how much Grandma loved peppermint drops, and that grandchild brought Grandma some, and told another grandchild. There were twenty-three grandchildren and they all loved Grandma and they all brought her peppermint drops. She thought she had to eat them; she couldn't hurt their feelings. She spent most of her time, after her little visitors had gone, leaning back in her chair with her mouth open, breathing in and out, trying to get the peppermint flavor out of her system. The final years of her life were ruined by peppermint drops. She came to hate the sound of little feet on her stair because she knew the little hands

would bring more peppermint drops that she would have to nibble. When she was on her deathbed and raised a feeble hand, someone rushed to the bedside and put a peppermint drop in her mouth and she gave one great sob and turned over and died.

I knew two men who played chess together, regularly, one evening a week for eight years, and both of them hated chess. Each thought the other loved it. Neither had the spunk to take an ax and kill that particular duck.

It is appalling to think that, as I sit here writing this, there are probably nine hundred thousand good American men and women listening to bores they detest, hearing lectures and speeches they knew they would not be interested in, dining people in whom they have no interest, and wearing purple neckties with yellow stripes when their taste is for plain brown.

Life is interesting and the world a pleasant, and even a delightful place, and existence a matter of rather keen zest. We meet our great sorrows with the knowledge that they are inevitable, and they do not "spoil" our lives; but the things that do spoil our days and our years and our lives are the petty, unnecessary, annoyances we could get rid of easily, but don't.

Get the ax! Chop off the heads of all the nuisance things right now and be done with them. Who are you living your life for, anyhow? For yourself? Or for old Philander G. Dodder who comes into your home or office and puts his hat and cane on the floor and sets his perpetual-motion, indestructible, ennui-producing jaw in motion, and wearies you until death would seem a pleasant release?

What Wasted Time Has Cost Me

Prize Contest Announcement

WHILE Mr. Butler's amusing article, just above, is still fresh in your mind, suppose you tell us about some of the "ducks" *you* have turned over. Maybe your particular form of duck-turning consisted of worrying over things that never happened, or filling in at some game—to be "sociable"—when you had a dozen more important things to do, or in personally attending to a lot of nonessential duties that you found out later could be handled just as well by the office boy or the stenographer. Let us all profit by your experience. Tell how you wasted time, what it cost you, and how you cured yourself of the habit.

For the best letter of not more than 500 words we offer these prizes: $20, first prize; $10, second prize; $5, third prize. Competition closes June 15th. Winning letters will appear in the September number. Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to these contests will not be returned unless postage is enclosed with the entries.

Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover, addressed to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

FISK

VISIBLE VALUE

Bicycle Tires

SEND a lad to buy his own bicycle tire—tell him to make comparisons—the value of every Fisk Tire is *visible*, and known.

Practically every manufacturer places Fisk Tires as regular standard equipment upon all of his high grade bicycles. The prestige of Fisk Tires is accumulative, starting in with the Fisk Juvenile Tire, the extra value is put there to meet the rough usage of juvenile riders—some day that boy or girl will be ready to buy Fisk Cords.

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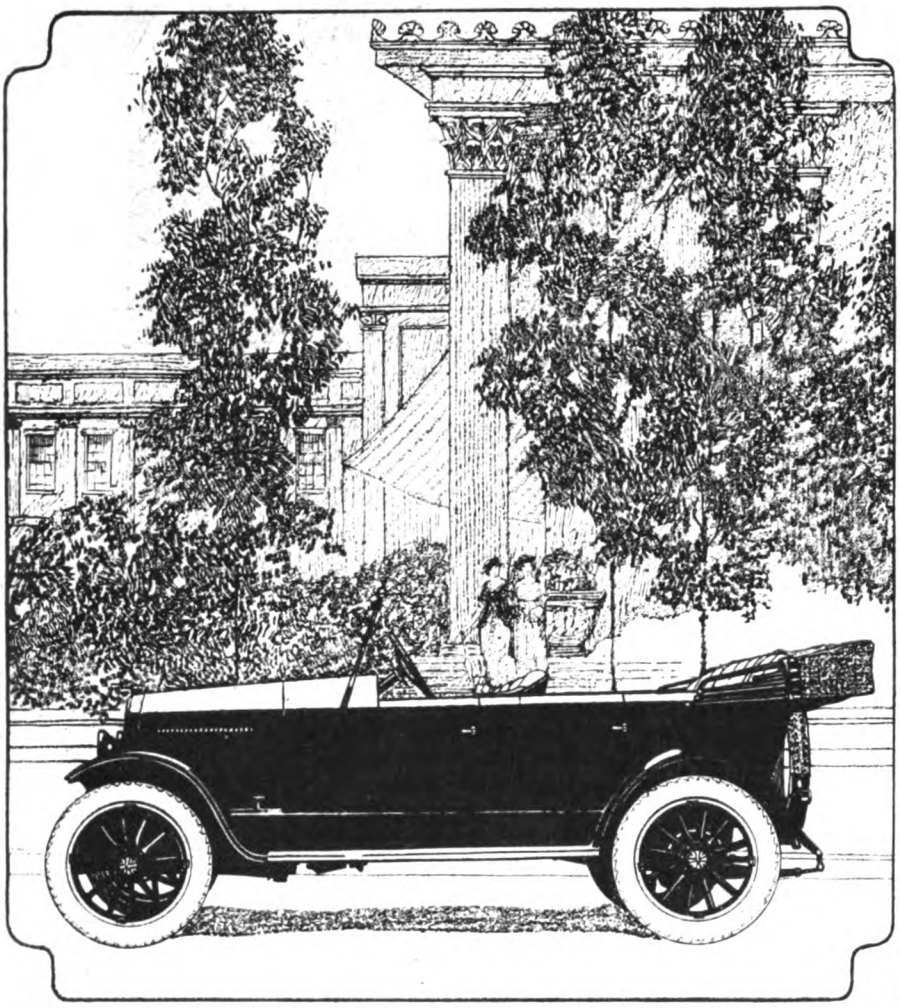
Extra strip of fabric under the thick thread, extra large non-skid buttons. Every Fisk Tire has the valve-cot inserted in a special Fisk manner as additional protection against air-leakage.

THE LEADER OF LIGHT WEIGHT CARS



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IN a season when every effort has been made for beauty, this 1920 Briscoe is admittedly dominant for its graceful, distinctive lines.

Mechanically, it duplicates its artistic supremacy. When, for example, you examine it in your nearest Briscoe showroom, be sure to study the extra-long springs, which smooth out road inequalities as if by magic. And there are scores of other features.

BRISCOE MOTOR CORPORATION, JACKSON, MICHIGAN

The Canadian Briscoe Motor Company, Limited, Brockville, Ontario

Dollars and Sense

(*Continued from page 73*)

blue eyes which, five minutes before, he would have sworn were the most honest eyes in the world. She had the impudence to smile.

"And now what?" she said.

They moved to Sunnymeade, as you knew they would. Probably you know also, or think that you know, what happened after that. You think it was something like this: Lutie arrayed herself in some fetching frocks, and the pink came into her cheeks again, and Meade forgot the pity lines, and found that she was fascinating and made, mostly, to be loved. Junior, thanks to the sand pile and plenty of April mud, grew rosy and grubby and lusty. And Meade worked in the garden, lost the grating cough, gained energy and good humor, and found on a side street a lean tailor who had, of course, purchased his stock before the prices went up on woolen goods. The two suits he made for Meade were—what is it they always say about men's suits? Oh yes, to be sure! They were faultless. And Meade and Lutie went to the city on Saturday night and found a hat that was all a hat should or could be, when the clerk had put a band inside of it to make it fit Meade's head.

Those are the things you thought would happen? Well, most of them did. Some of them didn't.

In late May, when the lilacs were sweet and the garden was sprouting and the snowball bush by the path was clumsy with blooms, when, too, they had spent next to the last dollar of the three thousand, Meade lost his position.

PERHAPS a bit of the blame lay in that often quoted psychology of prosperity. It had taken hold of Meade so that the new hat fitted without the padding inside the leather band. But most of the trouble was the train schedule. The train that left Sunnymeade at seven-fifteen got him to the office at eight-fifteen, a quarter of an hour too early. The seven forty-five train, consequently, would get him to the office fifteen minutes too late.

The first morning the clock was slow and he missed the seven-fifteen. No one at the office noticed.

"Might be," Lutie suggested when he told her about it, "that it would be all right if you'd take the later train every morning. Be an exception to the office rule. Why don't you try it a while and see?"

The advice was unlike Lutie; but probably the psychology of prosperity was bothering her a bit, too. One can't feel so cringy in rose-colored linen (a tremendous bargain and the smartest thing) as one does in faded pink gingham.

So, for three mornings Meade tried it and nothing was said. Apparently no one noticed the lapse of punctuality. On the fourth morning, Mr. Bamford remarked, merely, "Getting down rather late, aren't you, Hastings?"

"Oh, well," said Lutie, when Meade reported the incident that night, "he's probably just adjusting"—slick-sounding those two words—"and in a few more

mornings he'll have forgotten that your time isn't eight forty-five."

The following morning old Bamford was growly. "This office force is supposed to begin work at eight-thirty," he said. Nothing more.

"Don't pay any attention to him," was Lutie's counsel.

The sixth morning was Saturday and pay day. Mr. Bamford paid Mr. Hastings for two weeks in advance—and discharged him. Which shows what a valuable man the firm of Bamford and Fortmiller thought their Mr. M. H. Hastings was.

BAMFORD tried to be fairly decent about it: The effect on the others in the office; never had any fault to find with his work; glad to give him letters of recommendation. But all that helped as much as it does to suck a lemon when one is violently seasick.

"Oh, dear!" wailed Lutie, "oh, dear, dear, dear!"

And that wasn't like Lutie, either. When he had lost his position with the Young Construction Company, she said something silly about 'aving their 'ealth, and hunted for the paper to read the "Help Wanted, Male," advertisements.

"With Charlie and Beth apt to arrive any day now," she explained.

"I didn't know you expected them so soon," said Meade.

"Why, you did so!"

Had he known? Perhaps. It is hard to think or to remember clearly when one can still hear the rattle of the can.

"Couldn't we," he suggested, "put up a bluff on this for the two weeks they'll be here?"

"This" was the green check for one month and two weeks' salary.

"But you—out of work! What will they think?'

"Have to tell 'em I'm having a vacation," he suggested, surprised at his own shrewdness.

She shook her head: "Suppose they stay longer—a month or more? No, that wouldn't do—not by a long shot."

It seemed to Meade that it was possible, but Lutie was usually wiser about things of that sort than he was. "I may"—but it lacked assurance—"be able to land something before they come."

"Yes—I know but we may get a telegram this evening telling us to meet them in the morning."

"Oh, hang them!" Meade exploded. "Here we are, practically strapped, with this place on our hands and payments to meet, and if it hadn't been for them—"

Lutie allowed him to go through with it. She sat and listened and wagged her head drearily. Not until he finished with a rather pitiful, "Darned if I know what to do," did she speak.

"I think," she said, "that you'd better go right down now to Mr. Wolverton—it's lucky he keeps his office open on Saturday afternoons—and tell him that you have given the matter deliberate consideration, and have decided to go to work for him on Monday morning. Or, if he likes, you'll start this afternoon and sell a bungalow or two before dinner."

Mr. Wolverton was the real-estate man from whom they had bought their home. He had liked Meade and had said so; and he had added that he wished he could

A view of MESA VERDA NATIONAL PARK

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Look for Pantasote Label inside the top—it protects you against substitution which is not uncommon

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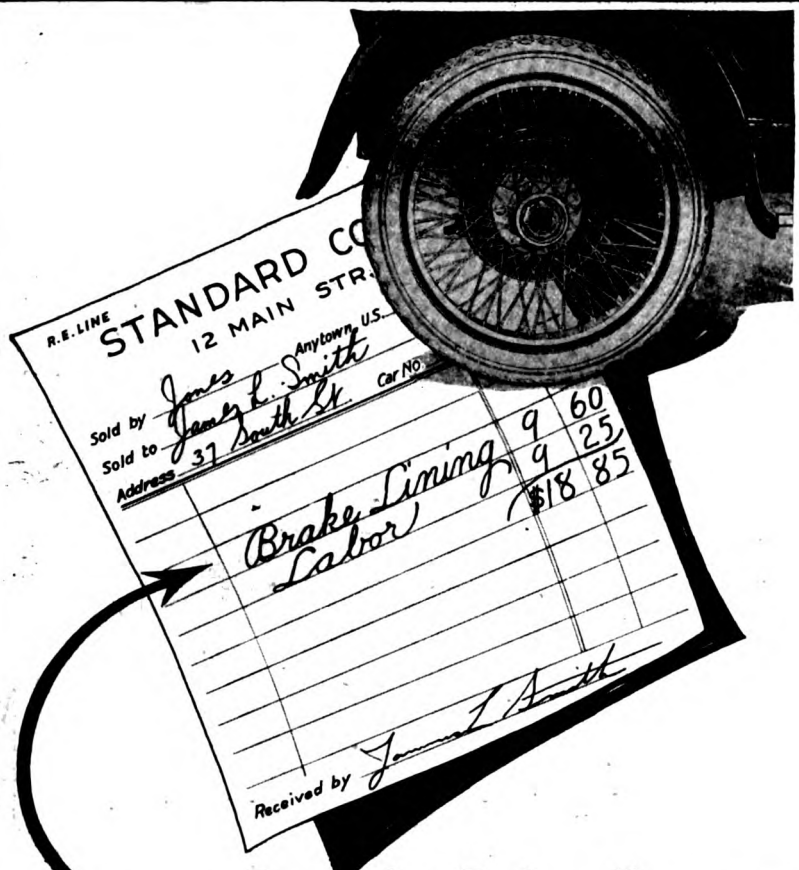

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get a few young fellows like him to work for Wolverton and Company, selling real estate.

"Mr. Hastings has always wanted to do that, "Lutie had suggested timidly.

Mr. Wolverton had turned an inquiring, smiling gaze in Mr. Hastings's direction.

"Would you consider it? Some of our salesmen are making their piles right now. Business is booming—this 'own your own home movement,' you know. We can't pay a salary at the start; but if you have the selling stuff in you, the commissions will make an ordinary salaried man's income look mighty sick. For instance, young Heminway, who started in for us three months ago . . . "

Young Heminway's history had left Lutie breathless and had put a deep shining desire into Meade's fine boyish face. But in the end—"With a wife and a baby, and bills to be met, whether school keeps or not—" Meade had apologized, and Mr. Wolverton had agreed that, of course, under those circumstances he couldn't blame any young fellow for playing safe.

So, now, Meade objected: "You know he said no salary."

"I know," she sighed; "but a real-estate salesman will sound spifdikerous while the folks are here. There is a chance that you may make some money. If you don't, we'll have enough to manage for a while. We can sell some bonds if worst comes to worst. As soon as they leave you can find an office position again."

"Lutie," his voice was thick with seriousness, "we agreed not to touch the bonds. You know it. Now we've been fools. We have spent our savings, and next month will probably find us owing the butcher. Do you think that, simply because Charlie and Bet are coming, we should waste this month? It seems to me that we have plunged about deep enough as it is."

IT SEEMED so, too, positively, to Lutie. She agreed with him redundantly. It seemed a pity, of course, that all they had done should go for nothing, and it might be humiliating to be job hunting when Charlie was around, but it was no more than they deserved. She didn't care if they weren't good sports; she didn't care if they had started something and were afraid to finish it. She had heard about women making money baking cakes and things. She'd bet she could find a market for those ginger raisin snaps right here in the neighborhood. She'd do that, while he was looking for work. Beth would help. The old darned mess had been her fault, and now she'd see them safely out of it. Yes, she would. She would, too.

So Meade put on the becoming hat and walked up to the bungalow that was the "Home of the Wolverton Real Estate Company" and he came back with some maps, a book of selling talk, some rigid resolutions, and a grin which was not a grin at all but a shrill and sturdy whistle in the dark.

For the first week Lutie asked him, each evening, how things were going and all about it. Then, when those miserable Franks, who had as good as promised, mind you, to take the Browns' place, changed their minds and bought in Rosedale, she stopped asking questions.

Through a few more evenings she tried the little ray of sunshine effect, with encouraging mottoes as to darkness and dawn and what Heminway has done, Hastings can do. But when Meade said—too kindly—one evening, that he was afraid she did not understand, she gave that up.

"I'm simply wasting time," he said on Monday evening of the third week, "wasting time I have no right to waste. If Charlie and Bet would consider someone besides themselves, and let us know when they are coming, I might have landed a job by now."

"They don't realize," Lutie reproved, "that it makes any difference to us. Besides, maybe you aren't wasting time. Aren't you learning?"

"Learning!" he scoffed. "Here is real-estate selling in a nutshell: Find the people who want to buy, find the piece of property they wish to buy, and lead them to it."

"I thought," she suggested, "that it consisted in finding the people and leading them up to any old place, and convincing them that there was the one spot on earth that could make them happy."

"Undoubtedly you know," Meade answered.

IT WAS after this that Lutie's smile began to lose some of its flexibility. She smiled it the same, even while she was doing sums that late June afternoon; sums that counted flour at so much, and molasses at so much, and added extra for ginger and raisins. But it was a stiff, drat-you-stay-put smile, lacking any conviction of humor or of happiness; so it was fortunate that Charlie and Beth were still delaying.

And that very evening, the evening of the afternoon in late June, Meade came home with the worst-looking face he had worn for months. It was white, it was drawn, it looked as if he had seen a lively ghost frolicking in the lettuce. Positively his pleasant brown eyes were panicky; and when he spoke it sounded as if he were poking the words past some obstruction in his throat.

"Lutie," he gulped, "I turned the Yutherson deal. All by myself. Wolverton thought it was hopeless. That's why he let me have it. Do you get me? I—turned it. By myself, you know! Not—not half an hour ago. Signed up and all. Just now. My commission will be—Gad, Lutie, it will be eleven hundred dollars!"

Lutie did not do any of the proper wifely things. She didn't throw her arms about his neck and tell him that she had known, all the time, that he would make good. She *hadn't* known it. She did not even shed a sweet little tear or two. She gave three rousing rowdy hip-hoorays for Hastings, and began on some crazy dance steps. She had forgotten that she was no longer wearing out-of-fashion skirts so, at her first attempted kick, the tight skirt tripped her and she sat down flat and hard.

It was fun. Noisy, undignified and unseemly, not at all the proper scene to be implanted on the plastic mind of a child. But Junior seemed to enjoy it and went yipping about as if he knew how much, how *awful* much, money eleven hundred dollars was.

Out on the porch the evening was pink with the sunset and June roses. You

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know what June can do with an evening, when she tries. And Lutie, in white with the salmon-colored silk jersey, was the pinkest, and proudest, and, on the whole, prettiest thing the evening had to offer.

She had finished planning how Mr. Wolverton would look when he heard the news, and how Mr. Heminway would feel, and was deep in what Mother and Dad would say, when down the cement sidewalk a motorcycle clattered, and up the brick walk a messenger boy came strolling.

"A telegram!" Lutie went white and trembling, "Mother—Dad—"

"Nonsense!" Meade started to meet the boy. "Probably it's Charlie and Bet at last. Well, let 'em come."

"Give it to me!" She jumped up and down, "Give it to me!" And real terror was in her voice.

"It is addressed to me," he teased, as he held the envelope above her head and opened it.

"But—by golly!" he gasped; "there's some mistake. Lutie, for the love of Pete, look here!"

Lutie looked and read: "Charles Meade Perry arrived to-day. Seven pounds and a holler. Beth fine and fit. Charlie."

SHE got back to the brick steps and there she collapsed. "If that isn't like a pair of friends," she groaned, "and I had no idea! Bet—the old stingy. I *told* her about Junior."

"But," Meade was quite tipsy, "have they been jollying us? They couldn't have planned to come—could they?"

"No," said Lutie; "well—I might as well be brazen, now that I'm caught with extra goods. They never had any notion of coming!"

Meade turned his back on her and sat down on the step below her.

An arm crept around his collar and one of his big ears was bitten; not to hurt, just to be friendly.

"Pud, we were getting mean and miserly. We didn't know that dollars were no good unless one had sense to go with them. Could make a pun. Won't. And, that day when I lied to you about Bet and Charlie, I was trying to steam a stamp off an envelope, and it all came to me—the rut we were in, the way we were wasting ourselves. So I thought hard for something to jolt us out of it, and I hit on the plan of a visit from home folks. At first I didn't intend to force you into it—I mean out of it—as I did; but when you turned the gas oven off, that cold night, I sa that I didn't dare not get us out of that wreck. I was really frightened—as if we were being pulled down into something black and ugly. I was going to tell you, later, that they had changed their plans, but—"

"But—" he caught at it—"the job? take it for a month—all that—"

"Eleven hundred dollars," she mused. "Are you going to be rats and snails and puppy-dog tails with me, Pud?"

He turned and looked up at her. Jove, but she was pretty! And—wise. Naughty, of course. Frightfully. The dog-gone little liar! Like some of those fascinating, intriguing women in books. Look at that pout now! Pretending she was sorry. Faker! Flirter! Look—at—that pout!

"Puddin'—dinks?"

And that settled it, for it made the pout irresistible.

"Never Stop—Never Give Up"

(*Continued from page 15*)

truth—that by his signature on a certain little document Bishop had drawn, a whole valley of humble farmers would be brought face to face with ruin. It was just a little matter of a right-of-way and an irrigation canal—and at the outset it seemed thoroughly benevolent and legitimate. And, in truth, the deal was wholly inside the law. Bishop had not the least intention of crossing that rather variable barrier.

Bishop looked forward with no joy to the three-hour ride in the launch over the wintry lake. Men were fools who took their vacations in such wilderness as this —cold and snow and desolate marshes. Such fools would not see quickly into the "joker" in the Bishop project.

The train drew into City-of-Lakes; and Captain McTavish was waiting in a car. He was a dour Scotchman, muscular and stolid, and he had asked a rather fancy figure for the conveyance of these two up to Austin's lodge in his launch, the "Mallard." "We'll whirl over to the landing, and get started right away," the Scotchman told them. "And the yacht won't cost ye so much, either. I've got another passenger."

"You've already promised him?" Bishop demanded.

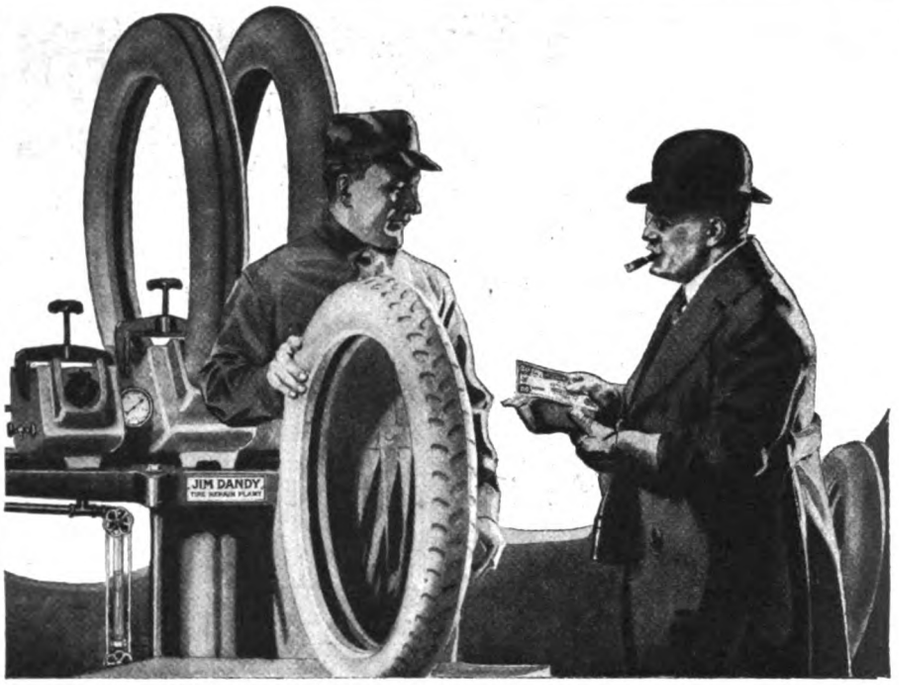
"Yes; but I'm sure you wouldn't mind. There's plenty of room, and I thought both of you and he would appreciate the saving of making one trip. He lives up on the Bay and was down on business. He's a nice fellow to travel with, too."

"It's all right this time—but I'd consider it a favor to let us know in advance, hereafter, whom you intend to take along as guests when we engage your launch."

FOR once the good manners that Bishop had so laboriously acquired had deserted him, and the Scotchman knew it. He opened his mouth to speak, then turned silently to the wheel. Of course Bishop was not really displeased. The saving of hiring the launch was something. He was not really afraid that the presence of one of the humble wilderness men would interfere with his comfort or grate on his sensibilities. Rather it was just the exercise of a habit he had acquired of insisting upon deference and recognition of his own prominence.

He glanced only once at the slender brown-skinned man in a mackinaw—evidently, from his rough dress, a worker from one of the lumber camps on the far shore—who was waiting in the cabin when he entered. His glance was not in answer to the look of friendliness with which the young man had greeted him. It was one of Bishop's boasts that he chose his friends with care—that he established no intimacy with fellow passengers on his many journeys.

Even in the shelter of the cabin, they could hear the beat of the waves against the reeds. It was a peculiar sound, never to be forgotten. No stars gleamed in the dark waters. And the wilderness wind



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swept into them, and brought its chill and its menace. Then the boat pushed out into the lake.

II

THERE are no more mysterious lakes in the whole West than some of the tule-margined waterways of Oregon. High Lake was one of the largest, thirty miles or more in length. Sometimes its banks were tree-clad hills, but mostly it was bounded by tule marshes that seemed to have no boundaries. There was usually just enough wind to ripple along its waters, but it was not entirely to be relied upon. Sometimes a gale would seem to turn it upside down.

It was almost a deserted place. In summer, certain wise men came from all points of the compass to fish in it—taking therefrom as large a breed of rainbow trout as any angler ever dreamed about on midsummer night. There were many cottages on the wooded portions of the shore, and the varied craft on its blue waters made it seem quite gay. In the fall, men came to hunt the water fowl that passed ever up and down its marshy shores. But as the fall grew to late winter, human beings visited it less and less. In the first place, its winds were bitter cold, and the fingers grew too stiff to press a shotgun trigger. Besides, its waters usually froze over in the last days of November.

It is true that in some years the lake had remained open all winter. In the season that Bishop came to talk to Austin about his project the ice was unusually late. It had formed a thin crust on the various bays and inlets, yet the great wind-swept expanse was still clear. But except for the water fowl, and an occasional hardy trapper or lumberjack on its farthest shores, it was utterly deserted. Weeks would pass without the sight of a single craft.

There was but a cap o' wind when Captain McTavish started his motor. The soft snow was still sifting down and a keener wind was promised before he could reach the bay; but the captain had perfect confidence in his little launch. It was a sturdy boat that had weathered some of the worst storms that the old-timers could remember.

But for very good reason he didn't head out into the open lake. Only by following the shore line could directions be kept at all. There were no stars to guide him and compasses were of little value, either. He kept his headlight fastened on the tall tules of the shore; and it was rather ticklish business. Cruising these waters was a matter of long experience and at least a superficial knowledge of the shallows; and Captain McTavish did not dare to go too close to the margin. He did not in the least care to run aground in this lonely region.

The three men moved almost at once into the engine-room, taking the harder seats beside the motor. It was warmer here. Bishop's temperature was falling with the thermometer. He was chill and uncomfortable, and perhaps he had already begun to regret his insistence that Captain McTavish take him at once to Austin's bungalow instead of waiting for the dawn. Bronough's moods were always almost perfectly in tune with his

chief's; and he sat scowling at the palpitating valves. Only the third of the trio, the Stranger, seemed unaffected by the discomfort. One would have almost thought, by the curious glisten in his straightforward eyes, that he was enjoying this wintry ride.

An hour passed, and the snow seemed to be ceasing. Once or twice they caught glimpses of a single cold white star in a break in the clouds.

They turned a point, and the wind smote them. The shore seemed suddenly very close. Their light was no longer impeded by the fall of snowflakes, and they saw the wall of reeds streaming in the wind. "We're too near to the shore," the Stranger called to the captain.

The occasional word addressed to him by either Bishop or Bronough had apparently gone unheard; but the captain called an answer to the Stranger: "I know it, but the water's deeper here. I'll head out."

They felt the lurch of the launch as it headed into the wind. Then all of them found themselves upon their feet.

It would be hard to explain the sudden sense of alarm that they all experienced. The only outward sign of trouble was a sudden racing of the engine; but only an experienced yachtsman would have seen immediately the significance of that. The three passengers certainly had no time to reason out the explanation of the sudden roar of the cylinders. Rather it seemed to be a contagion of alarm from the one man who did realize what had happened —Captain McTavish.

The boat wallowed drunkenly, and the captain wrenched at his wheel. The stream of light sliced along the tules, and described a swift arc over the dark and plunging waves. The ship turned three slow circles, and the muck grated beneath her keel. The engine choked and died.

At first, the only sensation was one of silence, that the sound of the wind in the tules could not alleviate. It seemed as if the air had suddenly grown quiet. In reality, the storm was beating just as violently as before, but at the very edge of the tules, in three inches of water, they were sheltered from it. The boat stood quite still.

"Well, Captain?" the Stranger asked.

"The propeller shaft is broken," was the answer. "We're stranded—miles from nowhere. We'll have to cross the marsh."

Bishop cursed in the darkness—savage, blasphemous curses of annoyance and anger. He foresaw several hours more of cold and discomfort, and possibly a tiresome walk to shelter. But he did not know the Western marshes. He would have been silent and awed as a little child if he had known—as the Stranger and McTavish knew—and if he had understood the real nature of the test that lay before them.

III

FOR a moment the Stranger and Captain McTavish talked with low voices at the foot of the little ladder that led to the bridge. They talked so quietly that Bishop and Bronough could not hear what they said. It is a trait learned on the trail to be very cool and self-possessed in a moment of danger. Voices fall in-

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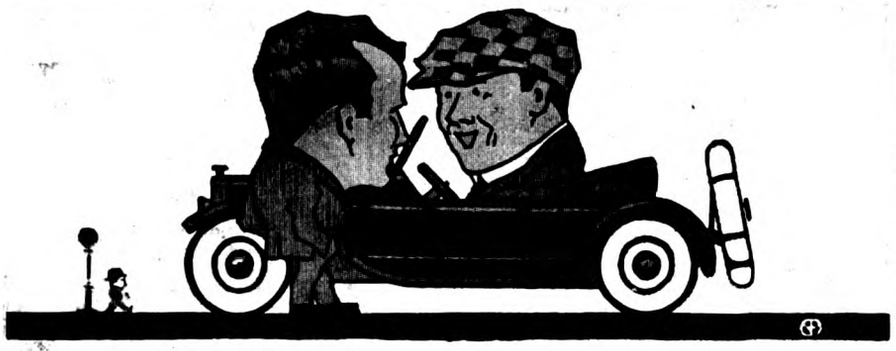

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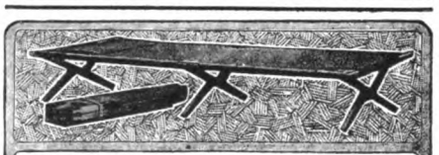

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stead of rise. Bishop heard the murmur of their voices, and was suspicious at once.

"Talk up, you two," he commanded, "or else go to work to get us out of here. I've paid my money for you to take me to my destination—"

He had forgotten that he wasn't addressing his own chauffeur. The two talked on as if they hadn't heard him. Bronough stood behind his chief, seemingly of little more substance than his own shadow. But he did find strength to echo his words. "Hurry up, and let's get out of here," he said lamely.

The captain looked over his shoulder. "You won't get out of here to-night," he said quite clearly.

Bishop tried to answer, but only curses came first. "Do you mean that?" he demanded. "Do you mean that you took me up here in a boat that wasn't seaworthy, and we'll have to lay here till morning? You said we could cross the marsh. Well, let's get started. I'm not sure that it isn't a put-up job."

The captain turned. "And what possible value would it be to me to put up a job like this?"

"Who knows? But I've got to get to the Bay to-night, and if you can't make this boat run, I want you to say so."

"That's easy," the Stranger replied. "It won't run."

"Then I'm going to start off across."

"Help yourself," the captain urged him. "You might step out in the tules and see how easy it is, going."

Bishop stepped over the side into the tule growth, sinking at once into the deep snow and the muck beneath. He snatched frantically at the side of the craft, and drew himself back on board. "Good lord," he exclaimed, "we can't walk in that."

THE Stranger seemed to smile—very quietly. "Listen, sir," he said quite courteously. "I think I'd better explain this situation to you. First tell me—how deep is the snow?"

"Deep? It's to my hips!"

"No, it's not. It's not even two feet, I think, —but the marsh is beneath. Our propeller shaft, as you know, is broken. It can't be repaired until a boat comes out and gets us. I want you to know this matter straight. And no boat is coming out to get us until we reach a telephone and tell them to."

"Then let's get to a 'phone—"

"You're not in New York, now, sir. You probably don't know that this lake is utterly deserted in the winter. No one —except an occasional lumberman—comes or goes at all." He suddenly whirled to the dark Scot behind him. "Captain, how long would it be before your wife becomes worried about you and sends someone out to look for you?"

"About a week, and maybe more," he returned. "I told her I was going to stay until Mr. Bishop was ready to return, and of course I didn't know when that would be."

"No one will come to look for me, either. I told the men that I might stay several days in City-of-Lakes. And, sir" —he turned again to Bishop—"have you any idea what would happen to us inside of a week?"

"We'd starve, of course. But, why—"

"Please wait a minute. We'd starve,

of course. But men can last several days without food if they can keep warm. But we couldn't keep warm. It's cold now. It will be colder in the dawn. There is no fuel in these marshes—no hopes of building a fire. By sitting close we wouldn't die to-night. Some of us would last over to-morrow night. But men can't survive this winter cold for many nights. Only one thing remains, and I think that there's no question about it. That is, to take our chances, and plow off through this snow and marsh to the edge of Vacation Creek. I won't tell you how far it is—for you wouldn't have heart to attempt it in this snow. But it's all a man, any man, can make, without food and warmth and rest. It will take every ounce of strength each one of us has got."

"I don't believe it. It's a hold-up of some sort."

"Believe it or not, as you want to—but I know this lake, and so does the captain. Vacation Creek isn't a stream to jump over. It's two hundred yards wide, and there's no way around it. Beyond that creek are bungalows where we can find food and warmth—just on the other side. And maybe there will be a way to cross. We'll pray that there is. It's going to be a test, and only a chance of making it. The light burns from the magneto, so we can't take it. And you might as well make yourself as comfortable as you can until dawn."

"Good heavens! Can't we make it in the dark?"

THE Stranger studied the sky. "The clouds seem to be breaking—if I can find any familiar stars, we can start. But we can't find our way without pilots—as long as the clouds remain I can't see even the outline of any of the landmarks. Captain McTavish is going to try to start the engine to keep us warm, but he's afraid that some of the water plants have got into its vitals."

They stood silent while the captain was working with his motor. He worked long and tirelessly before he could even get an explosion out of it; and it stopped again and again. The wind was lowering; but the chill that it brought gave way to an actual lowering of the temperature far below the freezing point. Their bodies were already unpleasantly cold. And now, long past midnight, the clouds were breaking and dissolving.

"This won't do," the Stranger said at last. "We're all too cold, and we're wasting precious strength. We're wasting time, too—because this walk across the marsh is really a race against time. I can keep my directions now, and I think we'd better start." He glanced up at McTavish with curious interest. "Captain, haven't you any more clothes than that?" he demanded.

"Not another thing. I thought I had a top-coat in the engine-room, but I guess my wife forgot to put it in."

"Good heavens, man! that complicates matters worse than ever. Then that settles it—we've got to start this minute. Get up, Bishop."

"See here!" Bishop suddenly leaned forward, "I'm not used to being directed by the first lumberjack I run across. Besides, I've hired this launch, and Captain McTavish is in my employ. You're kind of an interloper on this trip anyway

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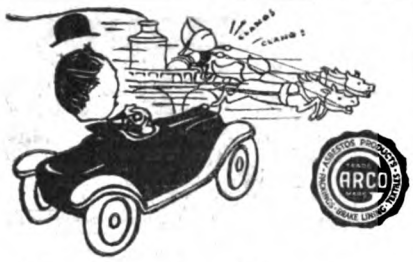

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—and I'm going to wait here till morning."

"Suit yourself—just as long as you give the captain one of your under coats."

"What!" the great face grew savage. "One of my coats!"

"I think it would be only right. That fur coat of yours alone is warmer than everything the captain has on. I know that you have at least a business coat and waistcoat under it. I have only this mackinaw and shirt. Your friend, Bronough, can't spare any of his clothes, either. So if I were you I'd come across."

Bishop stood up. "If it wasn't for the position we're in, we'd settle that insolence right now. I think you'll pay for it, anyway, if I have any influence with your boss. I'm going to keep my coats. If the captain didn't bring along enough to keep him warm, it's his own fault."

"That's all right, sir," the captain addressed the Stranger. "Let him keep his coats. I'll make it out, by walking fast. And now let's start."

"You're going to leave your boat?" Bronough demanded.

"Yes."

"Then we'd better go with him," Bronough urged his employer. "We'll freeze to death before they can get across and come and save us."

The Stranger and the captain didn't seem to be listening. They had crawled out into the deep, cold snow, and were studying the patches of starlight. The clouds were swiftly receding, and the moon—just a crescent of not great light—was rising. With bad grace, Bishop and Bronough followed them.

"Straight toward the North Star," the Stranger advised. "And, Captain, you've been working with the engine. I'll break the trail first."

So he headed away into the snowdrifts of the marsh, and three silent men followed him in file. In the emptiness and stillness they were as lonely figures as the stars that guided them.

IV

EVEN Bishop—who took the last and easiest place in the short file—had some knowledge of the marshes before the first mile was past. Walking is ordinarily almost automatic. No thought is given to the placing of one foot before another. But here, every step was a distinct and exhausting effort. The snow was deep and wet and clinging, and it had matted in the tall reeds of the marsh until it required all of one's physical strength to push through. Yet they could not stop and rest. The grim spirit of the cold seemed to be waiting, hovering, for just such an opening as this.

The long moments dragged away; and they could not seem to gain. They had to make long detours, sometimes to avoid sloughs or else the heavier tule-growths that were simply impenetrable. Sometimes the mire gave away beneath them, and they got used to the Stranger's quick, decisive command to "back-trail."

Soon something worse than cold had begun to oppress them. Cold can be mastered, for a little while at least. As long as their bodily effort continued, as long as the vital forces of the body were not utterly exhausted, they could keep from freezing to death.

But now the wisest of them all, particularly McTavish, had begun to feel the first dreadful weight of despair. If one thing was needed to bring them through, it was hope and courage. And now both of these were breaking.

Their clothes were soaking wet half way up their thighs. Sometimes the reeds tripped them, and they fell sprawling in the snow; but they knew enough to spring quickly to their feet. Wet clothes, in their present predicament, would be the last thing needed to defeat them. And after the first hour, McTavish saw that the Stranger's falls occurred at ever-increasing intervals.

The fact had a grim significance. There is no worse sign than this. It revealed the beginning of utter fatigue—when the nerves lose their control over the muscles. Once more he fell sprawling; then McTavish passed over him. "I'm going to break trail a while," he said.

The first ribbon of light was showing in the east, and they were entering upon the coldest hour of the day. McTavish alone, however, was visibly weakened by the cold. The frost pierced his civilian coat and soft flannel shirt, and even the plunging advance through the drifts could not keep him warm.

CURIOUSLY, Bishop was still at the end of the file. All the shiftings in leadership had not lost him that position. He had suffered less than any of the others. He was dressed more warmly, for one thing—and the trail was always fairly well broken by the three men in front. Yet he was the only one that opened his lips to curse at the cold and the marsh. The others walked in silence, awed by the very preponderance of the odds against them.

"A wintry day," McTavish predicted to the Stranger. He glanced up at the deepening clouds. "As bad a day as we've ever seen. I'm afraid we haven't much chance."

But there was no unusual emphasis in his words. He spoke very quietly—not half so loud as Bishop cursed.

"Carry on!" the Stranger answered grimly. His lips drew in a half smile.

In the gray uncertain light of dawn, they had their first crisis. Bronough was leading, and in the silence the others heard the sharp crack of ice beneath his feet. It was the moment that the spirit of the marsh had waited for—Bronough called sharply in warning, then tried to turn. Then they saw his gray shape as he struggled and sank in the mire.

Just for an instant, the Stranger, who was next to him, stopped in his tracks. He understood perfectly: Bronough had walked into one of the treacherous quagmire pools, whose muck is almost as deadly as any quicksand. It seizes on the legs and holds them, and only aid from without can break its grasp. Struggling only makes its grip the tighter, for no other reason than the lack of traction. The wise thing to do is stand still, whereupon one will sink only to the hips. And then the proper course is simply to wait—to see whether the cold or a search party will be the first to come.

The instant's pause revealed to the Stranger the unpleasant fact that he, also, was in the quagmire. It was true that the pool grew steadily worse the

farther one entered it; yet the muck gave way beneath his feet and he sank to his knees. Captain McTavish had crossed the interval between them, and they stood quite still, close together. Bishop was still on firm bottom.

"Take hold of my hand!" the Stranger commanded swiftly. "We've got to make a chain."

Then they plunged on, into the quaking mire. The Stranger whipped off his mackinaw, and together they fought their way near enough to throw the end of it into Bronough's outstretched arms.

They had three links in the chain, but yet another would be needed before they could break the grasp of the mire. The Stranger's face was curiously set as he turned. Something like a white flame, not seen before, was in his eyes and on his cheeks.

His voice had a singular clarity and distinctness when he spoke to Bishop.

"Wade farther into the pond," he said, "and take the captain's hand."

Bishop cursed at him in reply. "Aren't three of you enough?" he demanded. "You fools—wading in to sink yourself. I'm going to get help."

"Let go of my hand," the Stranger said in a strange, tired, quiet voice. The captain released it, and it looked white and slim as it went back to the man's hip. It brought out a long, black-barreled revolver.

He didn't seem to be aiming it. He held it easily. Yet its barrel was pointed inexorably at the heavy form at the edge of the pond. "Wade on in," he said in the same subdued voice. "I couldn't miss at this distance—and if we're going to die here, you're going with us."

Snarling, Bishop waded in, and they made a chain that fought its way to the shore.

V

A WINTRY day—and four strange figures filing through the marshes. They seemed no longer conscious of time. They were fighting for their lives; and that was the only issue. They headed straight toward the top of a round hill—a pilot to take the place of the stars that had faded.

There had been a little drama when the first three men of the file had halted, insisting that Bishop take his turn at breaking the trail. Again the Stranger's eyes had a white light; and Bishop had read its meaning. But he soon professed fatigue, and dropped back. The other three did not ask him again.

Noon came, and then the deepening chill of early afternoon. They had reached the crisis. Two of the four were at the utmost limit of endurance, only a shred of their last reserve strength kept them up at all. One of these was Captain McTavish. He had taken more than his share of trail-breaking; besides, he was the oldest of the four and past his prime.

Bronough, of light frame and of mediocre physique, was the other. Bishop was freshest of all. He lost none of his vivacity from cold. He was naturally strong, and he had shirked his share of file leading. The Stranger was going on his nerves, but they were even more to be relied upon than strong muscles. He was one of those rare men whose very spirit seems to have wings to bear him along after the body is impotent. It bore on the others, too.

"Fight on," he whispered again to McTavish. "We can't stop now, old friend. It isn't many miles to the creek."

"And when we reach the creek? What then? No sound will carry to the bungalow, and the ice won't bear you up."

They plowed on, and now even their lunging through the snow-matted reeds had become automatic. Their muscles were past the point where they could feel fatigue. The nerves were poisoned, and no longer carried their messages.

"Never stop—never give up," the Stranger said. The words were not addressed to any being but his own spirit. The tone was heavy and dull and strange. They were almost at the end of the trail.

THEY fell quite often now. It was always a fresh battle to get up. It was so pleasant to lie still and forget . . . but always the Stranger called. One couldn't forget the blue pistol he carried in his pocket. . . . They thought that the man would turn it even on those that could no longer walk, to make them rise again. Once the Stranger had to stagger back and jerk Bronough to his feet. "Just a little way farther," he promised, "we're almost to the creek."

He spoke the truth. Even now they were descending to the margin. Just beyond it lay shelter and warmth and food, in the bungalow far out of shouting range on the hillside; but as yet they were not to know whether they were ever to reach them. Another twilight was descending on the marsh, and it might be that they could not cross.

Life itself hung on the balance. Their exhausted bodies could never endure another night on the marsh. The creek was really a still strait, nearly two hundred yards across at its narrowest place, and it was too deep to wade. Each man had in his heart the hope that some one of the other three still had strength for the long swim across, knowing that he himself could not possibly achieve it.

They staggered down to the creek-edge, and the bravest of them tried to smile as he looked across. Seemingly the Spirit of the Marsh had cheated them, after all. They had battled its snows and passed its quagmires—and now they were seemingly to die at the very edge of its domain. For, sheltered from the winds, the waterway was crusted with thin ice.

It was true that there was open water a mile below them, but at that point the bay was far too wide for an exhausted man to swim. In the space between, the ice had gradually increased in thickness. Some of it was floating like thin glass, and just in front it made a clear white surface completely across the strait. And then the Stranger saw their last hope.

"It won't hold up a man walking," he said quietly. "Farther down, where the ice is in patches, it's too wide for any man to swim—exhausted as we are. There are boats in plenty across at the empty cabins. There's just one thing left—one of us has got to try to crawl across on his hands and knees."

The captain understood at once, and perhaps the other two had some small measure of understanding. Ice that will not support a walking figure will often hold up one that lies flat.

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"And the one to cross," said Captain McTavish, "will be me. I'm the oldest man here—with less to lose."

"No; you haven't strength left to row back. Unless Bishop wants to go—?" The Stranger looked, with curling lips, at the great figure of the instigator of the Bishop project.

"I'm heavier than you," he returned. "It's up to you, or Bronough."

"Not Bronough—he's too worn out, too. You see whom that leaves, Captain!"

"I see!" And McTavish turned and cursed the man who had hired him—black and bitter curses, such as Bishop had never had to listen to before.

"I'm the one," the Stranger said again. The bitter smile faded, and for an instant the mouth gave a curious impression of boyishness and appeal. It was even possible that he smiled a little, too, only in a different way—a grim, strange way. "And wish me luck, McTavish. I'd just as soon drown out there in those waters as freeze here, so I really don't mind going at all. . . . And keep moving until I get back."

There was no handshaking, no emotionalism. Issues were revealed, life or death by the turn of a hair. A man had seen his work, and he bent to do it. They saw him slip down, almost flat upon the ice. Then they saw him push out.

With starting, straining eyes they watched his dark figure against the white—ever creeping toward the safety that lay beyond. Sometimes the ice cracked and swayed under him, and often he halted, to creep on inch by inch. He seemed just a speck on the limitless white.

Then the captain and Bronough shouted and danced like madmen in the snow. Their straining eyes saw him pass the last fifty feet in safety, and crawl up upon the shore.

BUT the little drama of the marsh was not yet completed. A short wait, easily endured because they knew that help was coming, and then they saw the Stranger emerging from one of the little outbuildings beside the bungalow on the hillside. They were too far to see him thrust two dark bottles into his pockets.

He hurried down the shore to the open water, then leaped into one of the line of rowboats. His oars flashed as he rowed swiftly across. They hurried up the widening strait to meet him.

"I brought two drinks—for the men that need them most," he said as he came up. His eyes were straight on Bishop's. "The Chinese cook at the bungalow fixed them for me in the quickest time a man ever worked. It's hot water with a shot of whisky. I had one over there, and these are for the captain and Bronough."

He passed one of the bottles to each of the two men he had named. "You left me out!" Bishop shouted.

"You've been left out on things all day—including trail breaking," was the reply. "Drink 'em down, you two—to the last drop. And all you can't drink I'll take myself."

They drank the bracing liquid; then climbed into the boat. The load was heavy, but the still water prevented any danger of capsizing. Bishop settled himself in the bow. The captain started to take the oars.

"There's just one more thing," the Stranger went on. He spoke with a curious intentness they had not heard before. "That's not your seat, Captain. Bishop—sit back and take the oars."

The man looked up with a snarl. "That's too much!" he said. "You had it your own way out there. But we're nearing civilization now, almost to my friend John Austin's bungalow. You've just had two drinks prepared by his cook. I tell you—"

THE Stranger's eyes suddenly blazed up. There was none of the cool, good-humor in them now. It was an explosion at last, a silent one but no less terrible because of its silence. Bishop met the eyes and read their meaning.

His eyes dropped to the Stranger's hand, but they were hardly fast enough to follow it as it whipped back to his hip. The revolver leaped forth and pointed.

"Get into that seat, you mongrel!" The Stranger commanded swiftly. "I'd kill you as I would a dog."

He meant what he said. The old murder-light was in the gray eyes. Bishop's eyes stared, but his motions were swift. He took the seat and bent to the oars.

It was a long, hard row back around the sheaths of ice. The boat was heavily ladened, and riding low. He did not have the stimulant by aid of which the Stranger had rowed across. And he was chattering and black with wrath when he reached the other side.

"I'll show you, you blackguard!" he shouted. "You hill-billy, I'll get you and break you wide open—and I'll have witnesses, too. You drew a deadly weapon, and I'll enlist John Austin's aid."

The captain smiled, hardly perceptibly.

"I'm going to see him now; he lives in the bungalow where you got the water. I've come up on a business deal, and he'll help me. Who are you, you thug? I'm Gabriel Bishop—"

He halted, sputtering; and the captain's smile was a trifle more discernable. "You're mistaken in one thing," the Stranger replied. "You said you had business with John Austin. You haven't any business with him, and you never will have any business with him."

Bishop gazed at him in sudden horror. "Who are you?" he asked hoarsely.

"I'm John Austin," was the reply.

The captain slapped his thighs and roared with Olympian laughter.

Thus the farmers of the Little Valley were never to know the menace of the Bishop project, after all. The trail was the test, and it showed what all the close scrutiny of his documents did not show—the streak of decay in the man's nature. The Spirit of the Marsh had done a good work, after all.

LESLIE GORDON BARNARD will have a story next month, "Why They Called Her Little Ireland;" and if the lilt in Peggy's words and the song in Peggy's heart do not find an echo in your own then—as Peggy herself would say—"'tis a terrible deaf one ye must be afther havin'."

"Side-line Johnny"

(*Continued from page 51*)

indulge in—so long as they are ideas that apply directly to the betterment of the job you have in hand. Thousands of young fellows sidetrack themselves on the road to success every year by following the false gods of bright ideas that have nothing to do with their own jobs.

"The majority of young men," said the president of a large manufacturing company with whom I was lunching recently, "start bravely enough; but at every milepost a few drop out—sidetracked for one avoidable reason or another—until by the time the goal of really broad-gauge ability is reached there are very few of them left. That is the reason ten-, twenty-, fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year men are so hard to find. The really successful man isn't naturally any *smarter* than the less successful, he simply makes better use of what brains he's got. So all-fired few young men will get in where there is an opportunity, *and stick to their jobs.*"

SOME men delight to gloat secretly over the friends of their youth and early business careers whom they happen to have outstripped a little in the race of life. It tickles their vanity and gives them a peg on which to hang the oversupply of self-admiration a little success is apt to engender even in the best of us.

But this habit doesn't get you anything—except a large crop of ill-feeling if you practice it audibly. It never added a penny to any man's bank account, nor showed him how to become one iota happier or more successful. I know—I used to do it myself.

Of late years I have found a better use for those other young fellows who started out with me and wandered, some of them temporarily, thank goodness, off the weary road that leads up the hill. I don't gloat over them any more. I study them, and try to learn why they stopped at various points along the way, while I went on. This gives me knowledge that I can use in my business every day.

Perhaps the most important thing I have learned—both from my own experience and by studying the experience of others—is that if a man is going to be successful he cannot undertake too many things at once.

"WHAT We Have Learned From 6,000,000 Customers" will be told by Julius Rosenwald in the magazine next month. It is an intimate account of what a great merchant has found out about the tastes of an immense cross-section of the American people.

MERLE CROWELL has written an article for next month which tells the extraordinary story of a great mining man who has made a fortune by seizing opportunities that other man have "passed up." It is called "A Digger for Facts Will Outstrip a Guessing Genius."

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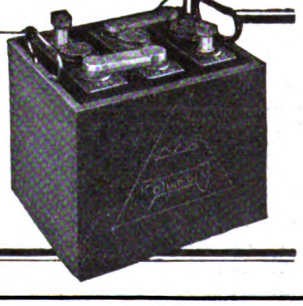

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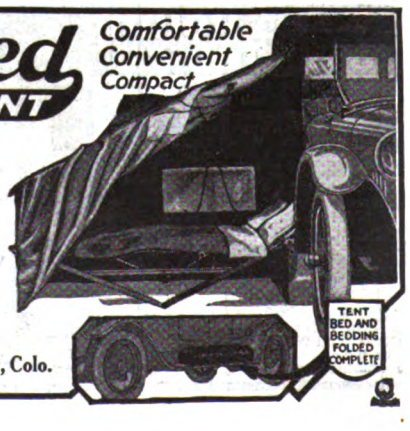

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30 DAYS-TRIAL

Stealing Cleopatra's Stuff

(*Continued from page 25*)

It beats even dancing, in my opinion."

I hesitated several minutes and was forced to swallow once or twice before I could get started.

"I'm supposed to be pretty good at making it," I said. "You ought to try one of mine." I was again forced to swallow. Nothing but knowing that I had all the wisdom of Cleopatra behind me enabled me to go on. "Why don't you come over some night and have one? Say next Sunday evening? There'll probably be some others in."

That last sentence shows the difference between a well-read person and another. If I hadn't read lots of stories that are laid in New York where the heroine invites the hero to tea, I never in the world would have got that lovely casual touch, as though people were likely to be "in" almost any time.

Even then, I felt all choky with fear that it might seem bold and forward to him. But it didn't seem to.

"I'll be right there!" he said.

He wrote down my address on the back of an envelope. I glanced around carelessly, hoping somebody would see him doing it. It always looks well to be seen having your address or telephone number being written down.

When I told Mother about having asked him and said I wanted another couple, she said:

"Why don't you ask Mary Chase and Will Hunter? You and Mary are such good friends, and Will is a nice boy."

MOTHERS never have the least idea of social life. They think that because a girl is a good friend of yours, you have to ask her to your parties. But the more I thought about it, the more Mother's idea struck me as good. All the other girls but Mary had been having beaux right along, and while I doubted that any of them had ever read anything about Cleopatra they might have picked up a few pointers for themselves. And judging from the fact that Cleopatra had her own sister put to death because she was jealous of her, it is not likely that she took any chances on having anybody around who knew more about her game than she did. It would be easier to have Will than any other boy because, on account of having known him so long, he wouldn't worry me any if things didn't go just right. And really, having Ellis Burleigh was about all I could stand in the way of a strain.

Mother said she wished I had asked them any other time, because she and Father had to go over to St. Paul Sunday afternoon and couldn't get back until eight or nine o'clock.

"It will be all right, of course," she said, "with Will and Mary here, and perhaps we can get home earlier. But can you manage the lunch alone?"

I thought I could, and in a way I was glad they were going. While Father is lots of fun and the girls all like him, if I should have any rich new dish, he'd be very likely to say:

"Well, well, what's this? Mulligatawny stew?" or something coarse like that.

I took as much pains with that lunch, I guess, as have been taken with any meal in the world. I polished the silver and got out the monogrammed napkins that Mother got for a wedding present and that we hardly ever use. I'd have given anything on earth if we'd had butter spreaders—it looks so primitive to use your knife.

I had decided to have rum-tum-tiddle instead of rarebit. Cleopatra always had rare dishes, and rum-tum-tiddle is new and very unusual. Kathie got the recipe in Chicago, and I'm sure nobody in town here has tasted it. It is made out of grated cheese and canned tomato soup and a little bacon and onion and cream. It tastes a little bit like rarebit, only more so. It is much richer.

I WORE my velveteen dress again and I tried the wire bracelet, but it looked anything but sumptuous so I took it off. Mercifully, Mother went off in a hurry and forgot her ring. I wore it on my right hand so it would sparkle when I stirred the rum-tum-tiddle. I put on the Queen of Egypt perfume, and got the cinnamon shaker from the kitchen and sprinkled it all over my hair. It smelled so queer and familiar that I wondered if they had a different kind of cinnamon in Cleopatra's time.

The party was the most marvelous success. I was afraid I'd be embarrassed at having anybody so important as Ellis Burleigh, but I wasn't a bit. He was so easy mannered that everything just sailed. I guess that men of the world are all that way. Will helped some, too. And Mary looked nice—nice but not at all sumptuous. I lighted the lamp under the chafing dish and called them out into the dining-room.

When they reached the door, they gasped. If I do say it, the scene was simply regal. Ellis Burleigh pulled back my chair, and Will mercifully caught on and pulled out Mary's. Honestly, all it needed to be just like a play was one side of the room knocked off to make it like a stage.

"Some little party, I'll tell the world," said Ellis.

"Apple dumplings!" Will exclaimed gleefully.

"Apple dumplings!" I echoed. I looked over the table bewildered. There was nothing that looked anything like apple dumplings.

Will looked crestfallen, and sniffed the air apologetically.

"I thought I smelled 'em," he said.

It was my hair!

I pretended I couldn't imagine where he got that idea, and started to make rum-tum-tiddle. Now and then I would have to glance at Mother's ring sparkling in the candlelight.

"What is that wonderful-looking stuff you're making?" Mary asked politely.

"It's rum-tum-tiddle," I said.

"I never heard of it," said Mary. "It must be new."

"It is," I said. "Very."

I poured the cream in slowly, so that they would all notice it. Of course it is in no way to be compared with melting pearls in vinegar, but at the prices nowadays it is something to be seen putting in real cream. When Ellis Burleigh tasted the rum-tum-tiddle, he just rolled his eyes to the ceiling and said:

"Oh, boy!"

"Is it as good as rarebit?" I asked.

"It has it all over rarebit," he said, "like a tent."

And he liked the lettuce sandwiches too. I watched him out of the corner of my eye, and he ate nine. The Turkish Delight we had for dessert was light as air and everybody liked that, too. And as Ellis ate one thing after another, he kept getting jollier and jollier, and it was so plain that he was having a good time that most of my uneasiness at having to entertain anybody so important wore off. It is wonderful how eating does liven things up. Cleopatra certainly knew what she was doing when she gave those banquets.

BY THE time Mother and Father got home, we were all singing around the piano and having the most wonderful time. There was one haunting little fear in the back of my mind. What if Ellis Burleigh should just say he had had a nice time, and go home without asking me to a football game or anything! It almost took the pleasure out of the last end of the evening. But just before he got ready to go, he drew me aside.

"Suppose I stop by for you for dancing class Friday night?" he said.

"Why, I'd—I'd be pleased to have you," I said. I tried to make my voice sound very casual, as though it wasn't the first invitation I'd ever had and didn't mean anything at all to me. But I was so excited it made me feel giddy, as if I didn't have any feet at all and was floating around about a foot above the floor. To be going to dancing class with Ellis Burleigh! It was enough to make any girl giddy.

Ellis and Mary both lived away down past the bridge so he walked home with her. Will said he would "stick around and help do up the dishes." I did wish he hadn't said that in front of Ellis—it sounded so primitive—but I was really glad to have him stay. Mother had come home from St. Paul with a headache and I'd have had to do the dishes all alone.

That evening was just the beginning of my triumph. Ellis invited me to the next Friday class and the next. He also took me to a high-school dance and to a special dancing club that his cousin got him into. He was crazy about dancing. I asked him and Mary and Will over to play five hundred, and I made some more rum-tum-tiddle. Ellis seemed to have such a good time that I asked them again. Mary had us at her house, too.

Inside of a month I was living in a perfect whirl of excitement. I'd often be out both Friday and Saturday night. We often visited the Friday afternoon dancing class, too. Mother didn't like my going so much. I hardly had time to study. Ellis never asked anybody else, and everybody admitted that I was his "girl." I would look back at myself as I had been early in the fall, a simple, ignorant girl, that no boy ever looked at and worried to death over it, and it actually seemed funny to me. I never went to all-girl parties any more. And I felt that I owed it all to Cleopatra.

There were things about this way of doing, though, that were not so pleasant, I found.

It was dressing sumptuously that first began to bother me. It is comparatively easy to get yourself up to look sumptuous once; but when you have to do it two or three times a week on one velveteen dress, it is very hard. I even got to the point where I was getting down my last summer's clothes to wear to the dances. Sometimes a satin ribbon one can find in the attic will do for a sash and give a more or less sumptuous effect to an old flowered voile. By borrowing Kathie's things and fixing over my waists, I hardly ever wore exactly the same thing twice. At least I'd have a different collar or tie or something. But it was very hard.

In fact, most of Cleopatra's points bothered me some when I had to carry them out for weeks at a time. From some very pointed remarks that Father and Mother made I gathered that they did not admire the Queen of Egypt perfume, so I had to sneak out of the house after I'd get it on. The jewelry proposition was hard, too. I couldn't wear Mother's ring all the time, and when I borrowed Kathie's bracelet I broke it, and she was very unpleasant about it and wouldn't lend me anything more.

Then I began to wonder if it cost as much in Cleopatra's time to feed people as it does now. Being a queen, though, probably money was no object to her. But if she had been in my position and her mother had said that, while she was welcome to the tomato soup and cheese for rum-tum-tiddle, she couldn't use up the next morning's coffee cream and breakfast bacon once a week, and would have to buy these out of her allowance, at the prices they charge nowadays, I fancy it would have upset her some, too.

"Why don't you have something else for a change?" Will Hunter suggested when I confided to him how expensive rum-tum-tiddle is.

"Ellis is so crazy about it," I said. "He always says, 'When are we going to have another rum-tum-tiddle?'"

"Oh," said Will, "then I suppose that settles it."

POINT 6 (always flattering an admirer) seems on first thought to be the easiest thing in the world. And at first Ellis seemed so wonderful and important that it was perfectly natural. But, some way, as I got better acquainted with him, he didn't seem quite so wonderful and important. I wonder if that is what always happens when you get acquainted with prominent people! Of course I could have flattered him just the same, but it wasn't any fun. He didn't seem to appreciate it. I'd say:

"My, but you're a fine dancer!"

And he would just nod in a matter-of-fact way as though he had thought of it himself.

The hardest point of all, though, was in doing what Ellis wanted to do all the time. (It was always dancing.) Adapting herself I judged was one of Cleopatra's strongest points. But while it sounds simple enough, it is appalling how much your own real tastes do appeal to you.

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And I had such a lot of tastes—that was the trouble. I like to dance, but I like scads of other things, too—football games and basketball, and class meetings, and beadwork, and hiking, and dozens of other things. All I got a chance to do was to dance. Going to so many dances, and getting my clothes ready for them took up practically all my spare time.

It was very hard to pretend to be crazy to go to a special afternoon dancing class when the football team was having a practice game. Skating had begun, too, and when I'd have to stay in and study in the afternoon so that I could go and dance in the evening, I got kind of tired of it. I wished that Ellis liked to do all sorts of things, the way Will Hunter does, because then it would be easy to adapt myself to him. I'd just have to do what I wanted to. But Ellis didn't seem to care much about anything but dancing and eating.

If anybody had told me a while ago when I didn't have any beau at all and was feeling so worried about it, that in two months I should have one like Ellis Burleigh, and at times would almost wish I didn't have any, I should have thought it was a crazy idea.

ONE Friday morning when I woke up it was snowing. It snowed all day. About three in the afternoon Will Hunter came around the side of the house with his toboggan. He whistled and I opened the window.

"Come on down to the Hollow," he said. "The coasting's great!"

"I can't," I said; "I've got to sew."

"Can't you do it to-night?" he asked.

"No. I've got to get a new waist done to wear this evening," I said.

"Too bad," said Will. "You're out of luck."

And he went on down the street with the toboggan.

I went back to my sewing, but my heart wasn't in my work. It was a beautiful brown georgette waist, beaded in bronze and dull gold. It was really rich-looking and the tassels of dull gold were positively sumptuous. It would make a regular dress out of my old brown corduroy skirt. But I seemed to have lost my taste for dressing up all the time. It was hot in the living-room and I kept thinking about what they were doing at the Hollow.

Just before dinner I had to run out to the grocery and get a loaf of bread the delivery boy had forgotten. It was dark and the snow looked so white and the street lights were so blurred and pretty and the air just made you want to run and shout in a way that you wouldn't dream of doing anywhere but coasting.

"Hello, Dot," said somebody just behind me.

I looked back and saw Will Hunter. He was dragging his toboggan behind him, and first I thought he had a pile of blankets on it. But the blankets giggled, and it was Mary Chase.

I stood and talked with them for a minute, but I can't remember what we said. I didn't know what was the matter with me, but suddenly I felt so blue! It must have been staying in all the afternoon. All through dinner, I kept feeling worse and worse. I scarcely blushed when Mother remarked that she had intended making cinnamon rolls for dinner, but she guessed the washwoman must help herself to our spices. By the time Ellis came, I actually felt like crying. But of course I was much gayer than usual.

Dancing class was poky, just the same old crowd and the same old silly dances. I kept thinking about Mary on Will Hunter's toboggan. I had never dreamed that he liked her particularly. I had never thought of Will having a girl, anyway. Of course, most of the boys did have, but he had always seemed different. I could suddenly see that Mary was sly and scheming. She had been taking advantage of my inviting her to my parties to get Will.

"When are we going to have another rum-tum-tiddle?" Ellis asked as we began the last waltz.

"Oh, I don't know," I said. And I couldn't keep my voice from sounding cross. I was sick of dancing class and rum-tum-tiddles. I could just see myself stirring in the cheese and Mary Chase *flirting* with Will Hunter. No wonder girls are catty. You *have* to be, when you can't trust your best friend.

They played the Missouri Waltz for the last dance and I felt so sick of it I wanted to scream. Suddenly as we were dancing in a corner, Ellis squeezed my hand.

"You're some little queen, Dorothy," he said under his breath.

Ellis Burleigh was making love to me!

Three months ago I should have felt that this moment would be the climax, the crowning pinnacle of my whole life. And by rights, it should have been. What on earth was the matter with me! I just stiffened up my fingers.

"What's the matter?" Ellis asked.

"Nothing," I said.

"Mad at me?"

"No."

"Then what *is* the matter?"

"Nothing at all," I said crossly.

I was thinking about Cleopatra. I wonder if she ever felt just *fed up* with Cæsar!

THE next afternoon after school I took all my clothes and hung them on the line in the back yard and let the wind blow through them. That Queen of Egypt perfume seemed so sickly sweet I couldn't stand it. I saw Will Hunter coming out of his side door, but I pretended not to see him, and hurried into the house. I was just pulling off my mittens when he rapped on the door.

"Come in," I said.

He came into the kitchen.

"Some red nose you've got!" he observed.

Ellis Burleigh would have said, "Some rosy cheeks!" But I liked Will's way just as well.

"Going into the dry-cleaning business?" he grinned, looking out at the clothes line.

"No, they're all mine. You've seen me wearing them all."

"That so?" he said in a surprised tone, "I thought you always wore this!" And he nodded to the blue serge dress I had on.

Merciful heavens! After wearing a different costume practically every day, and nearly wearing myself out doing it!

"I'm airing them," I explained, "to get out the scent. I'm kind of tired of that perfume."

Will sniffed.

"Gee," he said in a surprised tone, "was that smell *perfume?*"

Imagine!

Anyone would think I'd have been simply furious, but I didn't seem to be at all.

"Supposed to be," I laughed.

"Well, I hope you get it out," he said sympathetically. "It certainly smells fierce."

"Want to go skating to-night?" he asked after a minute.

I did want to go skating, more than I had wanted to do anything in years.

"With—with you and Mary?" I asked.

"Why—I—do I have to ask her, too?" he said.

"I thought you'd probably want to," I said airily. "You take her around so much, tobogganing and everything."

"I never took her anywhere," said Will puzzledly. "Yesterday afternoon, I overtook her coming home from the library and I pulled her home on the old boat."

"Oh!" I said.

It seems ridiculous how a little thing like that can make the world seem so gay, but suddenly it seemed to me as if the whole future were one big Christmas tree.

"And you don't like her?" I said.

"Sure I do," said Will, in just the right say-a-kind-word-for-everybody tone. "She's all right. Well, how about skating to-night?"

It is strange that it didn't take me any longer than it did to make up my mind. I had promised to go to a dancing club party with Ellis, and if I called him up and broke the date, to go skating with Will, it would make him mad and doubtless end all between us. Anybody would think that after all the trouble I had taken to get Ellis I would have wanted to keep him. But I didn't! It didn't take me two seconds to decide. I suddenly felt as though I'd break a date with the Crown Prince to go skating with Will.

"Good work!" he said when I told him I'd go.

Then he coughed two or three times, and acted queer and fussed.

"Say, Dot," he said suddenly, "you aren't engaged to that Ellis Burleigh, are you?"

"*Engaged!*" I said. "Whatever put that silly idea into your head?"

"Why—why—" Will fumbled, "Mary said you were wearing a diamond sometimes, and—I—oh, I just got to thinking about it."

WHEN I saw how pleased and relieved he looked, something warm and tingly went all over me.

"It was Mother's ring," I said. Then I added, "Would you care if I *were*—engaged?"

I wasn't even thinking of Cleopatra, but as I look back at it, it strikes me that this was just the kind of thing she would have said. And it came just as naturally!

"You—you bet your life I would," said Will. And his voice was suddenly husky.

I was still hot and cold all over.

"We might get another couple to go skating to-night," I said, "and then come back here and make something in the chafing dish." It seemed as though it would be fun to make even rum-tum-tiddle.

"Fine!" said Will.

"What shall I make?"

He hesitated a moment.

"Would you just as lief make something that hasn't got cheese in it?" he asked.

"Of course," I said. "Why? Don't you like cheese dishes?"

"Why—I—that is—they always make me sick."

I just stared at him.

"Does *rum-tum-tiddle* make you sick?" I asked.

He half shuddered at the very name.

"Kind of," he said.

"And you—you've been coming here once a week for two months and eating it!" I said, in amazement.

"Oh, well, sometimes it doesn't make me as sick as others," he said, trying to make me feel perfectly comfortable.

"But why did you come?" I demanded.

He got red clear up into his short bristly pompadour.

"I— Gee, Dot, I'd come to your parties," he said, "if you fed me Paris green!"

I didn't say anything for a minute or two. Will took hold of the end of my curl and shook it. You could smell the cinnamon all over the room.

"Your hair smells nice," he said. "It makes me think of the kitchen out at Grandma's. I'm—I'm crazy about you, Dot."

YESTERDAY when I was cleaning out my desk drawer, I came across the notes that I had made six months ago, on Cleopatra, and read them over. I shall never stop being grateful for having read those books, although the way they helped me was a way I should have least expected. Will says it was seeing Ellis Burleigh taking me to dancing class that first made him realize that I was anything but just "the girl in the white house."

I don't follow any of the rules, now. It doesn't do any good to lie awake nights trying to figure out how to dress sumptuously for a boy who doesn't know the difference between georgette crêpe and serge. I just get as good clothes as I can, and let it go at that. I don't have to go even a quarter of the way to meet Will, and it's no trouble to adapt myself to him—we like to do all the same things. I don't flatter him, either. Of course, I jolly him a little once in a while, but only as much as comes natural. Also, I don't go in much for jewelry and perfume any more. And when I think what a strain I put on Will by feeding him, I realize that if he hadn't liked me terribly well, he would have weakened. Probably the men in Cleopatra's time had stronger stomachs. Maybe they had a different kind of cinnamon then, too. It doesn't seem much like a siren to have your hair smell like a grandmother's kitchen.

Anyhow, I don't need Cleopatra's rules any more. Will and I just naturally like each other. And when it comes to getting along with a boy I really like, I have found out a few things for myself that I'll bet even Cleopatra never knew.

DR. FRANK CRANE appears in the magazine next month with another fine and wholesome study of human nature, entitled "Habits are Safer than Rules." This article is spilling over with the wholesome helpfulness that characterizes everything Doctor Crane writes.

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This little girl didn't know her husband

Margery was one of those girls who married a soldier on the eve of his departure for France. How thrilling, romantic, and wonderful it seemed. How she reveled and gloried in her daring adventure in love—but when her soldier came sailing home what dull realities flooded her consciousness. She was married to a man, almost a stranger to her. She was afraid of him. She didn't want to be married to anyone—the glamour had faded—she wanted to run away so fast and so far that her husband never could find her. This is the opening situation of Margaret Widdemer's new novel "Margery Marries" beginning in the June COMPANION—complete in three big parts. It's a sparkling, surprising romance that borrows real personality and color from the modern girl of to-day.

Swagger sport clothes are summer's whim

Summer brings a new twist for the elite of fashion—gayness and frivolity are the very keynote of even the staid and sober clothes. Blouses of gossamer shearness and skirts of sleek silk are the very newest caprice in sports wear. Georgette crepe, chiffon, satin or crepe de chine are neither too perishable nor too feminine to play a sporting part on a summer day. Then what a wonderful innovation greets us in the appearance of real, dashing color, in the summer girls' most alluring and inviting frocks. A whole page of ready-to-wear bargains, and some most attractive patterns of clothes to take away on your summer vacation—are among the features of the June Fashions in

The June

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The Fun of a Large Family

(*Continued from page 16*)

begin this retrospect by telling of the one complete and absolutely flawless success of which this house may boast. She was its happiest spirit, and though the span of her membership was but seven years, she accomplished a wonderful work; and, having finished it she rested from her labors. Her name was Brenda and she was a cripple. She came into the world "a little crumpled leaf, blighted before it bourgeoned from the stem." When she was one year old she all but died of the whooping cough. The doctors had given her up; but one member of the house, whom it is unnecessary here to name, nursed the little spark of life night and day. Brenda lived, to do the work designed for her. She made true knights of her brothers, who would drop bat and ball, even on Saturday afternoons, to squire her. Some of them have since forgotten her happy laughter and her elfin face, but her mark is still upon them. It is upon all of us. There are lovers of literature who deplore the death of John Keats at the early age of twenty-six, and who idly speculate upon the far greater work he might have done if he had lived. But John Keats's life work was big and it was complete. So was Brenda's. In an ode written in May, 1912, in honor of her fifth birthday, I had incorporated a little prayer.

That she who in another May
  Came out of heaven, trailing care,
May never know that sometimes gray
  Earth's roof is, and its cupboards bare.

It was answered in March, 1914, not as I had wished, but still surely and definitively answered.

THE most prankishly comical contributor to the family's fun, in the early years, was a curious protean creature which seemed to have the faculty of changing its character at will. The "woman of the house" was the first to observe the signs and interpret them correctly. If she noticed it crawling on the ground she knew it was a worm, if she saw it sitting for the better part of a day upon a few wisps of straw or a bunch of twigs, she guessed it was a hen or a robin. She never disturbed or discouraged it, not even upon that memorable day when it elected to be a circus horse and neighed and pranced and scampered in and out of the house and all over the place.

But when, at night, a little lame,
  It slowly climbed the stairs,
Behold a gentle lady came
  And made it say its prayers.
Now what a wondrous change you see—
  'Sh! Come and take a peep;
Here lies, as tame as tame can be,
  A little boy, asleep.

That strange youngster was Stephen, who has since outgrown his humor. His rôle of low comedian is at present filled by Frances, the baby, aged five, who bids fair to outdo him. She is "of imagination all compact," and with a perfectly straight face she will tell for truths the most out-

rageously fanciful stories you ever heard. Which leads me at this juncture to remark that if the mooted question as to whether it was Barrie or Daisy Ashford, aged nine, who really wrote "The Young Visiters," were left to a jury of successful fathers, a verdict for Daisy would be given without leaving the box.

Strange and varied is the wisdom that successful—or, as Mr. Dooley calls them, "profesh'nal"—fathers accumulate in the course of a long business life. To go back for a moment to the early beginnings of our firm, it wasn't long after I had begun to practice this most important of my "professions" that I found it exerting a helpful influence upon my other work.

Of course, as we all know, it is usually necessary for a man engaged in raising a family to find some other work to do on the side. I found several varieties of jobs, but the one for which I seemed best fitted was the writing of verse. There's little money to be made in that game, ordinarily, but I absorbed something in the home atmosphere which gave my verse a human touch it had been unable to acquire in the bachelor days. Of one thing I soon made sure. Burning midnight oil in a hall room, composing love-lorn sonnets to imaginary ladies, was not nearly so helpful to a homely poet as to have one woman near by to serve as inspiration, collaborator and critic. How much help a wife may be to a man engaged in more commercial lines of business I cannot say, but I know that jokesmith was a contemptible cynic who suggested that she was chiefly useful to furnish the name for the shrewd business man to put his property in.

Whatever may be the world's final judgment of my half dozen books of verse, now happily shepherded by Harcourt Brace & Howe, I know that the bulk of whatever good may be in them was either directly or indirectly inspired by the family, and for that I am grateful.

I have had more pleasure in the writing of many of those simple songs than the reading of them could possibly give to the public, generous as that public has been. And this is the big part of the great wealth which I have boasted is mine—riches that cannot be measured in dollars and cents, nor ever adequately appraised at all. Unfortunately, too, it is wealth I cannot return or bequeath, either in kind or in equivalent, to those through whom I have derived it.

BUT in the fun we've had at home and abroad—with some selfish exceptions, including a solitary trip to the British Isles—we have, I think, been equal sharers. Most of our joy of life has been spread over Germantown, but for many summers, in periods of varying length, it has been concentrated in a little farmhouse in the foothills of the Pocono Mountains. I went there, unattached, for a week in 1895; the next year the July moon dripped honey for two; the following summer there were three of us, and by gradual stages it has come to pass that when we go there now we pretty nearly fill that farmhouse. We know every nook of the hills, every twist of the roads for miles around; but most of all, and best of all, we have explored every foot of leafy shore and every reach of blue water in the neighboring mountain lake. To plunge from a spring-board into clear, cool water, to be followed immediately by half a dozen lively youngsters—the Queen is too dignified to dive—is a pleasure I defy any other man, growing bald and portly, to overmatch.

There have been two or three divergences to the seashore, but they have been generally regretted all 'round, and we have usually come home from them stony broke and in no cheerful mood. Returning from one of these vacations, I remember, we stopped in the station restaurant for dinner. They had to put two tables together to seat us, and bring a high chair for the baby. It required some maneuvering to keep the bill below the amount still left in my pocket and yet have every appetite decently satisfied.

When we had finished and were hurrying to catch our train for home, a gentlemanly but hungry-looking diner at a nearby table arose and asked, "Are those all your children?" Now, it happened that we were seven, only seven, two of the elder children having gone up to town ahead of us to attend school. So I said, truthfully, but perhaps too brusquely, "No!" He looked disappointed and sat down. A moment later, at the risk of missing our train, I turned back and explained to him that what he had seen was not "all" our family, but only seven ninths. Then he poured out the kind words I knew he had had it in his heart to say, words of admiration not a little tinged with envy; which sent me on my way, not caring a rap, for the moment, that my pockets were empty. Such are the simple pleasures of the successful fathers!

HERE is another, of the sort that some make for themselves: One summer I put over a surprise on the family. It was a huge success, though it was risky; for I am free to confess that most of the mistakes made in our house are chargeable to the head of the firm, acting without benefit of the advice or approval of the efficient General Manager. She had gone with the children into the mountains, where I was to join them for the week-ends. The vacation was to last six weeks.

Within an hour after they had gone from the house, supply men began to arrive and dump lumber, bricks, cement, etc., in front of the premises. I had conspired with Jim Malfatto to put up a big sleeping porch and roomy bathroom, with a slate-enclosed shower, such as tub-shy boys are always glad to use. Jim calls himself a plumber, but he is more than that; he is a genius. Also, he had stolen from us, and married, Luisa, the most capable servant girl we had ever had. So he owed us something. He more than paid the score. He was architect, builder and general manager of that surprise. He and some three or four relatives, all "lazy" Italians, were on the job from five in the morning until nine at night. Jim "slept at the works," and from Mondays to Fridays the two of us on adjoining cots nodded off, talking to each other about every little detail. On one of those August nights Joyce Kilmer, running over from New York to interview me upon some literary matter, broke in upon our deliberations. There was a solitary bottle of champagne in the wine-cellar, a gift of the previous Christmas. Joyce and Jim

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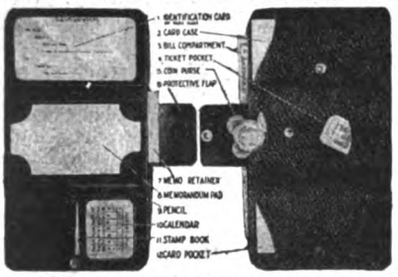

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and I benevolently assimilated it, and later we listened to a dissertation by the versatile Jim on the art of making wine.

Within the brief six weeks allowed to Jim the job was done. The family knew nothing about it until, at the close of my last week-end, I brought them home and turned the five boys into the dormitory, where, winter and summer, except for the year when two of them were in the army, they have slept ever since, and gathered health and strength.

Speaking of Jim Malfatto's Luisa, I am reminded that something should be said in gratitude for the services of the faithful few among the many maids—birds of passage, most of them—who have ministered from time to time to the General Manager, helping her to weather those periods of our storm and stress (which have always borne most heavily upon her), and who have made it possible for her to preserve her beauty and her youthful spirits.

Among these a special honorable mention is due to faithful Ellen Shaughnessy, who still serves, honestly and efficiently, "by the day." At the same time, our silent and hearty vote of thanks goes out to that greater army of the unhonored and unknown—haughty hussies who scorn to work for "nine in family" at any price—whose voluntary exile from our home has made of daughter Nancy the grandest sixteen-year-old cook and potentially most capable housewife in all Germantown.

WHAT of the other junior partners? I am expected to declare, approximately, what they have drawn in the way of dividends from this house. I cannot do it; nor, perhaps, can they. Leonard, the senior, has passed his majority and is making his own fight now. He has had his bumps, and there may be more before him, but he has the spunk to win. John, and Tom, Junior, under stress of these unusual times, have had to surrender certain ambitions and aspirations which were dear to them. But they did it graciously, and the firm does not wholly doubt that they may yet realize their hopes. Stephen and Fred are too young to give serious thought to anything beyond their present hobbies—woodcraft and country sausage in the one case, books and music in the other.

I have seen faults, small flaws, in all these young male characters, each so different from the other. But this is no place to speak of these things. We all have our hands and faces washed and our hair brushed for the group picture which Mr. James L. Dillon—whose specialty, appropriately enough in this instance, is "big business and manufacturing plants"—is to furnish to illustrate this preachment.

These junior members of the firm are no worse, but a great deal better, than I, who am their father, could have expected them to be. There can be only one reason for that: What they have acquired, in the way of soul development, from the privilege of having been brought up, as Sid says, "*en masse*" may not now be appraised. It may show later, and thus I may one day get out of their debt.

As things stand now, they are just healthy youngsters who have had some little disappointments but a great deal more of fun. What they have had, it may be, they have taken as a matter of course. And why should they not? It would certainly not become me, who am debtor to each one of them, to pose as a creditor. So far, I am glad to say, they have kept out of jail. There is only one thing they might do for which I would wish to see any of them lodge there, and of that I believe each of them incapable: It is to forget what they owe, not to me, but to the real head of this firm.

I COME now to the frank and humble confession which, it seems to me, every successful father must make. It may be that the trifling records and the trite homilies I have set down here do not match the experiences or coincide with the feelings of the majority of family men, though I believe they do. It may be that there are strong, masterful men who may claim for themselves all "the glory of the house," without reserve. But I have yet to meet such a paragon. I know that in our firm, the General Manager has done most of the work. While the frivolous father has been writing verses or reading them to women's clubs, or traveling about the world "on business," and expounding, from the banquet table, views on the government of that world, it is no easy job to keep the home fires burning, and all the rest of the home safe from destruction, and at the same time preserve one's health and beauty and temper.

All our General Manager has drawn by way of reward is two crowns. One of these is of gold, and it is our hope that she may not claim it for many, many years. The other is a very beautiful one of silver, and it rests upon a brow which is white and, all things considered, surprisingly free from wrinkles. Nobody cares to listen to the lyric rapture of a middle-aged Romeo on the verge of his silver wedding, so I shall sing no new song here. But there is an old one, written when the poet's blood was young, and yet when the lady was not so beautiful as she is now. Perhaps other successful fathers may feel like singing it to their own General Managers. They are welcome to do so. Here is a stanza:

> Wert thou as fair as thou art good
> It were not given to any man,
> With daring eyes of flesh and blood,
> To look thee in the face and scan
> The splendor of thy womanhood!

BRUCE BARTON will capture your imagination next month with his article entitled "Put the Stars to Work for You." Better begin to get the back of your neck limbered up, for this article will make you study the skies with new wonder and interest.

"LOOK Out for Your Husband! Golf is Coming!" announces George Ade. Next month he will tell why the small town is about to be invaded by the ancient Scotch game. The article is filled with interesting information sprinkled with the sauce of typical Ade humor.

How I Wrote 50,000 Jokes in 20 Years

(*Continued from page 27*)

accustomed, and they are replying in all the ways that the ingenuity of the accomplished joke writer can invent. As the kaleidoscope of social conditions changes—by the advent of the movies, for instance, or by a war—then the husband and father takes on new aspects, and the joke writer rejoices. The income tax, the high cost of living, the abandonment by large numbers of wives of a large part of their household duties in order to get into war work—all these things, and many more, put new life into the husband and father joke.

As for women, there is scarcely any change in social conditions that does not increase their total joke-producing power. One of the situations which netted large returns to the joke writer was the number of our boys who, with their sweethearts left behind them, had come under the lure of the French girl, and returned home with a choice collection of French love words, to the consternation of the American girl.

IT WILL readily be seen, from what I have written, that joke writing is a trade which can be learned by any person of ordinary intelligence who has industry and application. The first thing necessary is to learn the old characters. Even though they are no longer received in the best joke-writing circles it is well to know something about the great work they have done in the past. The mother-in-law, it would seem, has outrun her usefulness, and been laid gently to rest. Her career has been a long and distinguished one. She was preserved for us in an ancient Egyptian papyrus, some four thousand years before Christ. She ran successfully through the Middle Ages; she was more or less prominent in Anglo-Saxon chronicles; she came over in the "Mayflower;" she flourished in our history up to a comparatively recent period. But changing matrimonial conditions have obscured her activities. Doubtless at some future time she will once again reassert herself.

The tramp was, for years, a good old standby, but he, also, has gone his way. The barber is used only sparingly. The landlady has apparently received her quietus. But as for the children, they are unfailing. As a source of revenue to the joke maker they will never lose their value. Most of their actual sayings—and these come in a constant stream into editors' offices—are not so amusing as they seem to the fond parents or relatives. However, occasionally a real gem is discovered.

It is a fact that the best children's jokes are invented by writers well advanced in life, the older the better. A large majority of these are not plausible, because they put into the mouths of children remarks so mature that they are unnatural; but they go because they bring out some phase of childish thought, as in this one:

BOBBIE: Mother, do you know why there is a Sunday-school?

MOTHER: Why—don't you, Bobbie?

"Oh, yes. It's to give me a chance to learn how to stay away, so when I grow up I can get out of going to church, like Father."

Or this:

SLIMSON: What, Willie! Fighting a second time with that new boy across the way!

WILLIE: I had to, Dad. He came out this morning with another new suit.

Then there are the jokes where the child asks the question and the grown-up makes the point, as in these two:

Mama, is Papa a tired business man?

He would be, Bob, if I let him stay home nights and think about himself.

Mama, when I grow up can I travel?

Why not? You have the same chance as any other American boy of becoming President.

A joke, in order to "get over" with the public, must deal with a subject with which the public is thoroughly familiar. In stage comedy it is well recognized that the audience never tires of the man who squirts the contents of a seltzer bottle on another, or throws flour in his face, or sits down in a chair without any bottom; and these time-honored situations are as much a part of moving picture comedy as they were in the old stage farce. The joke writer, therefore, who wishes to satirize or play up new conditions must depend upon the old forms, the old characters, as a basis.

Love making is universal, so are babies, borrowing and lending, matrimony, business, laziness, thieving, stinginess, and so on. Other groups may be classed under the general title of "fiend" groups. There is the golf fiend, the motor fiend, the fresh-air fiend, and so on. Still other groups are bohemians, New Thoughtists, high-brows, futurists and cubists, all kinds of social reformers and cranks. The congressman comes in for his share of joking. The stock broker does not get off scot-free.

After these old characters have been fairly well assimilated, the joke writer is ready for business. What a boon the bone-dry law is to the gentlemen of the joke trade. What manna was in the wilderness to the children of Israel, so each joke writer should lift up his heart in gratitude over this heaven-sent source of profit. The vein is apparently never ending. Think of all the golf players coming in from the links tired and thirsty, and the joke possibilities of Sahara lockers staring them in the face!

BRIGGS (at the golf club): Brasston, over there, says that lately his mind has been so clear that after playing forty-eight holes of golf he can describe accurately every stroke he has made.

GRIGGS: That shows the awful effects of the bone-dry law.

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After the joke-writing apprentice has learned all the old characters, their habits and haunts, and has mastered the machinery of fitting their utterances to new conditions, he is then ready to market his wares. But, first, he must cultivate the joke-writing atmosphere. This is largely a matter of inhibition on the one side and moral courage on the other. As he gradually gets into the habit of thinking jokes, he will find himself occasionally *saying* something humorous.

This tendency must be sternly suppressed. No joke writer can afford it. Jokes are his stock in trade. A haberdasher doesn't hand out a new collar, or shirt, or necktie, to his friends at the card table, or on the links. Neither does a hardware man casually present you with a package of carpet tacks or a new monkey wrench. The joke writer must remember that every time he says anything funny, bing! there goes two dollars! It may be pleasant to have the reputation of being funny, but it is too expensive a pleasure for him.

THE more you can suffer, the better your jokes will be. But do not try to force the matter. Many an inexperienced joke writer has met with disaster because he tried to do this. He has married in haste, or done something equally rash. It is better far to let the suffering come along quite naturally. It can generally be relied upon. A sudden and unforeseen calamity is a bonanza to a joke writer. Bill Nye once broke his leg in a railroad accident, and spoke of it afterward with tears of joy. It had netted him a handsome profit.

I began writing jokes for the New York "Sun" when Mr. Dana was the editor. I was happy and care-free in those days, and so I did not succeed very well at first. I had method, but no depth of sorrow. But one day by a gracious act of providence, I was attacked by the mumps. During the fit of melancholy which followed, and while I was lying in bed convalescing, I evolved a new form of joke. It consisted in making inanimate objects articulate, and having them converse with one another. At that time they happened to fit into the prevailing newspaper mood and during my week in bed I coined money. In six days I had written forty-five of these dreadful things and had received forty-five dollars, which more than paid for my illness.

I was then visited by a fellow joke writer—one of the secret fraternity—who had heard of my good luck. He saw with glistening eyes the roll of bills lying on my bed, and being in a weak and defenseless condition I loaned him the money. He took it away with him, intending to pay his rent. But so much sudden prosperity carried him off his feet, and before he could get to his landlord he had spent the princely sum in riotous living. This brought on a corresponding fit of remorse and melancholy, which enabled him during the next few weeks, not only to make enough to pay his rent but to repay the loan.

I mention this apparently trivial circumstance, not only to show the psychology of joke-writing, but to uncover the fact that there is honor even among joke writers.

In conclusion I repeat that there are only two ways of writing jokes. One is to formulate your set of characters and to have them say things to one another, born of their habits and conditions—which will give a fresh point of view to some condition to which the public consciousness is alive. The other way is to take such an idea by itself—something that excites your sense of satire or injustice—and fit it to any two characters that are best adapted to your purpose. The I-see-by-the-paper joke is an old vehicle for this kind of utterance. This usually involves some statement of direct fact:

I see by the papers that he was in the tank service.
Which one? Saloon-keepers' League, or Château-Thierry?

Animal jokes are also a source of revenue, and can be turned out in great variety. Sometimes the animals have conversations among themselves, as in this one:

FATHER TOMCAT: Maria, don't wake me up till sundown.
MARIA: Some day you won't wake up at all if you keep on attending these all-night peace conferences.

Or this one:

THE FARMERETTE: Do you think I can learn how to milk this cow in a week?
THE FARMER: I hope so, miss—for the sake of the cow.

As for the pun, that has gone steadily out. But it has been succeeded by perhaps a smarter offspring, in which a slight play on words is made to illustrate some human frailty:

Birdseye is an optimist!
How so?
Although he has been home from the front only six months he is already looking forward to his back pay.

I make no particular excuse for the quality of jokes I have here offered at random. They are not masterpieces of humor. But, then, masterpieces of humor are very rare, as are masterpieces in other branches of literature and art. These jokes are salable as the market goes, and serve to illustrate the mechanics of this more or less lucrative business.

AFTER you have written, say, fifty jokes, lay them aside for a few days and look at them with a fresh eye. You will be surprised at the result. Many that appeared utterly footless when you wrote them will now seem good. Others over which you enthused at the moment will now seem to have mislaid their point. Then show them to your wife. Every joke maker should have at least one wife, for various reasons. The jokes that she likes—hold back. The ones she doesn't like—send out boldly.

Write each joke on a separate slip with your name and address on it. Send it first to the periodical that pays the highest rates; and so on down the list. Do not destroy the jokes which are rejected. Keep them on hand. Every once in a while an editor leaves, and a new victim takes his place. Your old joke may be—well, it may be on him. But that's his lookout.

The Most Wonderful Billiard Player in the World

(*Continued from page 54*)

away at his infinite assortment of strokes and shots when he is not scheduled for exhibition, or is disinclined to go to a public billiard-room.

When plans were made for the official tournament of 1919, Hoppe had been continuous champion at both the 18.1 and 18.2 balk-line games for more than six years, and he was a topheavy favorite to retain his title. Yet in the weeks before the tournament not one of the six contestants for the title devoted so much time to practice as did the champion.

"I don't deceive myself into thinking I've 'arrived,'" he remarked to a friend. "If the day ever comes when I think I know all there is to know about billiards, you'd better stop backing me."

MEN who used to drop in at Frank Hoppe's little hotel on the bank of the Hudson, at Cornwall, New York, in the early nineties, say that the title holder had this same persistency of purpose in the days when his blond head just reached above the brown leather pockets of the pool table in his father's public parlor.

From the time he chalked his first cue, the boy took to the game as a sailor takes to the sea. Every day after school, if he was not playing baseball or some other outdoor sport, he hurried over to his father's pool-room, and he usually stayed there until he was sent home to bed at night. If no one else was playing he either banged away at the balls alone, or else staged a contest with his brother Frank, who was a year or two older than he.

Through constant practice and the coaching of their father, who was an excellent amateur player, the two youngsters were soon displaying a game that would have done credit to grown men. Presently Willie began to direct his attention to the more scientific pastime of billiards, which could be played on the same table by plugging the pockets with the removable sections of cushion provided for that purpose. It was not long before the two boys were able to defeat all the adult patrons of the place, and their fame had spread to neighboring towns.

The elder Hoppe was quick to see commercial possibilities in the "boy wonders," and he decided to take them on tour. Mrs. Hoppe protested at first, but she yielded on condition that she be allowed to go along and see that the boys kept up with their studies. In the five years that followed, the juvenile experts were on the road most of the time. The father went ahead and booked engagements in all parts of the country and Mrs. Hoppe brought her charges along in his wake.

When he was thirteen years old Willie Hoppe entered his first professional tournament—a five-man handicap match participated in by players just below the class of the leading exponents of balk-line billiards. Although he had grown several inches since leaving Cornwall, the young expert was still so short of stature that he had to balance his body on the edge of the table, with his feet off the floor, in order to make many of his shots.

A few months after he had come through this tournament, without losing a match, Hoppe set out for Paris, where balk-line play was then having a heyday. There he defeated all the second-grade professionals. Two years later he made another trip to Paris, and won the Junior Metropolitan Championship.

Returning to the United States when he was seventeen years old, Hoppe toured the country with Jake Schaefer, one of the best players in the game. By studying every move of Schaefer he picked up many points that gave a final finish to his own execution. Before the tour had ended he was defeating Schaefer with great frequency.

Billiard enthusiasts now began to clamor for a match between Hoppe and Maurice Vignaux, the "Old Master," who held the world's championship at 18.1 balk-line, the prevailing professional game in America and France. So the young star set out again for Paris, where he challenged Vignaux to a 500-point match for the title. As soon as the contest had been arranged for January 15th, 1906, the eighteen-year-old youth settled down into a most exacting régime of daily practice.

In the meantime, the "Old Master" was dazzling the French billiard world with a display of his most brilliant form. It was generally conceded that the American boy had hitched his ambitions to a forlorn hope.

On the night of the match a notable gallery of Parisians turned out to honor their idol. When intermission was called at the half-way point, Vignaux had just stepped out to a lead of 37—which the spectators felt was a harbinger of the beginning of the end.

"The American boy is about to break," they told each other jubilantly.

When the play was called again, Hoppe picked up his cue and walked to the table, as calm as any veteran of a hundred tournaments. In the most spectacular exhibition of billiards ever shown in a title tilt up to that time he clicked off 269 points while the passing champion was collecting a total of 55. In winning the 18.1 title by a score of 500 to 323 Hoppe hung up a general average of 20.24—a new world's record for a championship match.

BEFORE setting out for abroad Hoppe had tried to arrange a match with George Slosson, "the Student," who at that time was the ranking player in America. Slosson passed up the challenge.

"Go get a reputation," he answered, when the boy wizard pressed his claim.

"I believe I have what you asked me for," the new world's champion sent word to Slosson as soon as he arrived back in New York. Thereupon, "the Student" immediately challenged him for the title.

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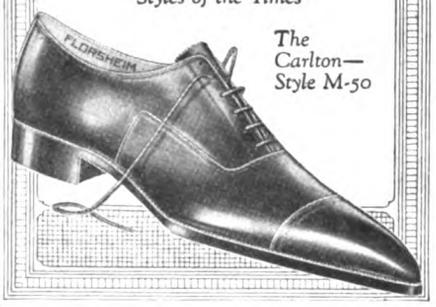

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The match was played on March 27th, 1906, in the Grand Central Palace, New York, before the largest crowd that ever saw a billiard contest in America. It was a brilliant and closely contested tilt, but Hoppe won by a score of 500 to 391.

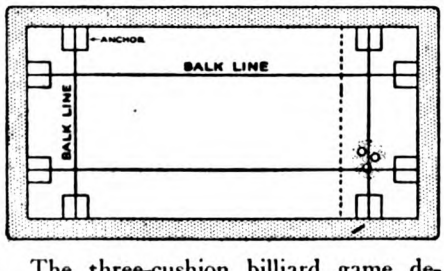
The 18.2 balk-line game was now beginning to come into marked favor among professionals. On April 21st, 1906, a tournament was held in New York. Slosson won and Hoppe finished fourth. Immediately thereafter the five high players in the New York contest were invited to stage an all-star tournament in Chicago.

This tournament, which was held early in May, set a high-water mark for brilliant billiards. Hoppe not only was the victor, but on May 11th he established a new world's record for tournament play by running 307 consecutive points in one inning—only one point less than the present world's record, hung up by the champion himself on November 23d, 1915.

Incidentally, the highest run ever scored at the 18.2 game (this time in an unofficial exhibition) was marked up by Hoppe at Paris in 1911. For one hour and twenty minutes he wielded his magic cue, charming the balls into submission for delicate "nurses," driving them around the cushions for spectacular counts, making almost unbelievable massés, until he had built up the amazing total of 622.

CLOSE followers of the game declare that a feat achieved by Hoppe in Pasadena, California, two years ago was in many respects more remarkable than his Paris run. The champion was scheduled to play a 250-point exhibition match with "Young" Jake Schaefer. Hoppe won the right to shoot first, and he made his first count. The three balls drew up together 12 or 15 inches from the end of the table where Referee Peterson was standing.

With a stroke as delicate as the flutter of a fairy's wing, Hoppe "nursed" the balls for count after count. Each time that he drove them to the cushions to get "out of balk" they came back to their starting point as if drawn by a magic magnet. Schaefer never moved from his chair or the referee from his tracks as the champion ran the entire 250 points. At no time during the play did a single ball pass beyond the dotted line shown in the accompanying diagram, nor did the ivories ever come to rest outside of an imaginary circle less than a foot in diameter in which they lay when Hoppe made his second shot. The diagram illustrating this extraordinary performance was drawn for me by Referee Peterson. The dots represent chalk marks left on the table by the tip of Hoppe's cue—the area of which was carefully measured by Peterson at the end of the match.



The three-cushion billiard game demands hard, driving strokes and spectacular round-the-table counts—a style of play diametrically different from that I have just described. Although Hoppe usually confines himself to balk-line contests, he consented to take part in a three-cushion exhibition at San Francisco a few days after his Pasadena performance. Playing a game not in his own field, he not only made history by breaking the world's record of 18 consecutive counts in one inning, but he threw in an extra seven points for good measure before he missed by a hair-line margin on his twenty-sixth shot.

IT IS an axiom in the billiard world that "Hoppe never knows when he is beaten." This was strikingly illustrated in a championship match between the title holder and Yamada in New York City a few years ago. The Japanese star was in rare form—while the balls, for once, seemed to have rebelled at their perpetual serfdom to Hoppe's cue.

Nothing "broke right" for the champion, and before the astonished eyes of the spectators Yamada swept away to the overwhelming lead of 300 to 40. With his title dangling by a slender thread, Hoppe's perfect poise was not even ruffled. He kept on "sawing wood," and suddenly the ivories began to behave. The champion picked off a cluster of 87 counts and followed it up by a dazzling run of 152. Meanwhile, Yamada was creeping closer to the 400 mark. The break of the game came when Hoppe had shot up to 379. The Japanese took his turn at the table with only 9 points standing between him and the championship. In his nervous anxiety he fouled on the first shot, and the title holder glided through to final victory.

For years Hoppe's nerve control has been the marvel of the billiard realm. Victory brings no bubbles and defeat no fumes. On his few overthrows since he took the 18.1 title from Vignaux in 1906, he has promptly challenged the victor and brought the truant crown back home. His favorite method of "celebrating" a hard-won match is to eat an apple.

No big business or professional man could take his job more seriously than does the billiard champion. On his hands, the two tools of his trade, he carries an insurance of $100,000. He keeps himself in perfect physical condition by daily calisthenics, swimming, walking, and careful dieting. He watches his weight most carefully and never allows it to vary more than a pound or two. Before the last title tournament he placed himself in the charge of a professional trainer for several weeks.

No matter where he may be, the champion invariably attends church every Sunday in the year, and for a month before the annual tournament he goes to mass every morning.

"The way you take care of yourself, you ought to hold the title for life," a New York friend remarked to him recently.

"I don't expect to do that," replied the champion, "but I must admit to one dream. Maybe it's silly, but—"

"What's the dream, Willie?" his friend urged.

"I guess you've heard I have a nine-months-old youngster up at the house. . . . Wouldn't it be wonderful, Jack, if I could keep the title long enough to turn it over to *him* when he grows up?"

Exactly Why Some Are Promoted—and Others Are Not

(*Continued from page 19*)

made better; I believe with all my heart and soul in progress eternal.' With this attitude—just as easy to hold as the other, once you get the habit—ideas come in plenty.

"Of course an employee must use some tact in presenting his ideas. I have known men, in passing along ideas to the boss, to slip him one idea they did not mean to give; namely, that they thought they knew more about running his job than he did. Needless to say, here was an idea that the boss did *not* appreciate.

"At least at the start, a man should not concern himself with great and grand improvements. Probably the boss himself has these in mind. If a man will but observe what is happening *in his immediate vicinity*, he hardly can fail to discover opportunities for little, simple, everyday improvements; and it is suggestions for these that the boss will welcome.

"At the same time, of course, a man should think beyond his immediate province. The sales specialist should know something about production. The accountant should know something about sales. Ideas that involve the development of one department or feature at the expense of some other department or feature are of no real or practical value. The business should be considered as a whole.

"At this particular time of soaring prices, the suggestions that employers especially welcome are those for saving space, time, material, and energy.

"It goes without saying that a business often has to spend money in the present to save money in the future. But it is only human for the employer to fix his eyes more on the present expenditure than on the future saving; because the present expenditure is very real, while the future saving may be more or less shadowy or problematical. So the employer will be particularly pleased by suggestions for savings which can be put into effect immediately and which involve little or no expenditure.

"FOR example, I found in one office a certain form of card index that was headed up like this."

Here Mr. Leffingwell wrote out the following form:

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"This made it necessary," he pointed out, "for the typist, in filling in a name and address, to have no less than four starting points, and to use care in getting the names on the line. The form was redesigned to leave a blank space at the top of the card. Then, when a name and address was written on it, it appeared simply like this."

Mr. Leffingwell then wrote out the following:

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"The immediate result," he said, "was a saving of *twenty-five per cent* in labor or effort; and as there were twelve typists doing the work, it was a real saving.

"I COULD multiply examples like this of the opportunities open to alert clerks to make suggestions which sooner or later must lead their employer to single them out for promotion. Take records: In one concern I found a duplication in a record that resulted in a wholly unnecessary extra cost of seven thousand dollars a year.

"The common tendency is to take for granted that a record is necessary, just because it is being kept and has been kept for some time. This was the assumption in a branch office which had been regularly making up a record and forwarding it to the home office. The fact was that at the home office the record was placed carefully in a file, and never, in the course of two years, referred to. The manager at the home office did not even know that such a record existed. If a subordinate had suggested during those two years that a record was being received which was useless, the manager would certainly have been much obliged to that subordinate.

"I don't want to over-emphasize the advisability of an employee's making suggestions that do not call for additional expense. There was a concern which was losing business because its orders were not filled promptly. Analysis showed that it took an order an average of ten days to pass through the clerical routine, and that what was mainly responsible for this was slow and irregular delivery of the order from one clerk to another.

"A messenger system was installed, under which orders were taken from one desk to the next every twenty minutes, and it reduced the average time of getting an order through the routine to *one* day instead of *ten*. As a matter of fact, this messenger system enabled many orders to be sent into the factory within three hours after they were received in the mail. It involved a small additional expense, but think what it saved!

"Timidity keeps many employees from offering suggestions. They should realize that it is better to start off with a few poor suggestions than never to make any start. Even a foolish suggestion, if modestly offered, is likely to bring you credit for good intentions, at least. And no one should get peeved if he makes what he is sure is a good suggestion, and it is not acted upon. The boss may have reasons unknown to you why he cannot act on your suggestion, however good it may be in itself. Economy often has to be set over against economy.

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"For example, desks may be larger than necessary for the purpose to which they are devoted, and thus may be wasting floor space. But often it is a nice problem whether, with the investment in desks being what it is, and the rent for space being what it is, it is economy to junk the desks.

"Another and very important thing is this: Don't be in too much of a hurry about getting rewarded for suggestions. Pretty nearly all men have fits and spasms of virtue and enterprise. What counts is the ability to *carry on*. Certainly the boss is not impressed by a man who has only an occasional 'spell' of taking an interest in the business. 'Will he *keep it up?*' that's the question always asked about a man who shows symptoms of being a live one. The employer has to wait for the employee to show him.

"DON'T, then, be a piker with your suggestions. And don't be a repeater. It is said that we may judge our friends by the time it takes them to get around to the same story or the same statement of opinion or fact. Every man has something interesting or important to say; but sooner or later he is likely to start in and say it all over again. All of us need to be on our guard against repeating.

"It is a great new world a man is introduced to when he sticks his head out of his shell and begins to observe what is happening around him. That habit of observing will introduce him to a wider world. He will begin wanting to know what other men are observing. Sooner or later he will be looking for ideas everywhere, the latest and the freshest that he can adapt to his own job. And that is what will keep him from ever being fired for old age.

"I was out once at the National Cash Register Company's factory in Dayton, when John H. Patterson, the head of the business, was up on a platform answering the questions he invited his subordinates to hurl at him.

"One man asked: 'Mr. Patterson, why do you discharge old men?'

"'I do not discharge old men!' was the reply. 'If I were to begin to discharge old men, I would have to discharge myself. For I am older than any of the rest of you. The men I discharge are those who are old *in ideas*. And,' he shot out, 'a man may be old in ideas at twenty.'

"There is another important thing for a man to do if he wants, not only to get promoted, but to keep on being promoted. As soon as he is well settled in his new position, and has an opportunity to become thoroughly acquainted with those under him, he should pick out one of them to be his understudy.

"Probably most men think that it is to their interests jealously to guard everything pertaining to their position, so that their chief will be made to feel that they are indispensable to him. It's a whale of a mistake. It ought to be plain that the more you succeed in convincing your chief that he can't get along without you where you are, the more likely he is to *keep* you where you are, and to select others for the positions above you.

"When I was a salaried worker, I no sooner was settled in one position than I fixed my eyes on the next position above me, sought to qualify myself for that, and started right in to get one of the men under me trained to step into my shoes at a moment's notice. I never had reason to regret it. As a matter of fact, this is the *real* way to convince your chief that he cannot get along without you, to make him afraid of losing you. The fact that you have trained a man to take your place indicates to him three things: First, that you are alive to the interests of the organization; second, that he can promote you without disturbance to the organization; third, that you *expect* promotion and that therefore your claims cannot be ignored when there is a position higher up to be filled.

"There is still another principle involved here that I would firmly impress on every young man and woman. I have said that when I was a salaried worker, I always fixed my eyes on the next position above me, and sought to qualify myself for that. The idea is that it is not enough to have some shadowy goal to be reached by you some sweet time in the by and by. It is true that you must have a general plan. But, having this general plan, you must decide just what steps are involved. And then you must fix your eyes on those steps, *one by one*. That is, watch your *next* step. Make this your definite, positive goal for the time being. And, whenever possible, fix a definite *time* for its accomplishment. If, for example, you have fixed your eyes on a certain position, you can say, 'Now, within the next six months, I am going to qualify for that position.'

"And *persevere*. I know this is a platitude. But again and again I have seen men stop just short of their goal. If they had persevered for another month, they might have got there. It was as if they had set out to break a stone, and quit with nineteen hammer blows, when the twentieth, piled on top of the others, would have done the trick."

IT IS to be brought out that Mr. Leffingwell had a broad experience as a salaried worker before he became a professional systematizer. Born in Michigan, he began life there without any advantages. He was seventeen when he went to work as a stenographer, and he served for six months without pay, to acquire experience. Eventually he went to Chicago to seek a wider field, and rose there to be private secretary to the superintendent of the McCormick Harvester Works. Later he studied advertising in a large Chicago agency, became office manager, and later general manager of a mail order publication in New York. Following this, he spent several years in England, France, and Germany, establishing branches for American companies.

Always a keen observer of office work with a view to making it more efficient, he became convinced, about ten years ago, that it could be reduced to a real science. What directly led to this conviction was his study of the writings of Frederick W. Taylor, the Philadelphia engineer who became known as the "Father of Scientific Management." Mr. Taylor, a mechanical engineer, wrote principally of shop management; but Mr. Leffingwell was among those who early saw that the Taylor general principles applied to office management also.

Many persons have an idea that there

must be something very "high-browish" and cold-blooded, not to say inhuman, about a man who practices the scientific method. Mr. Leffingwell is evidence that this is far from being the fact. He is a regular human being.

WHAT Mr. Leffingwell is sure of is that from now on a higher and higher order of thinking will be required of those who would rise to positions of power and responsibility. Up to this time, he points out, the application of scientific methods to office management has been far slower than the application of such methods to shop management. This has been due to a general tendency to underrate the importance of clerical work in production and distribution. But now it is becoming generally recognized that the efficiency of all other kinds of work is directly linked with the efficiency of *the office*.

"I hope," Mr. Leffingwell went on, "that nothing I have said about the opportunities open to clerks who learn to see things with the mind can be construed as unkindly comment on clerks as a class. I am one of those who believe that the clerk is a very much misunderstood person. I have a deep respect and a warm regard for the young men and women who go to make up the great bulk of office workers. No one can make a mistake in assuming that their disposition is to do what is right; and few, I think, are in a better position than I am to realize that, in seeking to do what is right, they often have to contend against great difficulties."

It is Mr. Leffingwell's experience that if young women often give up their work for marriage it is a great mistake to treat them generally as if they had no desire for promotion, and were working only until an opportunity does come along for them to get married. He has found that they often work as hard as any man to get a coveted position. He points out, moreover, that, whether we think it is a good thing for society or not, more and more young women are continuing to hold their positions after they marry. He believes that, as a sex, women have a greater grasp of detail than men have, and he is a firm supporter of the principle of equal pay for equal work.

"What about pretty girls in an office?" he was asked. "Some say that they should never be employed, as they prove too distracting."

"No," he replied, "I would not say, never employ a pretty girl. What I *would* say is, never employ a *vain* girl! If a girl is vain of her looks she is sure to coquette, and it is the coquette who is the distraction. A girl may be as pretty as a picture, and yet prove no distraction to anyone, provided her mind is not on her looks but strictly on her business. One of the finest business young women I ever knew was positively beautiful. But as her whole air was absolutely businesslike, no man presumed to take any liberties with her. Parents having a pretty daughter need have no fear about her entering business, if she has good principles, is serious-minded about her work, and is made to realize the need of always conducting herself in a businesslike way."

Returning to the subject of his high regard for young clerks in general, Mr. Leffingwell said:

"The manager who complains of having lazy or inefficient clerks really shows up his own shortcomings. If a healthy person *seems* to be lazy, it is because he has not found his niche, or is doing work that he does not find interesting. It is the business of the management to place the clerks at work for which they are adapted. And there is no kind of work that cannot be made interesting to those who *are* adapted to it. It would require too much discussion of the pure technic of management for me to attempt to prove this latter statement, but it can be accepted as a fact. What I want to make plain is that where there is trouble in an office, it nearly always can be traced to the shortcomings of the management. Managers are far more often at fault than are the clerks."

Mr. Leffingwell was asked if this was not connected with the fact that the higher a man rises, the more is required of him.

"Yes," he said, "that is mainly it. As we are promoted, we often fail to measure up to the greater and greater responsibility we incur, particularly to and for those under us.

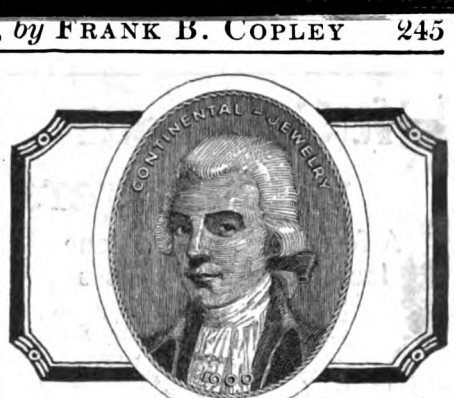
"I don't want to be understood," Mr. Leffingwell said, "as entering into any sweeping condemnations of managers, or as setting myself up as the great and only wise one. But I do have a good opportunity in the course of my daily work to see the failings that are common among managers, and it would be a mighty good thing if all young people who are ambitious to become managers should have advance warning of what they must guard against.

"There is the failure of most managers to come to grips with the *principles* of good management. A man may naturally be a very good manager indeed, but unless he understands the principle of what he is doing, he frequently will make avoidable mistakes and will not get on as fast as he might.

"Another widespread fault is lack of adequate planning. It's an old saying, 'Plan your work, then work your plan.' But most office managers plan their subordinates' work only haphazardly, or only in a few particulars. The planning that is going to count more and more in the future is the systematic *pre*planning of work by the management down to the smallest details. Regular planning departments such as are now to be found in all well-run factories will become a part of every large office.

"MANY of the most lamentable failings among managers can be traced to their lack of knowledge of the output of the individual members of their working forces.

"A manager, in employing a young woman typist, will ask her how fast she is. Probably she will tell him that she can write from 50 to 60 words a minute. He satisfies himself that she is telling the truth. As a matter of fact, this is not an exceptional speed. The United States civil service test requires 60 words a minute. The world's record is 137 words. Yes, the manager employs a typist who *can* write from 50 to 60 words a minute. But when she is added to his force of typists, at what rate does she actually write? Your typical manager doesn't know. He has no means of measuring her output as an individual.



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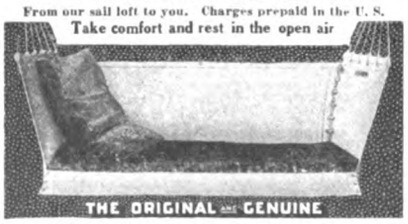

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"The same thing holds good for other forms of office work. The manager seldom knows what he actually gets for the money he pays. You would think he paid his clerks just to be present, just to stick around.

"Let us return to the case of the typists. My experience with my device for accurately measuring typewriting work indicates that the average typist, during the time that she is actually at her machine, turns out about 1,000 words an hour, or about 16 words a minute. I am not saying that the typist all day long should maintain the civil service requirements of 60 words a minute. Careful study proves that a fair standard for typists to maintain throughout their working time is about 30 words a minute. But this shows that, as things generally are, the manager is utilizing only about one half of the capabilities of his typists.

"WHERE there is lack of knowledge of output, no fair standards of output can be set up. The common tendency is to judge workers by whether or not they *look* busy. The feeling that he, or she, must always look busy is about the worst strain to which a worker can be subjected. As a matter of fact, those who *appear* to be doing the most often are accomplishing the least. I could tell you many cases of gross injustice to workers due to the tendency of managers to think that workers must always look busy. Here is one of the simpler cases. It occurred in a great store in a great city.

"In such a store, with its many departments, and its thousands of customers, many complaints are bound to be received every day. Many of these complaints come over the telephone. It had been the habit in the complaint office for any girl to answer the telephone who might not be doing something else, or who might get a hunch that it was her turn. One day I heard a girl saying over the telephone, 'Don't get excited, madam; you needn't think you are the only one with a complaint to make.' Fine recommendation for the store, wasn't it? I got the permission of the manager to pick out a girl with an unusually pleasant voice, a patient nature, and a desire to be of service, and to make it her sole duty to handle the complaints coming over the telephone. There she was one day, attending strictly to her business of waiting to answer the telephone as soon as it should ring, when along comes a young assistant manager and says to her curtly, 'See here! Haven't you got anything to do?'

"When I got that assistant manager aside, I pointed out to him a few of the simpler rules which should guide every manager's conduct. 'Never,' I told him, 'subject any of your people to the humiliation of correcting them in public. And never attempt to correct them under any circumstances, never complain of anything they may do or not do, until you first find out the "*why*" of what you object to.'

"I was in another office when the boss, in the presence of the whole force, began literally to roar about a mistake he had discovered in the work of one of his workers. What I told this man when I could get him aside was this: 'You may think you were impressing your people, but with the possible exception of scaring the girl who made the mistake you were making yourself ridiculous to them. They were secretly laughing at you for your lack of self-control.'

"As an example of the evils that flow from the manager's lack of knowledge of the output of his working force as individuals, I found twelve girls filling in cards in a typist department. To all outward appearances they were equally busy. Yet investigation showed that three of the girls were doing an average of four hundred cards a day each, while the other nine were doing just about two hundred each. Incidentally it may be said that all were receiving the same salary.

"What actually proved to be the case was this: The three girls who were doing four hundred cards a day each were maintaining simply a good average speed. If the other nine were doing only two hundred cards each, it was because of one or more of these reasons: Lack of knowledge of how to insert the cards without loss of motion; turning the platen knob instead of using the spacer; typewriters not kept in best condition; improper way of reading the data that had to be copied.

"And the point is this: If we had not set out to discover the individual outputs of those typists, the nine slow ones probably would have gone on working in their inefficient way indefinitely—and the manager probably would have gone on complaining indefinitely of inefficient help.

"WE WANT our help ready made. We want stenographers and typists and filing clerks whom other people have developed. Seldom does it occur to us to develop our own. But as soon as we begin to look into what our people are doing individually, we begin to take an interest in them individually; and then we see infinite possibilities of developing them individually. We see the need of setting up standards for them, and of helping them to come up to those standards.

"In an office I systematized was a young woman typist whom everybody considered no good. She was kept on only because of the scarcity of help in general. She, indeed, proved to be lacking in self-confidence. She told me she did not believe that she ever could come up to the standard that had been set, even if all the other girls were doing it easily.

"'Nonsense,' I told her, sitting down beside her; 'you have got just as much brain as anybody else. Now let me see you operate your machine.'

"I timed her and found that she easily came up to the standard. 'The only trouble with you is,' I told her, 'that you do not keep it up all day.' And I showed her just how, by cutting out all needless motions, by doing only the things that were necessary to her work, and doing them in the proper way, she could easily keep it up all day.

"BUT then she made many mistakes in spelling. These mistakes, I explained to her, would have to stand against her record. But there was no *need* of her making them.

"'You know,' I told her, 'that you cannot stop to think of your spelling. Your words must flow right out of your fingers. Now, I tell you what: Every time you misspell a word, you are going to write it over and over again on your machine,

until at last it comes out of your fingers exactly right.

"'Why,' she said, 'that's like going to school again. I can't do that here.'

"'Certainly you can. I'll see that nobody stops you.'

"'But the other girls will laugh at me.'

"'Let 'em laugh.'

"So she became a first-class typist. There was a happy girl, the management gained an efficient worker, and society a self-respecting citizen.

"Managers commonly have little or no idea of the potentialities of the human material that comes into their offices. The only remedy many of them know for inefficiency is firing the inefficient one. But firing is not the *first* resort—it should be the *last*.

"Until we know what our workers are doing individually, we cannot pay them justly. Even after you have educated them all up to a standard, there are likely to be some who will do much better than others. And as they earn more, they should get more. We must pay the individual, not the position.

"I once came across a typist so skillful that I thought of entering her for the world's championship. She was working in an office where I had established a bonus system, under which every worker was paid an extra sum for coming up to standard, while those who did still bett... could earn proportionately larger sums. It is to be explained that ordinarily we do not encourage people to do better than our standards. On the contrary, we discourage it. A business office is not a sporting proposition. We don't want any overworking. But there is such a thing as exceptional skill, and the typist I am referring to had it. Thus she began drawing down more than thirty dollars a week, a very large sum at that time and at that place. The manager said, 'Oh, we can't go on paying a typist that amount of money.' You see, he was thinking of her merely as a typist, not as an individual. Moreover, his eyes were fixed on what he was *paying*, with little thought given to what he was *getting*. Again, he still was hazy about the fact that he wasn't paying people just to stick around; that he wasn't paying them just for their time, but for the best efforts they could give him during their time.

"AND this reminds me of another office where, at certain seasons, the work fell off to such an extent that, with the force working at standard speed, the work could all be done in about five hours instead of the usual eight.

"'What shall we do during these seasons?' the manager asked.

"'Let your people go home as soon as their work is finished,' I said, 'and continue to pay them the same salaries.'

"He was stunned by this. He knew it would be a hardship for his people to have their wages cut during these seasons, and he did not want to see them suffer that hardship; but he did think they ought to remain on duty. So I put to him the question direct: 'Are you paying them just to stick around?' And I won him over when I reinforced this by pointing out that if he required them to stretch five hours' work over eight, they would have difficulty in returning to their standard way of working when they again were

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called upon to do eight hours' full work. That force would have been demoralized if they had been required to fill in eight hours with only five hours' work. It is actually shocking to the moral sense to be made to go through motions that contribute to no useful result. It is to nobody's interest that anyone should be required, or permitted, to do useless work. It is hardly necessary for me to add that when those workers were permitted to go home after they had done all the work there was on hand, it created the best of feeling among them, and that in every particular it was a paying proposition for the management.

"It was, to begin with, the right thing to do. And I want to say this: Although a manager is forced to keep before him the question, Will it pay? let him ask, also, Is it right? And if it is right, then let him have faith that it will pay somehow and sometime.

"SINCE you have asked me to talk about the common failings of managers, I must not forget to mention their tendency to be lacking in appreciation of what their subordinates do.

"The desire for appreciation is deeply implanted in every normal human being. In many of us it amounts to a hunger. If managers in general could but realize what power there is in a few words of appreciation! Understand, I don't mean flattery. Praise a man for what he doesn't deserve, and he will begin to feel that you are easy, that he can put it over on you. But words of appreciation—words which value *correctly* what a man has done—these are result-getters beyond all estimate.

"Looking back, I marvel at what was got out of me by a man for whom I worked when I was an eighteen-year-old stenographer. There being a great rush, he appealed to me to help him out by working overtime. As it was an appeal, not an order, I went to it for all I was worth; and, whereas I had been doing about sixty letters a day, I turned out eighty.

"'Now,' said the boss, 'that is fine! If I am not mistaken, that is the greatest number of letters that ever have been turned out in this office. No, hold on now; as I remember it, we had a stenographer here once who did one hundred and five. But, of course, he was an old and experienced hand.'

"Shrewd old fox! he probably understood the value, not only of appreciation, but of holding up a mark for you to shoot at. I increased my output to ninety letters, then to a hundred. Each time the boss praised me in a way that stimulated me anew. 'Just see,' he would exclaim so that others could hear, 'what this young man has done!' I studied to improve my methods; arranged all my materials so that I could get at them with the fewest motions; made my every effort tell. And finally I turned out one hundred and twenty letters, beating that other fellow's record by fifteen.

"Appreciation can be expressed in many ways. I once knew a manager who, every time he had to call on his large force of stenographers and typists for extra hard work, would have a barrel of apples sent in. Along about the middle of the afternoon he would say, 'Come on, girls! Now let's all knock off and eat some apples.' You may be sure that, after their fifteen or twenty minutes' rest and chat, those girls just about redoubled their efforts.

"And here, by the way, is something interesting: If that manager was prompted to allow his working force a period for rest and refreshment by his desire to show his appreciation of their extra effort, he unconsciously hit upon a principle that scientific time study has made plain. The principle I refer to is that no time is more productive of useful result than such time as may be needed to restore energy that has begun to wane. A stranger happening in at that office while those girls were sitting around eating apples and chatting might well have thought that they were being permitted to waste a lot of time. But as they had begun to feel fatigue, and the time they spent in apple-eating and chatting was recreation for them—was recreative of their energy, so that they could resume work at top speed—actually no time that they spent during the day was more usefully employed.

"TO RETURN to the subject of appreciation, you might think that, with its value as a result getter perfectly obvious to anyone with common sense, practically every manager would be alert to practice it. I never have known a manager who himself did not want appreciation. They fairly demand it. 'Tell me, now, what do you think of this that I did?' 'Look here, isn't this a great little idea of mine?' That's the way they commonly talk. Yet at the same time their subordinates may, with only too much reason, be saying: 'Aw, what's the use of exerting yourself in this office! Nobody appreciates it.'

"I'll tell you what keeps so many managers from showing any appreciation of the work of their subordinates: They are so engrossed with themselves, so wrapped up *in* themselves, that they can't *feel* it. Outside of the office they may be pretty good fellows. I often have been astonished at what good friends certain managers turned out to be in their social life. But why so niggardly in passing around their friendship? Why have no friendship to spare for your subordinates, who may need it the most, and whose friendship, in turn, you, in very truth, cannot afford to do without?

"It is just another example of pikerism. No man need flatter himself that just because he may be pretty free with his money, nothing of pikerism attaches to him. The man who is a piker with his friendship, with his interest in, thought for, and consideration of others, is the biggest piker of all. And the biggest fool."

CHARLES M. SCHWAB was once asked who could possibly take his place in running the Bethlehem Steel Works. "There he goes now!" said Schwab, and pointed to Eugene H. Grace. The story of "Gene" Grace, as told by B. C. Forbes in next month's magazine, reads like a fairy tale.

Could You Live Alone, Like Ed Burge?

(*Continued from page 21*)

he is going to get it. For all that you love the sea, you know it never can be trusted. The two times that I just missed getting caught came unexpectedly. One day I put a sail on a boat and went ashore to get supplies. Going back I had a kettle of eggs and a box of groceries and things under the seat. The day was fine and warm, but a mile from the light a sudden squall picked up the boat before I could move, and turned it clear upside down with me under it. I kicked loose, dived from under the sheet and came up. A boat picked me up and my assistant came and got me. Never even broke an egg, but my tobacco got wet.

"The other time was when I'd been ashore and, on the way back to the West Bank again, a blow caught me. It was bitter cold and a big sea running. The waves broke over the boat and wherever the water struck it froze; but finally I managed to get around to the sheltered side of the light. My assistant came out and dropped the tackle down to me, so I managed to hook the boat for him to hoist to the davits.

"Then I reached for the swinging ladder and got hold of it just as the wind kicked the boat from under me. There I was hanging onto a Jacob's ladder, swinging against the side of the tower, the waves smashing over me and every once in a while a chunk of ice hitting me. My arms were pretty tired from rowing and handling the boat; and hanging onto the ladder made them worse. The ice had frozen over the rungs so that they were twice as big as usual and I couldn't get a hand grip. Guess my mittens saved me. They froze to the ice-covered rungs and I held on until I could get an arm over the rung. The waves beat me up against the tower and every minute I thought I'd let loose and drop; but after a time I got a leg over the lower round and from that on up to the gallery wasn't so hard.

"I ALWAYS have been strong, and I was young and husky when I went into the service. I had been a Bay man all my life; fishing, oystering, working around the Bay. In those days lighthouse keepers were political jobs and I guess I wanted the job more because it was a political one than for what it paid. Fact is, the pay did not count much. To be the keeper of a lighthouse had been a sort of ambition with me even when I was a kid knocking round the Bay in a little boat. It was just the way city boys want to be policemen or firemen.

"I'm not sure what the fascination of lighthouse keeping is. Maybe it is the freedom. A keeper is his own boss—and you can tell the young fellows for me that when they pick a boss the hardest one to work for is yourself. It may be the love of the sea. You know the sea fascinates a man, some men more than others. You are a little in awe of it always, and some-

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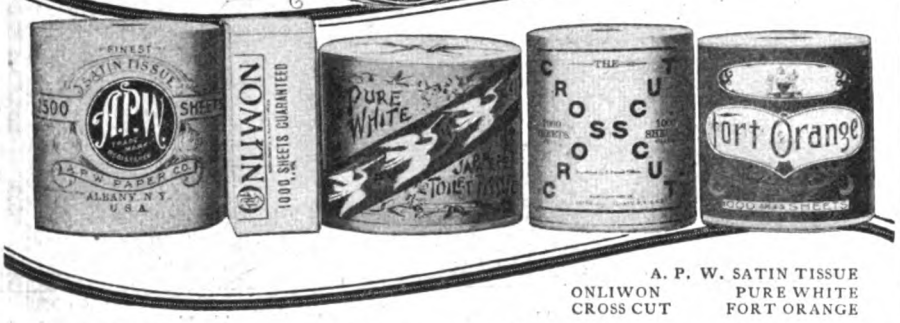

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times afraid of it, but you never can get away from it. After a man has been in the service for a time nothing else ever satisfies him. Those who quit usually drift back into it.

"I met a lady once who was all filled up with what she called the romance of the lighthouse. She said she often longed to be a keeper and live alone in a tower on a rock far out in the sea, and have peace and quiet. She couldn't understand why I snorted. Peace and quiet! A lighthouse is about the noisiest place in the world. Out there on West Bank, for instance, with a gale blowing. When I was there the tower rose right out of the water, with no footing at all around it, so the waves crashed against the walls before they broke, and shook the whole tower; shook it until sometimes the mantles over the burners in the light broke. Sometimes the waves went clear over the gallery, and the spray over the light itself.

"Forty or sixty tons of water, driven by a fifty-mile gale, racing in with the tide and slamming against a solid tower of stone and iron makes it about as quiet as when two railroad trains butt each other head on. Down at the floor level, there is a gas engine pounding away, with the exhaust exploding outside, the iron plates in the tower groaning, the fog siren screaming, and the bell ringing, and up in the light a stream of kerosene burning under a hundred-pound pressure, and roaring louder than the gale. Nice, romantic spot—so quiet that the keeper can scarcely hear the whistles of steamers and tugs in the channel.

"I remember one night that was like that. It was clear as crystal and bitter cold, and a nor'east gale was ripping through the channel, blowing the tops off the seas. A man couldn't stand on the gallery, the wind was so strong; and my pup was around to the sheltered side. The light was burning all right, so I turned in and went to sleep. A keeper never worries for fear he will sleep and the light will go out. In a racket like that about the only thing that *will* wake him is for the roar of the gas or the pounding of the engine to stop suddenly.

"All of a sudden I waked up, out in the middle of the room, with the barkentine 'Carrie Winslow,' of Boston, shoving her nose half way through the tower! She was coming down in tow when the gale drove her against the lighthouse. She tore out one side of the tower, ripped free and drifted on, leaving that gale pouring through my bedroom.

"NOPE, I didn't do anything heroic. A man can't be much of a hero without his pants. I just saw that the pup was all right and the light burning, and that the barkentine hadn't sunk, and hunted another room that wasn't busted wide open.

"When the West Bank light was new, we used to have a lot of that kind of visitors, especially during heavy weather. The tower has been raised fourteen feet since then and a rip-rapped base built around it; but at that time any ship that got out of the channel could bump right up against us. There was a four-masted schooner, the 'S. S. Hurst,' I think, that came along in a fog one night and raked us. Her yards broke off against the tower, and she carried away my boat, which was hanging on the davits under the gallery,

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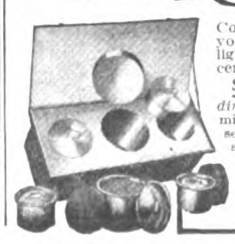

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but she never broke the lantern. Couldn't get ashore to get supplies for a week, but she paid for the boat.

"Had that schooner hit the tower square she would have carried it away. It wasn't as solid in those days as it is now. It used to shake all over, especially when the ice was in the bay and a storm was jamming it against the base and ramming the tower with every sea. Used to go to bed sometimes wondering if it would stick until morning, but it wasn't any use losing sleep over it.

"The most exciting night I had out there was in a big blow. There was a tug coming down the channel with two barges in tow. The night was so thick I couldn't see anything; but there was a lot of whistling, and on a night like that you can't tell where the whistles are. The tug was off the channel course, and the gale blew it to one side of the light and the barges to the other, and wrapped the line around the tower. Looked for a time as if they'd drag the tower off its base, but the lines parted and the fun was over.

"IT IS all in the day's work. There are lots of wrecks and collisions, and freezing, and sometimes drowning. I've had great luck. Never have lost a man from any light. Had lots of narrow escapes, but they don't count, after they're over. You fellows up there in the city don't think anything of it if an automobile misses you by half an inch, or if a street car nearly gets you, or a sign blows down and just misses lighting on your head. No more do keepers think much about nearly getting blown away or caught in the ice. It's part of our work, like dodging automobiles is part of yours. Reckon you'd drown down here, and chances are I'd get killed by a street car up-town.

"On an offshore light a fellow feels a good deal as if he was sitting in a private box watching the biggest show in the world. Take West Bank, out there on the busiest channel in the world. A keeper can sit there and watch it all and never get lonesome. I've been out there alone—once for twenty-nine days, half a dozen times for fifteen, sixteen, or seventeen days, all by myself in the light—never afraid of burglars, or tramps, or anything, except some schooner or tug bumping into me.

"Quiet nights, in summer, when the whole bay is lit up, and the beaches are blazing, and you can see the city lights up New York way, and the big liners go past, maybe you wish, a little bit, that you were over there with them. But you don't really envy them. Probably it wouldn't be fun for them to change places with you, or for you to change with them. They have troubles you haven't got. I never remember having to dodge a taxicab or a street car where I was out on a light.

"A fellow learns a lot, too, about ships, and winds, and waters. There is much to learn about what one sees in the water, and there is time to read. It don't make much difference what a fellow reads; I read everything the lighthouse tender brought down. And if there isn't anything to read, a fellow can sit and watch an old hooker go down the bay, read her name, see her flag, get a sight of the crew, maybe, and just think about where she is going, and who is aboard her and what they are going to do and see—

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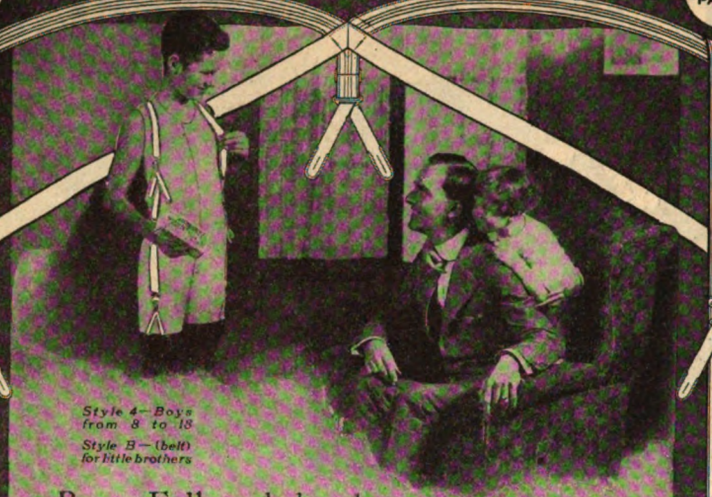

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and he doesn't need a novel. He has one right there. On dark clear nights he can look out along the light when he tends the lantern, and as the ships and the tugs and the little boats go by he has a moving picture show that beats anything he can see on a screen.

"On winter nights when a gale is howling and you can't see a thing ten feet from the tower, when the snow is swirling thick, I used to like to think of the city and the crowds up Broadway and in the theatres, and wonder if they ever thought of the things going on down here. I don't know, sometimes it seems to me that things up there don't amount to much anyway, compared with real things.

"There is a lot of time to think about such things, even when your hands are busy. They say this is a lazy man's job, but sometimes we have more to do than to fish off the gallery. I remember when West Bank was first built they had a new type of gas engine to furnish power for the fog horn. It was hard work to keep that running, and a fellow didn't get much sleep on thick or foggy nights.

"One night she quit on me entirely. The fog had settled thick, and I had to have some sort of an alarm until I could get someone down from the station at Tompkinsville to fix that engine. There was a big iron plate on the floor. I rigged up a tackle, and hung that sheet of iron up, swinging it onto a chain. Then I got my ax and went to work banging that iron plate with the ax every thirty seconds. It sure did make racket enough to scare a tug off the bank at half a mile. I kept walloping away at that plate for an hour or more before some tug captain got curious about who was running a blacksmith shop on the bank and crept in to ask. I asked him to run up to Tompkinsville and tell them to send down the tender and fix the engine. Then I went on hammering, swinging that ax every thirty seconds for hours and hours while the tender was crawling down in the fog.

"A man gets inventive, and learns to rely on himself on an offshore job. The time that barkentine butted into us, the contractors wanted eleven or twelve thousand dollars to patch up the tower, so the Government decided to do the work itself. They sent six men down, masons and ironworkers, and I had to learn to keep boarding-house and to do the cooking and waiting. They boarded on me for months and kept me company. I wonder how the average housewife would like to do *her* marketing in a rowboat, four miles off shore and cook for six hungry workers besides?

"FACT is, the worst part of the work is getting supplies. I used to have to row ashore and land down at Deep Kills. My family was living up at Stapleton, and when a fellow is forced to stick to his light eighteen or twenty days, knowing someone at home is not well, or that a new baby is coming—well, he has to keep his hands busy to help keep his mind occupied. I used to keep mine busy all the time. I learned rug making—knotting bits of worsted rags onto heavy sailcloth, and then sewing them on as you sew a sail. It took a day to make a piece six inches square—but it kept me busy. Out there, I smoked all the time I was awake, which was most of the time; but

when I came ashore to stay I quit smoking entirely. Thought maybe it was hurting my health.

"I've never had a day's sickness since I've been in the service. It's good, healthy work, plenty of open air, and plenty of exercise too, especially going ashore for supplies. Sometimes the tender didn't come around for days, and things ran low, and a fellow had to get ashore to get stuff he wanted. I used to wait until the tobacco pretty near gave out. That was the signal to go, but often it was too rough to make it. Discouraging work to row a couple of miles until the arms began to give out and couldn't pull the boat and the wind shifted, and I had to turn back. And landing at the West Bank light before the rip-rap foundation was put in was as neat a trick as you ever saw, especially when there was a big sea running. There was no place to beach a boat. You had to make the landing square against the side of the tower, with the waves trying to bang the boat to pieces against the stone walls. Had to leave the ropes down and trick the boat around, and keep maneuvering and keeping her off the stones until the ropes were hooked, then wait to just the right second and haul the boat up before the next wave could catch and smash her.

"SOMETIMES keepers get caught in the ice and carried away, and all the time a fellow has to keep watch for fear the wind will shift. It shifts quick down at this end of the Bay, and the sea kicks up quickly, especially when a big tide is running.

"I remember one evening I got caught. I had been down to Deep Kills for provisions, and was coming back when the wind shifted and it came on to blow hard. I was in a little boat with a bit of sail and a pair of oars. I hadn't gone far before the wind and the sea were too strong for me. The water was cold, and the wind was bitter cold, with snow driving and the ice crunching around. It blew me clear away. I couldn't see anything or hear anything. This Bay is the busiest place in the world, always full of vessels; but ships are like friends—when you want them mostly they aren't there. Seemed as if there wasn't a tug or a schooner or anything on the waters that night. All I could do was hang on and bail.

"I reckon I bailed the Bay through the boat. I drifted for hours not knowing where I was, and finally fetched up plumb against Old Orchard light, and crawled on the rocks with the boat almost full of water. Had to stay there, too, until I could get the tender down from the station to take me out to the West Bank. The light was all right, though. I'd fixed it, and it was still burning.

"That isn't anything; lots of keepers get blowed away. It's all in the day's work."

THERE are about 400,000 stutterers in the United States. Frank B. Copley will tell next month of a man who cures these stutterers. What he has to say, moreover, will open our ears to our own speech defects—and most of us have some, although perhaps we have not realized it.

Teach Them To Say

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Nothing goes into Hires but the pure healthful juices of roots, barks, herbs, berries—and pure cane sugar. The quality of Hires is maintained in spite of tremendously increased cost of ingredients. Yet you pay no more for Hires the genuine than you do for an artificial imitation.

But be sure you say "Hires" to get Hires. At fountains, or in bottles, at your dealers. Keep a case at home and always have Hires on ice as first aid to parched palates.

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Hires

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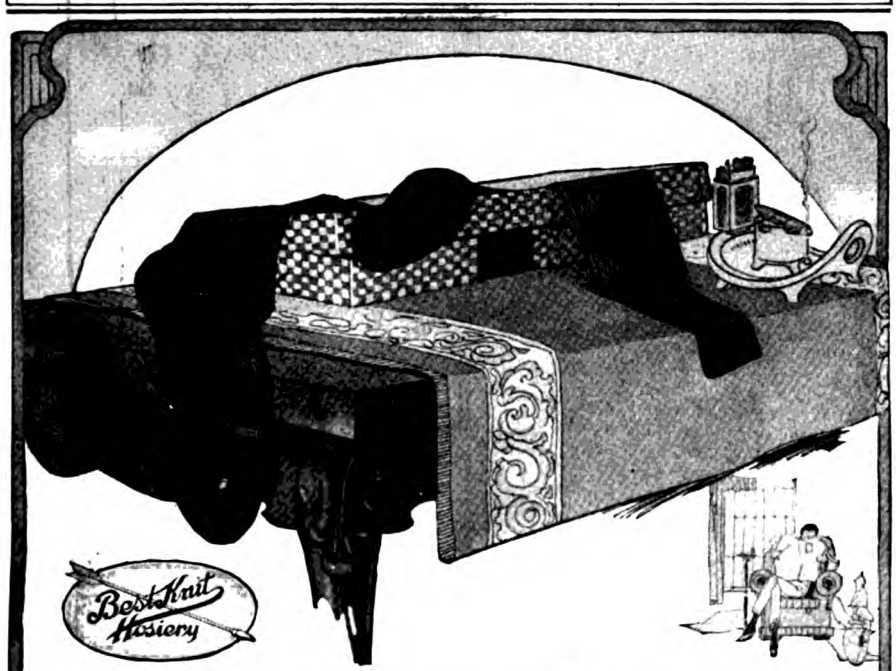

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If your dealer can't supply you, write us. Milwaukee Hosiery Co., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Business is a Young Man's Game

(*Continued from page 34*)

more able only because of experience and ease and dexterity in handling the job; their judgment doesn't improve much. Some few men make successes late in life, but I wonder if the delay isn't because they have been victims of circumstances, rather than late in developing.

Anyhow, the young man should have his chance. He should be put into whatever position his ability entitles him to, no matter what his age. Age is no longer a crime in business, neither is the lack of it. And, having been put in charge, he should be left alone. This is another injustice we do our young men: we keep our hands on them for fear they will do something wrong. It is far better to let them alone. If they do something wrong, and they are worth anything, they will hurry up and do something right, quick, and make things even. And they won't stand still and deliberate and hold councils while someone else gets the business away.

Business is a fighting game. And when it's a question of fighting, we send our young men first. Quick decisions come easily to youth. I'd turn my calendar back ten years if I could: I'd be just as well fitted for my job, and I'd have that much more youth to go on.

IT ISN'T necessary to know everything to be an executive. I remember once when we put in a bid on three million pounds of apple butter—when I was younger than I am now. We got the order for over two millions of it.

"But how are you going to pack it?" the boss asked me.

"I don't know," I replied truthfully, "but we'll find out!"

We didn't know how then, because we never had packed that much apple butter. But we *found out* without wasting any time on it.

The young men I know make me believe in them because they decide quickly, and then make it come true. At the present time particularly, this is the kind of men we need in business. The world has stood almost still long enough. And so I say to all young men, "This is your day."

And now for the game I am in—the food game, the most fascinating one in the world. It is an old game, old as human beings; but that doesn't prevent it from having unlimited possibilities, and more romance than most people would believe.

If a shelf of cans and bottles in a grocery store doesn't look interesting, it is only because the person who looks sees only the labels on the outside of the container. Just what labels he sees tells a lot in itself, if he only knew it. To an experienced groceryman the labels on the goods in grocers' stores would determine what part of the country he was in, even if he had been brought there blindfolded. For the East and West, and the North and South do not eat alike.

In New England, the grocery shelves will be filled with cans of squash and

pumpkin, for which there is very limited sale in any other part of the country. In the East, ox-tongue is a favorite canned meat; in the West, few people touch it. The Middle-West people buy and eat vast quantities of small fruits, such as cherries, raspberries, and strawberries; in the East, they eat far less of these, but more pears and peaches.

The best canned goods of all have their largest sale not in the great cities of the East, as might be supposed, but in the sparsely settled states like Montana, Utah, Colorado, and Texas. This is because of the fact that in these states the drought often ruins the attempts at gardens. Irrigation has not developed sufficiently to supply the people with fresh vegetables, and so they have to live the greater part of the year "out of a can." When a man lives the greater part of a year out of a can, he finds the best none too good for him. Consequently, the West is our best market for the highest grade of canned goods.

GREAT cities are not as good a market for canned vegetables as small cities or the country places; not because the people in the country eat more vegetables but because the people in big cities have fresh vegetables shipped to them all the year round. To my own mind canned goods are often preferable to the so-called "fresh" goods, which may have been on the road a week, and which are withered and sweated by the time they arrive at the market. A canned product which is taken directly from the fields to the can is apt to be more appetizing and actually to have a greater food value than green goods so delayed in shipment.

In a great city like New York, an experienced grocery man would know the nationality of the neighborhood by the goods on the shelves. Where there is a big settlement of Jewish people, prunes are sold in great quantities. The Italians and Greeks want few prunes, but quantities of dried apricots and peaches. Raisins are more pleasing to an American palate, and our big raisin market is in the Middle West.

There have been certain marked changes in the grocery business during the past five years that certainly are due to the food conservation practiced during the war. The tonnage in groceries in actual pounds sold for consumption in America is not nearly as great as it was before the war. I believe this is a direct consequence of the habits brought about by food conservation. People waste far less than they did before they learned how little they needed to waste; and they also found out in many cases that they could get along by eating less, and many of them are doing it. The saving of an individual may be infinitesimal; but the grocery business knows the saving of the people as a whole, and it is a big one.

Whenever I make this statement someone at once assumes that the decrease is due to home gardens and home canning, but it isn't. It is true that there are more goods put up at home; but that is one of the best things that has happened to the canned goods business. Home canning, more than anything grocers ever could have done, has educated people to eat canned goods. Any man in the grocery business is glad to hear of a home-canning

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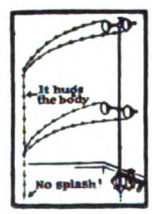

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16

campaign. He figures that for every can put up at home he is going to sell more canned goods.

In our company we take every precaution to obtain quality in our goods; we hold meetings with the farmers in the schoolhouses; we send special instructors for special crops, and we furnish seeds of our own raising. Nothing is left undone to secure the finest possible product.

The old way of buying up lots of vegetables here and there and canning them resulted in so varied a product that a housewife never knew what grade she would get. The modern way is to control a product from the planting of the seed until it reaches the consumer.

To get back to the effect of the war: Macaroni and spaghetti are at present enjoying a great popularity that is directly due to war-time scarcity of white flour. When we were obliged to buy so many pounds of substitute in order to get so many pounds of flour, macaroni and spaghetti were among the substitutes. They were bought and taken home, and people began to learn to use them—I, for one, came to the table to find a great bowl of macaroni and cheese as the main dish of the meal—and after the war people kept on with the substitute dish.

Cheese never came to be very popular because it was too high in price. The domestic varieties of cheese which were made when there was no foreign cheese imported still remain on the market, and probably will continue to be sold. You can find American Swiss cheese and Swiss Swiss cheese side by side in most delicatessen shops. The American cheese is a fine product, not quite as good as the Swiss, but a good deal cheaper.

Spices are another product that got a boom during war times. They were used freely to flavor dishes concocted during the sugar and fat shortage. We got to like their pungent flavor, and we still like them, as increased sales show.

THE war was a great creator of new tastes in food, the greatest we have known. Usually the public is satisfied to go on with its old favorites, and it is a hard thing to get a new kind of food into favor.

Most folks have an idea that the public appetite is capricious, but it isn't; it is a steady thing, and we have to teach it to like new dishes. We even have to teach it to like the same thing in a new form. Package goods have had to make their way and to justify their expense by proving their cleanliness.

Olives are at this moment expensive, because the public has learned to like them packed in tall jars, where they show up nicely on the sides. To get them this way every olive is hand packed by girls, who handle the fruit by means of long tongs. It is a slow and tedious process. Olives shaken into a flat glass jar would be cheaper and just as good, but we haven't yet taught the public to like them that way.

To educate the public appetite means a great deal of work, in advertising and demonstration and free samples, to get people to try out something they have not tasted. Most of us are slow to try new dishes.

The biggest help the grocer has in the creation of new desires is—well, I hardly know what to call him without sounding anything but flattering—but it is the man

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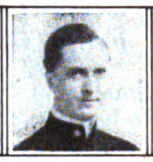

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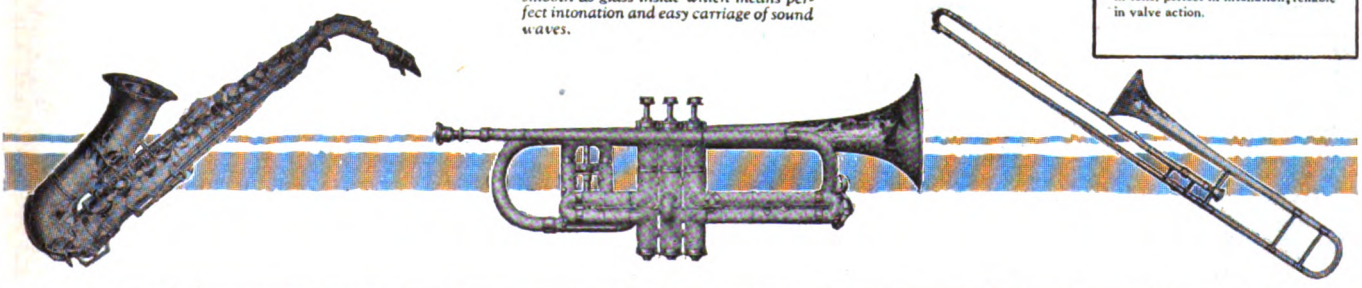

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Recommended by Physicians. Made of specially prepared "Superlastik." Guaranteed. Price $1 per pair. Money back if not satisfied. Order today. *Ask your Chiropodist, Physician, Shoe Dealer or Druggist.*

THE GEORGE H. JUNG CO.
160 Jung Bldg. Cincinnati, Ohio

who makes a fetish of a particular kind of food because, for instance, he believes that it has cured rheumatism, or indigestion, or has made him gain twenty pounds, or lose twenty pounds, and who talks that food as a kind of gospel. That person—I suppose in plain English he would be called a "crank," although I dislike being ungrateful to such an active helper—is a wonderful aid in the food game. He creates entirely new desires in foods, and by believing in them so heartily and untiringly he makes other people believe in them.

Then we grocers know it is time to make attractive packages of especially good clean foods, and put them on the market and advertise them. Our friend has already created a clientele which will grow. Food after food has been introduced to the market in this way. Take coffee substitutes, for instance. They flourish, one after another, and all of them have a steady sale. At the same time they do not seem to have injured the market for coffee. The truth is that when a doctor formerly told a man that he ought to stop coffee for a time, he had nothing to substitute; now he just drinks the nearest thing to coffee he can get. In a short time he gets well and goes back to coffee, and so the market remains, for both coffee and coffee substitutes. All the campaigns against coffee, all the crusades against it, have not sufficed to diminish its sale in the least. Despite all substitutes, the American people drink as much per person as they ever did.

Occasionally we have seen a new desire for food spring up of its own accord. Canned spinach is a new favorite on the market. Its sales are increasing at a brisk rate; and deservedly so, for fresh spinach grown anywhere has neither the flavor nor the freedom from grit that the best spinach put into cans has. New York State grows the best spinach in the country, and it is grown in black muck that is rich and free from grit. Canned carrots are a new favorite in the Western States.

Sometimes we just happen on a new food. Some months ago I was transacting business at a bank when one of the officers said to me, "There's a depositor of ours here from South America who has something he wants to put on the market; maybe you would like to see him."

I saw the visitor from South America and looked at his product. It was entirely new. A banana had been dehydrated, and the result was a sweet fruit which could be handled without soiling the fingers, and which was very toothsome and had a delicate flavor. They have the sugar value and the nutritive value of fresh bananas, but they can be sold at less than half the price fresh bananas bring.

TO INTRODUCE a new product such as this requires a great deal of advertising. All package goods require advertising to introduce them to the people, but package goods are the life of the grocery business. It would be a dull game for the groceryman if life were a mere selling of staples, and there would be little room for ambition. To take a dull staple and give it a new twist, by making it more palatable or more attractive, keeps the food dealers always on the jump and makes life worth living.

Nobody who is worth while in the food game objects to this kind of competition. It often makes for an increase of business. Two dry-goods merchants having shops side by side do not kill each other; they are far more likely, by being side by side, to attract so many more people to that neighborhood that the business actually is increased by the competition with each other. Neither do two cans of different brands on the same shelf hurt business; they are more likely to suggest business, since a thing must be good if so many people pack it.

The most difficult thing in the food game is to live up to the reputation one has such trouble in establishing. Food is a variable product; it depends on wind and weather. To keep it uniformly good means that a firm has to beat the natural elements and wage a never ceasing battle with the seasons. A battle such as this makes every year a new year and keeps the business ever young.

A MAN never gets to know why people in one part of the country like one thing and those in another part like another; but he has to know that they *do*. I learned these things myself first-hand. When I was a small boy I found a job for out-of-school time in a neighboring grocery; afterward I worked with my father. In that little store I began to learn what men and women liked. I got to know that the old staples—sago, tapioca, hominy—were never going to make an epoch in the grocery business, but that no grocer could afford to be without them. I learned to respect that old tried and trusted perennial favorite, cornstarch. I got a chance to study the customers, and to learn such elementary facts as that men like meat, molasses, and hot cakes; and that women like salads and sweet cakes. Before I was twenty I was out on the road selling for a wholesale firm and studying the likes of people outside of my own town.

Then I began to learn that of all canned products tomatoes are the national favorite; that a grocer anywhere could be depended upon to fill up his shelves with tomatoes, because people bought more of them than any other thing sold in cans. Peas came next, with corn running third.

I said that there was romance in the food business; but you have to look for it behind the glass bottles or, rather, within them. Take a bottle of Maraschino cherries: I suppose a good many people who buy them think that they grow that color, but the Maraschino cherry begins as a white Italian cherry. It is dyed with a vegetable coloring which is coaxed into the cherry by a sirup bath, in which the cherry rests for days. After that, the flavor also has to be coaxed in. This is supplied by Maraschino beans, grown by the monks in Dalmatia. Anyone who looks at that bottle of cherries with the idea of the growth of the cherry and of the bean in mind gets a picture of life in two countries, with plenty of color and possibilities in it. Food just brims with romance if you have a seeing eye.

I don't suppose it is necessary that a man who deals in groceries should feel and understand the romance side of food, but he will have a much better time at his business if he does. The other things—the likes and dislikes of people all over the country and, indeed, all over the world—he will have to know in order to sell goods.

Welch's

"THE NATIONAL DRINK"

DID you ever think of the connection between pink in youthful cheeks and the purple red of Welch's? Nature had a purpose in storing such healthful richness in Concord grapes. She was looking out for her children.

Welch's is pure—always. The juice of full-ripe, premium-grown Concords, fresh-pressed and stored in glass—nothing added, or taken away.

Recipes for many unusual and attractive drinks for receptions, parties, dinners and other functions are given in our booklet, "Welch Ways." A copy will be mailed on request.

Your grocer or druggist can supply Welch's by the bottle or by the case. Ask for Welch's at the Soda Fountain.

Welch's Grapelade
the pure grape spread

A Welch Quality Product made from choice selected grapes and pure sugar, without seeds, skins or acid crystals. It is smooth and rich and has the delicate, fresh-grape flavor. In 15-oz. glass jars or 8-oz. tumblers from your grocer.

The Welch Grape Juice Company, Westfield, N.Y.

Get to the Point!

(*Continued from page 62*)

asset is its *good will*. A merchant's store may burn down and his stock be damaged or destroyed; but if he has a thousand friends in that community he will soon be on his feet again.

"Make friends! Make them for yourself and for the business. If you do that, you will not need to advertise yourself to your employer. Your friends, and the record you make because of them, will do it for you.

"Of course, there are other qualities a young man should have. Industry is one of them; but it is as fundamental as integrity. Ambition? Yes, but it need not be a particularly vaulting one. The man whose present ambition is to do his job a little better than others do it, and who keeps that ambition through every *successive* job, will find himself going steadily ahead.

"It is curious how little difference there is in the *natural ability* of men. Take the boys I hired here when I first came. Those who have forged ahead were not naturally gifted far above their fellows. The boy of average health and intelligence has just as good a chance to succeed as the other boys around him. All of them have much the same natural equipment in brains and body. It is what they do *with* their equipment that counts.

"I HAVE always been interested in boys. Back in Winona, I was a member of the school board, and as I used to go around to the various public schools I would look over the boys very keenly. One section of the town was largely Irish; another section was given over to Slavs. The Irish boys were bright-eyed, alert-looking, apparently very intelligent. The Poles, Russians, and other Slavic boys, looked dull, slow, almost sodden. Yet, when it came to business, these dull-looking Slavic boys often did better than the bright, but often mercurial, Irish lads. And yet some of the Irish boys made fine records; and some of the Slavs never got anywhere.

"I am forced to admit that I think a great deal depends on the training a boy receives *after* he goes to work. The atmosphere of the place where he is employed has very much to do with his development. That puts a heavy responsibility on the head of the business.

"I do not mean that he personally should take his office boys and errand boys in hand and train them. That would be impossible, and it is unnecessary. But if an organization is permeated with a sense of the individual importance and responsibility of every person connected with it, that atmosphere will have its effect on the least of the employees.

"I remember when two lads applied to me years ago for a position as errand boy. We needed only one, so I could not take them both. Yet it was hard to decide which to choose, because there was no perceptible difference between them, except that one was thin, and the other was fat.

"While I was hesitating over their case, Mr. Orson Smith came along. He was a very large man, as you probably know.

"'Mr. Smith,' I said, 'which of these boys shall I take?'

"'Oh,' he laughed, 'take the fat one.'

"So I took the fat boy—and to-day he is one of the important men in the bank.

"NOW, what I mean by the effect of the atmosphere of an organization is this: Most of our valuable men came to us as boys. They were proud to be connected with a big institution. They were so keen about it that they began to feel that, in their small way, they were carrying a part of the responsibility, as, in fact, they were. When a boy feels that way he has a stimulus to effort. He may be only a cog on the smallest wheel; but if he knows that even a cog is important, he defies the laws of my old favorite study, physical science, and develops into a wheel.

"One day, not a great while after I had employed the fat boy, one of the men came to me and said:

"'Did you know that Ralph has won a first prize in a contest for the best system for a collection department?'

"'Nonsense,' I said. 'He's never been in the collection department.'

"'Well, he's won a prize just the same,' declared the man.

"And it was true. It seems that some paper had offered such a prize, and Ralph saw the offer. Immediately, being so proud of *his* bank that he felt certain its system *must* be the best, he went to the collection department, after closing hours, and made a sketch of the arrangement of desks. The next day he asked someone in that department to explain to him how the business was routed. Then he sent in his sketch, describing how matters were handled—and he got first prize!

"I usually come down to my office on holidays for an hour or two to look over my mail and attend to a few matters. One day, just before some holiday, a little shaver was waiting for me as I started to go home.

"'Are you coming down to-morrow, Mr. Hulbert?' he asked.

"'Why, yes,' I said. 'I probably shall.'

"'I was wondering if I could help you if I came down, too,' he said.

"That is the spirit I mean, a spirit of responsibility, of feeling that one is useful to the business, and a desire to increase that usefulness. Of course you may be cynical and say that the boy was simply trying to make a hit with me. But an executive is not fooled by a single incident. Employers have a thousand opportunities to check up such things.

"I have a theory—it may not be worth much, but it is a very strong one with me—that we could use this idea in our schools. For instance, our present method is to give an entire class the same lesson to learn. No one has any special, individual thing to do. Suppose it is a class in geography. Every member of the class is told, perhaps, to learn to bound North Dakota, to give the capital, the lakes, the important rivers and towns, what are the chief products, and so on. They get a slipshod notion of the whole thing, which they forget inside of a few years at most.

"But suppose the teacher told Johnny that he was to learn to bound North Dakota; and that the next day he would be expected to tell the class how it was done and to show them, on the blackboard, just how the state was situated. Jimmie would have to name the principal towns, show where they were located, and what railroads reached them. And so on with the whole class.

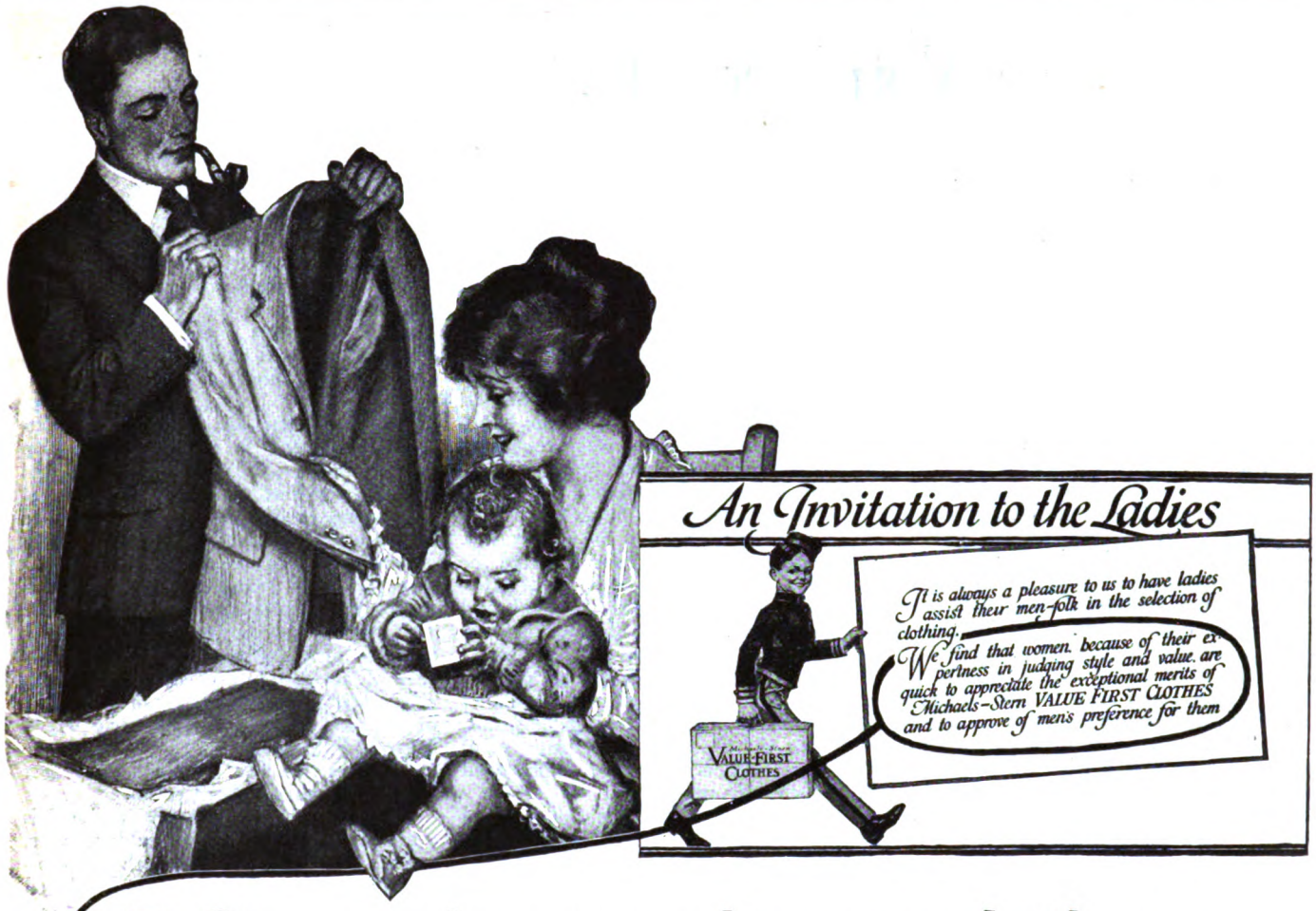
"Make each boy and girl *responsible to the class* for some one thing. Make them feel that if they fail to give their respective shares in the lesson the whole thing will be incomplete. I believe they all would learn more in the long run, and they would benefit immeasureably in character development.

"If you are an employer, *give responsibility*. Make your associates and your subordinates feel that something depends on their loyalty and the efficient discharge of their individual duties. If you are an employee, *feel* responsibility.

"RESPONSIBILITY is one of the greatest character builders I know of. Here in Chicago we have a very interesting example of this: Over on the West Side there is a man we call Jack Robbins, although that may not be his real name. Probably even he does not know his real name, for he was a waif. He grew up on the streets, became a 'tough' boy, and was sent to Glenwood School, an institution for boys. He ran away from Glenwood, I believe, and finally went to work in a cigar store, where he was finally earning one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month.

"Then he started what is called the Boys' Brotherhood Republic; a 'government' of boys, by boys, and for boys. To me it seems that the basic principle of this boys' republic is the idea that responsibility develops character. Some of the toughest gangsters of the city have gone into it and made good. They have their own 'municipality,' with a mayor, city clerk, city treasurer, city judge, prosecuting attorney, chief of police, city council, board of health, business manager, and so on. They have their regular elections. They have their own banks. They keep watch of the morals, the health, and the financial condition of the 'citizens' of their republic. They *accomplish* things. And it is all done by giving them responsibility.

"I think Jack Robbins has given us an object lesson of what should be done with boys everywhere; in schools, in business, and in the home. Just as raw material, they are surprisingly alike in natural quality. I believe the best way of helping a boy to make something out of the particular piece of raw material which is himself, is to teach him to be *responsible* for the honest and efficient performance of some duty."



P.S.—*and men and women both are impressed with their Economy.*

MICHAELS-STERN VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES cut the cost of being well-dressed by assuring fullest value, complete value, value through-and-through.

Because of their style value these clothes help a man look his best; because of their fabric and finish value they make long wear certain.

Madam! You are an excellent judge of all such values. That's why we suggest that you help your men-folks buy their clothes.

Sir! Take her with you—and go to the store in your town where MICHAELS-STERN VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES are sold. There a man's taste in style and a woman's demand for VALUE will be fully satisfied.

We are sure of that because, in our shops, every mark of the chalk, every cut of the shears, every stitch of the needle, is guided by the principle of giving Value-First—*value* to the last penny.

Send for interesting style booklet, "How Clothes Help Win Success."

MICHAELS, STERN & Co., Rochester, New York

MICHAELS·STERN Value·First Clothes

Have You Been Finger-Printed?

(*Continued from page 45*)

print evidence, however, *is* sufficient.

Mr. W. J. Wall, of the Bureau of Identification at Santa Barbara tells of a case where an innocent man was rescued from suspicion through the silent testimony of a single finger print. For several years a burglar had been breaking into offices and stealing valuable property, without leaving the slightest clue to his identity. For some reason, suspicion had centered on a business man of the community; and this suspicion had grown until it amounted to absolute certainty. There was no direct evidence against the man, however, so the police were playing a watchful game.

Finally, the burglar, in an unguarded moment, left a faint print of his right ring-finger on the transom through which he entered to commit one of his robberies. This print was photographed. With this evidence in their possession, the police then secured finger prints of the suspected man by a ruse which did not let him into the secret. The print of his right ring-finger was compared with the one made by the burglar, and the two were found to be so *unlike* that the innocent man was at once cleared of suspicion.

AS A PROTECTION against forgery of bank clerks, the "finger print signature" is unbeatable. In trying to simplify the process of "signing" one's finger prints, Mr. Ray E. Bauder, of the First National Bank of Taylorville, Illinois, has devised a method which does away with the common, and rather messy, use of printer's ink for that purpose.

Mr. Bauder has introduced a chemically sensitized card, on which the fingers can be pressed, and which can then be developed, very much like a photographic plate. The system has been taken up by most of the important Chicago banks. Mr. Bauder has devised also an identification card, to be issued by a bank to its clients. It contains the name and any other devices of the bank and bears the signature of the client, accompanied by the prints of his right index, middle, and third fingers. This identification card is for his use in cashing checks at banks where he is a stranger. Armed with this card, he can sign a check, make his finger prints on it, and present the check, together with his identification card. The two sets of finger prints can then be compared, establishing his identity beyond question. If he loses his card, it will not do anyone else the slightest good. Because no one on earth can duplicate those finger prints, except himself.

Another device invented by Mr. Bauder is absolute protection against forgery or raising the amount of a check. The imprint of the three fingers above mentioned is put in the space for the signature, and the name is then written over it with an ink that bites into the paper. To forge such a signature is impossible. And to prevent the amount of the check being raised, the thumb print is made in the proper space and the figures written across it.

Finger-print signatures are used, also, by banks in cases where the depositor cannot write his name. This is not unusual among immigrants, who may be shy on reading and writing, but who are able to accumulate goodly sums of money, nevertheless. The use of their finger prints is a protection both to the bank and to the depositor. In one case, a Polish woman reported to the police that someone had stolen forty dollars in cash and her bank-book. When the matter was brought to the bank's attention, it was found that the deposit shown in the book had been withdrawn by a man whose finger prints had been taken at the time of the withdrawal. The officials suspected fraud and had the woman's husband finger-printed, proving that *he* had presented the book and got the money. He denied it, but the two identical sets of prints proved his guilt.

It may be a shock to countless parents to know that there is danger of babies being mixed up in maternity hospitals, and that the use of finger-printing or of "foot-printing" is earnestly recommended to prevent this possibility.

"At present," says the Wilder and Wentworth book, "each child born in a reputable hospital has a piece of tape, bearing the same number as that given to the mother, tied to its wrist. The identification is still further safeguarded, as a rule, by attaching to the baby's back a small patch of surgeon's plaster, marked in the same way. With even these precautions, however, there is still a possibility of confusion, especially if the babies are bathed or fed together, or otherwise taken from the side of the mother."

Inspector Faurot advises that impressions of the fingers of both mother and child should be made at the time of the child's birth.

BECAUSE of the difficulty of manipulating a baby's fingers, the custom—where it exists—is to take prints of the sole of the foot, which, also, is marked with little ridges, just as the palms of the hands are. This method of identification is practiced in the Chicago Lying-in Hospital. As soon as a child is old enough, however, its finger prints should be taken. These will serve as identification throughout life.

Every year about forty thousand unidentified bodies are buried in nameless graves in this country. Every public institution—insane asylums, for instance—contributes its quota of these unknown dead. A system of registered finger prints would do away with any such condition.

Finger prints should be used on all passports, letters of credit, travelers' checks, and so on. If this were done, a lost letter of credit, for example, would be worthless to a dishonest person who might find it. The person to whom it had been issued would be absolutely protected from loss.

The use of finger prints would prevent fraud in the payment of insurance, of legacies, and of pensions. For, in that case, it would be impossible for a false claimant to collect the money. A very practical use of them has been introduced in connection with automobiles. The owner's thumb print can be placed on the instrument board by a process which prevents its removal without defacing the board. Cards bearing duplicates of the mark are placed on file with the police. The real owner can always prove his ownership; while, if the car is stolen, the thief can be shown to *be* a thief.

SEVERAL years ago, the Navy Department adopted the model identification tag for all officers and men in the navy. On one side is written the name, rank, date of enlistment, or date of appointment, and the date of birth. On the opposite side is an impression of the right index finger. The tag is then treated by a process which etches these impressions in the metal. The system has proved of the greatest value in identifying officers and men in case of accident, or of desertion. Salt water does not corrode the tags and they do not melt below a temperature of 2,580 degrees, Fahrenheit; so they are practically indestructible. Millions of finger prints have already been taken.

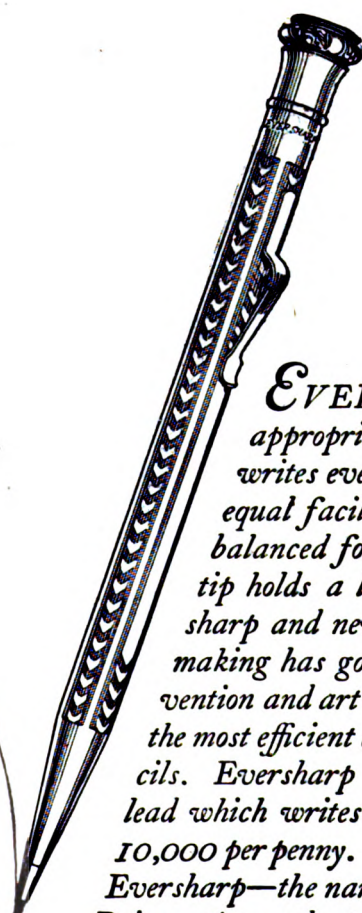
To make a set of prints all you need is some printer's ink, a small rubber roller, a glass plate, and some smooth light-colored paper, or a light-colored card. Glazed paper is the best. Put a little ink on the glass plate and spread it evenly, not too thick, with the roller. Press the ball of the finger on the ink, then on the paper. Make several impressions until you learn just how much ink to use and how hard to press.

The usual way of getting a complete set is first to make a "rolled impression" of each finger and thumb separately. This is done by putting the side of the finger to the paper first, and then rolling it over to the other side. When you have made the ten rolled impressions, make a "plain" impression of all four fingers at once, by pressing them simultaneously on the paper. Add a "plain" impression of each thumb, and your set is complete. Examine these prints through a magnifying glass and you will find that no two, even of your own fingers, are alike.

The experts agree on one thing: that finger prints do not indicate character. You cannot tell that a man is a criminal by looking at his finger prints. A preacher might have the very same assortment of whorls, loops, arches—or whatever it might be—that a murderer has. Certain types of patterns do *not* go with certain types of character. A finger print does not show the *kind* of person it belongs to. But it does show irrefutably that it belongs to him, and to him only.

As one expert says: "Upon the fingers of every man, woman and child, of all nationalities, races, colors, and creeds, is the indelible sign of their own identity. Ineradicable, persisting from the day of birth until the time of the body's final disintegration after death, this unforgeable signature, written in nature's own intricate penmanship, is stamped upon the finger tips of every member of the human family."

Everystyle



EVERSHARP is made in every appropriate style for everybody and writes every style of handwriting with equal facility. Its compact barrel is balanced for easy writing. Its rifled tip holds a lead point that is always sharp and never sharpened. Into its making has gone a combination of invention and art that makes Eversharp the most efficient and attractive of pencils. Eversharp carries 18 inches of lead which writes 250,000 words at 10,000 per penny. Make sure you get Eversharp—the name is on the pencil. Prices, $1 and upward. Dealers everywhere.

THE WAHL COMPANY, Chicago

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Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

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This book tells you when to use Saxophone—singly, in quartettes, in sextettes, or in regular band; how to transpose cello parts in orchestra and many other things you would like to know.
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Send for free Saxophone book and catalog of everything in True-Tone band and orchestra instruments.
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THE FAMILY'S MONEY

How to Build an Estate on Liberty Bonds

By J. G. Sholl, Jr.

THE immediate creating of an estate of *three times* the value of his Liberty bonds is the possibility open to the present-day fortune builder who is around thirty years of age and in good health. On the face of it, this suggestion smacks of the sharper who is angling for Liberty bonds with the glittering bait of oil or mining stocks of questionable value. A closer inspection, however, shows that the plan is as safe and sound as the bonds themselves. If you ask how that can be, the answer is—life insurance!

Many of the Liberty bonds, in denominations of $1,000 and under, were taken during the war by people whose motive was patriotism. These bonds are very much like windfalls now that peace has come, for most of them represent savings that far exceed the most sanguine calculations made before the war.

For the reason that they represent to a large degree unexpected savings, these Liberty bonds can easily be left untouched both as to principal *and interest*, by families even in modest circumstances. This family nest egg can be made to grow slowly by the patient setting-hen process of reinvesting the interest; or it can be hatched out immediately into a fledgling estate by the modern incubator method of life insurance.

BY REINVESTING the interest in other securities, the Liberty bond owner could about triple the face value of his original holdings in thirty years—if he lived that long, and all his investments turned out well. But by putting all of this interest into life insurance, he can accomplish the same thing, whether he lives or not; provided, of course, that he is healthy enough to get insurance to begin with, and is around thirty years of age when he takes out his policy. The amount of insurance purchasable with Liberty bond interest would increase or decrease according to his age below or above thirty years.

The age is placed at thirty in these calculations because it is then that a man first begins to think of creating an estate for his family. At that age, the cost of ordinary life insurance in standard companies averages from $23 to $25 a year per $1,000. If the dividends paid by most insurance companies after the first year are applied toward paying future premiums, the rate would average even less than $20.

Suppose a man, now thirty, has managed to buy a $1,000 Liberty bond in each of the five issues. He will then have coming in every month, for ten months out of the year, $22.50 in interest and more from Victory bonds. By taking out ten ordinary life insurance policies for $1,000 each, with the premium dates made to correspond with dates on which the interest on his bonds is paid, he could carry $10,000 of insurance without touching his regular earnings. If he dies, his estate will be worth $5,000 in Liberty bonds plus $10,000 in insurance, or a total of $15,000.

The same plan of course applies to the man who bought five $500 Liberty bonds of the different issues. Or take the family man who could afford to buy only a $100 bond of each issue. By combining his interest from $500 worth of bonds for the year he would have the equivalent of a yearly premium on a $1,000 life insurance policy.

This plan can even be well adapted to the family which owns only one $100 Liberty bond, or two $50 bonds, and which buys the so-called industrial insurance on the ten cents a week plan. No matter how many or how few bonds you have, the interest on them will pay the premiums on an insurance policy of twice the value of your bonds.

Whether endowment or ordinary life insurance is purchased, it is not necessary to die in order to win by this plan. Most of the accredited insurance companies now make it possible to apply dividends on policies to buying paid-up insurance. Or, if the dividends are permitted to accumulate, they represent a growing reserve fund which can be drawn upon in time of emergency or used to purchase additional or paid-up insurance.

Some may say that the same plan may be used with any kind of bonds, which is true; but no other securities are as safe or so well distributed as the Liberty bonds; and with the exception of the short-term Victory bonds, they run for sufficiently long periods to make them perfectly adapted to this plan.

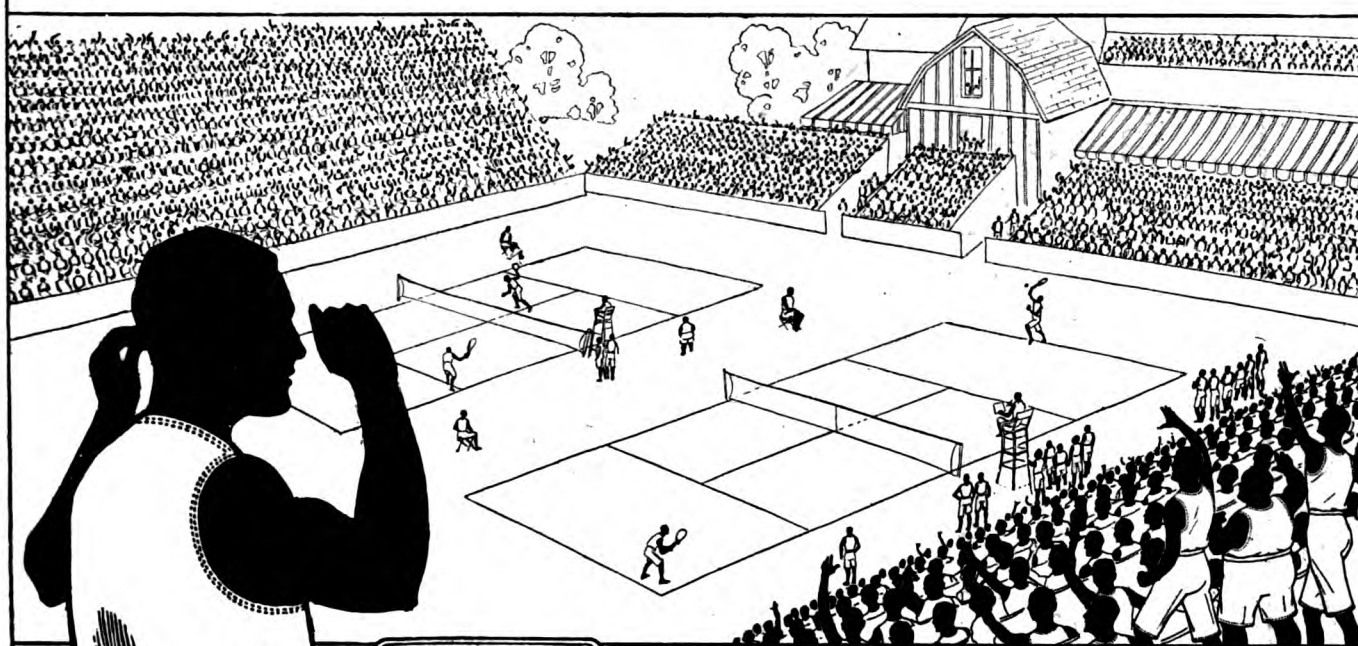
Could One Man Own the World?

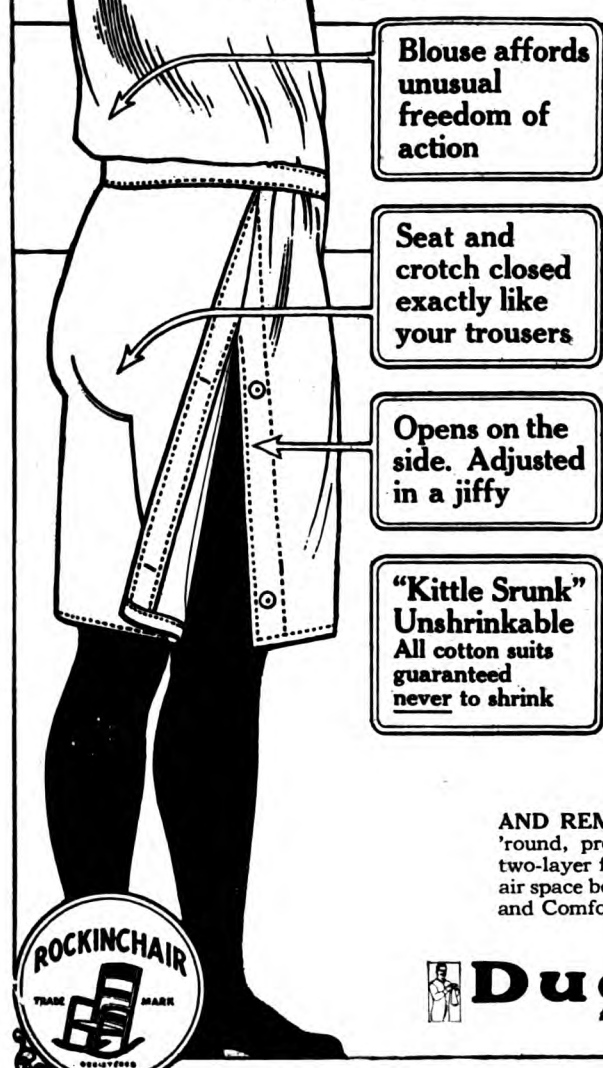
THE answer to this is that he could, if he lived long enough and saved hard enough. Old Methuselah, who is credited with living 969 years, missed the greatest chance in history of grabbing up the entire world. If he had received a single dollar on his twenty-first birthday and had put that out at six per cent interest, by the time he died his fortune would have amounted to better than $302,230,000,000,000,000,000,000. One may get some idea of what a sum of money like that would be by the fact that the interest on it for less than one one thousandth of a second would pay the entire cost of the World War.

This should prove to the most skeptical

ROCKINCHAIR

Athletic Underwear *for* Men & Boys





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EVERLASTINGLY perfect fit is assured by *two* exclusive means: every size is made in *three* models, Regular, Short Stout and Tall Slim; (2) all cotton suits are "Kittle Srunk" and therefore *absolutely unshrinkable*—will fit the same after many washings as *before* the first.

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AND REMEMBER—when fall and winter roll 'round, protect your health with Duofold—the two-layer fabric, wool *outside*, cotton *inside* and air space between. A good investment in Health and Comfort—for man, woman, child and infant.

Duofold Health Underwear
for Men, Women and Children

Is your electric bill too high?

That minimum charge of a dollar or so a month for service—"whether you use it or not"—is it really unreasonable? Is the public receiving that square deal every American demands as his right?

Consider the question in all fairness and you will find the reason why an interesting one.

If you regard that dollar a month as a sort of interest charge on the electrical equipment used for you, it will seem fair enough.

There's a meter in your cellar and a system of mains and cables coming right up to the door. The flow of current through your street is constant night and day, so that at any time you may turn a stream of it into your home.

A delivery system as rapid as a desire, as dependable as an honest man's promise. But this problem of distribution is the biggest, most costly task the central station has to tackle.

Indeed, for every two dollars invested in generating equipment, three dollars must be added for equipment to deliver the current at your door—distribution.

Then too distribution requires that poles be erected, wires strung, lines maintained through the heaviest weather. Or it entails the opening up of streets and laying of cables—more satisfactory in the long run, but at an enormous first cost.

Little problems that must be solved behind the scenes before the show can proceed. But you enjoy the show and don't want the stagehands to work for nothing.

That is why you pay the minimum service charge—so much a month—a charge for which the central station gives full return.

Published in the interest of Electrical Development by an Institution that will be helped by whatever helps the Industry.

Western Electric Company

No. 7 *Reaching into every corner of this broad land, even to the most secluded farm, the Western Electric organization brings all the conveniences and the utility of electric light, power and communication.*

that money if left alone will reach almost incredible sums. In fact, if the truth were known, it might be found that the success of a great number of large fortunes to-day lies in the fact that the money has been in the family for fifty, a hundred, and in some cases one hundred and fifty years, and not so much to lucky investments or speculation.

Here are four rules that will help anyone who wants to know just what money will do:

At four per cent compound interest money will double in a little less than eighteen years.

At five per cent compound interest money will double in approximately fourteen years.

At six per cent compound interest money will double in approximately twelve years.

At eight per cent compound interest money will double in about nine years.

IF ANYONE doubts the amount of Methuselah's fortune, he has only to find the number of times that the one dollar doubled at six per cent interest. It will be found that this would be done seventy-nine times. If one doubles the dollar seventy-nine times, or raises 2 to its seventy-eighth power, he will get practically the figure given above.

Every once in a while someone comes to me and says: "Look at the money I made. Twelve years ago I bought that lot out in the suburb of Bingville for $600. Just the other day I sold it for $900. A good investment, wasn't it?"

If a real estate man tells a few stories like that to you, just tell him this: "That was a *poor* investment. If you had put that $600 out at six per cent interest, you would have had $1,200 in cash, and if you held good securities, very little risk. With that vacant lot you probably paid pretty good taxes and spent a lot of time finding a buyer."

A few weeks ago this item was carried by the Associated Press:

> Tracts of property in the heart of New York City valued at six million dollars which the late Henry Astor inherited from his grandfather, John Jacob Astor, who bought the land in 1797 for $25,000, will be sold at public auction next March, it became known to-night.

I am not informed as to whether the land now valued at six millions represented all the acreage included in the original purchase at $25,000, but if it did, even this investment in the city of New York was not quite such a wonderful investment as it seems. From 1797 to 1919 the $25,000 would have doubled over ten times at 6 per cent and would now amount to twenty-five millions. At eight per cent it would have amounted to over two hundred millions.

When these facts are understood, large fortunes are not so wonderful after all, and a person only wonders that more families do not possess them. R. P. C.

"THE Seamy Side of Life Won't Hurt You" declares Marjorie Rambeau in a personal-experience story in next month's magazine. Miss Rambeau's life is a vivid romance, starting in the famous Alaska gold rush and culminating in theatrical stardom on Broadway.

With the Victrola and Victor Records you hear the greatest artists just as they wish to be heard

Your **interpretation of a piece of music may be in itself a highly artistic achievement, but not if superimposed on the interpretation of a master. It then would be neither one thing nor the other.**

The Victrola is equipped with doors so that the volume of tone may be regulated to suit varying conditions. They are not intended to be used in imposing amateur "interpretations" upon those of the world's greatest artists, for that would be to lose the very thing you seek—the finest known interpretations of music.

A Victor Record of Caruso *is* Caruso himself—provided always that some less qualified person shall not tamper with what the artist himself has done.

Victrolas $25 to $1500. Victor dealers everywhere. New Victor Records on sale at all dealers on the 1st of each month.

Victrola XVII, $350
Victrola XVII, electric, $415
Mahogany or oak

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Victor Talking Machine Co.

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This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!
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Camden, N. J.

Large photograph: One of the big Goodyear Cord Tires used in the six months' test with solid tires conducted by Mandel Brothers, Chicago. Small photograph: The two trucks compared, No. 45 on pneumatic tires and No. 44 on solid tires

Copyright 1920, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co

GOODYEAR

The Advantages of Pneumatics Show Up On the Ledger

BEGINNING May 1st, 1919, a six months' test of solid versus pneumatic truck tires was conducted by Mandel Brothers, operating a large downtown dry goods store in Chicago. The test was supervised by the company's chief engineer, Mr. Alfred Johnson. Two trucks were used, No. 44 on solid tires and No. 45 with Goodyear Cord Tires on the rear wheels and other pneumatics on the front wheels. Both trucks were employed in regular city delivery work, handling similar loads over similar routes. The results of the test, given below, have caused the company to order recently several new trucks on pneumatics.

	Truck No. 44 (Completely equipped with solid tires)	Truck No. 45 (Completely equipped with pneumatic tires)	Difference in favor of Pneumatic equipment
Number of days operated	130	146	12.3% increase
Miles traveled	5,388	6,719	25% increase
Miles per gallon of gasoline	5.5	7.2	31% increase
Repairs per mile	$ .0109	$ .0057	47% saving
Labor cost per mile (drivers)	$ .20	$ .176	12% saving
Operating cost per mile	$ .353	$ .335	5% saving

NOTE: The actual saving in operating cost amounted to 1.8 cents per mile. Such a reduction grows to a very substantial sum of money when multiplied by thousands of miles of service.

WRITTEN into cost records of this kind is incontestable evidence showing that practically every hauling improvement effected with pneumatic truck tires also represents an important hauling economy.

These transportation savings result from the combination of pneumatic traction, resilience and spryness made so practical by the strength of Goodyear Cord construction, a manufacturing accomplishment that protects our good name.

The economical advantages of Goodyear Cord Tires are proved by the time-clocks, ledgers, drivers and executives of large companies in audited reports which can be obtained by writing to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

Haul on Pneumatics

CORD TIRES

Educational Directory

Private school announcements appear regularly in The American Magazine. Write to the schools for full details. They will gladly send complete information to readers of this magazine.

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Faculty of 40 college graduates—student body of 500, thirty states represented—non-sectarian, seven fraternities—Home-like atmosphere, democratic spirit. Student Self-Government.

Modern equipment, 96 acres, 32 buildings, including up-to-date gymnasium with swimming pool. Healthful climate in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Separate "School" for girls 12 to 16 years of age.

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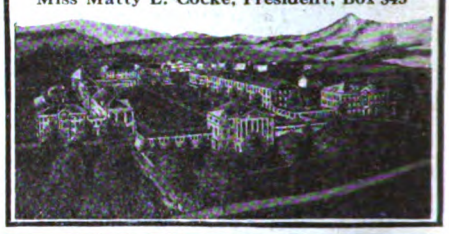

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High healthful location on the slope of the Lehigh Mountains. Near New York and Philadelphia. Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, Visitor.

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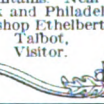

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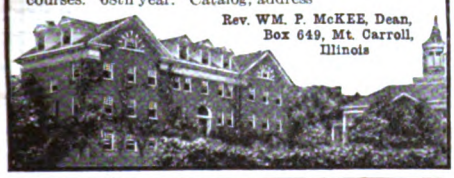

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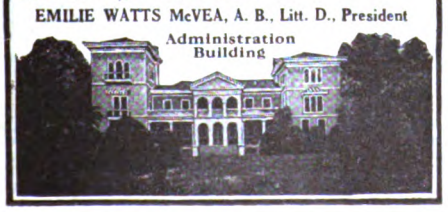

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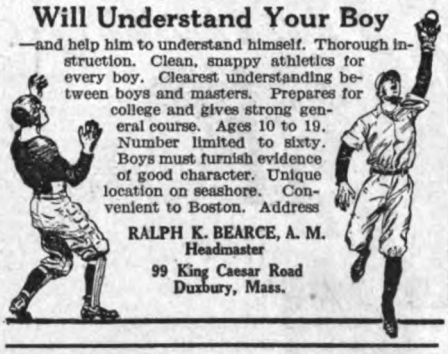

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Rated by War Dept. as "Distinguished Military College." Senior unit R. O. T. C. Open air military work all the year. Unsurpassed for military excellence and esprit. Noted as an engineering school for three quarters of a century. Engineering, Scientific and Liberal Art courses confer B. S. and C. E. degress. 14 High School units required for admission. Applicants must be 16 years old. Expenses limited to cost. Catalog, address

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GRANTS DEGREES: *Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Commerce and Finance*

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Large new armory gymnasium, tile pool and indoor rifle range

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College preparatory and home school for boys in healthful Piedmont section of Virginia. Unit of Reserve Officers Training Corps. On West Point accredited list. Personal supervision of students. Graduates admitted to leading Universities without examination. New buildings and complete gymnasium. Full commercial courses. Tuition $525.00. For catalog address, **Colonel E. S. Ligon, President, Box C, Blackstone, Virginia.**

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A state-owned school in the heart of the vigorous, aggressive West that is developing the highest type of manhood. Ideal conditions—bracing air, sunshine, dry climate. Altitude—3700 feet. Preparatory and Junior College. Reserve Officers Training Corps. Address

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Where right habits of living and thought are instilled in the boy. Promptness, responsibility, self-reliance and willing obedience become traits of Miami Military character.

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THE MILITARY CAMP under the auspices of St. John's Military School, Manlius, N. Y., and under the supervision and instructions of Army officers, will open on July 1 and close on August 7. There will be instruction in Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, Machine Guns, Automatic Rifles and Signaling. Most complete equipment of arms, ordnance, tentage, and wireless. Fine stable of horses. Military instruction in morning hours. Afternoon devoted to sports and athletics; evenings to moving pictures and other entertainments.

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A SCHOOL where scholastic attainment is the goal. Boys thoroughly prepared for college, technical schools, and for business. For over forty years this school has used the values of military training and supervised athletics in contributing to academic work of the highest standing.

Mental energy and physical fitness go hand in hand—both are fundamentals in building the fibre of a sturdy moral and intellectual manhood, therefore, *each day at Western has its military activities; supervised study and class recitation; sports and recreation*—namely, football, basket ball, baseball, bowling, swimming, golf, tennis, track.

The annual enrollment continuously for 16 years has exceeded our capacity. Early application for entrance in September is necessary. For catalog and view book address

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Barracks "A." One of the four fireproof Barracks.

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Preparatory School for boys. Healthful location, beautiful Shenandoah Valley. 100 miles from Washington. Prepares for college and business. Music, athletics. New $25,000 Dining Hall and Dormitory. Limited to 100 boys. $475. Address HOWARD J. BENCHOFF, A.M., Headmaster.

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THE ROSENBAUM SCHOOL
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9 miles from New Haven on the main line to New York

The needs of each boy are analyzed and met. Thoro training for college examinations. *Small classes and individual instruction.* Country life, supervised athletics.

Our plan limits the number of boys we can accept each year. Tell us your needs and we will send you an outline plan of work, giving time required, cost, etc., for fitting for college. Booklet on request.

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Under Management of Northwestern Military and Naval Academy, Lake Geneva, Wis.

A Naval Camp with the exceptional equipment and facilities of the NORTHWESTERN MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMY under experienced leaders gives an enjoyable and profitable Summer to the American Boy who loves an outdoor life with all land and water sports. There is offered opportunity to tutor for College Entrance, make up studies, or take Vocational Training, Agriculture, Manual Training, Military Automobiles and Tanks, Radio, etc. Special rates to good musicians for Bands or Orchestra. References required as to Ability and Character. Address

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It is the Kemper idea to develop both mind and body. With highest scholastic standards, Kemper excels in athletics *as a school*—sports on the track or in the gymnasium, baseball, basketball, football, boxing, swimming, skating, tennis, hikes, etc. Up-to-date forge, machine and wood-working shops satisfy the love of "making things." For catalog address

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41st year. New $100,000 fireproof building. A modern high-standard school located in the Blue Ridge Mountains. Small classes of not more than 10 cadets to each teacher secure individual attention for every boy. Prepares for universities and business life. Rate $600. Catalogue. *Annual Spring encampment. R. O. T. C. under U. S. War Dept.*

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Boys from 40 states and 3 foreign countries. *The South's Best Known School.* Thorough academic work. The spirit of T. M. I. inspires boys to their best achievement. Rated *Honor School* by Southern Commission on Accredited Schools. Outdoor drill and exercises possible all year. Unit R. O. T. C. Modern buildings and equipment, laboratories, gymnasium, swimming pool. All athletics. Catalog. Address

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Keen minds, clean morals and strong bodies are the foundation of the Manlius idea. ¶ **St. John's School, Manlius,** blends the practical and theoretical in the development of boys along common sense principles. Manlius offers preparation for college and business, and gives superior military training through its Reserve Officers Training Corps. Thorough equipment. Attractive summer camp. Send for booklet and information.

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Prepares for college, scientific schools or business. Work endorsed by colleges and universities. Beautiful and healthful location. Athletic grounds, gymnasium. Terms $400. No extras. For catalogue address
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25 miles from N. Y., in the beautiful, historic "Irving" country. 84th year. 29 years under present Headmaster. New site and buildings 1904. Prepares for all colleges and technical schools. Individual instruction. Athletic Field. Swimming Pool. New Gymnasium.

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Trustees: **Louis F. Swift, J. V. Farwell, H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, Clayton Mark, A. B. Dick, Alfred L. Baker, Rev. J. G. K. McClure, Geo. A. McKinlock, A. A. Carpenter, J. H. S. Lee, Stanley Field, R. M. Linnell, M. D., James Viles, Rev. Andrew C. Zenos, Ernest Palmer, Charles B. Moore.**

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STRICTLY PREPARATORY FOR COLLEGE

Not a Military Institution. Honor Ideals.

Preparation for admission to **all** certificate universities and for examinations of Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Mass. Tech. On Lake Michigan one hour from Chicago. Modern buildings, swimming pool. Athletics. Address

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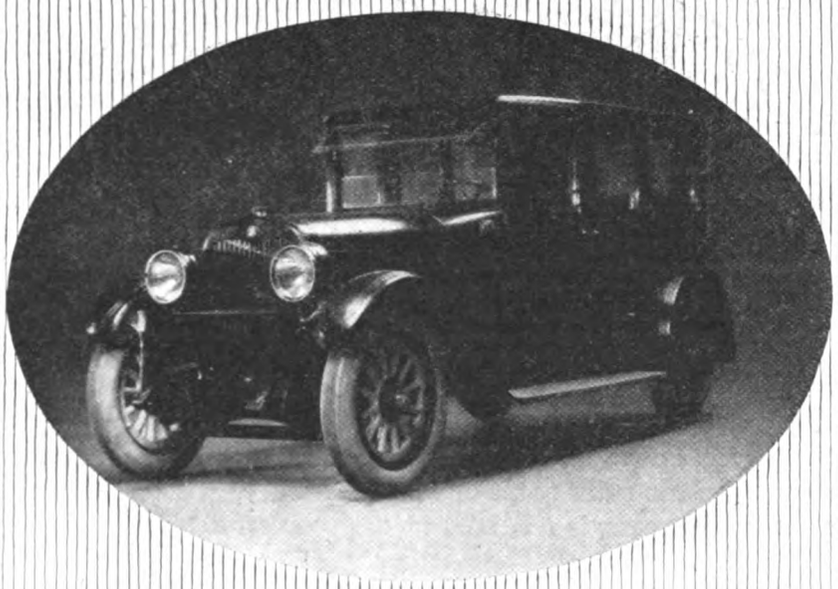
Box 149, Lake Forest, Ill.

(EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY CONTINUED ON PAGES 134-135)

For style, for economy—buy all-wool

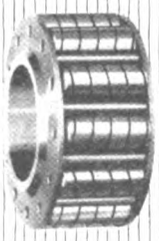
IF you want to save in clothes, buy all-wool and you'll buy less often If you want style—you must have all-wool The style does not last without it *You'll get it all in our clothes—money back if you're not satisfied*

Hart Schaffner & Marx



Quality motor car manufacturers recognize how quietly they overcome friction

HYATT QUIET BEARINGS



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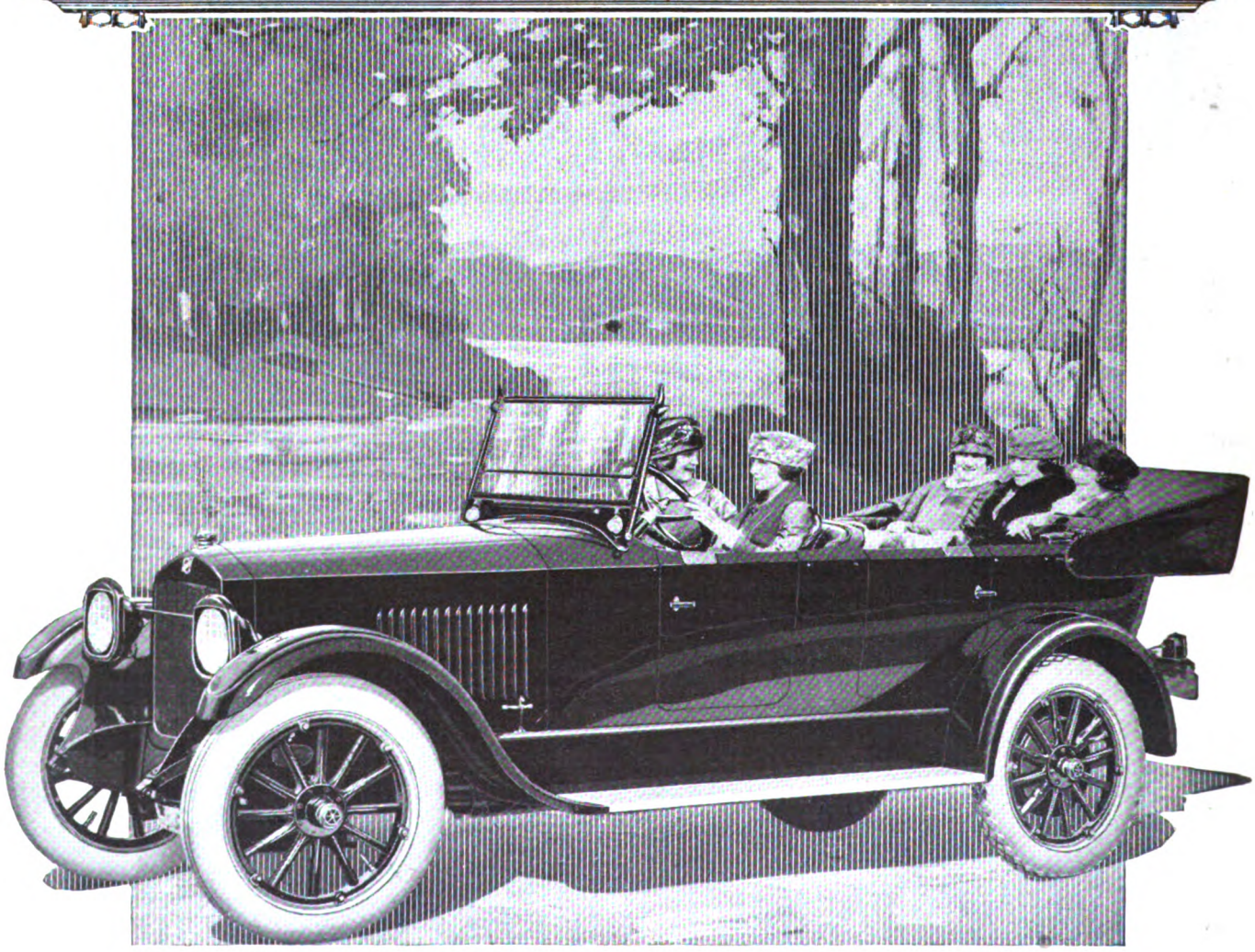
THE SERIES 20 STUDEBAKER BIG-SIX

IN conception and appearance, the BIG-SIX expresses beauty, grace and refinement of design. It is exactly the car you would create if you were an expert engineer and building the finest modern motor car from the standpoint of ripe experience. Studebaker quality, dominant for 68 years, is reflected in this powerful motor car.

60-H. P. detachable-head motor; intermediate transmission; 126-inch wheelbase, insuring ample room for seven adults.

All Studebaker Cars are equipped with Cord Tires—another Studebaker precedent.

"This is a Studebaker Year"



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PREPARATIONS FOR
TOILET & HYGIENE

ONLY SAN-TOX DRUGGISTS —Specially Appointed Because of Their High Standing—Sell San-Tox Preparations. Look for This Sign of The Nurse

Shave the *San-Tox* Way

Put your face at ease. Give it a San-Tox shave. It's a speedy job, and a good one.

Just a few whisks of the brush, and you have a thick, bland lather that velvets the edge of your razor, and makes your skin feel grateful for its snug, smooth contact.

Then—a dash of San-Tox Shaving Lotion, a shake of After-Shave Talc, and presto! your facial grooming is complete—you're fresh as an April morning for all day long.

Look for the nurse on the San-Tox packet of blue. She is the San-Tox trade mark, and the symbol of purity on all San-Tox Preparations.

DE PREE

New York *Holland, Michigan* *San Francisco*

SAN-TOX FOR PURITY

SHERWIN

Why will bankers loan more money on well-painted property?

It is common sense to suppose that an owner who keeps his property up is more worthy of trust. It is evidence of good business judgment. It obviously means a more salable security. Why wouldn't bankers recognize character, credit and business sense?

But bankers are not the only observant citizens. Neighbors are quick to recognize signs of prosperity and good taste. Every man wants his neighbors' good opinion. It has a dollars-and-cents value to him.

Paint your property regularly—and paint it with the best paint you can buy. Not only because it will look better and last longer, but because it is more economical. Paint isn't for looks alone; it is there to protect the property from decay, which creeps in through every scar and check, once the surface of the paint breaks.

For more than 50 years, Sherwin-Williams has been making paint and sells more SWP House Paint for outside use than any two other brands. Its reputation is known all over the world—an indisputable evidence of value. SWP wears better than any other paint we know.

We go back to the source for every essential ingredient and control every essential process to be sure that our products are right. The Cover-the-Earth trademark assures you of certain satisfaction.

CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL ART-RUGS

The Baby's Playground—

A MOTHER'S best judgment tells her the rug is important to the baby's welfare, for the rug is the toddler's whole world. A rug that can be kept perfectly clean and sanitary, possessing at the same time the charm of artistic color and design, is the rug that satisfies the modern mother.

Congoleum meets these very important needs in the home where there are children, since it holds on its firm non-absorbent surface no possible menace to their health. Nor will the children trip over curled up corners, for Congoleum Rugs lie flat without fastening.

As to the economy of Congoleum, its long wear and service prove the wisdom of using it everywhere in the home where a low-priced floor covering would be suitable.

3 x 4½ feet $2.40	6 x 9 feet $9.75	9 x 10½ feet $16.60
3 x 6 feet 3.20	7½ x 9 feet 11.85	9 x 12 feet 19.00
	9 x 9 feet 14.25	

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

Congoleum Art-Rugs are identified by the Gold Seal shown below. The Gold Seal means that the price will be cheerfully refunded if the rug fails to give the satisfaction that is claimed.

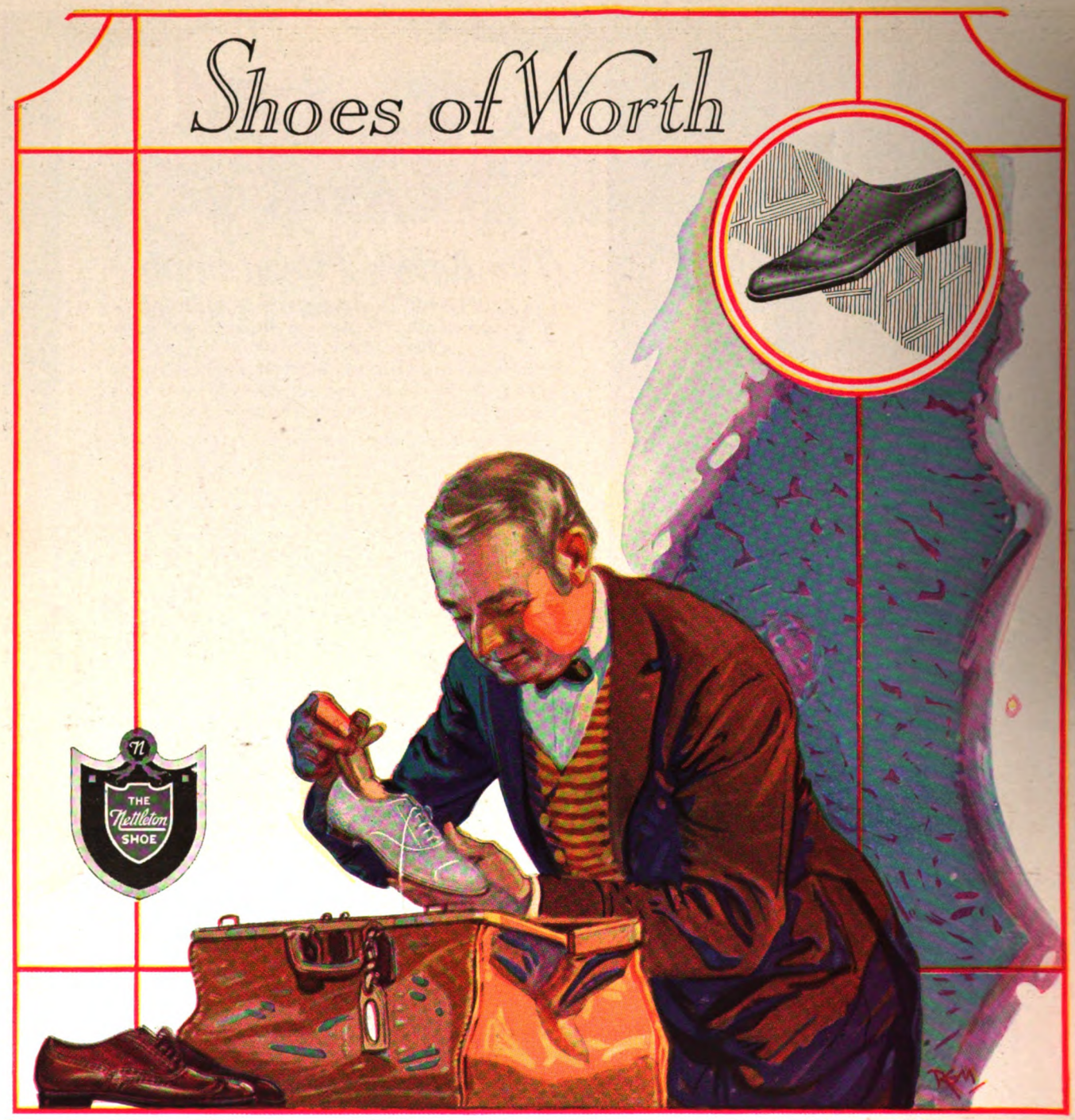
Beautiful Rug Color Chart free on request. Address nearest office.

Congoleum Company
INCORPORATED

PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO
MINNEAPOLIS SAN FRANCISCO
BOSTON DALLAS
MONTREAL

ART-RUGS AND FLOOR-COVERINGS
CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED
A DAMP CLOTH WILL REMOVE SEAL IF IT STICKS TO GOODS

The design on the floor is Congoleum Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 563. The 6x9 foot size retails at $9.75.



Nettleton

MODELED in strict conformity with the mode, and with fine regard for the subtleties of style; built by master craftsmen who correctly interpret our exacting requirements of quality.

The appeal of Nettleton is aimed directly at the large and growing clientele who demand more than ordinary fineness and character in shoes. Very properly, this extra worth, as evidenced by added permanence in service, more than justifies their slightly greater first cost.

A. E. NETTLETON COMPANY, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

The accepted Collar Styles of 300 years ago, as illustrated by the Master Craftsman—Rembrandt.

Men of TODAY

who require value-apparel of accepted design that is comfortable, are more and more demanding—

SLIDEWELL HHHC COLLARS

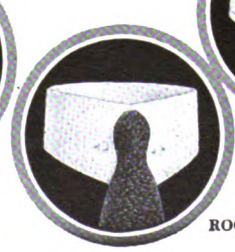
Made by Troy's Master Craftsmen

in all the leading Shapes and Sizes—Both the Starched and Soft SLIDEWELL Models are made by the same skilled operators.

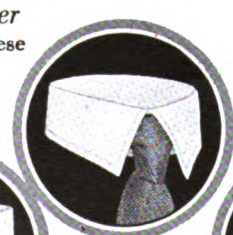
BENNETT

Spring and Summer
1920 Fashion favors these illustrated styles.

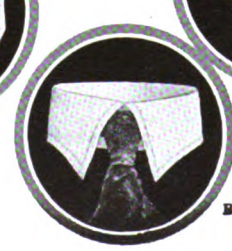
PRESTON



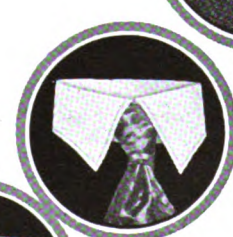
ROCKWELL



ABBEY



BRETON



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If your dealer does not sell SLIDEWELL Collars give us his name and ask for
STYLE BOOK No. 1 showing full line of
Laundered Collars, or—STYLE BOOK No. 2 showing the full line of Soft Collars.

HALL, HARTWELL & CO.
Makers
TROY, N. Y.

In Wonderful *New* Overland 4, *Triplex* Springs Make Rough Roads Ride Like Paved Roads

TRIPLEX Springs make Overland 4 a new and entirely different type of car—one that glides over road bumps with extraordinary ease and turns jolt and shock into smooth riding comfort.

Overland 4's lightness makes it remarkably economical of fuel and tires. With every part protected by its wonderful new *Triplex* Springs from the constant wear of road blows, it has longer life and costs less for upkeep.

Equipment is complete, including Auto-Lite starting and lighting. The handsome finish is hard-baked and the upholstery is soft and deep. Overland 4 is as convenient and attractive as it is serviceable.

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Sedans, Coupes, Touring Cars and Roadsters
WILLYS-OVERLAND, LIMITED. *TORONTO, CANADA*

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TAKES THE PLACE OF LATH AND PLASTER—FOR WALLS, CEILINGS AND PARTITIONS

Its "Oatmeal Finish"

Takes Paint Without Priming

NOT only is Cornell-Wood-Board much less expensive than lath and plaster for walls, ceilings and partitions, but Cornell's "Oatmeal Finish" is the most fashionable and attractive effect produced in a wall board of any kind.

Another Cornell excellence is the "Mill-Primed Surface" that takes paint perfectly without a sizing coat, hence saves the builder much work and expense.

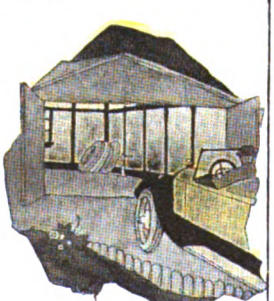
Our "Triple-Sizing Process" gives triple protection against moisture, expansion and contraction; it also contributes to Cornell's unrivaled rigidity and strength.

The "Oatmeal Finish," "Mill-Primed Surface," and "Triple-Sizing" are three distinctive Cornell features that make this board the favorite of architects, contractors, decorators and home owners. Ask at leading lumber yards for genuine Cornell-Wood-Board. Mail us the coupon for sample board and book of attractive "Cornell Interiors."

Cornell Wood Products Co.
General Offices, Chicago

Our modern mills at Cornell, Wisconsin, and extensive timber lands insure the fulfillment of all guarantees and contracts

"Cornell 32" is especially adapted to narrow paneling designs in small rooms and hallways, and for the manufacture of furniture, toys, boxes and other specialties. For large rooms, "Cornell 48." Anyone who can use a hammer and nails can quickly apply Cornell, right to the joists and studding, or over damaged plaster.



FOR SAMPLE BOARD

CORNELL WOOD PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. A 4, State-Lake Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Send me free sample of Cornell-Wood-Board showing Oatmeal Finish; also booklet of Cornell Interiors and name of local Cornell dealer.

Name_____

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"61" FLOOR VARNISH

For Furniture and Woodwork as well as Floors.

"Oh, Bess! A new refrigerator?"

"Looks like it, Ann, but really it isn't! We had to make the old one do for another year, so I gave it a coat of Dark Oak "61" Floor Varnish."

The kitchen is often neglected, but "61" Floor Varnish will work its magic there just the same as it will in other parts of the home. A coat or two of "61" on the refrigerator, the chairs and the shelves will not only obviate the buying of new, but will make the whole kitchen shipshape and more sanitary.

"61" Floor Varnish attained its early fame as a *floor* varnish, but its remarkable wearing qualities and durability have gained for it such wide-spread use on furniture and for all household purposes. An occasional coat of "61" Natural on linoleum will double its ordinary life. "61" is not only waterproof, but heelproof and marproof as well. It is made to *resist* wear.

The beautiful, semi-transparent wood-stain "61" colors are made in Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Forest Green and Cherry; also Natural (clear varnish), Dull Finish; and Ground Color for undercoats where necessary. They flow on so smoothly, without laps or streaks, that their use is a pleasure. "61" stains and varnishes in one operation, so that frequently one coat is all that is required.

It is the manner in which "61" Floor Varnish is manufactured that makes its durability its outstanding characteristic. The finest raw materials and painstaking processes are the secret of its longer life.

Send for Color Card and Sample Panel

finished with "61." Try the hammer test on the sample panel. You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.

If you are building or decorating, engage a good painter. He knows Pratt & Lambert Varnishes and will be glad to use them.

Pratt & Lambert Varnishes are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Our Guarantee: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish fails to give satisfaction, you may have your money back.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 61 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada address 3 Courtwright St., Bridgeburg, Ontario.

- Test It With a Hammer -

"61" COLORS
Light & Dark Oak
Mahogany
Walnut, Cherry
Forest Green
Natural
Dull Finish
Ground Color

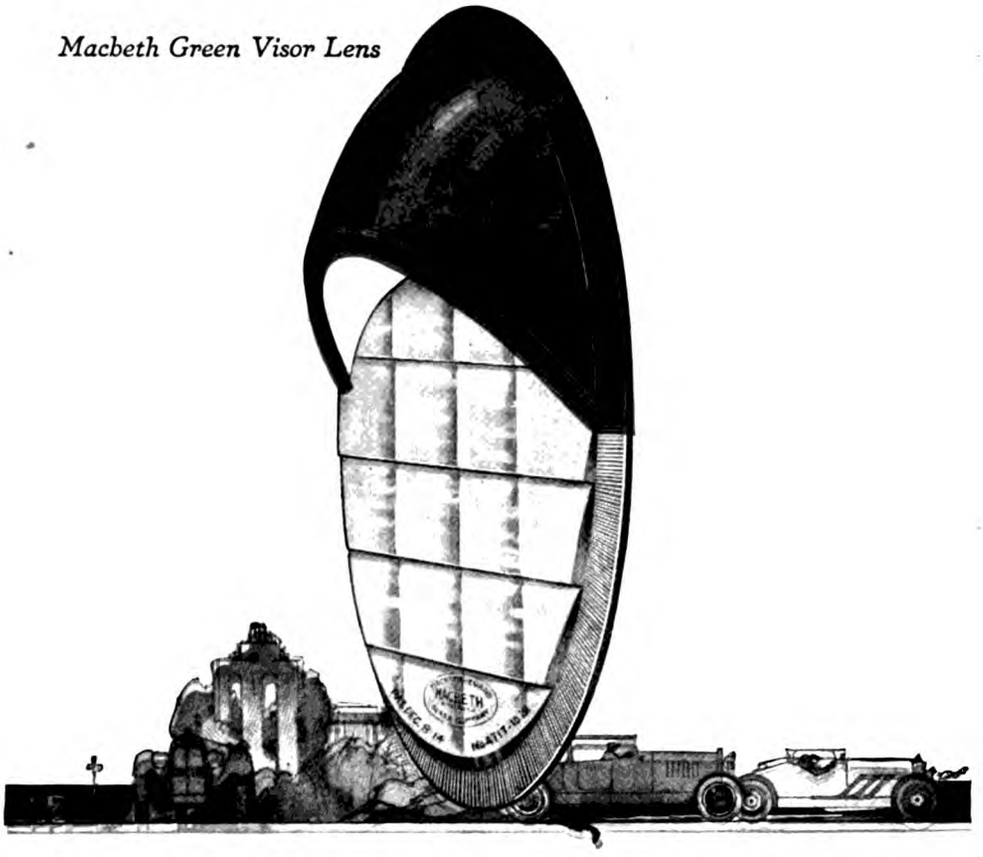
Vitralite THE LONG-LIFE ENAMEL

For general architectural and decorative purposes, or for the "home" jobs, the new Vitralite *Tints* fill a long vacant niche. True *Tints, not* muddy colors: Ivory, Cream, Gray, Chinese Blue and Leaf Green!

Save the surface and you save all floor, wood

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES

Macbeth Green Visor Lens



MACBETH

A GENTLEMAN'S LENS

Signals!

Macbeth green visor lenses combine the *safety* that law compels with the *consideration* that courtesy requires. They permit no blinding rays to discomfort other drivers. They mark a gentleman's car.

The Macbeth prisms control and direct the light in a brilliant shaft, straight and far ahead, in wide, uniform illumination. All upward beams are redirected down at the correct angle *on the road.* No ray escapes to dazzle or confuse. The light is placed where it is wanted.

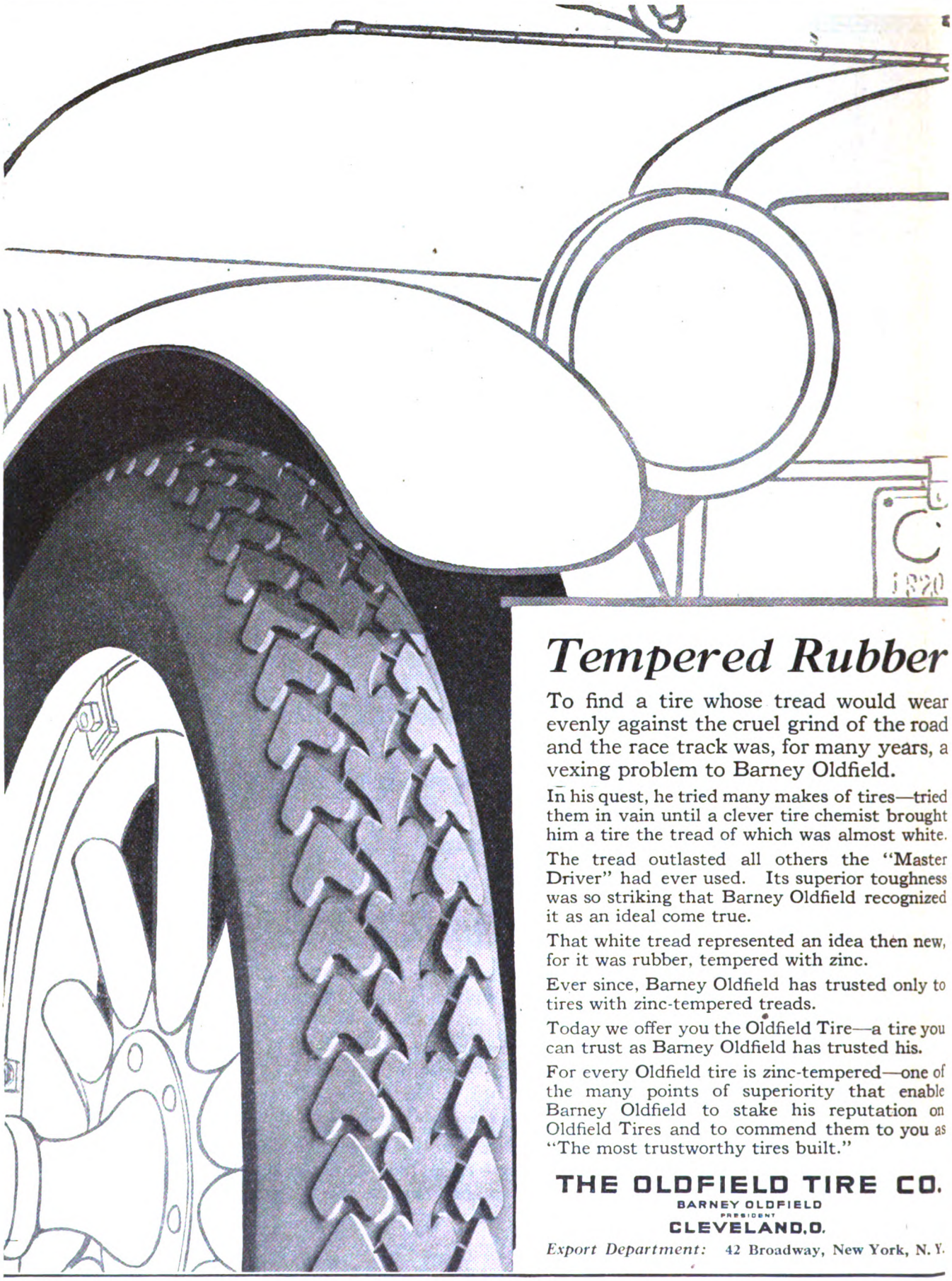
The principle of Macbeth has national endorsement for battleships and lighthouses as well as motor cars. The green visors add a touch of distinctive elegance to every car and on every one they are signals of safety and courtesy. Put them on yours.

Price per pair $5.25—Denver and West $5.75—Canada $6—Winnipeg and West $6.50

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Pittsburgh

Branch Offices in: Boston; Buffalo; Chicago; Cincinnati; Cleveland; New York; Philadelphia; Pittsburgh; San Francisco

Macbeth-Evans Glass Company, Limited, Toronto, Canada



Tempered Rubber

To find a tire whose tread would wear evenly against the cruel grind of the road and the race track was, for many years, a vexing problem to Barney Oldfield.

In his quest, he tried many makes of tires—tried them in vain until a clever tire chemist brought him a tire the tread of which was almost white.

The tread outlasted all others the "Master Driver" had ever used. Its superior toughness was so striking that Barney Oldfield recognized it as an ideal come true.

That white tread represented an idea then new, for it was rubber, tempered with zinc.

Ever since, Barney Oldfield has trusted only to tires with zinc-tempered treads.

Today we offer you the Oldfield Tire—a tire you can trust as Barney Oldfield has trusted his.

For every Oldfield tire is zinc-tempered—one of the many points of superiority that enable Barney Oldfield to stake his reputation on Oldfield Tires and to commend them to you as "The most trustworthy tires built."

THE OLDFIELD TIRE CO.
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PRESIDENT
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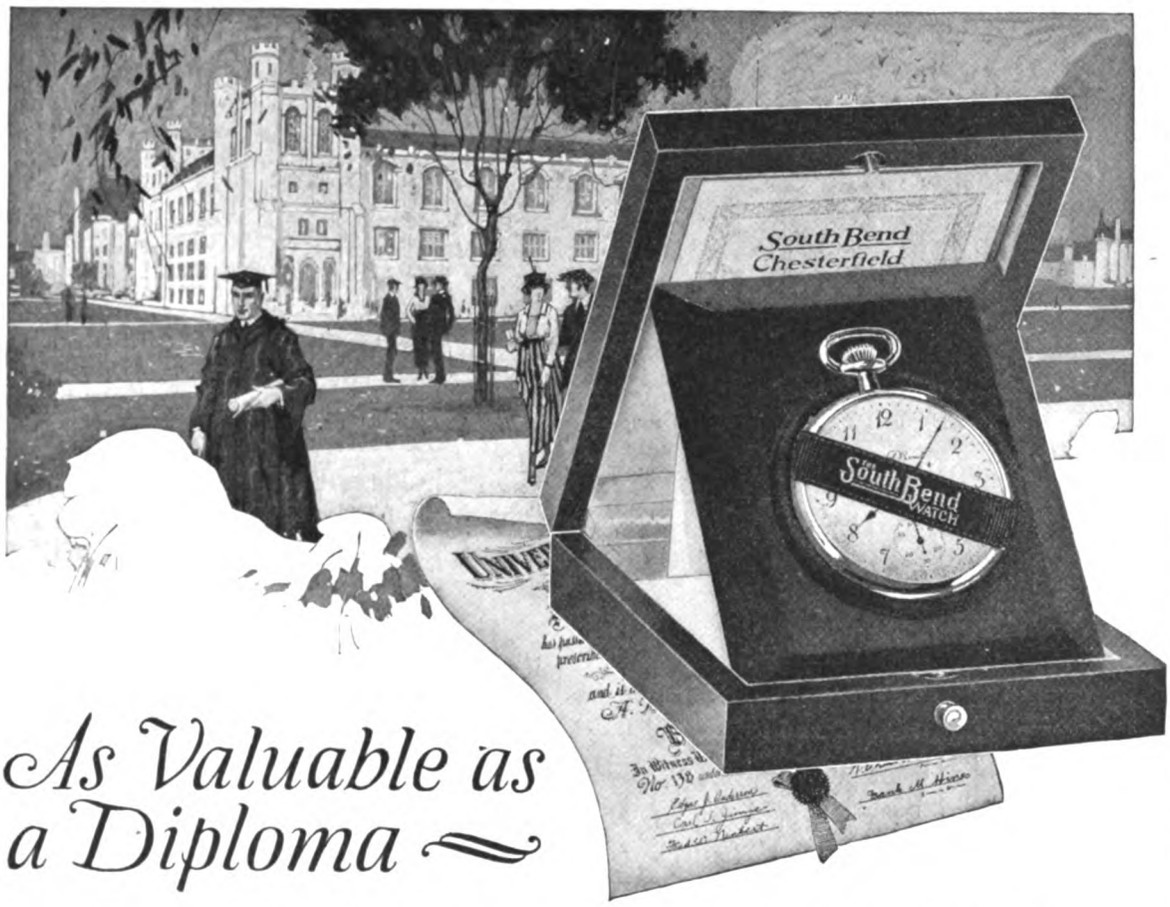
Export Department: 42 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

OLDFIELD TIRES

"The Most Trustworthy Tires Built"



As Valuable as a Diploma

The diploma which a young man receives at Graduation brings pride in the accomplishment of an important task. It gives confidence in the ability to meet as worthily the obstacles to success in the career just beginning.

The South Bend Watch presented at Commencement Time is just as valuable and even more far-reaching in its influence.

It arouses pride in personal appearance; teaches punctuality and forever reminds the recipient of the love and friendship which are wishing him "Godspeed" on his voyage into life.

Perhaps it is the recognition of these facts which has built up such a tremendous demand for *"The Watch with the Purple Ribbon"* as a graduation gift.

A wide variety of movements, cases and dials from which to select and long years of faithfully accurate time-keeping service, no matter which model you choose.

See your jeweler and write us for "A Book of Beautiful Watches."

SOUTH BEND WATCH COMPANY
26 Studebaker St., South Bend, Ind.
For Years, Makers of Standard Railroad Watches

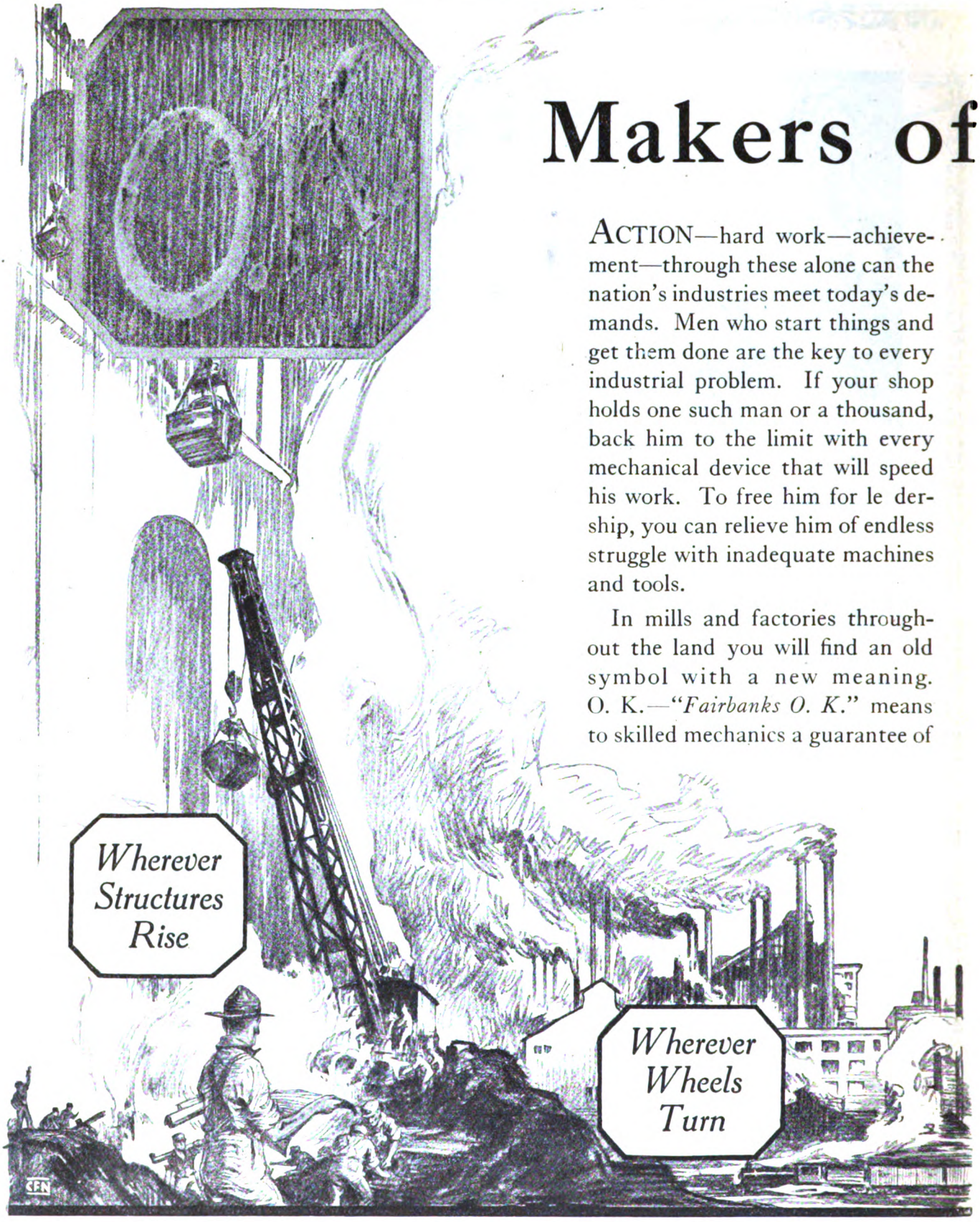
South Bend

The Watch with the Purple Ribbon

Makers of

ACTION—hard work—achievement—through these alone can the nation's industries meet today's demands. Men who start things and get them done are the key to every industrial problem. If your shop holds one such man or a thousand, back him to the limit with every mechanical device that will speed his work. To free him for le dership, you can relieve him of endless struggle with inadequate machines and tools.

In mills and factories throughout the land you will find an old symbol with a new meaning. O. K.—"*Fairbanks O. K.*" means to skilled mechanics a guarantee of



FAIRBANKS

The first cost of a Hood Tire is high enough to suggest its service.

The final cost of a Hood Tire is low enough to prove its economy.

Look up the Hood dealer at the sign of the Red Man.

He can furnish you with fabrics or cords—

Hood Fabric Tires—the kind that sets an exacting standard for the average cord to equal, or

Hood Cord Tires—unequalled by any for speed, size, resiliency and uninterrupted service—

Either at the low-cost-per-mile of the *Quality Tire of America.*

HOOD

HOOD RUBBER PRODUCTS COMPANY

Watertown, Mass.

Hood Red Tubes make even Hood Tires give greater mileage

To Help the Eyes See More and Farther —in the Woods, the Air, on Land or Sea

THE eyes of man function at comparatively close ranges. Unaided, they limit his enjoyment of outdoor life to his immediate surroundings and restrict his usefulness in many operations.

But through optics he has gained other and far-seeing eyes to help his own. Binoculars are made to lift his horizon and broaden his landscape, to unveil Nature's inaccessible reaches, to expose hidden dangers of the deep.

On every vessel of our Navy, large or small, with our forces on land and our heroes in the air, the binocular made an unparalleled war record. And we were its chief source of supply, meeting our government's crisis with more than twice as many binoculars in a week as we formerly produced in a year!

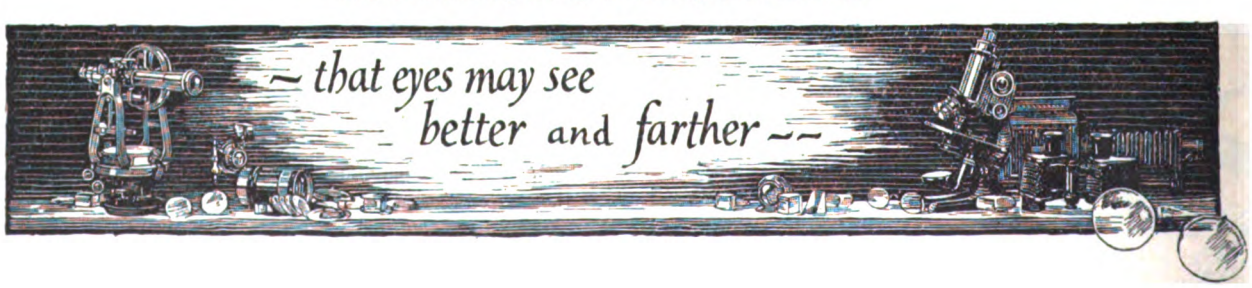
Now, in the ways of peace, the binocular is giving a service no less varied and helpful. What autoist does not multiply by many times the interest of his tours, when accompanied by his binocular? Tourist, aeroplanist, sportsman, yachtsman, Nature student—all depend upon it to increase their vision and their pleasure.

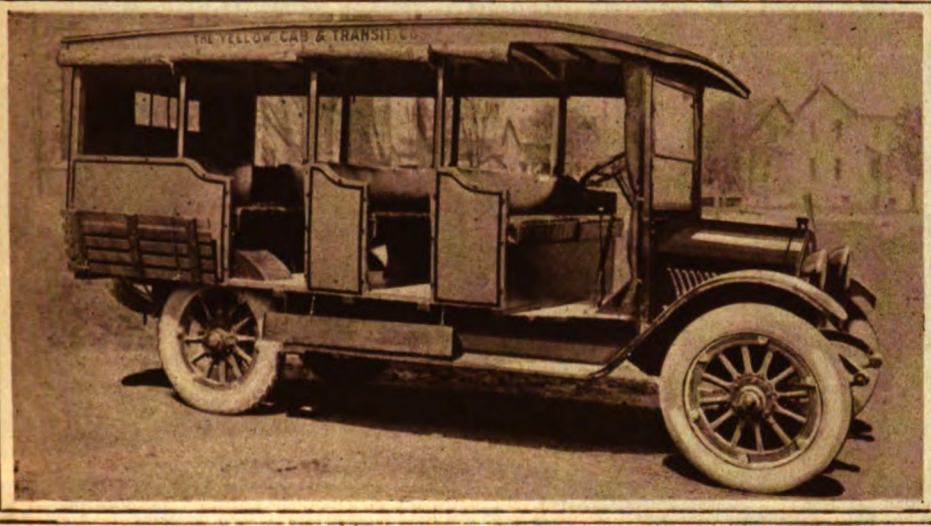
Nor is this the only optical product which adds to the comfort, safety and efficiency of life. The microscope, ophthalmic and photographic lenses, projection apparatus, military instruments and others combine to give a service to the world, which we are proud to have been developing along lines of precision and quality since the middle of the last century.

Write for literature on any optical product in which you are interested

BAUSCH & LOMB OPTICAL COMPANY . . . . . ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Makers of Eyeglass and Spectacle Lenses, Photographic Lenses, Microscopes, Balopticons, Binoculars and Engineering and other Optical Instruments.





The Time To Judge a Truck

After ten thousand miles on the road—after it has been run long enough to demonstrate its stamina and *actual* operating cost—that is the time to judge a truck.

The many Oldsmobile Economy Trucks that have covered over ten thousand miles, on city streets and country roads alike, have proved over and over that this truck comes honestly by its middle name—"Economy." They have shown that it is both dependable and ideally adapted to the 200 businesses in which it has made unexcelled records.

Some of the reasons for its great success are the powerful valve-in-head motor, internal gear drive, deep channel frame, complete electrical equipment, 35x5 Cord Tires all around. See your dealer; let him explain other details and submit further proof of Oldsmobile performance, stability and economy.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS

Lansing, Michigan
Oshawa, Ontario

Oldsmobile ECONOMY Truck

ECONOMY IS MY MIDDLE NAME

In the City—

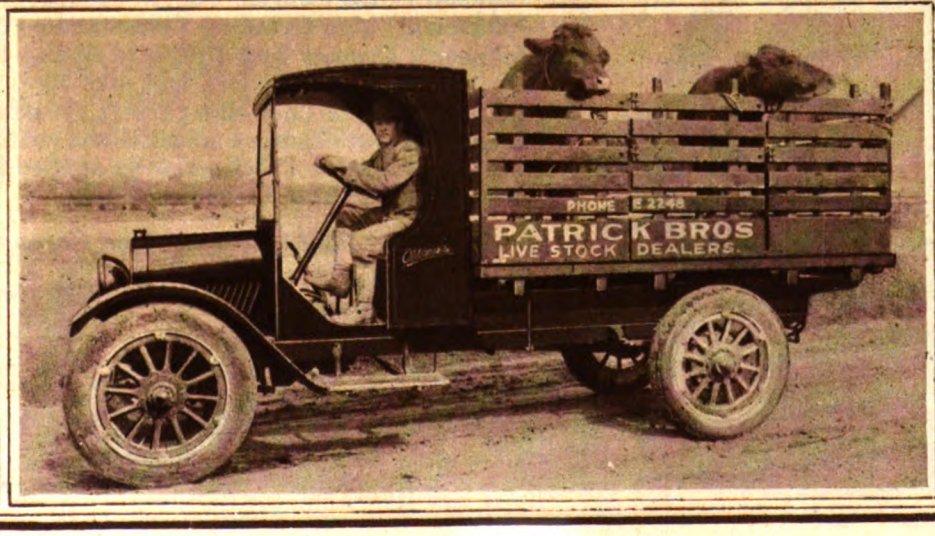
"During a run of seven months this truck made 26,080 miles. One universal joint was the only repair it had to have. The car made 90 miles a day on an average of 5 gallons of gasoline. The rear tires ran 16,000 miles; the original front tires are still on today. We find upon overhauling for next year's service that all that was required was grinding valves, taking up bearings and new king bolt bushings."

Excerpts from letter from Yellow Cab & Transit Co., Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

In the Country

"It is the most economical truck that has come under my observation in all my five years' experience in live stock handling and general work. I have been using the truck for about six months and have had practically no trouble whatever. I have gone something over ten thousand miles and have the same tires on the truck that came with it and they seem to be good for a great many more miles yet."

Excerpts from letter written by Patrick Brothers, Dallas, Texas.



JOHNSON'S RADIATOR CEMENT

THE easiest and quickest way to repair leaks in radiators, pumps, water jackets, motor head gaskets, hose connections, etc., is with Johnson's Radiator Cement. It will stop leaks in from two to ten minutes without laying up the car. It requires no experience to use Johnson's Radiator Cement—all you have to do is to remove the radiator cap and pour the Radiator Cement into the radiator.

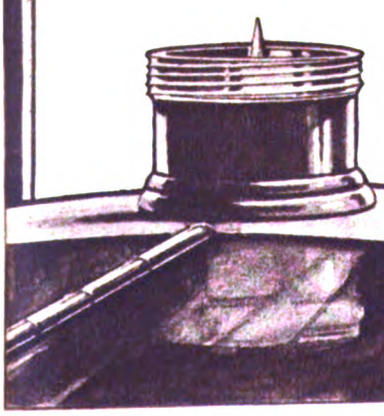
Quick—Efficient—Harmless

Johnson's Radiator Cement will not coat or clog the cooling system. It blends perfectly with the water until it reaches the leaks. As it comes in contact with the air it forms a hard, tough, resisting substance which is insoluble in water and stops the leak. A half-pint is sufficient for a Ford.

Johnson's Car Savers

Keep your car young and reduce depreciation with JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS—one for every purpose.

Johnson's Carbon Remover—prevents 80% of engine trouble.
Johnson's Stop-Squeak Oil—a wonderful spring lubricant.
Johnson's Valve Grinding Compound—gives a velvet seat.
Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax—make body, hood and fenders look like new.
Johnson's Black-Lac—the perfect dressing.
Johnson's Auto-Lak—a splendid one coat body varnish.
Johnson's Hastee Patch—can be applied in two minutes.
Johnson's Radiator Cement—Liquid.



Sold by Dealers and Garages Everywhere

Write for our folder on "Keeping Cars Young"—it's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON
Racine, Wis., U.S.A.

JOHNSON'S CARBON REMOVER

In

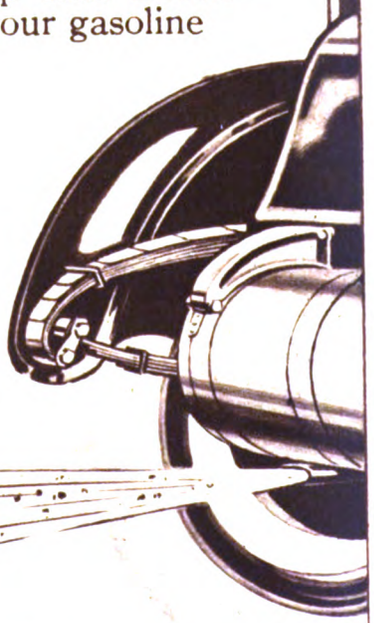
YOU can keep your motor snappy and full of "pep" by *preventing* the accumulation of carbon. Don't wait until your engine is choked and caked with it. Use Johnson's Carbon Remover every 500 miles, then the carbon is removed while it is soft and powdery, eliminating the frequent grinding of valves and ***keeping*** the motor ***always*** clean. No experience or labor required—you can easily do it yourself in ten minutes—and the cost is trifling.

Easy — Clean — Safe — Quick

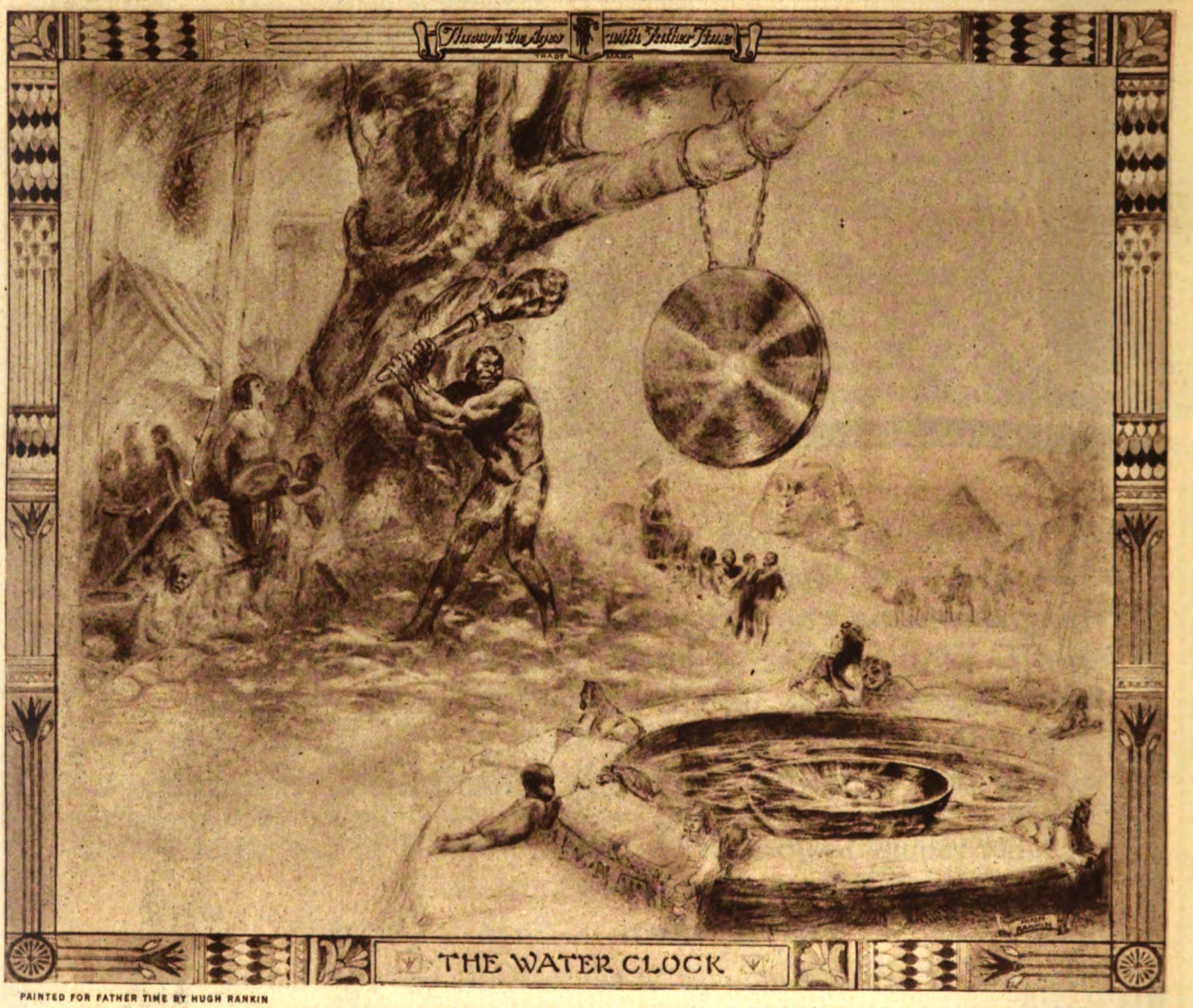
Johnson's Carbon Remover is the easiest, cleanest, safest and most satisfactory remedy for carbon. It will save you from $3.00 to $5.00 over any other method without laying up the car. A dose of Johnson's Carbon Remover, the engine laxative, will stop that knock—quiet that motor—save your batteries and reduce your gasoline consumption 12% to 25%.

Keep Your Car Young

Start today to reduce the depreciation of your automobile. An hour or two every month and JOHNSON'S CAR SAVERS will prove their value in dollars and cents when you come to sell or turn in your car. There's a JOHNSON CAR SAVER for every purpose.



Out



PAINTED FOR FATHER TIME BY HUGH RANKIN

A massive brass bowl slowly sinking in the fountain—a watchful slave to strike the hour—

Such was the water clock of ancient Egypt.

The Orient uses it to this day, and China claims its invention by Hwangti in 2,636 B. C.!

* * *

Cave-man's grass rope—Babylonian Sun-Dial—Grecian Hour-Glass—Egyptian Water Clock!

All down through the ages, in every clime, the world has gradually awakened to *the value of Time*—

—and to the necessity for *accurate* time-meters like those of the present day—

Elgin Watches

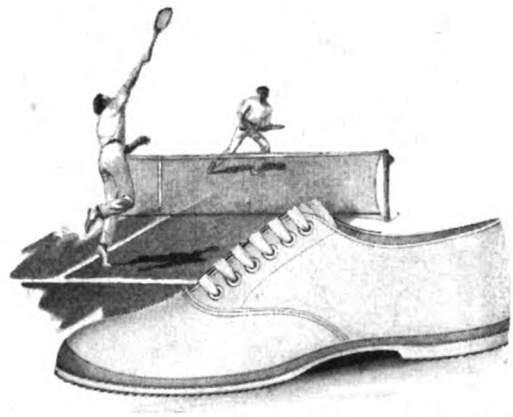
The shoes men are buying for summer comfort

Many new types for outing and everyday wear

AT THE seashore or in the mountains—on the street or at the tennis court—wherever you go this summer you will see Keds.

These light, springy canvas shoes are ideal for work or play in warm weather. Their elastic rubber soles put new life in your step. Their soft, pliable fabric makes them always cool and comfortable.

Keds are just the thing for games or any kind of summer wear. They allow the foot full freedom with just the right support. They always give a perfect grip, whether you are playing a fast set of tennis or standing on the smooth deck of a motor boat. It is because of these features that Keds are so popular for every vacation need.



The standard shoes for tennis, boating and vacation wear. Made of light canvas, in high or low models—white or brown—with black, gray, or red rubber soles.

Other types of Keds

Besides these standard types Keds are made in many special models for different purposes—high shoes and low shoes, with or without heels, in many weights, shapes, and colors. There are sturdy work shoes, light gymnasium shoes, and heavy reinforced models for hiking and rough service.

Some of the latest models are made just like leather shoes, with regular welt construction soles and firmly boxed toes. This means a more formal, dignified shoe—just the shoe you have needed to wear with your white flannels or Palm Beach suit.

With these additions, Keds are now a complete line of canvas summer shoes—ranging from the easy, less formal tennis shoe to the latest and most fashionable styles of footwear. Last year millions of pairs of Keds were worn by men, women, and children.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company—the oldest and largest rubber organization in the world. You will find them at every good shoe store. Ask to see the various models—notice how wonderfully light, cool and comfortable they are.

Look for the name *Keds* on the sole.

For men and women $1.50 — $7.00
For children $1.15 — $4.50

One of the smart special models for summer wear. Made of the finest white canvas—in high or Oxford models—with welt construction soles which give all the style of leather shoes.

Keds

Sturdy sport shoes—with or without heels. Made of heavy white or brown duck. Brown leather trimmings with ankle patch—red rubber soles and toe cap.

United States Rubber Company

There's no two ways about it!

No better cigarette can be made than Camels!

GET the idea at once that Camels and their refreshing flavor are unlike any cigarette you ever smoked—that's why men call Camels a cigarette revelation!

You should know why Camels are so unusual, so delightful, so satisfying. ***First,*** quality—***second,*** Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos, and you'll certainly prefer Camels blend to either kind of tobacco smoked straight!

Camels blend makes possible that wonderful mellow mildness you hear so much about—yet all the desirable body is there to any smoker's absolute satisfaction! And no matter how generously you smoke, ***Camels never tire your taste!***

How you'll appreciate, too, Camels freedom from any unpleasant cigaretty aftertaste or unpleasant cigaretty odor—***a cigarette revelation all by itself.***

Compare Camels puff-by-puff with any cigarette in the world at any price! At once you'll know why Camels popularity steadily increases.

Camel CIGARETTES

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

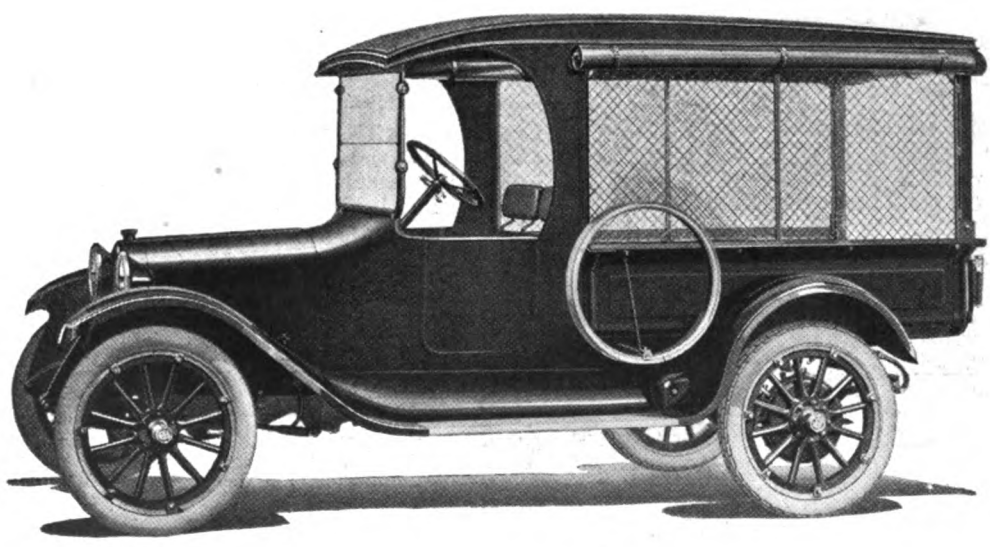
Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for the home or office supply or when you travel.

DODGE BROTHERS
BUSINESS CAR

It is best known for its economy and
its capacity for continuous hard work

With ordinary care it is
seldom out of service
for so much as a day

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Which will succeed?

You are invited to have *FREE* the booklet that tells what few great books make a man think straight and talk well

WHICH will succeed? the one who spends *all* his precious reading time with the daily paper? or the other, who is gaining little by little, in a few delightful minutes each day, that knowledge of a few truly great books which will distinguish him always as a really well-read man?

What are the few great books—biographies, histories, novels, dramas, poems, books of science and travel, philosophy and religion, that picture the progress of civilization?

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, from his lifetime of reading, study and teaching, forty years of it as president of Harvard University, has answered that question in a free booklet that you can have for the asking.

In it are described the contents, plan and purpose of

DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS

Every well-informed man and woman should at least know something about this famous library.

The free book tells about it—how Dr. Eliot has put into his Five-Foot Shelf "the essentials of a liberal education," how he has so arranged it that even "fifteen minutes a day" is enough, how in pleasant moments of spare time, by using the reading courses Dr. Eliot has provided for you, you can get the knowledge of literature and life, the culture, the broad viewpoint that every University strives to give.

"For me," wrote one man who had sent in the coupon, "your little free book meant a big step forward, and it showed me besides the way to a vast new world of pleasure."

Every reader of The American Magazine is invited to have a copy of this handsome and entertaining little book which is free, will be sent by mail, and involves no obligation of any sort. Merely clip the coupon and mail it to-day.

Am. 6-20

P. F. COLLIER & SON COMPANY
416 West Thirteenth Street, New York

By mail, absolutely free and without obligation, send me the little guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books, and containing the plan of reading recommended by Dr. Eliot of Harvard.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Send for this free booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading

"Of course we can make it in a day—it's only 300 miles."

THE FRANKLIN SEDAN

20 miles to the gallon of gasoline
12,500 miles to the set of tires
50% slower yearly depreciation
(National Averages)

Franklin Sedan Features:

Wide Observation Windows, allowing unobstructed outlook—
Two Wide Doors, giving easy access to a roomy interior—
Slanting V-shaped Windshield, permitting broadest driving vision—
and Sloping French-style Hood.

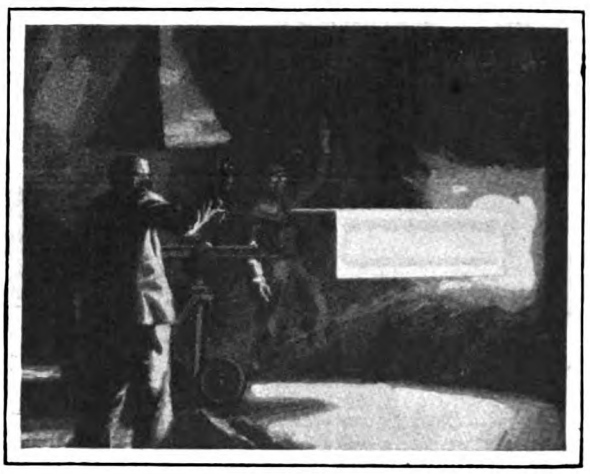
Woman Owner of Enclosed Franklin Writes:

"200 of the 406.3 miles were over rough roads. Made entire distance in 12 hours with three other passengers in the car. Averaged 33.8 miles per hour. No trouble of any kind was experienced."

THE confidence with which Franklin owners undertake long distances in a day is based on the same principles which give them their records of economy.

Light weight and flexibility give comfort, safety and ease of control. Any Franklin dealer will explain fully and demonstrate all these advantages.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
SYRACUSE, N. Y.



KOHLER

PRODUCTS OF *SCIENCE*

Out of the Kohler laboratories come metals carefully tested and analyzed, come formulae for the exact amount of each element contained in the mixture of materials fed to the roaring blast furnaces.

And from the trained hands of Kohler chemists comes the famous Kohler enamel, its ingredients gathered from the far places of the globe, from icy Greenland, from the Great American Desert, from hills and valleys and strange places in both hemispheres.

Melted i to a molten mass, poured into molds precise and accurate, the analyzed metals become the gracefully shaped shells of Kohler products. The enamel, applied, fused, re-applied, and fused again, becomes the glistening, snow-white armor which gives to the shell beauty, refinement, durability.

And the result is a Kohler bathtub, kitchen sink, lavatory—truly a product of science and worthy the name "Kohler," which is permanently incorporated in the enamel, faint and inconspicuous, but as an everlasting guarantee of excellence.

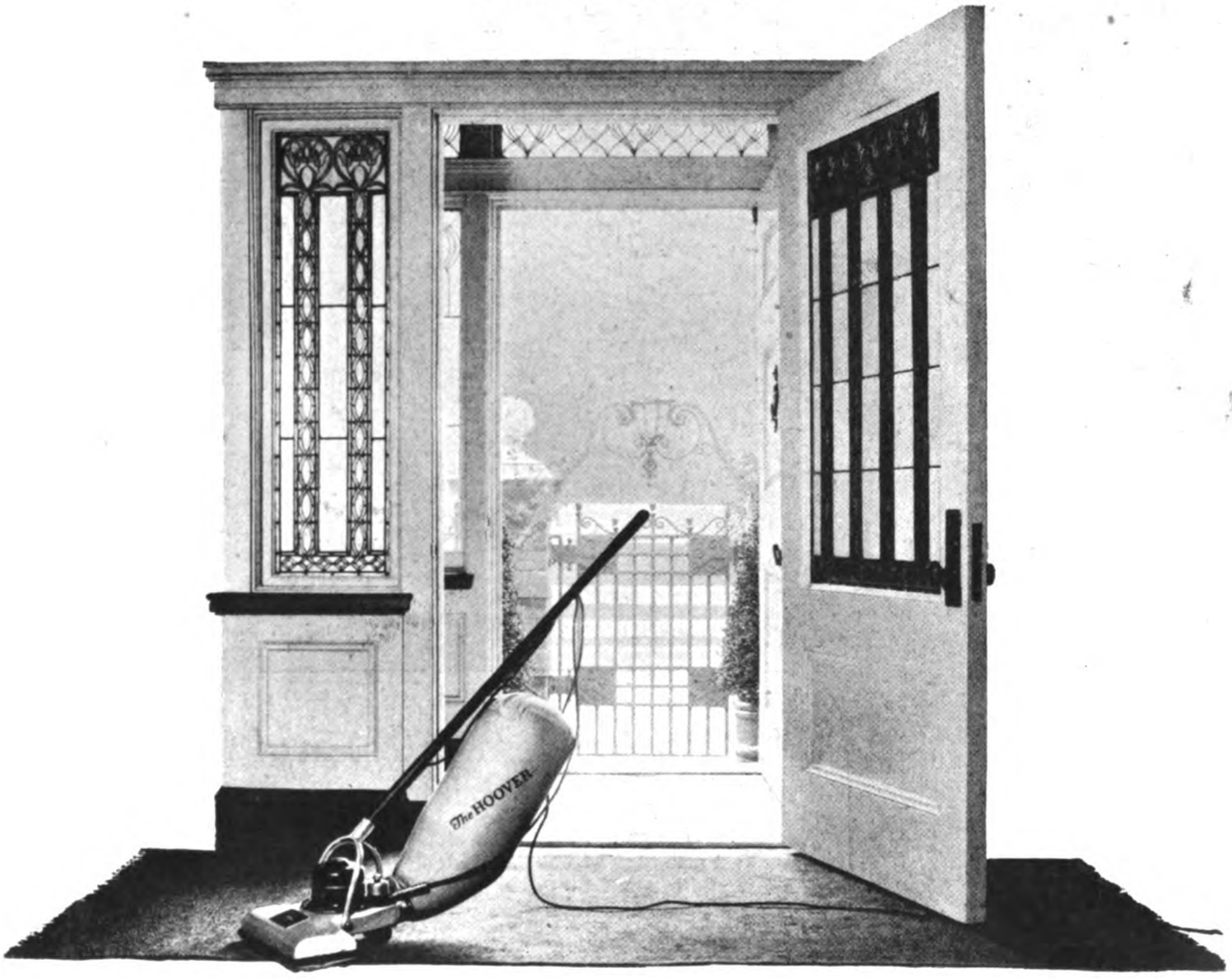
KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., Founded 1873, Kohler, Wis. *Shipping Point*, Sheboygan, Wis.

BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C.

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



Although your reception hall rug receives harsh traffic, it will brightly welcome callers for years longer if you clean it with The Hoover. The Hoover beats out the destructive street grit that becomes embedded. It sweeps straight the heel-crushed nap and picks up the stubborn, clinging litter. It suctions up the color-dimming surface dirt. Only The Hoover does all of these essential things. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

The HOOVER

It Beats—as it Sweeps—as it Cleans

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY
The oldest makers of electric cleaners
North Canton, Ohio Hamilton, Canada

"Z" Engine Dominates Farm Engine Field

YOU need look no further than the Fairbanks-Morse "Z" Engine for an example of the service this great house has rendered to agricultural development. Here, too, you will find the product always approaching the goal reflected in the Fairbanks-Morse Quality Seal.

For no *ordinary* engine would meet the farm power requirements of more than a quarter million users. Years of unceasing research—hundreds of thousands of dollars spent in perfecting manufacturing processes—the efforts of thousands of skilled engine builders—all have gone into the "Z" to make it what it is today.

This sturdy engine has helped revolutionize farming methods. It has released countless farm hands for the productive work of feeding the world. Its uses are as varied as the applications of power itself. Its dependability is a by-word wherever the "Z" is used.

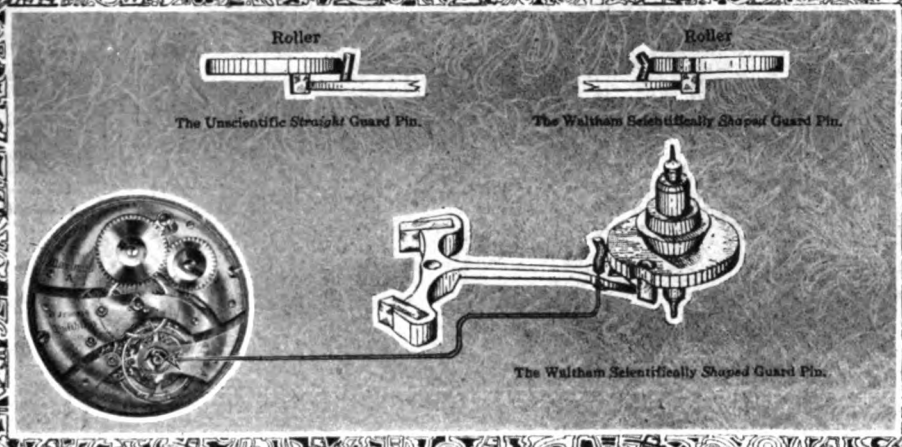
The dominant position it holds today in the farm engine field is a reward justly earned. For it, too, must merit the Mark of Quality by which all Fairbanks-Morse products are gauged.

Our products include Fairbanks Scales — oil engines — pumps — electric motors and generators — railway appliances and coaling stations—farm power machinery, such as "Z" engines, lighting plants, water systems.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS CHICAGO

World-wide distribution through our own branches and representatives

PROOF



THE MOST SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH IN THE WORLD

The Waltham Scientifically Shaped Guard Pin that Means So Much to You in Time-keeping Accuracy

JUST as the flange on the wheels of the railroad train keeps it from running off the track, so the Waltham scientifically shaped guard pin keeps the escapement from going out of action.

It is these little things of scientific construction which insure dependable performance. And this is particularly true of a watch.

This Waltham scientifically shaped guard pin is a development of Waltham genius — curved in shape for a reason, which overcomes the errors of time-keeping found in watches with a straight guard pin.

The position of any guard pin is determined by the diameter of the roller (illustrated above), and after the escapement has been adjusted, the guard pin is bent forward to within a third of the thickness of a human hair, to allow the roller to revolve freely, excepting when the watch receives an unusual jolt, and that is the time the guard pin functions.

In other words, the guard pin is a safety device to assure the perfect functioning of your watch.

You will notice in the illustration that the Waltham scientifically curved guard pin presents a single and infinitesimal point of contact with the roller, thereby reducing the possibility of friction, which is the greatest enemy of good time-keeping.

The straight guard pin presents, if properly made, a plane of contact — the thickness of the roller. If there should be any imperfection, the guard pin would have to be set at an angle. (See illustration above.) And this would make it impossible to properly adjust the guard pin.

Whereas the curved guard pin can be bent in any direction and it will still present its small area of contact, reducing friction to a minimum.

It is these tiny, exclusive units hidden in the works of the watch, involving years of study and invention, that assure you of precision time-keeping and durability, when your watch selection is a Waltham.

Waltham 7½ Ligne

The movement is actually smaller than a dime in diameter

$250 to $1,500 or more depending upon the case

This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a liberal watch education. Sent free upon request. Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

WALTHAM

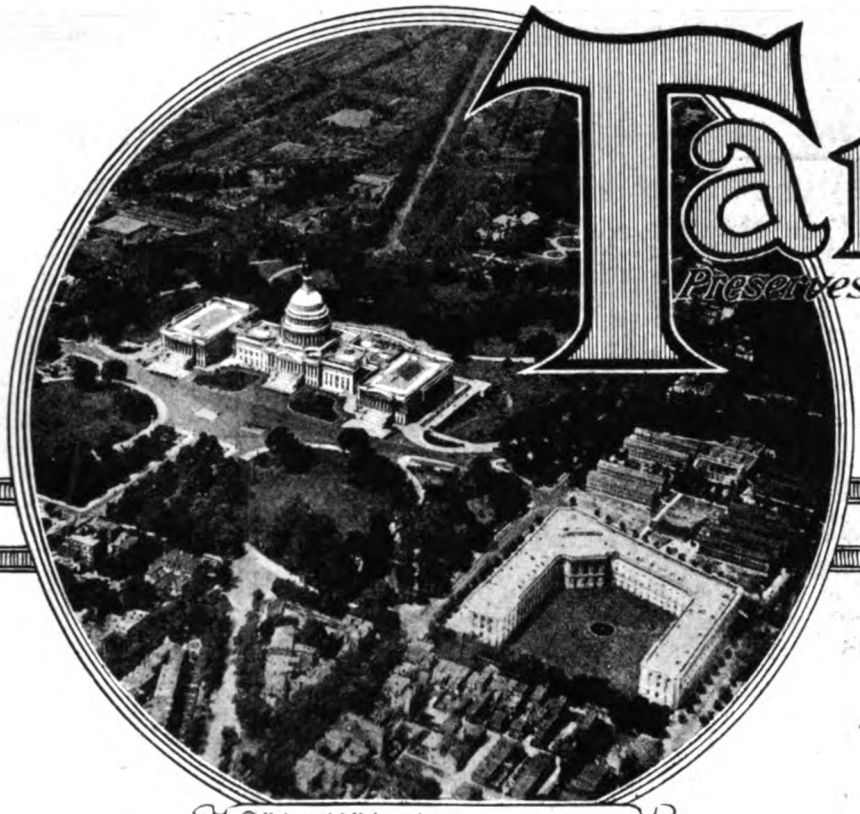
THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

Zing—to a thousand targets! The typewriter and the salesman are single shots, while the Mimeograph is a swift, business weapon, hitting bull's-eyes in thousands of places simultaneously. An important announcement, an urgent sales letter, maps, bulletins, diagrams, etc., sent at maximum speed and minimum cost. Five thousand reproductions an hour—and fine, clean-cut reproductions they are. A thin sheet of dark-blue paper has revolutionized duplicating methods. See the dermatype stencil in operation. You do not know the Mimeograph if you have not seen the new Mimeograph. Spread your story. Get it directly to the people you want to reach. The Mimeograph is a swift deliverer of timely messages for unnumbered thousands of forereaching institutions throughout the civilized world. Why not find out what it can do for you—today? Get booklet "C-5" from A. B. Dick Company, Chicago—and New York.

MIMEOGRAPH EDISON-DICK

Tarvia

Preserves Roads–Prevents Dust



© Underwood & Underwood, 1919
The National Capitol with the Senate Office Building in the right foreground as seen from an airplane

Roads in Potomac Park approaching the Monument have been maintained with Tarvia since 1912

Tarvia in Washington

IN 1791, Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer and a veteran of the Revolutionary War, made the street plan for Washington, D. C. It is interesting to find that this plan of L'Enfant's, generally conceded to be the most complete as well as the most artistic city plan ever carried out, was made and adopted with the approval of General Washington himself.

And today the broad streets of the Capital City are usually the first thing that attracts the admiration of the visitor.

Flanked by beautiful buildings and rows of handsome trees, they average from 80 to 160 feet in width.

Over their smooth surfaces rolls perhaps the heaviest, certainly the most interesting motor traffic in America.

TARVIA plays a big part in keeping Washington streets smooth, firm, mudless and dustless.

The Avenue of the Presidents, Extended, the "show" street of Washington, is a Tarvia road. Built in 1912, this street has been maintained perfectly in spite of the endless stream of motor traffic that spins over the surface.

Executive Avenue at the south front of the White House, built in 1912, is another splendid example of Tarvia construction. It carries the heaviest motor traffic of any street of its width in Washington.

The roads leading to the War College, the State, Navy and War Department building and to many other busy Government centers, are Tarvia roads.

Washington has found Tarvia roads not only firm, mudless, dustless, frostproof and waterproof, but the most economical, because they last so long and cost so little for upkeep.

What Is Tarvia?

TARVIA is a coal-tar preparation shipped in barrels, tank wagons or tank-cars, depending upon the size and location of the job. No matter what your road problem may be—whether you require a road binder for new construction, a dust preventive, a road preserver or a patching material—there is a grade of Tarvia made for the purpose.

Special Service Department

In order to bring the facts before taxpayers as well as road authorities, The Barrett Company has organized a Special Service Department, which keeps up to the minute on all road problems. If you will write to the nearest office regarding road conditions or problems in your vicinity, the matter will have the prompt attention of experienced engineers. This service is free for the asking. If you want *better roads* and *lower taxes*, this Department can greatly assist you. *Booklets free.*

The Barrett Company

New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Detroit, New Orleans, Birmingham, Kansas City, Peoria, Atlanta, Duluth, Columbus, Lebanon, Youngstown, Toledo, Richmond, Syracuse, Latrobe, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Nashville, Salt Lake City, Seattle, Bethlehem, Bangor, Washington, Johnstown, Cleveland, Elizabeth, Buffalo, Baltimore

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited: Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B., Halifax, N. S., Sydney, N. S.

To the man who appreciates true worth in a shirt ~ *quality* and *fit* as well as attractiveness as expressed in pattern and cloth ~ no better values will be found than in

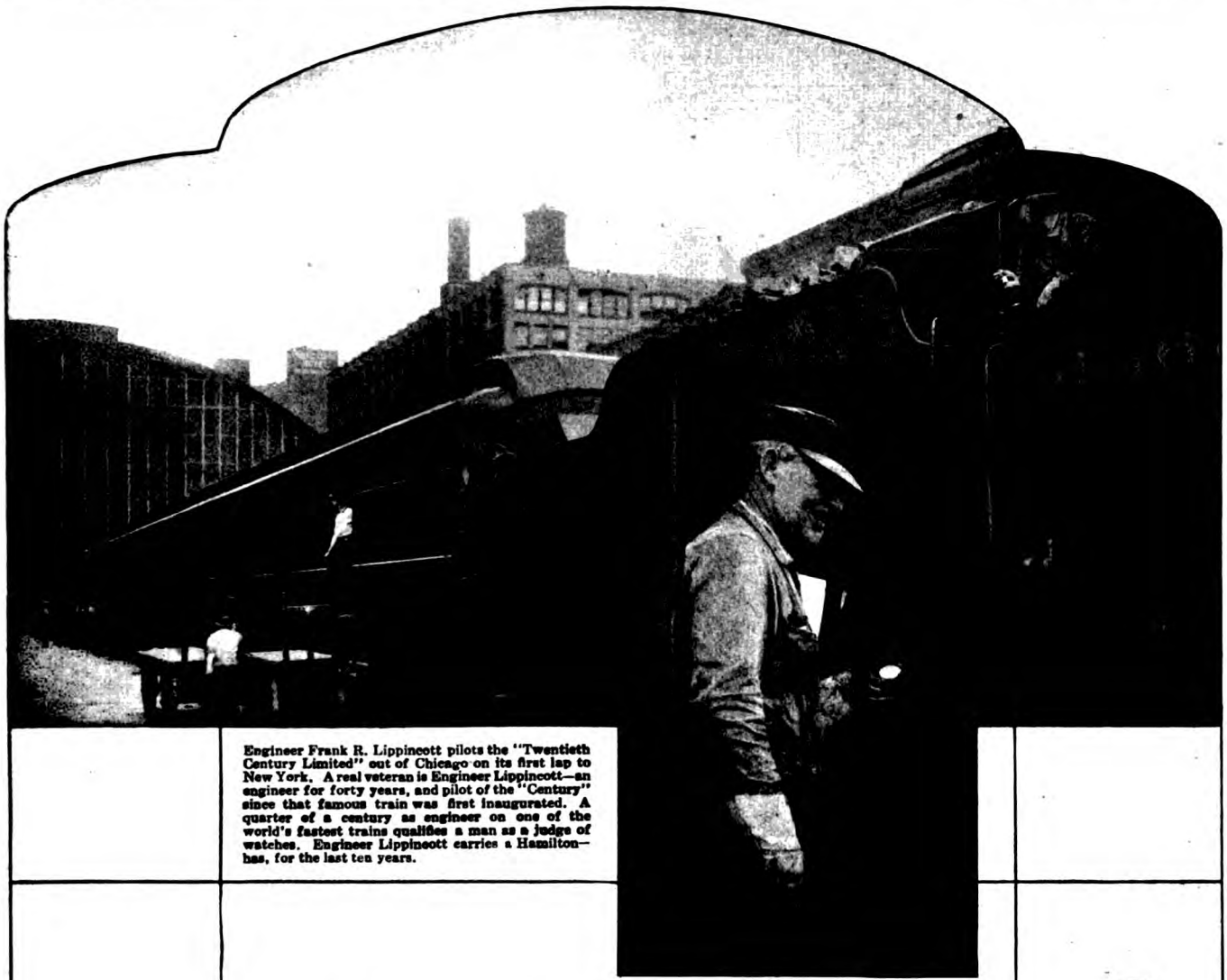
Ide

SHIRTS

"They Fit"

Geo. P. Ide & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

Also Makers of IDE COLLARS ~ Quality Collars



Engineer Frank R. Lippincott pilots the "Twentieth Century Limited" out of Chicago on its first lap to New York. A real veteran is Engineer Lippincott—an engineer for forty years, and pilot of the "Century" since that famous train was first inaugurated. A quarter of a century as engineer on one of the world's fastest trains qualifies a man as a judge of watches. Engineer Lippincott carries a Hamilton—has, for the last ten years.

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

A Railroad Watch Must be Unfailing Like the Air Brake

Railroads are run on watch time, and it's not exaggerating to say that present-day railway service depends as much on accurate watches as it does on air brakes and semaphore signals. Railroad men *must* have reliable and accurate watches.

The Hamilton Watch has become the most popular watch among railroad men because it is truly dependable. Every Hamilton is made right and with care stays right throughout its long life.

Why shouldn't *you* have a Hamilton? It would cost you no more. The same painstaking workmanship that builds accuracy into a watch also gives it extra years of service. Besides, there's the satisfaction and the convenience of having reliable instead of approximate time.

The Hamilton Watch makes an ideal gift—a subtle compliment, a splendid reward, a lasting token of regard. On any occasion when a gift is to be made, a Hamilton Watch would be fitting and appropriate.

From sturdy railroad types to ladies' exquisite bracelet models, there is every desirable kind of watch in the Hamilton line.

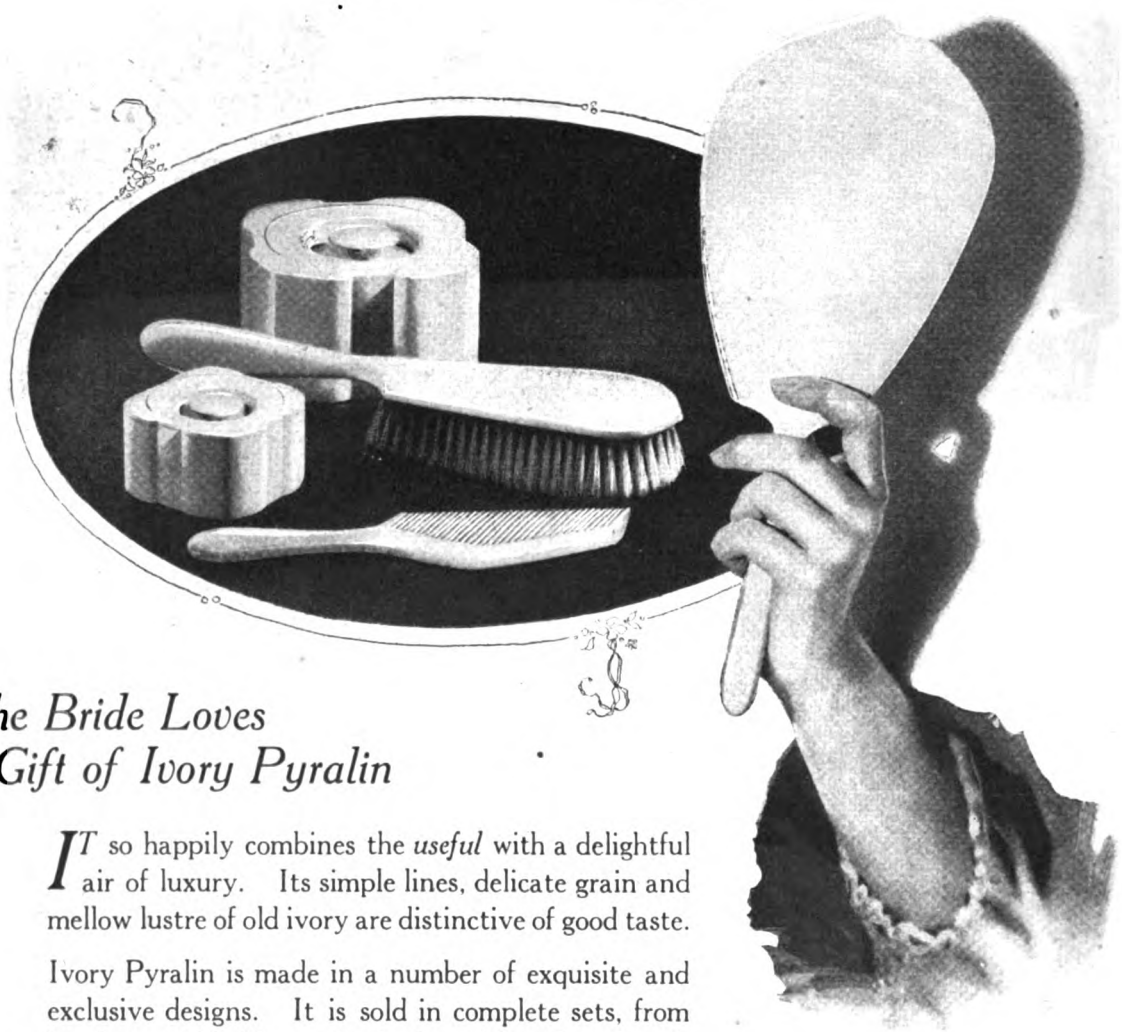
Your jeweler will be glad to show you some of them at any time. Prices range from $38 to $200. Movements alone, $20 (in Canada $23) and up.

Send for "The Timekeeper"—an interesting booklet about the manufacture and care of fine watches. The different Hamiltons are illustrated and prices given.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY *Lancaster, Penna.*

DU PONT

Ivory Pyralin



The Bride Loves a Gift of Ivory Pyralin

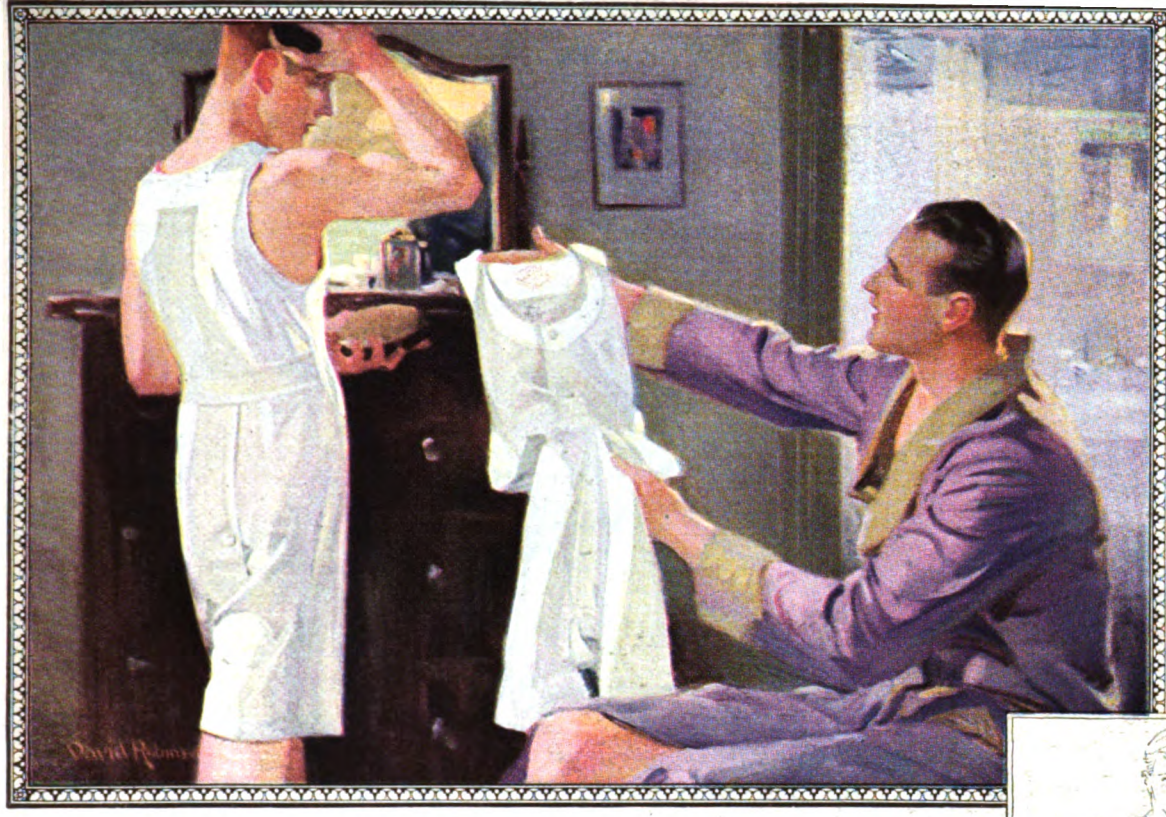
IT so happily combines the *useful* with a delightful air of luxury. Its simple lines, delicate grain and mellow lustre of old ivory are distinctive of good taste.

Ivory Pyralin is made in a number of exquisite and exclusive designs. It is sold in complete sets, from brush to puff-holder, or in single articles, if preferred. Each piece is stamped, Ivory Pyralin, in tiny letters. Because it cannot tarnish, chip or break, and is easily cleaned, it is unquestionably the ideal toiletware.

One cannot appreciate the full beauty of Ivory Pyralin without seeing it. On exhibition at the leading merchants'.

The La Belle Pattern, featuring the transverse handle, exclusive in Ivory Pyralin.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC., SALES DEPT., PYRALIN DIVISION, WILMINGTON, DEL.



"Great stuff, Ralph. How much did they set you back?"
"Only $1.65 a suit."
"Gee! I've been a spendthrift."

LOCK-IN the cool comfort of the bath with Topkis Athletic Underwear. Cut along loose, generous lines, Topkis underwear has little body-contact, yet it does not bag or bulk. Free play for arms and legs supplies the needed spur in withering weather.

Topkis underwear is made from finest nainsook, well-sewn and seamed. Buttons are firmly affixed. And—*sold at the most reasonable prices.*

Unions at $1.65, also shirts-and-drawers at $1.00 the garment. Treat yourself and family to a half-dozen suits of breezy, toppy Topkis. The price is so unusually low. Look for the red-diamond label.

Shirts-and-Drawers $1 00 each

PERFECT FITTING
TOPKIS
BEST QUALITY

Union Suits $1 65 each

TOPKIS BROTHERS COMPANY
Wilmington, Del.
General Sales Offices, 350 Broadway, New York City
Also Makers of Women's, Children's and Boys' Athletic Underwear

TOPKIS
Athletic Underwear

Copyright 1919, Topkis Brothers Company

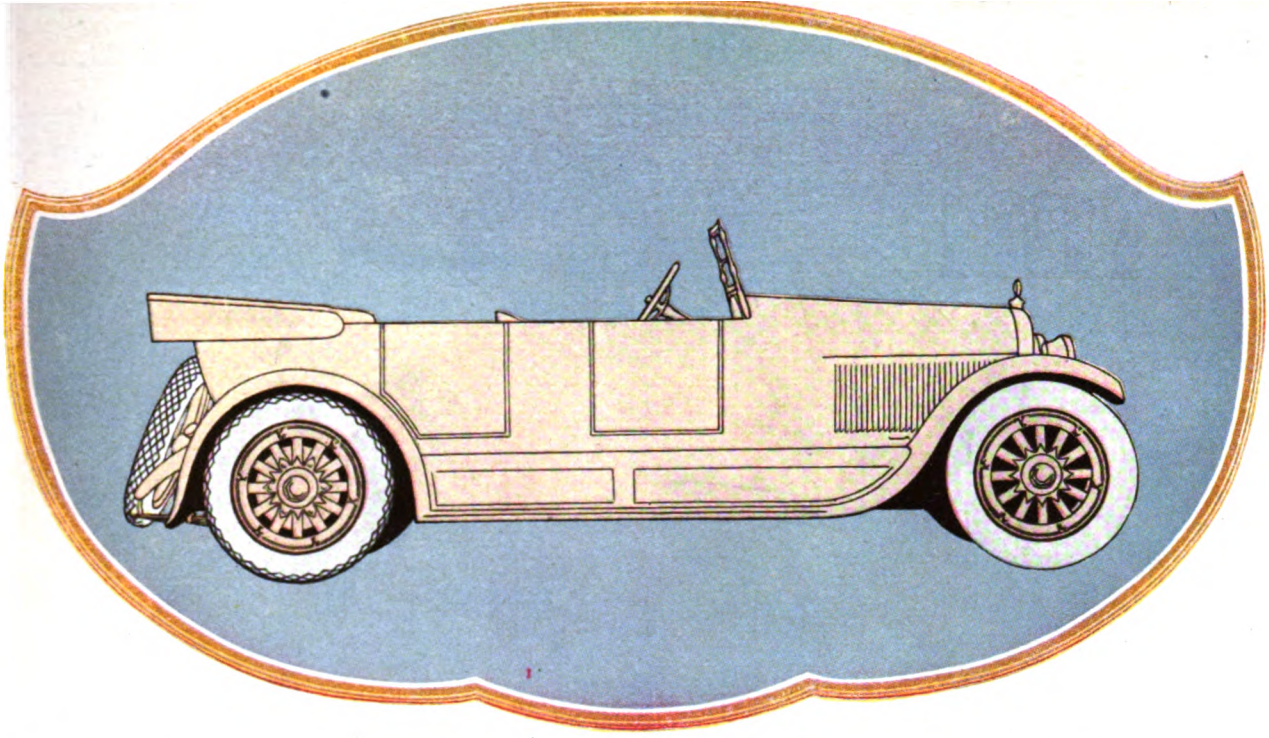
© 1920 The General Tire and Rubber Co.

The General Tire has made so many friends that they have kept its ever-expanding factories running 24 hours every day for the past three years. In 1919, production was doubled—and now another large factory building is adding its output to this great Akron success.

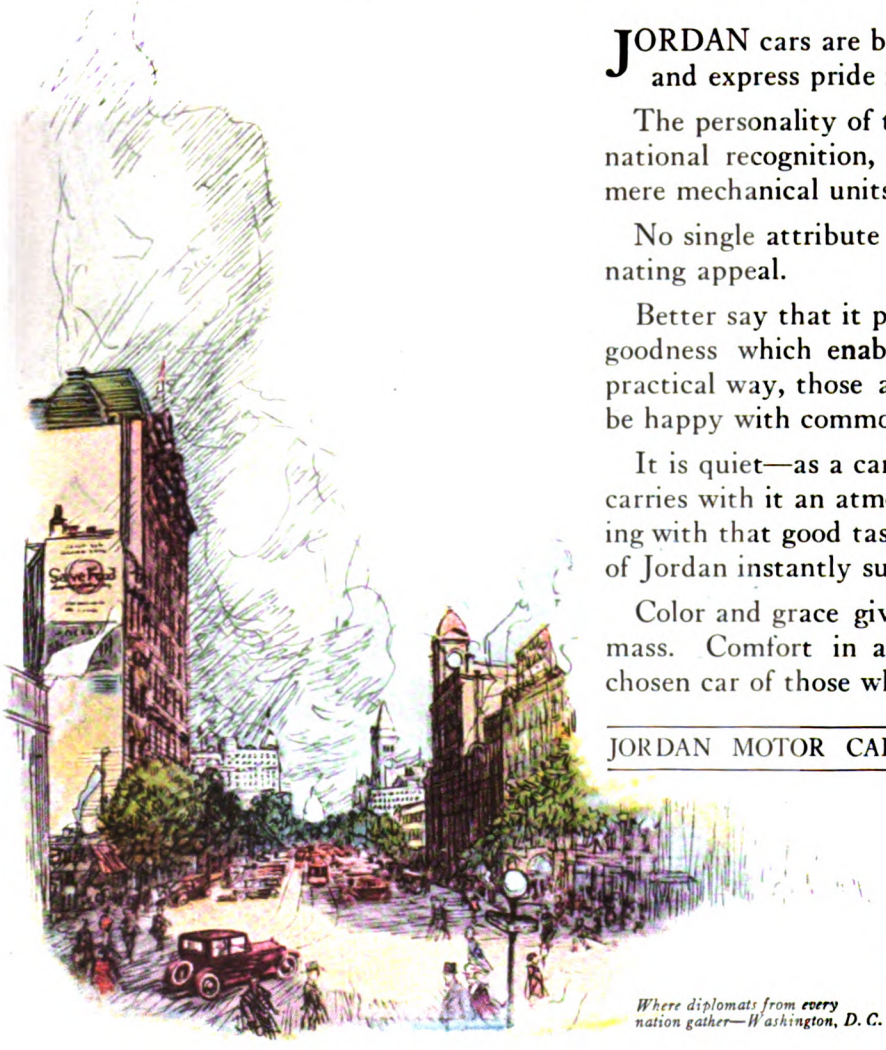
The fact that one of the first successful cord tires was a General Tire—undoubtedly has had something to do with the present position that The General holds in the tire world—but the main reason is that *every* General Tire—Cord or Fabric—Truck or Passenger Type—for small cars or large—has gone a longer way to make friends than its price promised.

Built in Akron, Ohio, by The General Tire and Rubber Company.

THE GENERAL CORD TIRE



The JORDAN Silhouette



Where diplomats from every nation gather—Washington, D. C.

JORDAN cars are built by men who love their work and express pride in its execution.

The personality of this motor car which has brought national recognition, cannot be defined in terms of mere mechanical units.

No single attribute of quality can express its dominating appeal.

Better say that it possesses a certain kind of honest goodness which enables it to serve adequately in a practical way, those admirable people who can never be happy with commonplace things.

It is quiet—as a car of character should be—and it carries with it an atmosphere which is in perfect keeping with that good taste in every detail which the name of Jordan instantly suggests.

Color and grace give it rare distinction among the mass. Comfort in a gratifying degree makes it the chosen car of those who love comfort.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., *Cleveland, Ohio*

JORDAN

Bon Ami

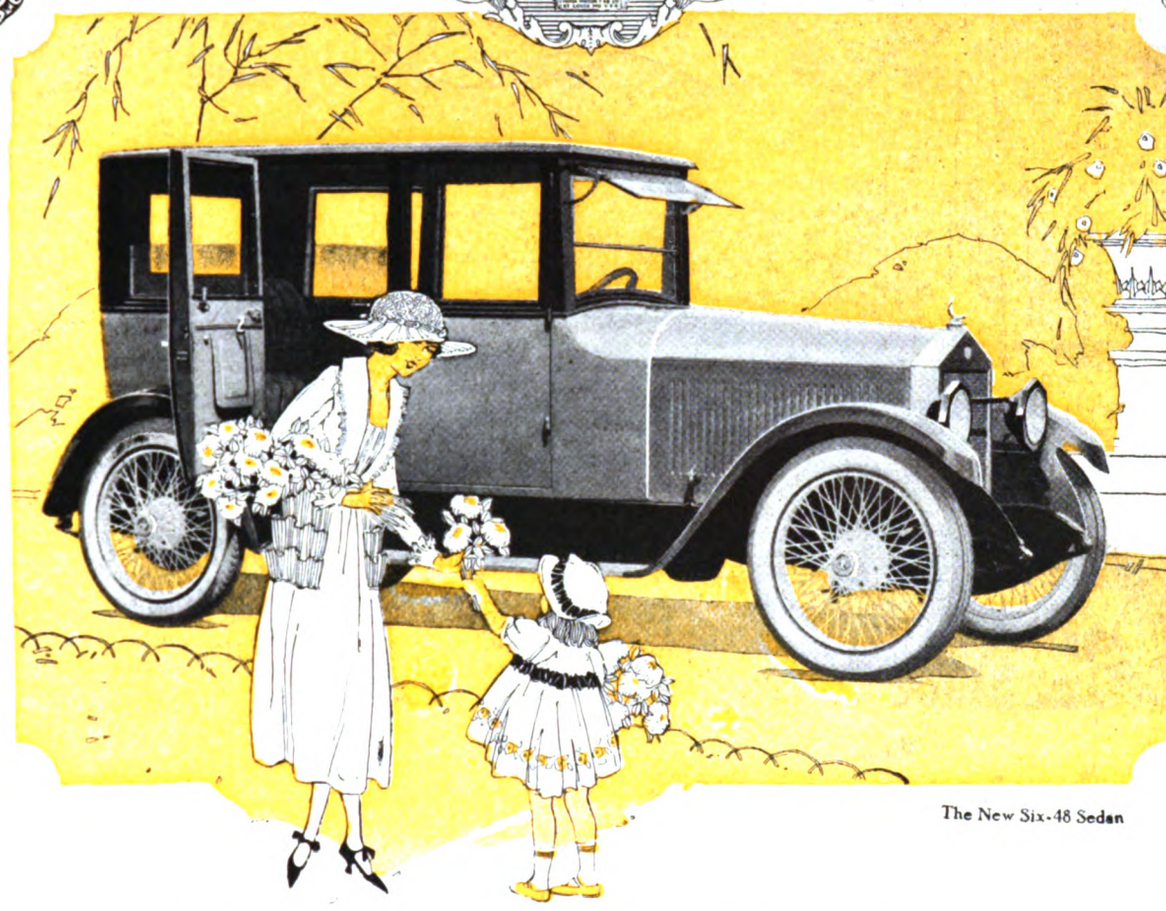
keeps white shoes white

Made in both cake and powder form

GRASS stains, mud stains, dampness stains—they all come right off my white shoes at a touch of Bon Ami. It does not paint a temporary layer of white over a layer of grime as the shoe whiteners do; but it uncovers the *original* white and makes the shoes look like new again. (You don't need any shoe whitener until the original white is actually worn through; and even then you should clean the shoes with Bon Ami first to give the whitener a clean foundation, permitting a thin coating to avoid the flaky filled-up look!)

You can use either the cake or powder form of Bon Ami. Avoid too much water—don't sop the shoes. Shoe trees are helpful. Use Bon Ami for white canvas, cloth, and all white leathers except kid.

"Hasn't scratched yet!"



The New Six-48 Sedan

MOON

MODERN MOTOR CARS

Taking its tone of luxury from the royal splendor of the original sedan—remembered in the man-carried seat in which Marie Antoinette toured the gardens of Versailles—the Moon Sedan has modernized riding comfort to the point that it is a car distinctly new and individual among the closed motor vehicles of 1920.

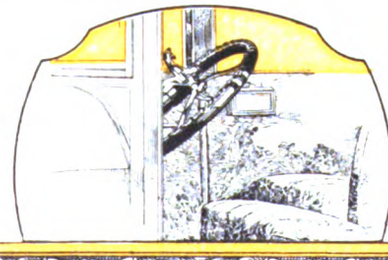
The fifteen years successful experience of Moon engineers is a guarantee that its units are the highest grade that automotive science can produce.

The skill employed in its design and construction is demonstrated by a sturdy car that is light, a compact car on a long wheelbase—characteristics that perfect its balance and give economy, dexterity and durability in performance.

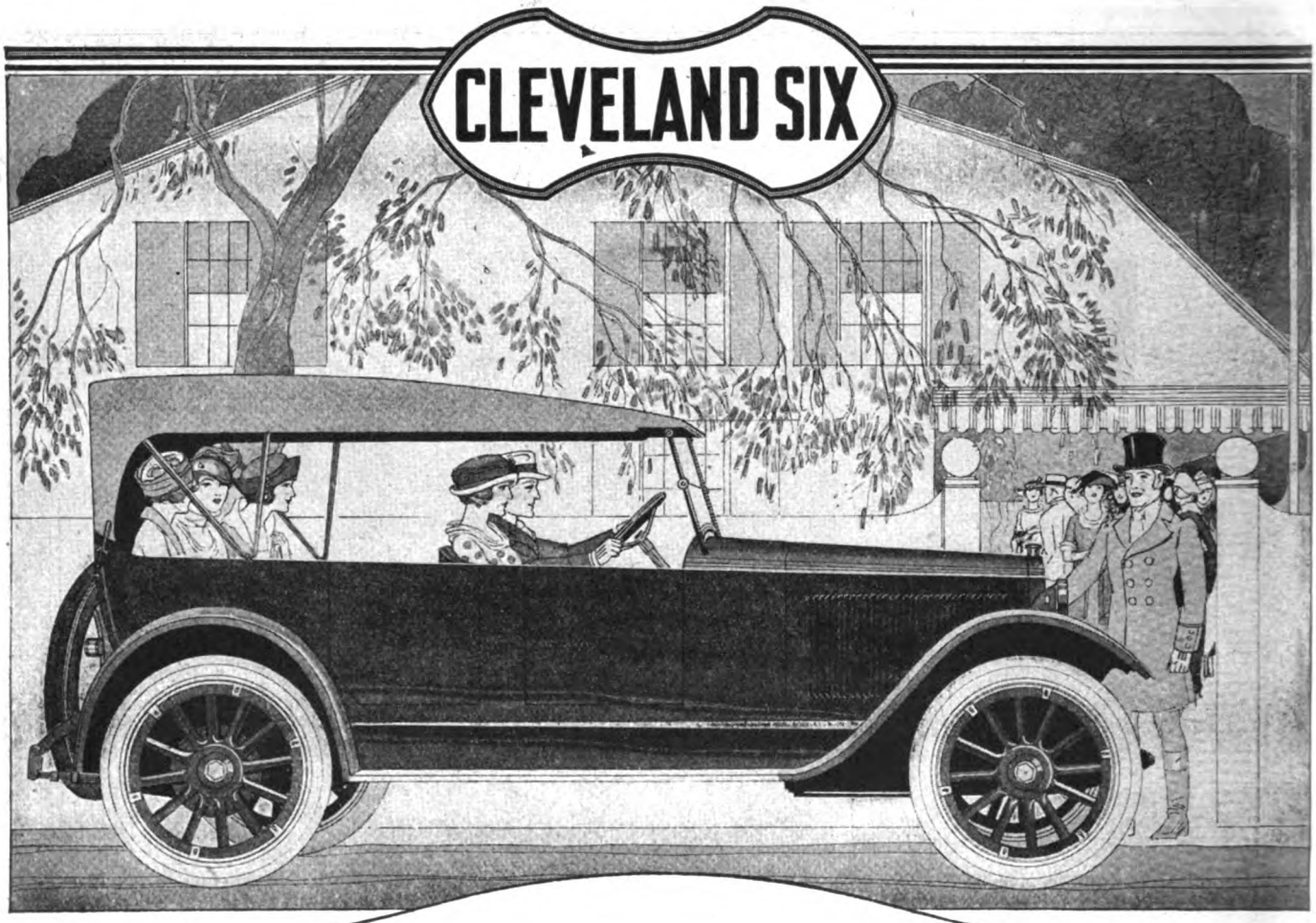
The Moon satisfies American demands for elegance in that its price is within the bounds of reason.

MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

The molded steering wheel gives a clear insight into the engineering care with which the Moon is built. It was adopted over wood because a wood wheel is easily scarred and quickly loses its varnish finish.



A rap from a hammer will not dent the molded wheel and its luster is permanent. In the closed models it tilts, making it convenient to get in and out of the driver's seat on either side



Take a Real Ride in the Cleveland,
and You'll Know What a Car It Is

The Cleveland Six, the sensation of the year among light sixes, is selling itself to thousands who use discrimination in picking out the car they want.

To attempt to describe the qualities of the Cleveland Six is no easy task. You must ride in it to know it. Take a real ride and you begin to understand that here is a better light six, very much better. It has an enclosed over-head valve motor, of exclusive Cleveland design and manufacture and tested in road work for three years before being offered the public, that gives performance unsurpassed.

A real ride will show you, better than can be told you, that the Cleveland has power and pick-up and flexibility and ease of driving that do not come with many other cars. Low-hung spring suspension and splendidly upholstered cushions wipe out the road-bumps. Beautiful body lines place the Cleveland above the usual plane in appearance. Upholstery is of genuine hand-buffed leather.

A leading automobile house in over 1500 cities and towns in the United States is showing the Cleveland Six. You will find it worth your while to see and have explained to you the many fine features of this splendid six.

Touring Car (Five Passengers)	$1485	Roadster (Three Passengers)	$1485
Sedan (Five Passengers)	$2295	Coupe (Four Passengers)	$2295

Prices F. O. B. Cleveland

CLEVELAND AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Export Department, 5 Columbus Circle, New York, N. Y. Cable Address, "CLEVE-AUTO"

$1485

The Real Meaning of *"Best in the Long Run"*

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN" is a slogan that is almost as old as the history of tires. It grew out of the performance of Goodrich Tires on bicycles, and it grew into the *dependability* of Goodrich rubber products of all kinds.

It is not just a catch phrase. It is a plain statement of fact. It is really a mirroring of the confidence placed in Goodrich products by their users.

In five words it crystallizes the ideals, the policies, the principles of Goodrich.

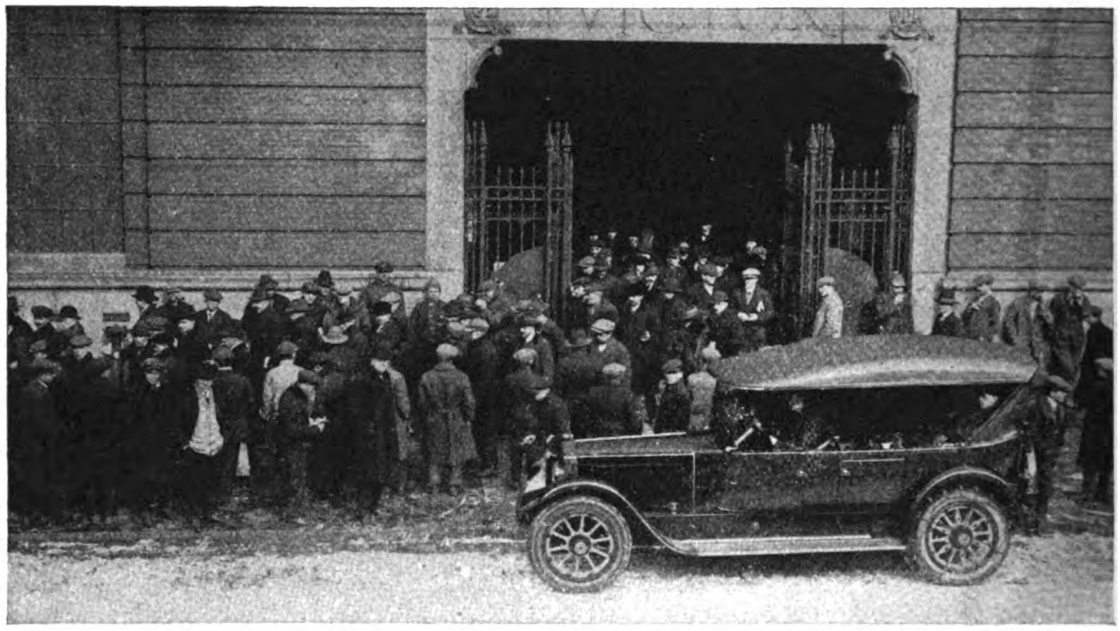
It means "the long run" of good faith and good will—the steady building up of a confidence in the minds of the users, *which is the greatest asset a manufacturer can have.*

That is how Goodrich translates this slogan into terms of longest average wear, utmost dependability and known quality in all kinds of rubber products.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Goodrich Tires

"Best in the Long Run"



Executives leaving in Company Packard for conference. Hundreds of Corporations have standardized on Packard on an economy basis—high mileage per dollar of investment and running cost over a term of years

Does the Car Buyer *Want* the Facts

THE late Joseph Choate used to say that lawyers would go out of business if men were not so bent on making the same old mistakes the same old way.

No one need—or *can*—make the old mistakes in selecting his motor car, if he will look for *transportation facts* instead of "features" and "talking points."

The strong Packard opinion which he finds on every hand does not express itself in technical details or costly luxury—but in such every-day words as *economy, comfort, ability* and *lasting value.*

LET a man figure on keeping his Packard from *six* to *ten years*—and he has a material saving in *investment,* as against the car that must be traded in every two or three years.

Think of the *stability* of the Packard design! His Packard always a "new model."

His gasoline mileage will be from ten to fourteen, depending on road conditions. Oil mileage, one thousand to the gallon. Tires, properly cared for, ten thousand to sixteen thousand miles.

The steel in his Packard costs more than twice as much as the steel in the ordinary car.

The moving parts in the Twin-Six engine weigh less for the power developed than in any other automobile engine. There is less vibration and less wear on bearings.

WHEN a man buys a motor car he knows pretty well what sort of transportation he expects it to deliver.

Economy does not lie in the direction of temporary make-shifts or compromises.

Packard first-class transportation will give him a definite and permanent advance in his way of traveling. It will cost him less per passenger mile during his whole motoring experience—than even second-class transportation.

"Ask the Man Who Owns One"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

Forty million tires for 1920 What kind of tires are they

Here is a car that has run too close to the curb. Rubbing up against curbs will grind the rubber off the side of a tire, finally exposing the fabric to the action of sand and water.

A great many tires would last longer if their owners were only a little more careful not to scrape against curbs in stopping and starting.

IF the average motorist could spend an hour or two in a vulcanizing shop —watch the tires coming in for repair with all their weaknesses showing — talk to the shop manager away from the cheers of the tire salesmen—

He would see what comes of thinking too much in terms of "concessions" and "allowances."

* * *

Concessions and allowances are what the irresponsible tire dealer lives on.

He finds it easier to convince a man that he will make good on a tire if it goes bad than to convince him that it won't go bad.

What practical motorists are looking for today is good tires—not tires that may have to be made good.

And they are going more and more to the dealer whose business is based on *quality* instead of on chance.

* * *

The United States Rubber Company stands back of that kind of a dealer with all the tremendous resources at its command.

It has staked a larger investment on quality than any other rubber organization. Its first thought has always been of the tire user—putting his problem before the problem of markets.

Every important advance in tire manufacture has come from the United States Rubber Company—*the first straight-side* automobile tire, the first pneumatic truck tire, the *grainless rubber* solid truck tire, for instance.

The U. S. guarantee is for the *life of the tire*, and not for a limited mileage.

* * *

Nearly every man pays for U. S. tire quality, but he doesn't always get it.

If he did the country wouldn't need forty million tires this year.

United States Tires

United States Rubber Company

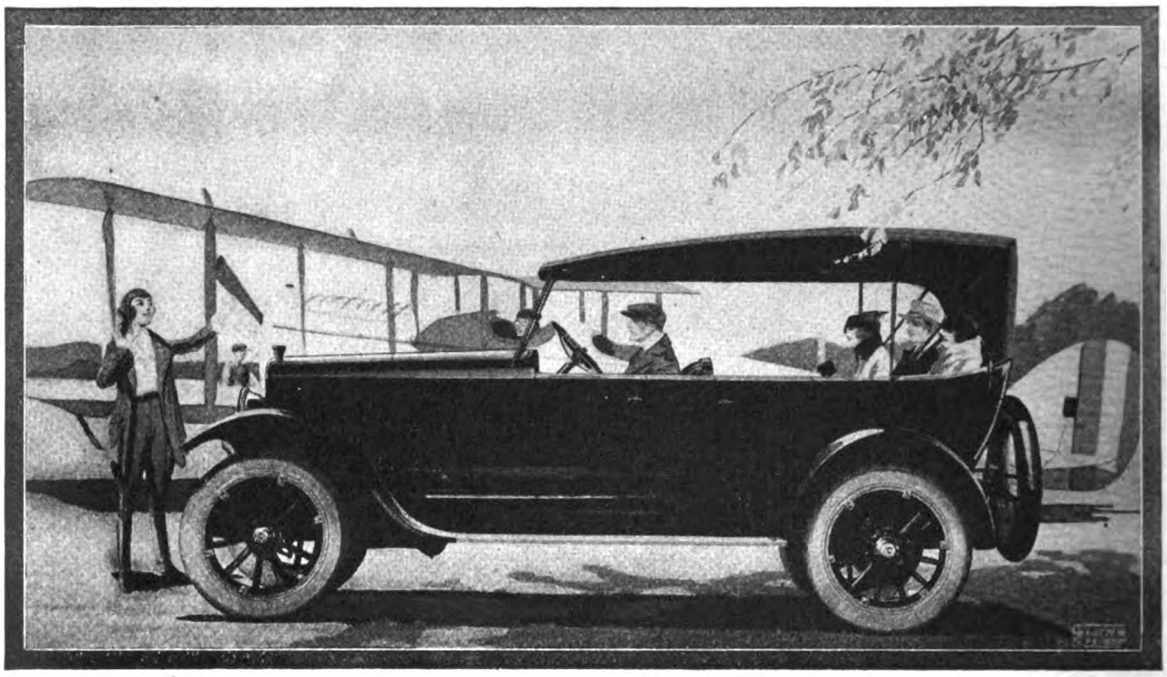
Fifty-three Factories

The oldest and largest Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and thirty-five Branches

CHANDLER SIX

Famous For Its Marvelous Motor



Chandler Leads Because of Its Real Worth

THE Chandler Six is so distinctly the leader among medium-priced high-grade cars because of its own worthiness, which for sales purposes does not need the support of exaggeration. And Chandler worthiness comes primarily, of course, from its great chassis.

Then Chandler Six of today is a highly perfected development of the Chandler Six of seven years ago, which started the trend toward lightweight sixes. All the engineering skill and production efficiency at the command of the Chandler Company has been devoted to *this one chassis* and that fact is one of the reasons for the Chandler's leadership in its field today.

This isn't a claim. It's a fact, and over seventy thousand Chandler owners would tell you so if you could ask them.

All Chandler bodies are mounted on the one standard Chandler chassis. Simple, sturdy and dependable throughout, its features embrace, as for years past, the really marvelous Chandler motor, solid cast aluminum motor base, annular ball bearings, silent chain drive for the auxiliary motor shafts, and Bosch high tension magneto ignition.

Cars That May Compare with Chandler are Listed at Hundreds of Dollars More

SIX SPLENDID BODY TYPES

Seven-Passenger Touring Car, $1995 — *Four-Passenger Roadster, $1995*

Four-Passenger Dispatch Car, $2075

Seven-Passenger Sedan, $2995 — *Four-Passenger Coupe, $2895* — *Limousine, $3495*

(All prices f. o. b. Cleveland, Ohio)

There are Chandler dealers in more than a thousand towns and cities

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR COMPANY, CLEVELAND, O.

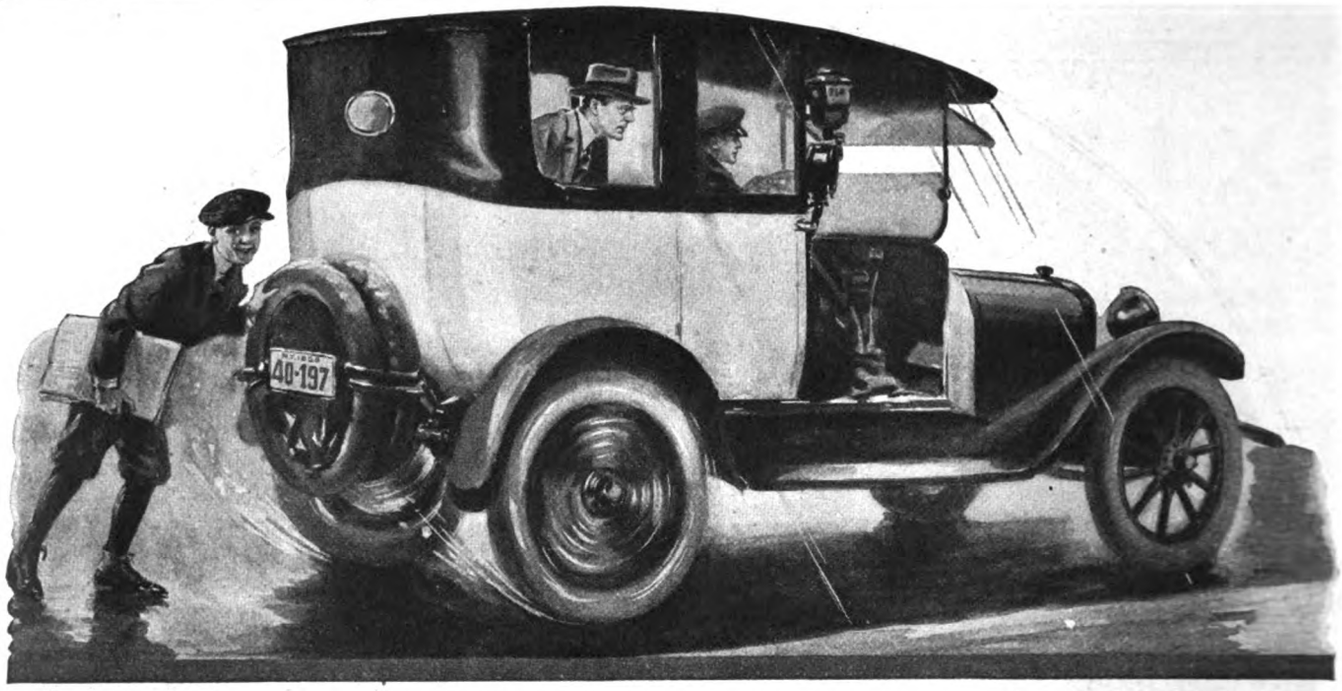
Export Department: 5 Columbus Circle, New York — Cable Address: "CHANMOTOR"

WE have repeatedly stated that freedom from repair bills and excessive depreciation are the only true proofs of economy in a motor car. First cost—the initial investment—is of course an important consideration but *ultimate* cost is vastly more important.

A realization of this fundamental fact is responsible for the Paige tradition of quality manufacturing. Our ambitions are solely concerned with the production of motor vehicles that will express a practical idealism and justify the capital investments of ourselves and our owners.

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, *Michigan*

Manufacturers of Paige Motor Cars and Motor Trucks



Plenty of Power but no Traction—spinning wheels that get nowhere

—and the man in the taxi believes he is paying for the futile spinning of the wheels. The meter on his car back home would register them in miles.

He believes the taximeter is registering a charge against him for the useless spinning of the rear wheels and the resulting damage to the tires.

A valuable object lesson, if it makes him think of his own car and how he abuses his own tires when he fails to put on

Weed Tire Chains

For Sure and Certain Traction

The taxicab companies protect the Public and themselves from skidding accidents—from excessive costs. *Taxicab wheels spin only when drivers disobey the companies' order to "Put on Tire Chains when streets are wet or slippery."* And to safeguard their patrons against the drivers' possible negligence, the taximeter is attached to *front* wheels.

Weed Tire Chains, when used judiciously, *lengthen the life of tires.* Whether they are used on taxicabs or on pleasure cars, Weed Tire Chains materially *reduce operating expenses.*

Nothing looks more ridiculous than a spinning tire—nothing more brainlessly extravagant. Put on Weed Tire Chains "at the first drop of rain."

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, Inc.

BRIDGEPORT CONNECTICUT

In Canada: Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ontario

Largest Chain Manufacturers in the World

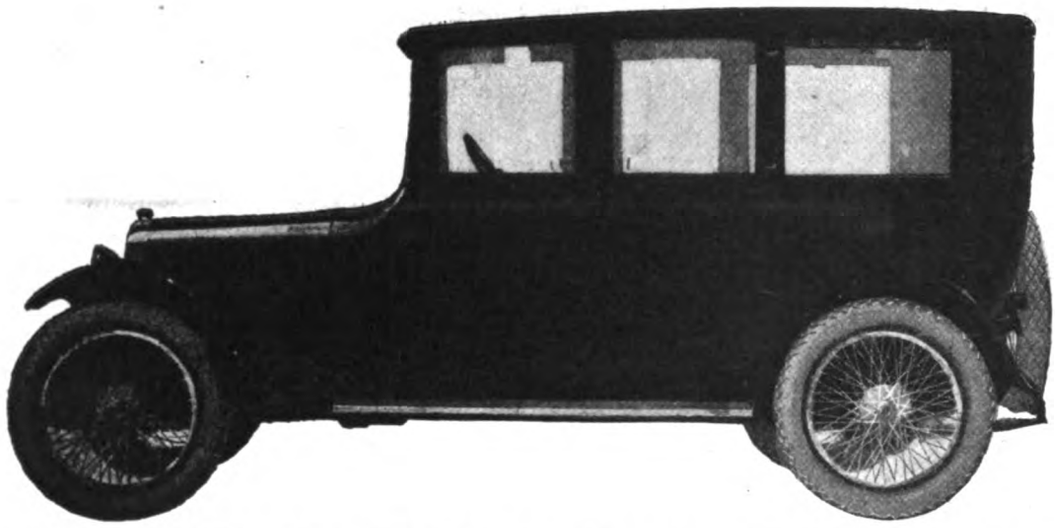
The Complete Chain Line—All Types, All Sizes, All Finishes—From Plumbers' Safety Chain to Ships' Anchor Chain.

General Sales Office: Grand Central Terminal, New York City

District Sales Offices:

Boston Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburg Portland, Ore. San Francisco

OAKLAND OWNERS REPORT RETURNS OF FROM 18 TO 25 MILES PER GALLON OF GASOLINE AND FROM 8,000 TO 12,000 MILES ON TIRES



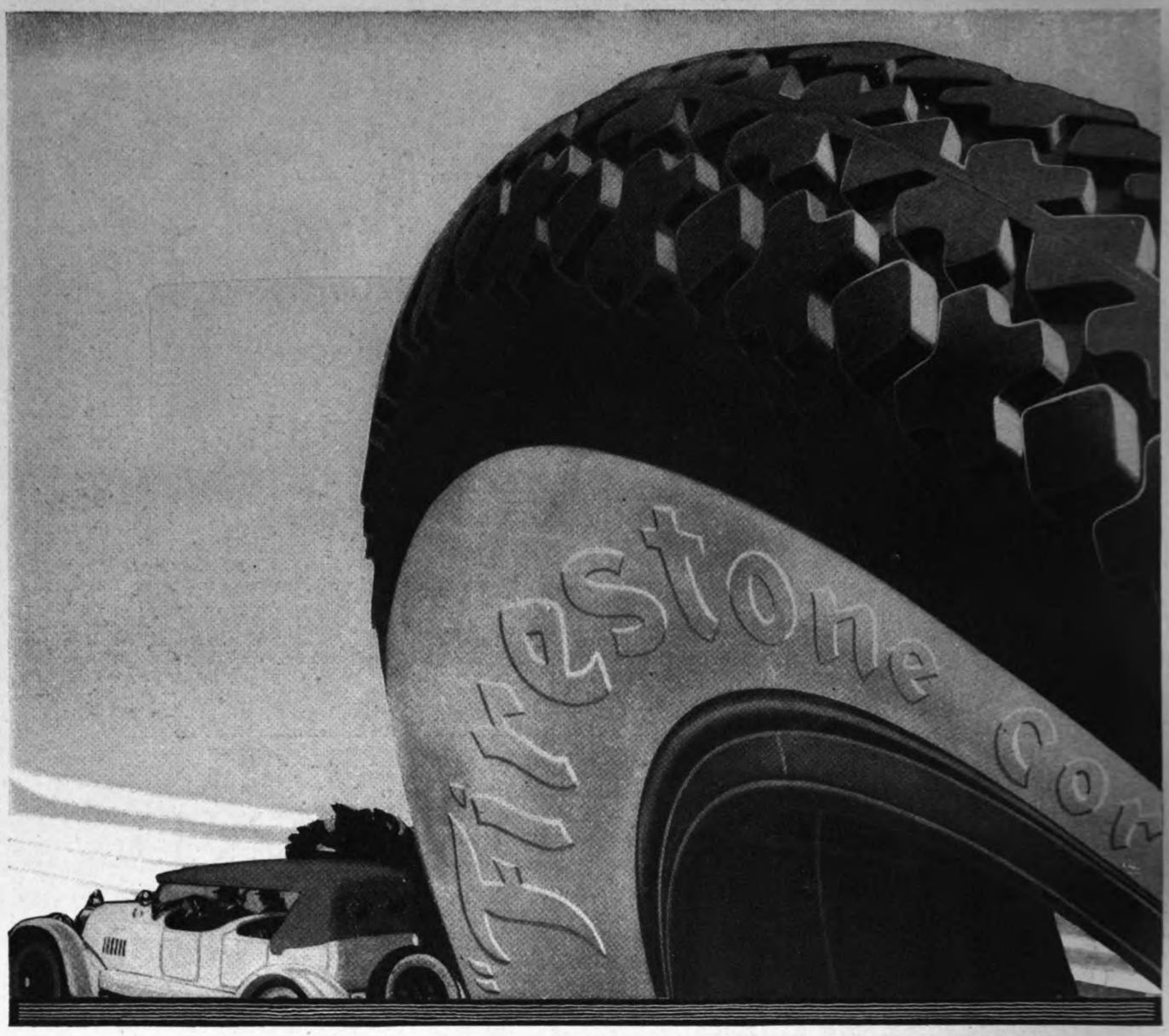
THIS NEW OAKLAND SENSIBLE SIX FOUR DOOR SEDAN IS POWERED WITH THE FAMOUS 44-HORSEPOWER, OVERHEAD-VALVE OAKLAND ENGINE

OAKLAND
SENSIBLE SIX

EFFICIENT transportation, as delivered by this new Oakland Sensible Six four door Sedan, embraces every element contributing to the satisfactory ownership and employment of an automobile. The car requires a very moderate investment; its cost of operation and maintenance likewise is low; the degr e of reliability present in its performance i both remarkable and long-lasting. But it is tl secure comfort and shelter the car affords, its ability to provide pleasant, safe and economical conveyance every day the whole year through, that makes this model so essentially practical for the uses of the average family. The excellence of its construction, and the capable manner in which it meets every condition of service, combine to a value unrivaled in the present market.

TOURING CAR, $1235; ROADSTER, $1235; FOUR DOOR SEDAN, $1885; COUPE, $1885. F. O. B. PONTIAC, MICH. ADDITIONAL FOR WIRE WHEEL EQUIPMENT, $85.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY
Pontiac, Michigan

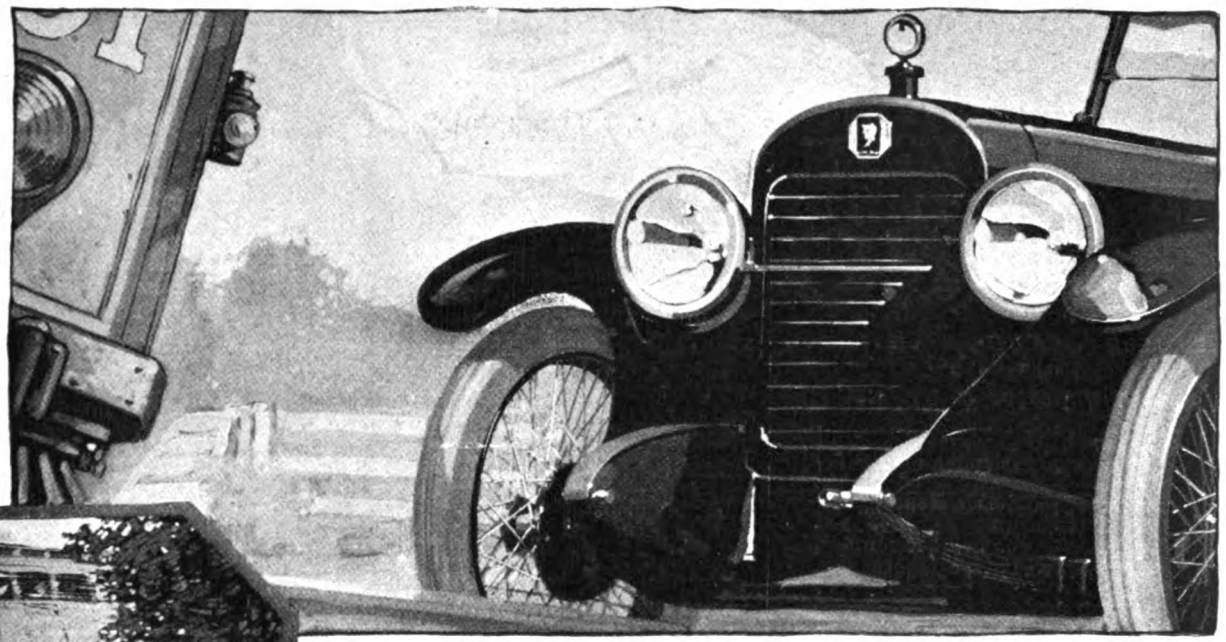


THIS Firestone Cord is built to the largest size established by the industry. It is so much bigger than usual standards that there is no comparison. Dealers everywhere say it "sells on sight."

Most Miles *per* Dollar

Firestone

Columbia Six



The Car for the Critical Moment

It is the critical moment that searches beneath the surface and discovers the real stuff of which either a man or a car is made.

With the high-grade parts, the expert workmen, and the immense amount of data today available to all manufacturers, it is no great credit to build a car which performs well under average conditions.

The real difference in cars today is the way they act in those critical, sometimes dangerous tests familiar to every driver—such as abrupt stops, steep grades, sharp bumps and curves.

The extra two inches of brake drum—14 inches instead of 12—and easy brake action on a Columbia are no small matters when a sudden stop is imperative.

The automatic radiator shutters assume vital importance to a Columbia Six owner when he discovers that even a fifty degree rise or fall in temperature does not impair in the slightest the smooth, even flow of power from the motor.

The same holds true with the non-synchronizing spring suspension and numerous features of similar importance.

These are but examples of the experiences which soon establish a supreme confidence that make Columbia ownership a lasting pleasure.

The Columbia Six Four-Passenger Sport Model—Wire Wheel Equipped

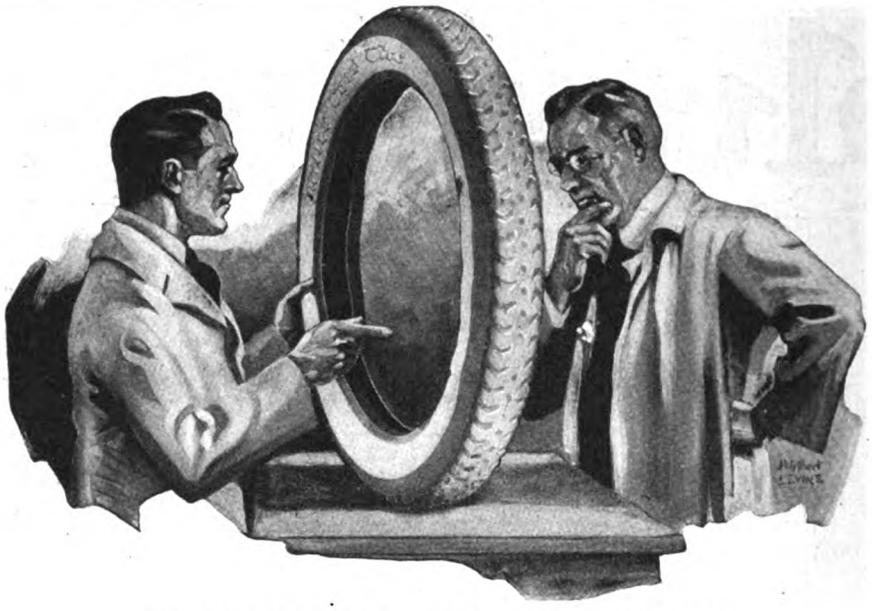
The Columbia Line also includes the following models:

5 Passenger Touring Car
2 Passenger Roadster
4 Passenger Coupe
5 Passenger Touring Sedan

COLUMBIA MOTOR CAR COMPANY
DETROIT, U. S. A.

The Gem of the Highway

COLUMBIA SIX



Examining a Miller Tire which made a great record

Why 22,000 Miles?

Years ago we started to gather in Miller Tires which had made exceptional records.

For instance, 22,000 miles or over on a bus, a truck or a stage line.

We studied those tires, and learned the reasons for endurance. Then we aimed to build all Millers like them.

Constant Tests

Now we make constant tests. We wear out at our factory 1,000 tires yearly to watch the Miller mileage.

We run scores of tires all the time under extreme conditions.

We spend $300 daily just to test fabrics and cords for tires.

We vulcanize and test every lot of tread stock in our laboratory, before a tread is made.

Every tire is signed both by maker and inspector, and both are penalized if a tire falls down.

Note the Records

The records show that average Miller mileage has been almost doubled in late years.

Miller Tires are so uniform that adjustments are rare. Even in some large cities—like Buffalo—not a single Miller Tire came back last year.

In Akron, our home town, where Miller Tires dominate in local use, only 15 tires disappointed last year on a retail business of $500,000.

On a 3-Ton Bus

Ray Carpenter runs 22-passenger busses. The average load is three tons. The first Miller Tire he tried ran 23,600 miles. The next 17,000 without a blowout. It was punctured at 5,000 miles. The next ran 22,000 miles. Now, of course, he uses Millers only.

Everywhere Miller Tires are winning contests against all their leading rivals. They are winning enormous contracts by excelling in million-mile tests.

Individual records have made them, perhaps, the most talked-about tires in America.

The demand in six years has increased ten fold. Last year alone the increase was $11,000,000.

See What You Get

Put a Miller Tire opposite the tire you use. Compare the mileage. You may be wrong in your ideas of what modern tires should do.

If you buy a new car, ask for Miller Tires. Twenty makers now supply them without extra cost. Then watch them, and let your odometer figures tell you what tire to get next.

Tread Patented

Center tread smooth, with suction cups to firmly grasp wet asphalt. *Geared-to-the-Road* side treads mesh like cogs in dirt.

Miller Tires

Cords Geared-to-the-Road *Registered U. S. Patent Office* **Fabrics**

The Contest Winners

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

Makers of Miller Uniform *Geared-to-the-Road* Tires—Also Miller Red and Gray Inner Tubes—Team-Mates of Uniform Tires—Makers also of Miller Surgeons Grade Rubber Goods for Homes as well as Hospitals.

Their favorite lesson

Today practical business booklets are used in classes for supplementary reading all over the country. An extra edition of "Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy" was printed to satisfy the repeated requests of school teachers.

"WE will not have the regular reading lesson today," said the pretty teacher with a smile. "Which one of the supplementary books would you like?"

"The book about how the sprinkler puts out the fire," said a babble of voices.

"All right. You begin, Margaret," said the teacher, as she distributed copies of "Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy," and Margaret, reading remarkably well for a twelve-year-old, read as follows:

"When the fire starts, the heat starts. When the heat starts, the water starts. When the water starts, the fire goes out."

No sleepy heads, no whispering or teasing in this classroom. Every boy and girl on tiptoe with interest.

But now it was Fred's turn and with an air of manly importance he read: "States are requiring that the lives of factory employees be safeguarded by this unfailing protection. Why in the name of common-sense don't states, cities, counties, and private institutions duplicate this same protection for little school children?"

Yes! Why don't they, indeed? Perhaps because members of Boards of Education and other officials can't join the many school reading classes where the pupils through "Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy" are receiving invaluable lessons in fire protection—lessons which those responsible should act upon in order that schools, hospitals, asylums, and all such buildings be made safe for their occupants.

Read "Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"

We are glad to fill requests for this booklet for school use, because we believe that it is a service to the country, and good business for us to aid in educating the younger generation in the necessary reduction of America's fire waste.

More important even than this is to get the plain facts before the proper officials now. Therefore, write today for your copy of "Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy," and when you have read it pass it along to some one else. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 290 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

GRINNELL COMPANY

INCORPORATED

EXECUTIVE OFFICES PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Complete Engineering and Construction Service on Automatic Sprinklers.
Industrial Piping, Heating and Power Equipments. Fittings, Pipe, Valves.

GRINNELL AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM—*When the fire starts, the water starts.*

– tempting lemon tang

Ward's LEMON-CRUSH

THE drinks the youngsters dream about—Ward's Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush. Mothers need not hesitate to give their little ones all they want, because the drinks are the very essence of purity and quality. The flavors come entirely from the delicious oils pressed from sun-matured oranges and lemons, purest granulated sugar and citric acid—the natural acid of oranges and lemons.

at fountains or in bottles

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago
Laboratory: Los Angeles

The free book, "The Story of Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush," will show why these pure drinks are good for the children—and for you, too.

—like oranges? Drink ORANGE-CRUSH

THE game over—then a quick, sure putt to a long, cold drink of Ward's Orange-Crush! Good? You bet it is!

There are few golf clubs in which Orange-Crush and Lemon-Crush are not the favorites at the "19th hole." Quality, purity and flavor have won this tribute—golfers drink only the best. There is satisfaction in knowing that all the delicious flavor comes from the delicate, fragrant oils pressed from the fresh fruits, purest sugar, and citric acid—the natural acid of oranges and lemons.

in bottles or at fountains

Prepared by Orange-Crush Co., Chicago
Laboratory: Los Angeles

Send for free book "The Story of Orange-Crush"

How I Turned My Odd Minutes Into Gold

When I was twenty I was simply a fifteen-dollar-a-week bookkeeper, working in the office of a large wholesale house in New York. During the six years following I had little time to think of anything besides my work—in which I made very satisfactory progress. I was in a good position and holding it down, as I thought, very well. As far as I could see, my lack of education meant nothing in my career. I was inclined to be a little scornful of "higher education." It was a matter of pride to think of myself as a "self-made man"—and I was in the habit of calling people that liked books, music and art "highbrows." It was not until I had met and become engaged to a certain young lady that I was awakened to my deficiencies. She had enjoyed the advantages of education and travel. It came to me as something of a shock to discover, in our conversation, that some spheres of thought, in which she lived, were strange worlds to me. Moreover, as I was introduced to her friends and relatives, I was aware of the same difference between their interests and mine.

I Felt Like an Outsider

In their conversation they talked of interesting places of the world of which I knew nothing—they discussed famous names and works in art, literature, music, science, and history, of which I had never heard. Their observations on current events showed not only intelligence but broad knowledge.

I felt myself an outsider. I knew the situation and put it frankly to myself. I was ignorant and narrow. What I knew was mere dross as compared to the golden wealth of *worth-while* things that they knew.

My Great Discovery

For a time I was in doubt about what to do. Good judgment came to my assistance, and I did the very best and most sensible thing possible. I told the young woman to whom I was engaged just what I thought of myself. Her answer set me going in the right direction at once. "I know exactly how you feel—and I know the way for you to go. It is by the pathway that I have been pursuing for some time—and now we can pursue it together. Let me show you something." She went over to a bookshelf and took down a copy of The Mentor. I had often seen the publication on the library table in her home. "This is the thing for you," she said. "Thousands are using it and I can vouch for the great benefit to be got from it. The Mentor covers in an interesting way in text and picture all the great worth-while things in the various fields of knowledge. The reading is so absorbing that you are not conscious of study. Don't think for a minute that it means work. On the contrary, you are only conscious of enjoying yourself—and when you have finished a number of The Mentor you find that you have stored up an amazing amount of useful knowledge about some big, important subject. The pictures alone are a perfect joy. Some are in color, and others in the form of gravure art prints. Believe me—The Mentor way of learning is a delightful one. I want you to try it."

Her words impressed me so that I took the copy of The Mentor and looked over it. It was certainly attractive. As far as my own mental gain was concerned, the advantage of The Mentor was quite clear. Looking at it from a purely practical point of view, I then asked the question, "How will it help me in business?" "A good question," exclaimed my fiancee, "and I am glad you asked me—for here is your answer. It comes from the lips of no less distinguished a man than Mr. Charles M. Schwab. You may be sure that the advice of that great captain of industry is sound. This is what Mr. Schwab said to an assembly of young men recently." She handed me a slip of paper that she had clipped from a news column. It ran as follows:

"Boys, there are other things in life than mere work. I believe an appreciation of the finer things in life, the learning to know the beauties of literature and art and music, will help any man in his career. A man to carry on a successful business must have imagination. He must see things as in a vision, a dream of the whole thing. You can cultivate this faculty only by an appreciation of the finer things in life. No active business life, whether it is manufacturing, or something else, can prevent you from enjoying the beauties of life. These finer things will contribute to your success."

How It Helped Me

Needless to say, I joined The Mentor Association without delay. Often I read one of the copies on my way to work. As a result, I soon began to perceive that the value of knowledge was thoroughly practical. It broadened my mind, developed imagination, and enabled me to see the problems of the day in a big way. I saw that cultivation, instead of being an affectation, had its every-day use—that it was not a luxury, but a *necessity* for anyone who wanted to develop and improve himself, and make the most out of his life. I think of my membership in The Mentor Association as a liberal education. Today I feel confident to enter into conversation on almost any worthwhile subject. I am no longer compelled to sit silent while others talk. I am able to meet leaders in business or in social life with poise and self-confidence. I have found gold in my odd minutes.

SOME MENTOR SUBJECTS

Beautiful Children in Art	American Wild Flowers
Natural Wonders of America	Shakespeare
Statues With a Story	Rugs and Rug Making
American Birds of Beauty	American Historic Homes
Story of America in Pictures	The Grand Canyon
Furniture and its Makers	Joan of Arc
Beautiful Buildings of the World	Raphael
Makers of Modern Opera	The Yosemite Valley
Abraham Lincoln	Our Planet Neighbors
Michelangelo	Earthquakes and Volcanoes
	The American Government
	Lafayette
	Chinese Painting

What It Brings

Membership in The Mentor Association entitles you to six distinct services.

First, 24 issues of "The Mentor," bringing a beautifully printed and illustrated periodical twice a month, written by a leading authority—300 pages during the year.

Second, 600 beautiful illustrations, distributed during the year through the text of the 24 issues of "The Mentor."

Third, 144 gravure or color pictures in deep, rich tones that bring out all the beauty of the originals. If you bought these in an art store they would cost you from 50c to $1.00 each. On the back of each picture is a crisp five-minute description of the subject that is portrayed.

Fourth, answers to questions on subjects in the fields of art, travel, literature, history, nature, architecture covered by The Mentor courses.

Fifth, Authoritative Club Programs. Any program you may want for a club, a reading circle, a literary afternoon or evening. Your entire club program will be outlined for the year.

Less Than 2 Cents a Day

One of the most surprising things about The Mentor service is its low cost, made possible by the large membership. Merely fill out the attached coupon and send it, without money, and the current issue will be mailed, all charges prepaid.

Mail This Coupon NOW!

THE MENTOR ASSOCIATION
114-116 East 16th St., Dept. 56, New York City

Gentlemen: You may enroll me as a member of The Mentor Association for one year (price $4). The membership entitles me to 24 numbers of The Mentor, containing 144 prints made by the rotogravure process, and hundreds of pages of authoritatively written articles. The membership will afford me, without charge, the privileges of the personal service departments as outlined in your offer. I will remit my first payment of $1.00 upon receipt of memorandum bill and the balance in three monthly payments of $1.00 each. If, after I receive the first copy of The Mentor, I am not satisfied and notify you within ten days, you are to cancel my subscription and I will pay you 10 cents (½ the regular copy price) for the issue sent me.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

"Yes, It's Remy Equipped"

This statement alone settles the question of electrical equipment. Car owners know Remy's worth. Their own experience has demonstrated it and established Remy's world famous reputation.

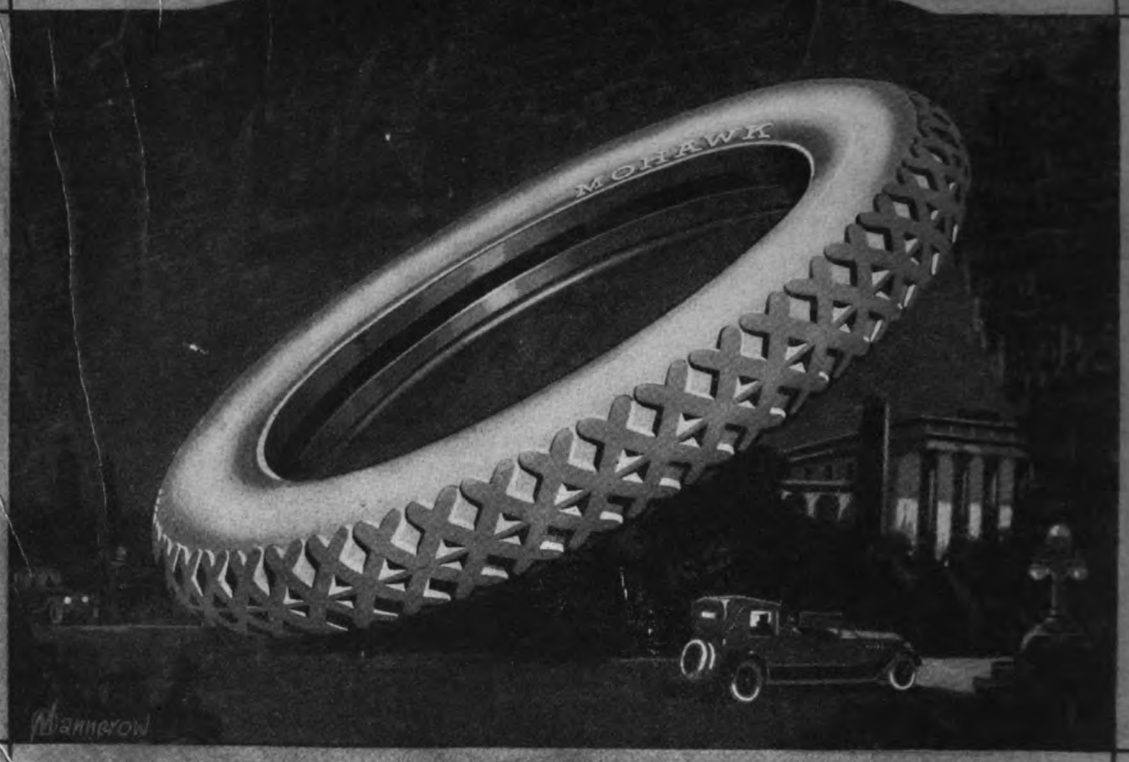
Remy is the choice of foremost producers—real leaders in the automobile world—who have achieved success in the manufacture of hundreds of thousands of cars by giving the highest possible values in quality and service.

REMY ELECTRIC COMPANY, ANDERSON, INDIANA

THIS is the Remy Thermostat—an exclusive patented Remy feature. In winter the Thermostat makes the generator output high to keep the battery charged. In summer it makes the generator output low to prevent the battery overcharging.

REMY

STARTING LIGHTING REMY IGNITION SYSTEMS



You Know What Goes Into Them

—so you know what you will get out of them

You have been urged to buy many kinds of tires—to try them out, and determine their merits.

But trying them all would be expensive—and would take a lifetime!

A better way is to find out what goes into a tire. For you get out of a tire exactly the service built into it.

Mohawk Tires are simply "Quality" Tires, made of the purest rubber—no substitutes—and the toughest fabric—an extra ply in most sizes. Skilled workmen build them by hand.

Mohawk Cords, in the larger sizes, contain more material and weigh more than any tire of equal size.

If You are Looking for a Quality Tire—Look Up a Mohawk Dealer

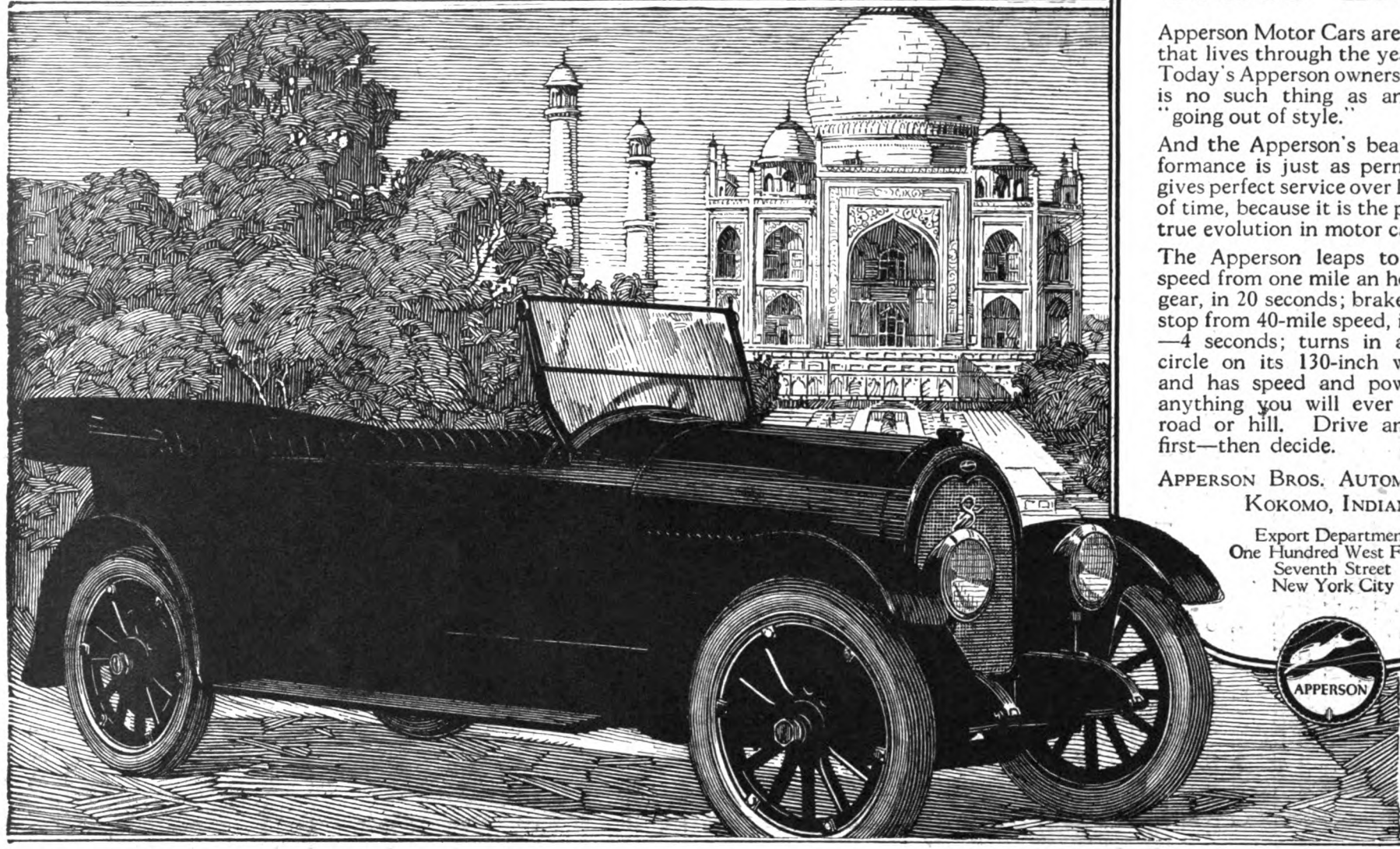
MOHAWK "Quality" TIRES
HAND MADE

Mohawk Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

Kansas City · Dallas · San Francisco · Los Angeles
New York · Boston · Chicago · Atlanta

APPERSON

THE EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS



BEAUTY THAT LASTS

Apperson Motor Cars are of the type that lives through the years.
Today's Apperson owners know there is no such thing as an Apperson "going out of style."

And the Apperson's beauty of performance is just as permanent. It gives perfect service over long periods of time, because it is the product of a true evolution in motor car building.

The Apperson leaps to a 40-mile speed from one mile an hour, in high gear, in 20 seconds; brakes to a dead stop from 40-mile speed, in 40 yards, —4 seconds; turns in a 38¼-foot circle on its 130-inch wheel base; and has speed and power beyond anything you will ever require on road or hill. Drive an Apperson first—then decide.

APPERSON BROS. AUTOMOBILE CO.
KOKOMO, INDIANA

Export Department:
One Hundred West Fifty-Seventh Street
New York City

APPERSON

DYNAMIC AMERICA DEMANDS RESULTS. APPERSON PRODUCES THEM

Did You Ever Drive One of Your Own Trucks?

IF every truck buyer had risen from the ranks of truck drivers he would make his selection of a truck in a much different way. The man who is behind the wheel of a truck, eight to twelve hours a day, knows the terrific strains of starting and stopping, accelerating and braking, not only on the mechanism but on himself.

Clydesdale drivers soon forget these factors which have worried them on other trucks. "The Driver Under the Hood," the remarkable automatic controlling device on the Clydesdale, has relieved the driver and the machine of the most frequent source of trouble in the usual truck.

When the gears are shifted the engine speed is right for the shift. When the truck is accelerating it does so automatically up to the speed set by the throttle. Regardless of the going the truck maintains this even speed until the throttle is moved. If the driver is forced to throw out his clutch he does not have a racing engine. He has little else to do but steer.

It seems hardly possible that a simple mechanism such as "The Driver Under the Hood" could perform these tasks better than the driver himself. However, we are ready, through any of our distributors, to prove that such is the case.

For the past eight years Clydesdale Trucks distributed throughout thirty-five countries of the world have proved themselves to be above the average in service rendered. Such companies as Penn Storage & Van Co., Philadelphia —Perry, Buxton & Doane, Boston—and The American Glue Company, Pittsburgh, have proved to their own satisfaction that Clydesdales are right.

One to Five Tons Net Load

THE CLYDESDALE MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
CLYDE, OHIO

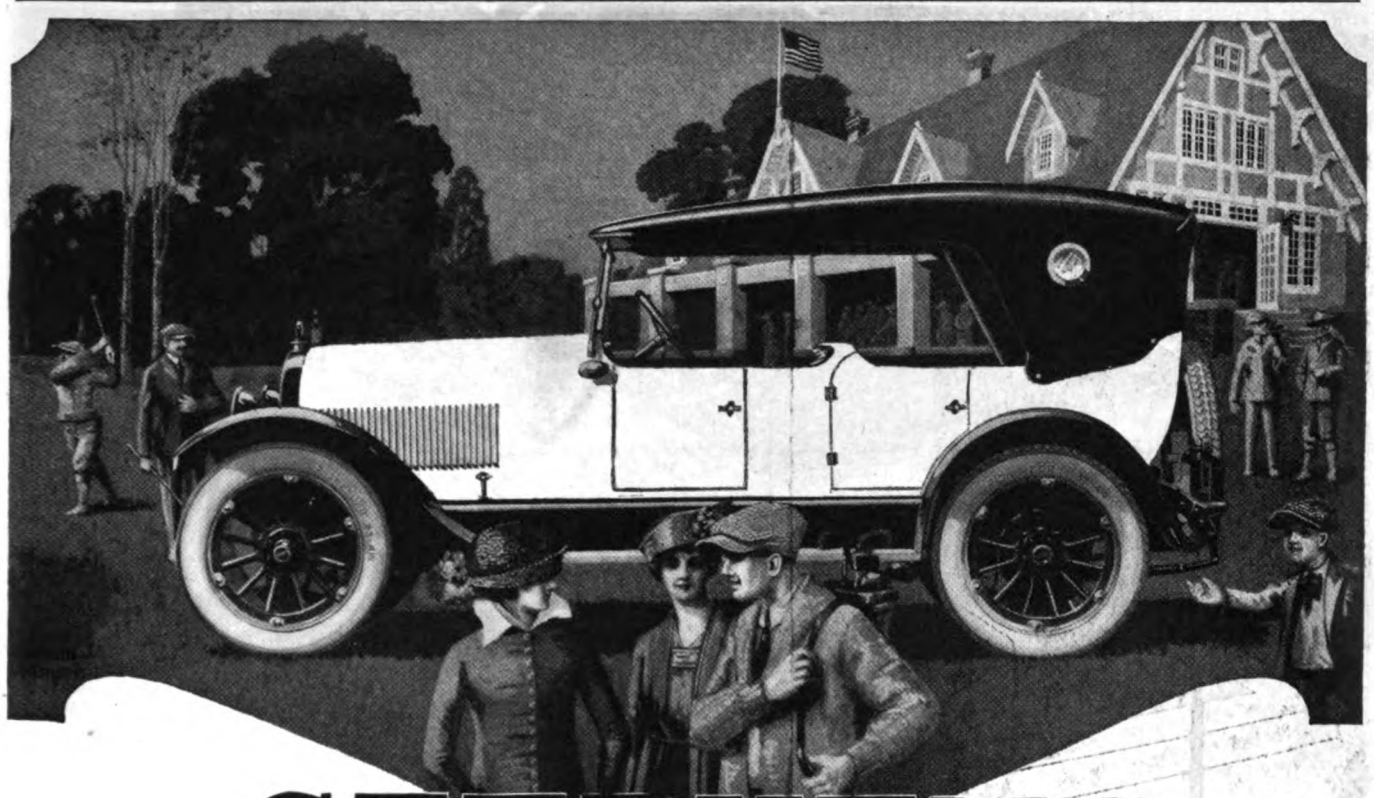
No Other Truck Has It

"The Driver under the Hood"

The Clydesdale Automatic Controller

CLYDESDALE

A World Proven Motor Truck



STEPHENS

Salient Six

The Greater Pride in Ownership of Its Greater Value—Its Greater Service

"That is salient which is strikingly manifest or which catches the attention at once."—Webster.

FIVE MODELS

82—Roadster	2 passenger
84—Touring	4 passenger
86—Touring	6 passenger
83—Coupe	4 passenger
85—Sedan	5 passenger

Fisk Cord Tires 33 x 4½ Standard on all Models Stephens Salient Six

There is a justly deep-seated pride and joy in ownership of a Stephens.

For the Stephens contains so much which pleases and serves and satisfies.

Stephens hand-built bodies are mounted upon its wonderful riding chassis.

And in this chassis is the most powerful and most economical engine for its size in passenger automobiles.

It burns all the gas and the lowest grades of gasoline without lessened performance.

It is no respecter of the grades of gasoline you feed it.

And this engine makes the Stephens a salient all-around road-performer. It gives the Stephens speed, endurance, flexibility, hill-climbing ability, and smooth-riding at their maximum.

Stephens owners know that no other car can give them all these Stephens features and advantages.

For this reason, you too, will find the height of satisfaction in ownership of this car.

Arrange today to see and ride in the Stephens Salient Six

STEPHENS MOTOR WORKS
OF MOLINE PLOW COMPANY

Sales Office and Factories: FREEPORT, ILL.

A GREATER VALUE — STEPHENS — A GREATER SERVICE

The Ink That Absorbs Moisture from the Air*

Because it *does* absorb moisture, Stafford's Commercial is so slow to evaporate that it remains "fresh," responsive and full flowing almost to the last drop in the well.

It remains fluid so long that it may be used up before it dries up. The economy of this is no more valuable than the comfortable assurance Stafford users feel that each dip is going to bring forth its desirable measure of ink, instant-writing, true blue, turning to everlasting black.

This complete satisfaction experienced by millions of users of Stafford's Commercial can be confidently counted upon in the use of all Stafford Products.

That's why, perhaps, it is so often said that it pays to "See that it's Stafford's."

**That's why it dries so slowly in the ink-well.*

Stafford's Fountain Pen Ink also Absorbs Moisture from the Air.

S. S. STAFFORD, Inc., 603-609 Washington St., New York
Established 1858
Chicago: 62 W. Kinzie St., Canadian Factory: 9 Davenport Road, Toronto

See that it's

Stafford's

Champion

Dependable Spark Plugs

Factory Equipment on Ford Cars Since 1911

IT is quite unnecessary for Ford owners to risk experimenting with spark plugs.

A long time ago, in 1911, the Ford Motor Company chose Champion Spark Plugs as best adapted to the requirements of the Ford car.

The judgment of Ford engineers is summed up in the Ford Motor Company's instruction book as follows:

"There is nothing to be gained by experimenting with different makes of plugs. The make of plugs with which Ford engines are equipped when they leave the factory is best adapted to the requirements of the motor."

Be sure the name Champion is on the Insulator and the World Trade Mark on the Box

Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo, Ohio

Champion Spark Plug Company, of Canada, Windsor, Ontario

Style Permanency Enhances Hudson's Famed Endurance

Lasting Design is the Natural Complement to the Durability of the Super-Six Motor

However mechanically good, a vast satisfaction is lost to the owner, if design changes in succeeding models, mark his car out of date.

Thus style permanency must be a major factor in a car that serves for years.

Its value is exampled by the earliest Super-Sixes, built five years ago. In all essentials they are modern cars today. They are modern in appearance. They have lost none of their operating smoothness, flexibility, or power. Their performance is characteristic of all Hudsons. Few would see in their looks or performance anything but a car of recent production.

Think Ahead When You Buy a Car

Time will bring you, too, the keenest appreciation of Hudson's mechanical endurance and style stability.

Usually, you will find new worthwhile ideas first in the Hudson. But they must earn their place by merit. They must effect a real improvement. Hudson design has never undergone radical changes.

Undoubtedly, thousands of Hudson owners chose it primarily for its beauty of design, its luxury, and distinction of appearance.

But let nothing blind the real issue. It is performance; and endurance is foremost. Speed and power have their place. But they are secondary. Hudson has no cause to underrate them. For it holds the stock car speed and power records. And the Super-Six motor has beaten the world's fastest racing cars, not once but many times.

In official tests the Super-Six has outperformed all other types of motor cars in speed, endurance, acceleration, and hill-climbing.

The records prove it is open champion. It draws no distinction of type, size, cylinders or price. It has won against the field.

But Hudson could not hold such supremacy without some basic advantage that others cannot use.

Its dominance lies in the Super-Six motor which controls vibration. Perfection would mean a vibrationless motor, free of friction. No machinery is that. But the Super-Six motor comes within 10% of it—closer to the ideal than any other type. Nearer approach seems impossible.

Why the Super-Six Principle Gives the Mastery

In the exclusive Super-Six motor power is increased 72% and motor efficiency 80%. Endurance is practically doubled. The new car qualities of performance are retained through years of service.

Naturally such a car is in demand. Since it was brought out nearly five years ago, it has been the largest selling fine car in the world. This year, as in all years previous, many who want Hudsons will have to wait for delivery.

Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan

(3056)

What is Happiness?

MORE than anything—it is health, the heritage of nature. Strong men and women can smile at the trials of life, for they have the strength and stamina to weather reverses and win to success.

It is impossible to estimate how much the bicycle has contributed to the happiness of America. It is the "Open Sesame" to a world of healthful delights. It is the magic tonic that has built the foundations of health and character for millions. It is the most pleasant form of exhilarating exercise.

Thousands of men and women ride bicycles for convenience, pleasure, health and economy.

To own a bicycle is the one big desire in the heart of every girl and boy. It means the most perfect of all happiness to them. Be happy—**Ride a Bicycle** See your dealer today.

CYCLE TRADES OF AMERICA, INC.

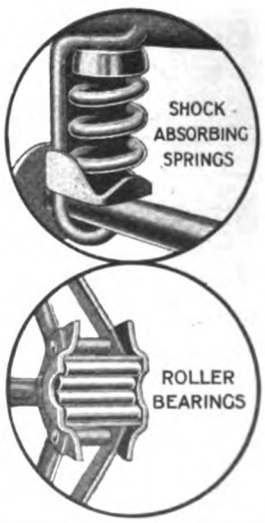
35 Warren Street, New York, U. S. A.

SHERWOOD

SPRING COASTER

"See, These Springs Make My Coaster Ride So Smoothly"

Steel shock absorbing springs for smooth, easy riding, free from jar and jolt. *Roller bearings* for speed. *All-Steel wheels and frame* for safety and long wear under hard rough usage.



Here is a real coaster which will bring no end of healthful outdoor fun to your boy or girl.

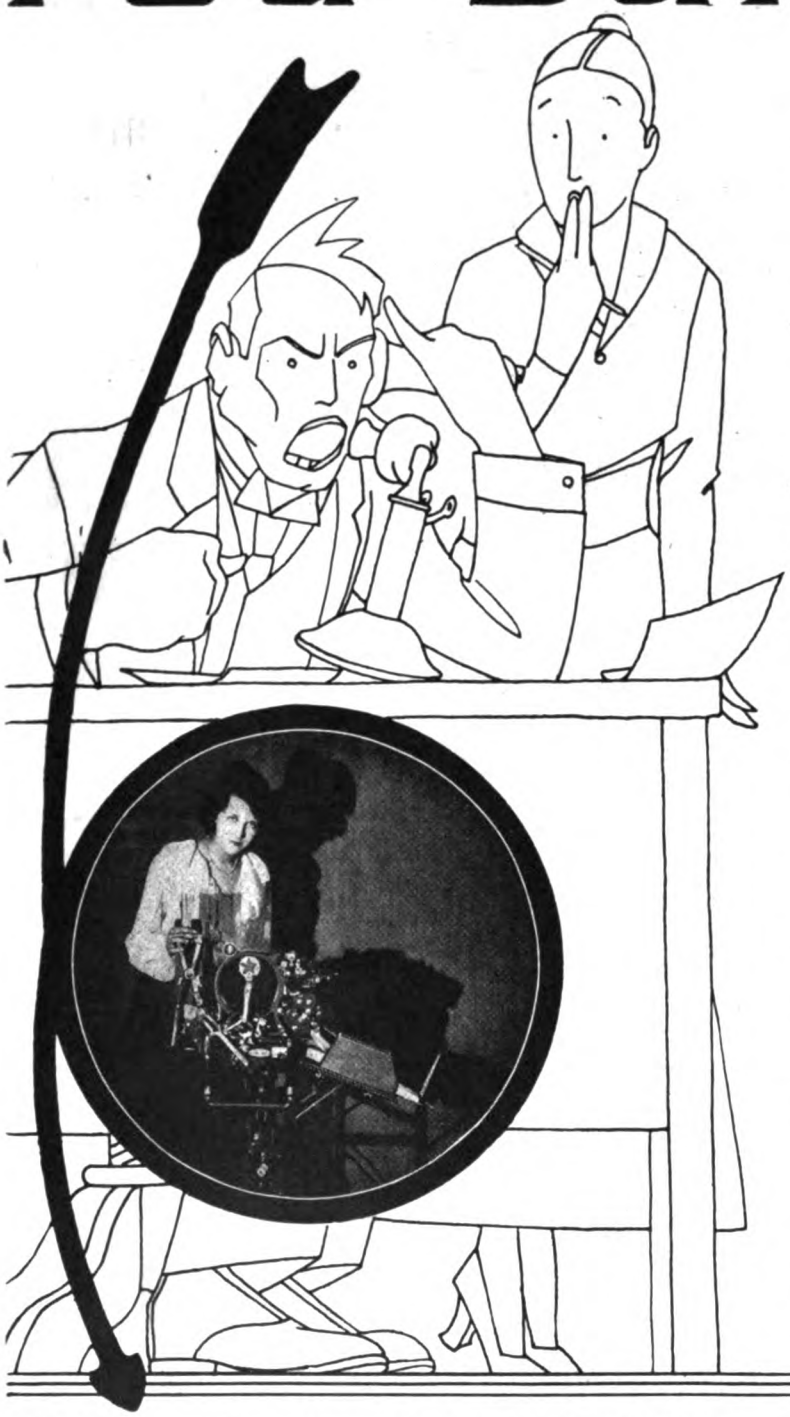
Because of its great strength, the Sherwood has its practical uses too. When there's a heavy ash can, load of wood, or what not to move, dad will be glad to have that easy-pulling Sherwood handy. Ends and sides are removable, making it a platform wagon which will support a *ton*.

Children enjoy running errands with a Sherwood. And as a provider of many happy hours of healthful outdoor fun, what better plaything can you give your boy or girl?

Sold by most hardware, department and toy stores. If not in your vicinity, we will provide you direct. Send for Descriptive Pamphlet.

Sherwood Bros. Mfg. Co. **Canastota, N. Y.**

You Said It!



And it's about all you *can* say in the present printing crisis. Right in the thick of the biggest business drive this country has ever seen! Mr. and Mrs. Consumer *buying like mad!* The trade just *howling for goods!* And *you* can't make a clean-up because you *can't get the sales follow-ups* that help land orders, *can't get the office and factory forms* to handle orders, *can't get even the labels* to ship the orders.

Can't get the *scores* of printed things you *have to have* to get the jump on the other fellow. Can't get 'em without paying *staggering prices!* Can't get 'em without *maddening delays! Can't get 'em at all!*

Old friend printer's *not* to blame. *He's up against it himself*, with wages and paper prices making altitude records, skilled labor almost impossible to get—all kinds of setbacks—and every other customer hollering for *his* jobs just as *you* are for *yours*.

But what's the use of grouching about it? Why not *do* something? Oh, yes! You *think* you have, but tell me this—if you knew of a time-tested, practical, reasonably priced device that would produce almost every printed thing you use—that would do it *on* time, *every* time, *any old time* you wanted it—that would *save 25% to 75%* on *every* job—that would do the trick right, *right inside your own four walls*—

If you knew of a *life saver* like that, would you stop to *talk* about it? Or would you *grab for it?*

You *said* it! Now *do* it! Don't keep on wearing the heart out of yourself and your business bucking an impossible situation. Wire, phone or write the Multigraph today!

You can't buy a Multigraph unless you need it

THE AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
Cleveland, Ohio — Offices in Principal Cities

THE INTERNATIONAL MULTIGRAPH CO.
London, 15-16 Holborn Viaduct *Paris*, 24 Boulevard des Capucines

THE MULTIGRAPH SALES CO., Ltd.
84-88 Bay St., Toronto, Can. Offices in Principal Canadian Cities

Kill the Printing Jinx with the MULTIGRAPH

THE MULTIGRAPH SENIOR This is a complete, compact equipment that turns out high quality printing and form typewriting at very low cost—averaging a saving of from 25% to 75%. It is simple and easy to operate; rapid and convenient. Electrically driven, with printing ink attachment, automatic paper feed, signature device, automatic platen release and wide printing surface. Easy payments if desired.

THE MULTIGRAPH JUNIOR This is a wonderfully efficient equipment for concerns which have a limited amount of work. It does both form typewriting and office printing and produces the same high quality of work as the Senior Equipment, but it is hand-operated only and cannot be equipped with electric power, automatic feed and signature device attachments as can the Senior. Easy payments if desired.

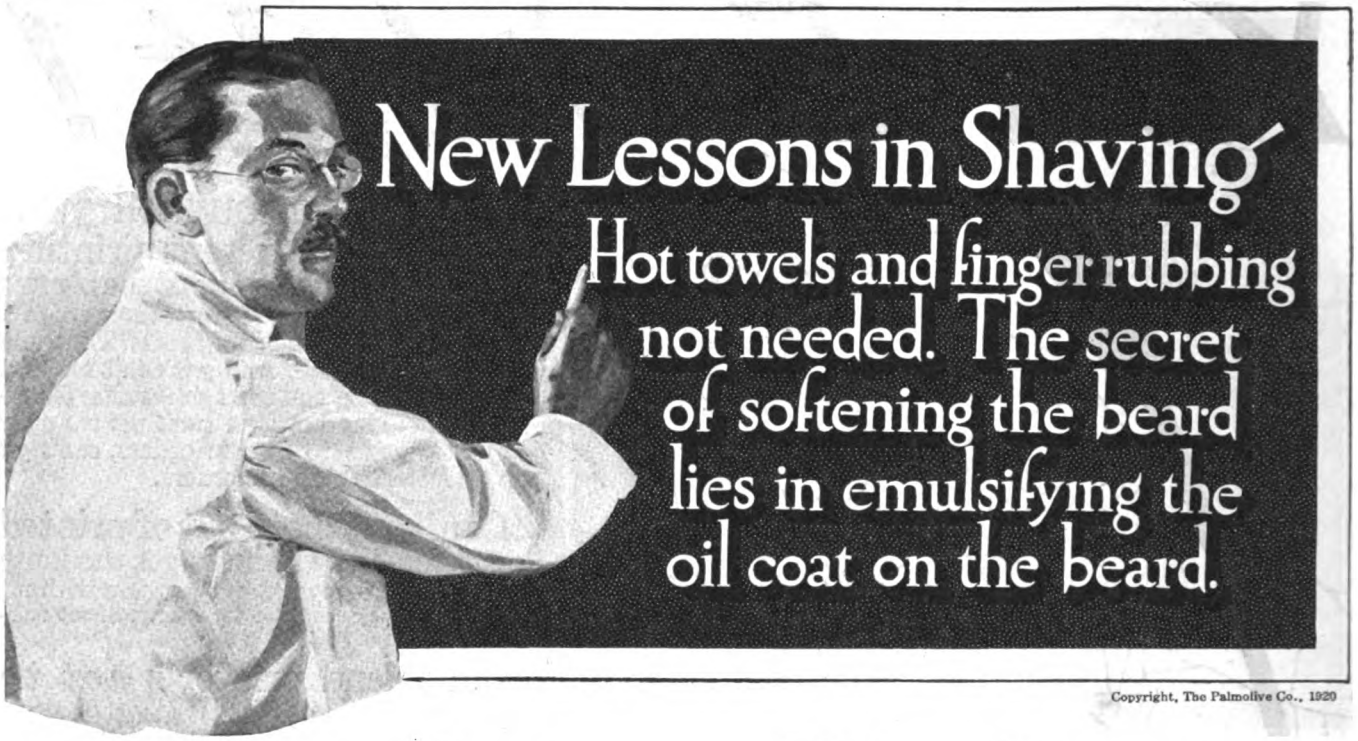
The Multigraph
1814 E. 40th St., Cleveland, Ohio

"Bucking an impossible situation" is getting monotonous. Tell me more about the Multigraph and what it can do for me.

Firm_____ Our Line is_____

Name_____ Official Position_____

Street Address_____ Town_____ State_____ Amer-June



Copyright, The Palmolive Co., 1920

What Science Has Done

to simplify shaving

Several years ago we began to make shaving a study in the Palmolive Laboratories.

We were certain there was a scientific way to make each hair cut easily, and we sought to find it.

We studied the beard. We learned that the obstacle in fitting the beard for the razor was the oil that coats every hair of the beard. This oil, we found, did not yield as it should to the ordinary lather. Hence it was difficult for water to penetrate and soften the beard. As a result, men had to apply hot towels or rub with the fingers.

The solution

The solution of the problem, we knew, lay in a different lather than men were using. And we spent months experimenting with preparations. We tried 130 formulas before we achieved our Palmolive formula and mastered the last remaining problem.

And that men may know what a difference it makes in shaving we are offering a trial tube free.

See how easy

With Palmolive you need no hot towels or rubbing to soften the beard. You just put a bit of the cream on the face, whisk it up into a lather, and your beard is ready for the razor! This is because Palmolive instantly emulsifies the oil coat on the beard; so the water penetrates quickly.

And such a shave as you enjoy with Palmolive! You never dreamed a razor could glide so smoothly over the face. This is because this lather also lubricates the skin, so the razor can't scrape or irritate.

Both lather and lotion

Palmolive contains both Palm and Olive oils. Thus it is a lotion as well as a lather. It gives the skin a satin smoothness, a delightful cool "after feel" when shaved. No other applications are necessary.

Try it free

Note the coupon here. It brings you a trial tube of Palmolive Cream free and postpaid.

Try a Palmolive shave and see what an amazing difference.

Note that you don't have to relather with Palmolive, because it stays moist and foamy 10 minutes. A mere bit is ample for a shave. For Palmolive multiplies itself in lather 250 times. There's enough for 152 shaves in our 35c size. A cream so active, as you know, is something decidedly new.

But don't accept our word for the wonders of Palmolive Cream. Be the judge yourself, at our expense. Use a trial tube free. Send for it today.

Large size tube at druggist's, 35c

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Free—A trial tube

Free yourself from old-time shaving faults. Know how quick and easy and pleasant shaving can really be. A trial tube of Palmolive will prove a revelation to you. Send for it today. No charge. Simply mail the coupon.

For a free trial tube

The Palmolive Company,
Dept. 103, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

Please send me a Free Trial Tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

.....

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This is the sign that identifies dealers showing the Eveready Daylo $10,000 Contest Picture. Look for this sign on dealers' windows

Three Thousand Dollars For Somebody. *YOU?*

THREE thousand dollars in cash for one person; a thousand dollars for another; five hundred for each of three other people and ninety-nine other cash prizes two hundred to ten dollars. *Ten thousand dollars* in all! How much for YOU?

This latest Eveready Daylo Contest will break all contest records. Anyone may enter —it costs nothing; there is no obligation of any kind. Men, women, boys and girls all have equal chances for any of the 104 cash prizes.

On June 1st, Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada will display the new Daylo Contest Picture in their windows. Go to the store of a Daylo dealer and study the picture. Secure a contest blank, which the dealer will give you, and write on it what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive $3000.00 in cash.

Get an early look at the picture. Submit as many answers as you wish. Contest blanks are free at all Daylo dealers. All answers must be mailed before Midnight, August 1st, 1920.

1	First Prize	$3000.00
1	Second Prize	1000.00
3	Prizes—$500.00 each	1500.00
4	Prizes—$250.00 each	1000.00
5	Prizes—$200.00 each	1000.00
10	Prizes—$100.00 each	1000.00
10	Prizes—$ 50.00 each	500.00
20	Prizes—$ 25.00 each	500.00
50	Prizes—$ 10.00 each	500.00
104	Prizes	Total $10,000.00

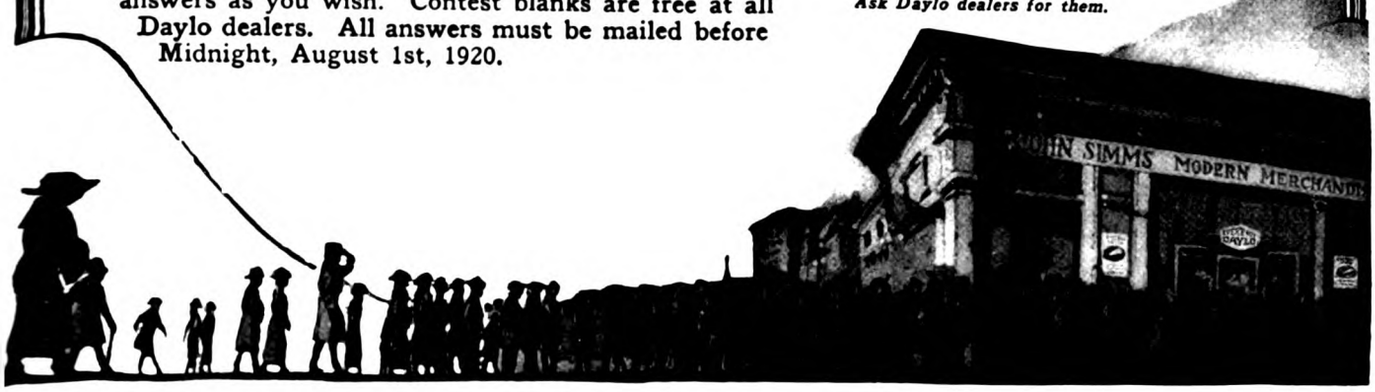
Answers will be judged by the editors of "LIFE" and contestants must abide by their judgment.

If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of the prize will be paid to each.

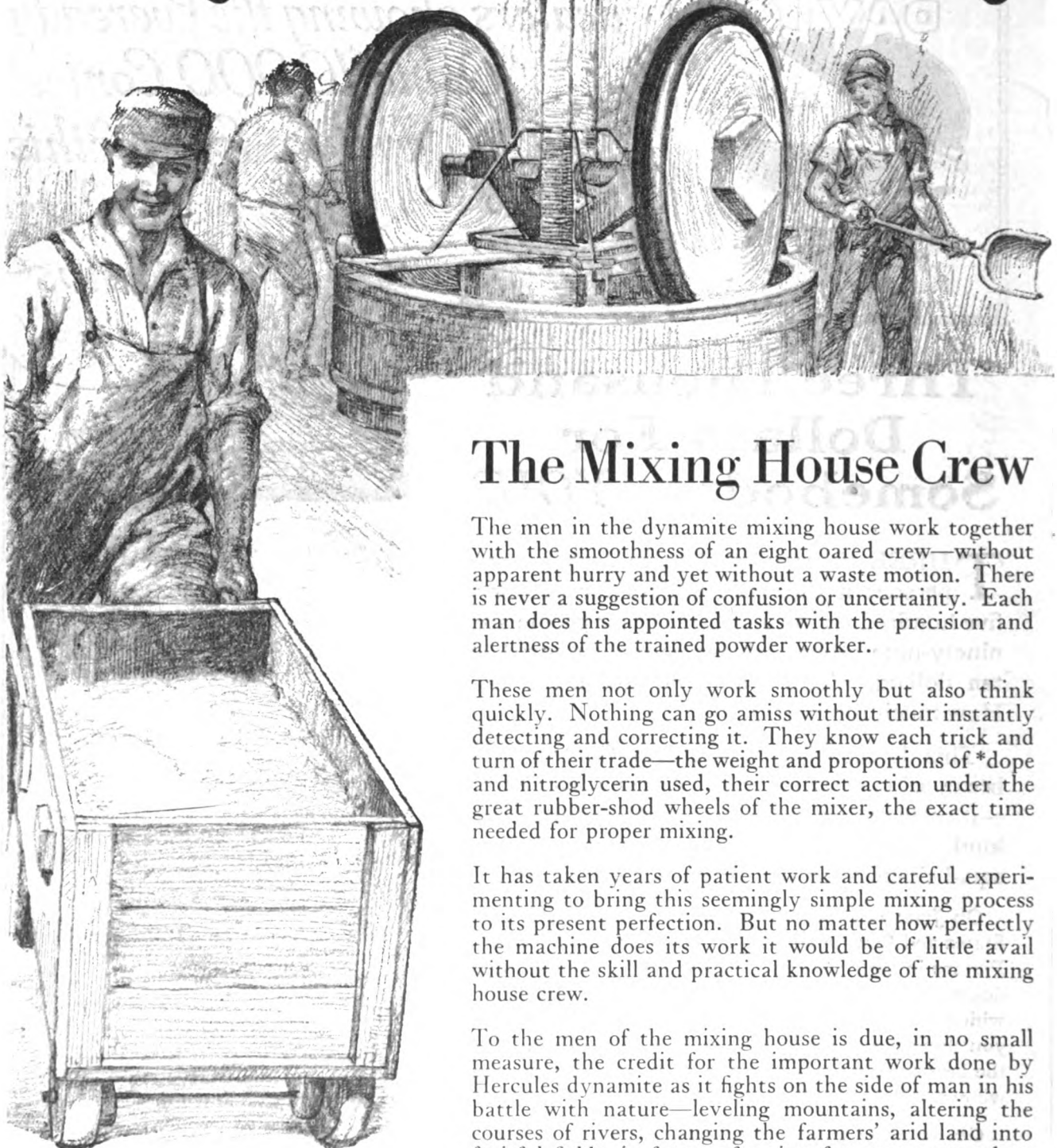
Contest begins June 1, 1920, and ends Midnight, August 1, 1920. Postmarks on letters will determine if letter has been mailed before close of contest.

Answers must contain not more than 12 words. Hyphenated words count as one word.

Complete Contest Rules are printed on Contest Blank. Ask Daylo dealers for them.



HERCULES POWDERS



The Mixing House Crew

The men in the dynamite mixing house work together with the smoothness of an eight oared crew—without apparent hurry and yet without a waste motion. There is never a suggestion of confusion or uncertainty. Each man does his appointed tasks with the precision and alertness of the trained powder worker.

These men not only work smoothly but also think quickly. Nothing can go amiss without their instantly detecting and correcting it. They know each trick and turn of their trade—the weight and proportions of *dope and nitroglycerin used, their correct action under the great rubber-shod wheels of the mixer, the exact time needed for proper mixing.

It has taken years of patient work and careful experimenting to bring this seemingly simple mixing process to its present perfection. But no matter how perfectly the machine does its work it would be of little avail without the skill and practical knowledge of the mixing house crew.

To the men of the mixing house is due, in no small measure, the credit for the important work done by Hercules dynamite as it fights on the side of man in his battle with nature—leveling mountains, altering the courses of rivers, changing the farmers' arid land into fruitful fields, in fact performing for man tremendous tasks which he could never accomplish unaided.

HERCULES POWDER CO.

Chicago	St. Louis	New York
Pittsburg, Kan.	Denver	Hazleton, Pa.
San Francisco	Salt Lake City	Joplin
Chattanooga	Pittsburgh, Pa.	Wilmington, Del.

**"Dope"—the powder makers' term for a combination, properly proportioned, of nitrate of soda, nitrate of ammonia, wood pulp, flour, starch, sulphur, chalk, and other ingredients.*

A LIQUID SHAMPOO-OF PACKER QUALITY

Have you discovered the delights of Packer's Liquid Tar Soap?

IMAGINE that shampoo time has come around again, and you are about to use Packer's Liquid Tar Soap for the very first time.

This is the way to get best results:

First, wet your hair with warm water, just as you would do if you were using Packer's Tar Soap.

Sprinkle a small quantity of the delicately fragrant liquid into the palm of your hand. Apply it to the hair. Add more water or a little more soap, as needed. Then see how quickly energetic finger-tipping covers your hair with a mass of thick, creamy lather. Work this lather in thoroughly, rinsing it off with warm water to remove surface dirt and secretions loosened by the shampoo.

Now that the scalp pores are cleared they are open to receive the further benefits of an additional shampoo with "Packer's." You will find this double shampooing gives real rewards for the extra effort.

Let your own experience guide you in the use of this cleanly liquid shampoo soap which comes to your dressing table guarded jealously from all outside touch.

If you have not experienced the convenience, the pleasure, the luxury of a shampoo with Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, we believe you will enjoy the benefits which it is prepared to bestow, in the way of healthier, softer, and more lustrous hair.

This attractive bottle of Packer's Liquid Tar Soap with its identifying gilt pine-cone stopper, may be had at good drug stores and department stores. Or if you desire sample, the makers will send you a liberal-sized bottle for 10c.

WE *have an interesting and helpful booklet of 36 pages, giving many facts about the scalp and hair, and offering suggestions for care and treatment. This manual, which is closely condensed information from authoritative sources, will be mailed to you for the asking.*

THE PACKER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
DEPT. 86 F, 120 WEST 32ND STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y.

A chemist's opinion of Packer's Tar Soap

"After a careful analysis of Packer's Tar Soap, I find that it is composed of pure vegetable oil, refined pine-tar and glycerine. I consider it the best soap for the purposes for which it is recommended."

Send for your sample

10c brings you a sample half-cake, with its well-known cleansing and healing properties and its delightful pine-tar fragrance.

LOOKING BACK upon the many pretty little gallantries of the Old South it is a pleasure for the few survivors of those days to realize that one of the most charming of the cherished customs has returned, that of bestowing Sweets to the Sweet at commencement time.

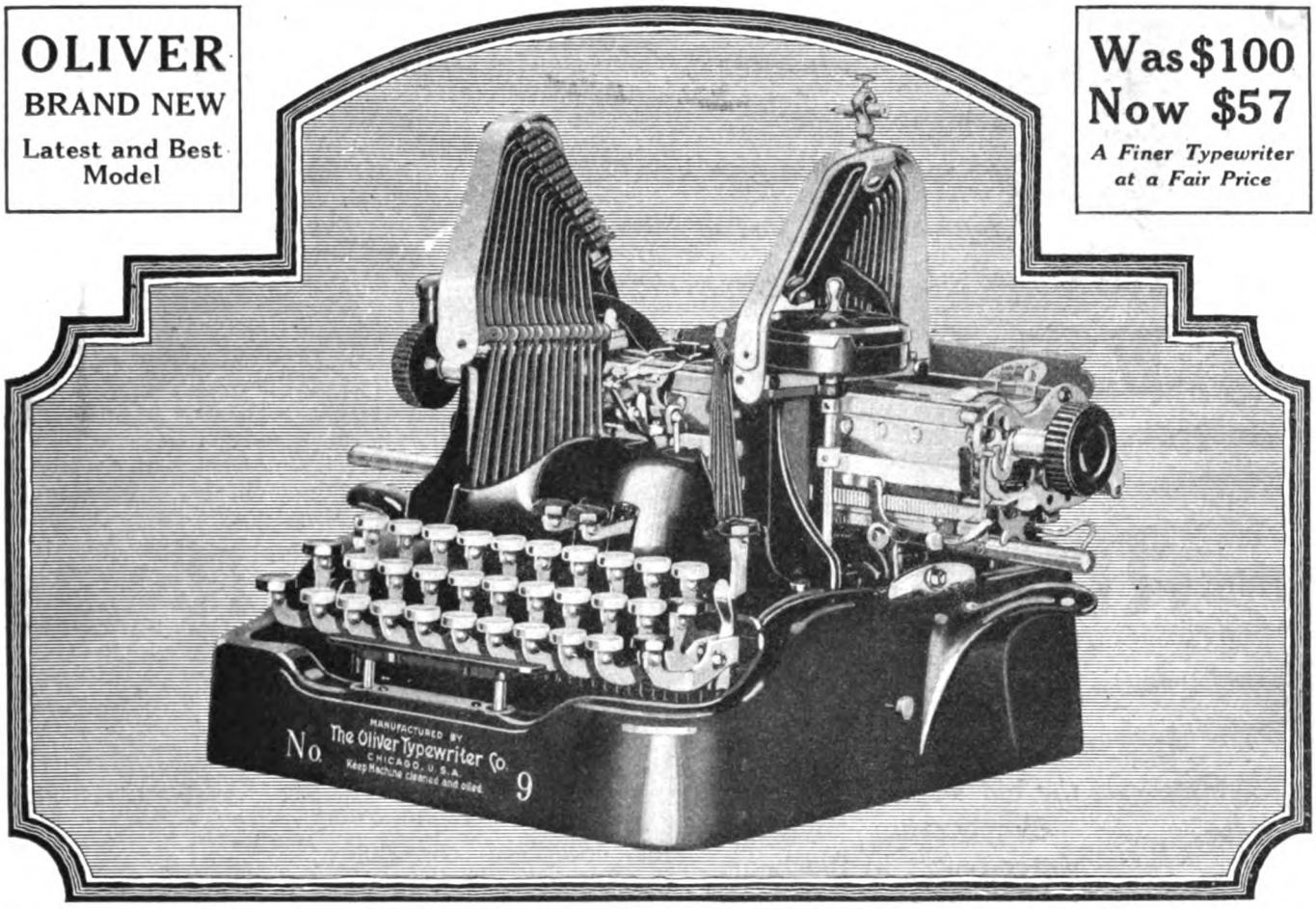
Nunnally's

THE CANDY OF THE SOUTH

ATLANTA

OLIVER
BRAND NEW
Latest and Best Model

Was $100
Now $57
A Finer Typewriter at a Fair Price



Free Trial~No Money Down

No money in advance. No deposit. No obligation to buy. The coupon below brings the Oliver for free trial in your home or office. When it arrives, let it prove its superiority and saving. You be the judge, with no salesman at your elbow to influence you.

If you agree that it is the finest typewriter regardless of price, and want to own it, then pay us at the easy rate of $3 a month until the $57 is paid. If you do not want it, ship it back, express collect. We even refund the outgoing transportation charges. So you can't lose a cent on the free trial.

A saving of $43

For $57 you now obtain the identical Oliver Typewriter formerly priced at $100.

We are able to save you nearly half because of our radically new and economical method of distribution. During the war we learned many lessons. We found that it was unnecessary to have such a vast number of traveling salesmen and so many expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods.

The result is that we can afford to sell at $57 the very same Oliver formerly priced at $100. A clean cash saving to you of $43!

Only 10c a day

You may pay for the Oliver on easy terms—only $3 a month, which averages about 10c a day. And you have the use of the machine while paying.

Since it is so easy to own a brand new Oliver, why should anyone think of renting or buying a second-hand machine?

Our latest and best model

In every particular this Oliver 9 is the finest that 24 years of experience can produce. A better typewriter is impossible. It has all the latest improvements. Its durability and workmanship have given it world-wide fame. It has a standard keyboard, so anyone may turn to it without the slightest hesitancy.

You can't buy a more satisfactory typewriter at any price. But we do not ask you to take our word for this. We believe that an ounce of PERFORMANCE beats a ton of promise. That is why we say, "Try an Oliver 5 days free."

Only the coupon

Remember you need not send any money now. Just fill out the coupon and mail it if you wish to get the Oliver for five days' free trial in your own home.

If you decide to keep the typewriter you can pay for it on terms so easy that you won't miss the money—only $3 a month. If you prefer to have further information before ordering, fill in the coupon for our free catalog.

Check the coupon for free trial Oliver or the catalog, just as you wish. Clip the coupon now and mail it at once.

Canadian price $72

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
1066 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

Mail Coupon NOW!

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1066 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is .....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

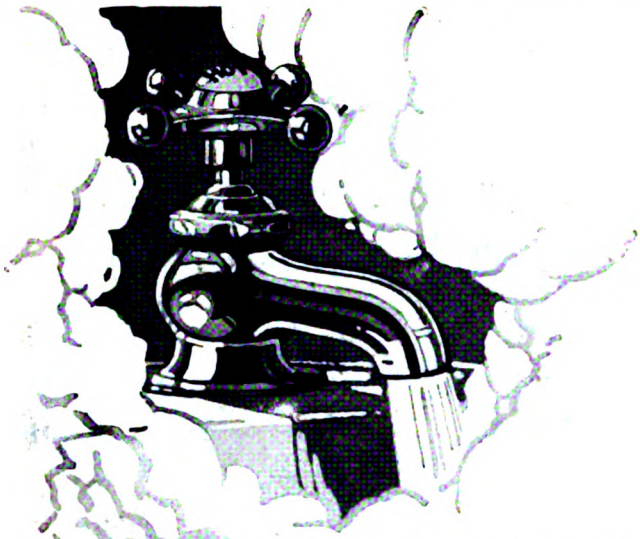
☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

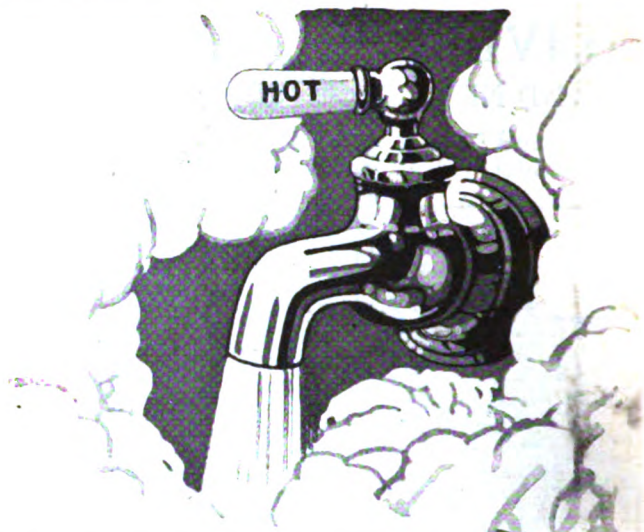
Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

Occupation or Business .....





RUUD HOT WATER

LIGHT a fire under the water tank, for the day's uses—*that's the old way.*

Simply turn any hot-water faucet in the home any time—*that's the up-to-date way.*

With a Ruud there's nothing to light—no tank to watch. A Ruud heats water as it flows through rust-proof copper coils—without time limit or quantity limitation.

Servants have no cause for complaint or delay; you and your family have hot water galore; the laundress gets all the hot water she wants—instantly—once you install a Ruud in your home.

RUUD AUTOMATIC GAS WATER HEATER

"Hot Water All Over the House"

There is no waste with a Ruud. It heats only the water you use—the *on* and *off* of the faucets regulates the gas. Over 150,000 Ruud Water Heaters are in operation. There's a size for every home, large or small.

Ruud Hot Water will solve your home water-heating problem permanently. See your gas company, or your plumber, or any gas-appliance dealer about a Ruud today.

Booklet on Ruud Hot Water Sent Free

RUUD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. F Pittsburgh, Pa.

Makers of Standardized Gas Water Heaters

Ruud Manufacturing Co. of Canada: 371 Adelaide St. W., Toronto

On the 5:15

"It's a short run and a merry one" when Velvet is timekeeper.

Let a man relax between office and home with a brier-load or two of kindly Velvet and just watch the good humor ooze with him right in through the front door! It couldn't be otherwise. Velvet had sunshine grown into it down in old Kentucky—America's tobacco wonderland.

Then it was mellowed into mildness by its two years' ageing in wooden hogsheads. And with that real Nature-made tobacco fragrance circulating 'round them—when they get the aroma and smoothness of Kentucky's prize Burley, you bet every man will say: "The 5.15 is just a pleasure excursion every day."

But as Velvet Joe says:

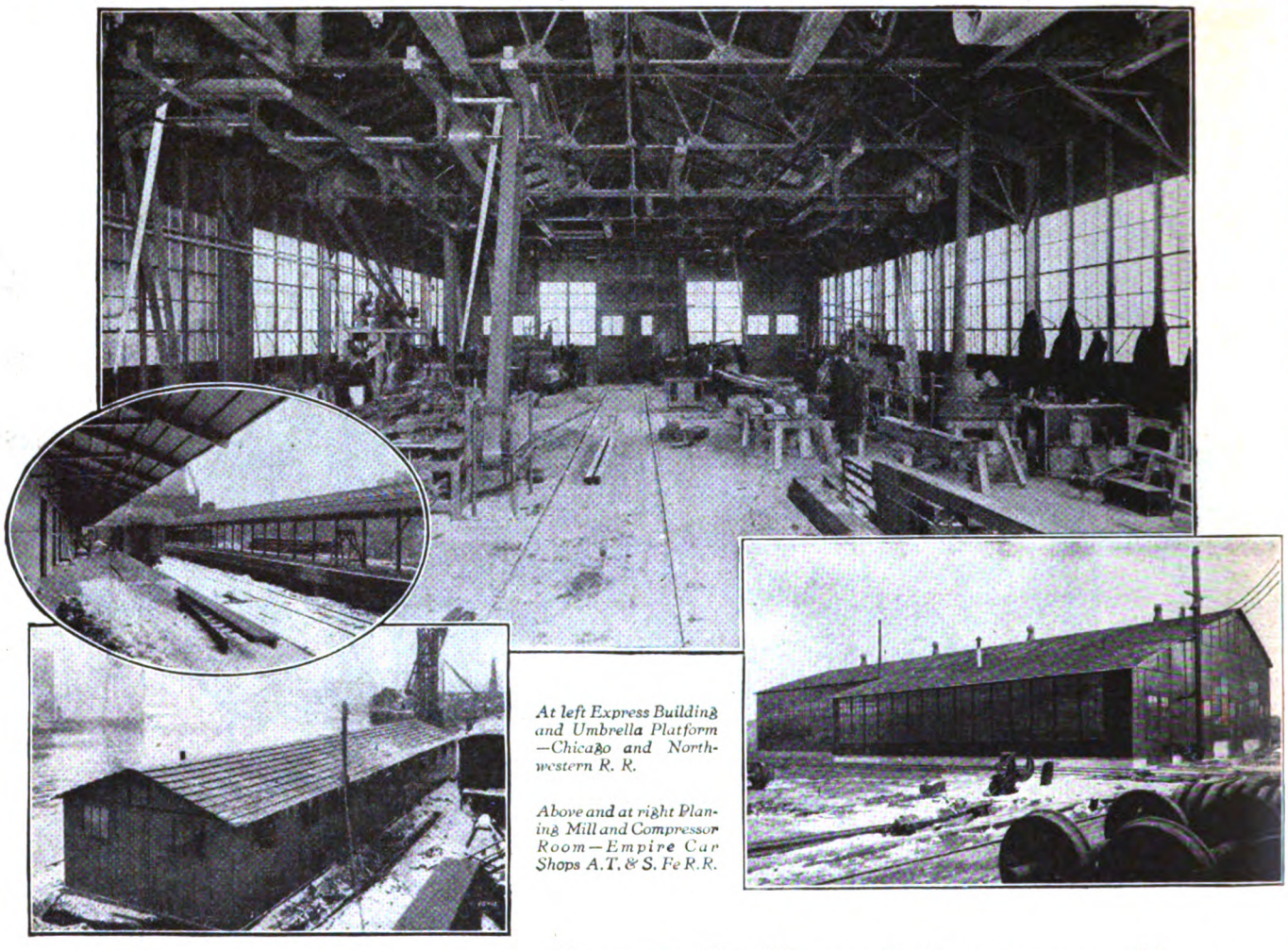
"A page of argufyin' can't talk tobacco sense to you like your little old friend pipe."

Pass the Velvet!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Copyrighted 1920

America's smoothest tobacco



At left Express Building and Umbrella Platform —Chicago and Northwestern R. R.

Above and at right Planing Mill and Compressor Room—Empire Car Shops A.T. & S. Fe R.R.

Great Railroad Systems Use Truscon Standard Buildings

Truscon Standard Buildings have proved admirably fitted for the peculiar needs of our great railroad systems. Fireproof, well ventilated and affording maximum daylight they are making ideal railroad machine shops, tool rooms, car shops, warehouses, freight sheds, foundries, cafeterias, etc. The increasing demand for Truscon Standard Buildings from the Railroad Companies is the best evidence of their service record.

Truscon Standard Buildings are more quickly and economically erected and cost less than any other type of permanent construction. They are built entirely of interchangeable steel panels and can be easily enlarged, or taken down and re-erected with 100% salvage value.

They are sufficiently flexible in shape and size to be readily adaptable for a wide variety of purposes, being furnished in any length, various heights, widths up to 100 feet and in any type of saw tooth, hip or monitor roof.

Leading American Industries unite with American Railroad systems in finding Truscon Standard Buildings the most practical, efficient and economical solution to their quick building problems.

Write today for full information and estimates; indicating size and purpose of desired building

TRUSCON STEEL COMPANY, YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Warehouses and Sales Offices in Principal Cities

Some Railroads Using Truscon Standard Buildings

Baltimore and Ohio
Chicago and Northwestern
Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific
Chicago, Terre Haute & Southern
Cambria & Indiana
Delaware, Lackawanna and Western
Erie Railroad
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Louisville & Nashville
Long Island Railroad
Lake Shore Electric
Mahoning & Shenango Electric
Michigan Central
Northwestern Pennsylvania
Norfolk & Southern
Norfolk & Western
New York Central
Pennsylvania
Philadelphia & Reading
Santa Fe
Toledo Rail & Light
Ulster & Delaware

TRUSCON
STANDARD BUILDINGS
TRUSCON STEEL CO.

Baked ham, new potatoes and peas—what more could hungry mortal ask!

The rarest of all rare June days can be made perfect by something especially good when luncheon or dinner time comes around.

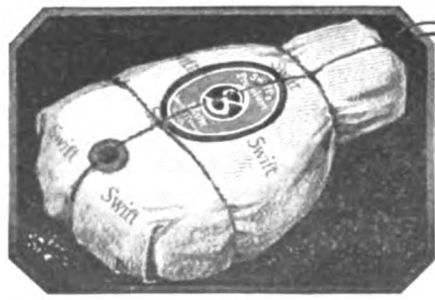
And can you think of anything better than baked ham, hot or cold, with little new potatoes and green peas in cream?

Particularly if the ham has that rich, fine flavor characteristic of Swift's Premium.

Swift's Premium Ham comes to you with a perfect cure—sweet enough—smoked enough—mild, uniform and delicious. No need to parboil it and lose any of the splendid Premium flavor.

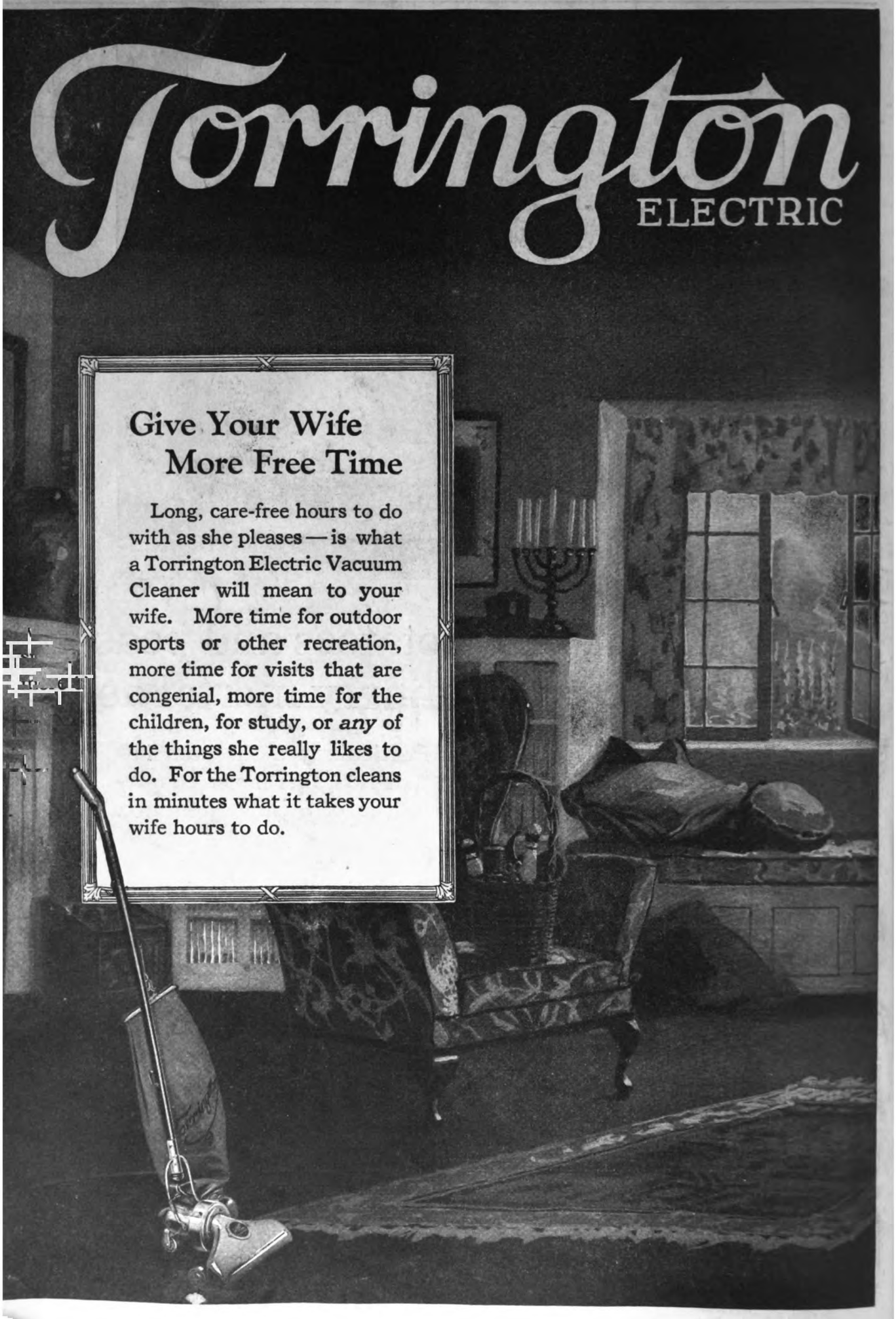
Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's Premium Ham



It is not necessary to parboil Swift's Premium Hams before broiling or frying

Look for this "no parboiling" tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice


Torrington
ELECTRIC
Give Your Wife More Free Time
Long, care-free hours to do with as she pleases — is what a Torrington Electric Vacuum Cleaner will mean to your wife. More time for outdoor sports or other recreation, more time for visits that are congenial, more time for the children, for study, or *any* of the things she really likes to do. For the Torrington cleans in minutes what it takes your wife hours to do.

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Bound -

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